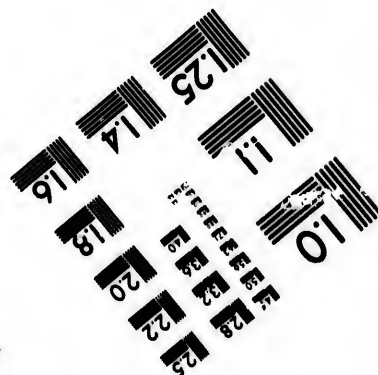
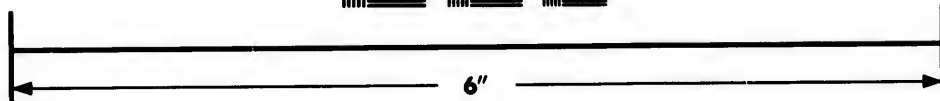
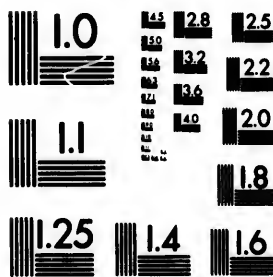


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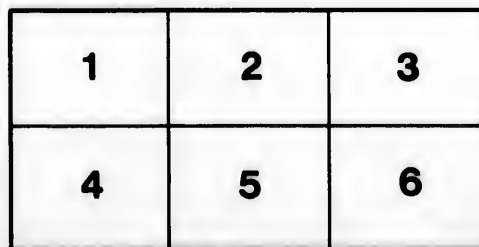
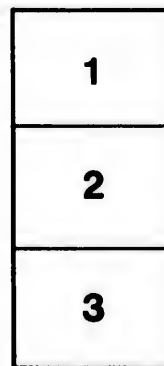
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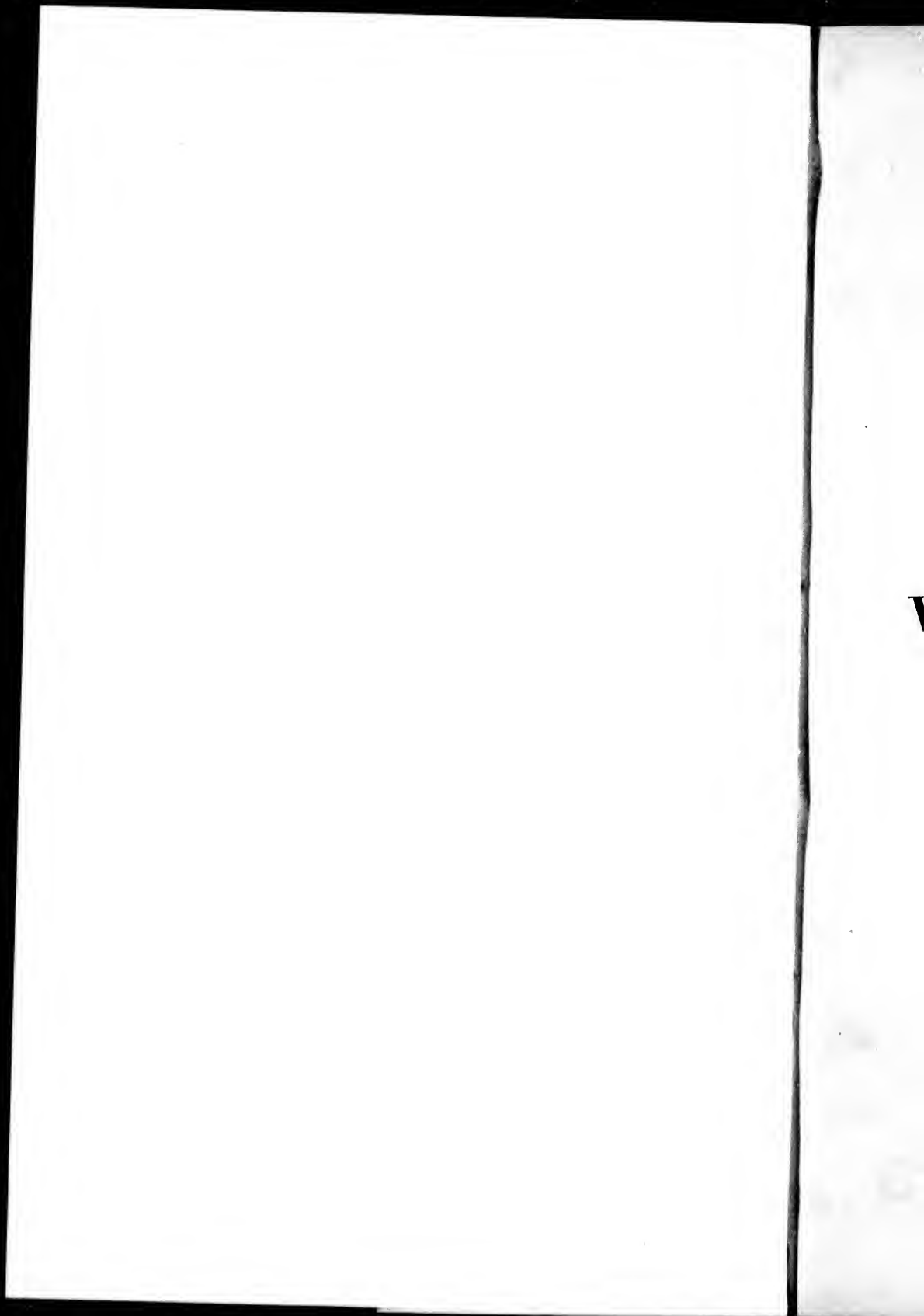
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It has long been a fashion for English critics to underrate, or, more properly speaking, to overlook American writers. It was repeatedly asserted that the genius of America was rather directed to what is useful and mechanical, than to fine writing. The citizens of the United States would gladly rival the broad-cloths and the cutlery of England, but were content to import her poetry, romance, philosophy, and criticism. They wanted the political circumstances favourable to the development of the literary taste of a nation. In a newly-peopled country the provision of the means of living must, for some time, be the care of all. After these are secured, the pursuit of wealth and the accumulation of property will long continue to be the favourite objects. Thus, in America, agriculture, commerce, industry, politics,—concerns which come home to the business and bosoms of men,—engrossed the attention of all, employing the best hands and the best heads, and it was the fulness of time alone which could bring into existence that distinct class of men who form the literary reputation of a nation. Such was the critical *cant* of English Reviews about America.

With Mr WASHINGTON IRVING, a painter at last was born among the lions. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, there were many American authors before Mr IRVING, such as Joel Barlow, Justice Marshall, and Brockden Brown, etc., etc., but Mr IRVING is the first who, by the evidence of his powers, has been admitted to the full freedom and privileges of the English literary guild.

His works did open a new era to American literature, and his countrymen owe to him this *fitness of time* which was hitherto in the shades of futurity. At last English critics give to the Americans rather fair play, and deal more justly with those who venture upon the perilous life of

authorship. It is now acknowledged among the reviewers of Edinburgh and London that a transatlantic book may be good of its kind, full of imagination, and embellished with a delicacy of feeling, and a refinement of taste that do not so often belong, perhaps, to the contemporary literature of Britain.

Mr WASHINGTON IRVING is the youngest son of a gentleman of Scottish birth, who married an English lady and settled in the city of New York, where he exercised the profession of a merchant, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of his contemporaries for his unblemished integrity and unassuming worth. Being the youngest of a numerous family, and his father being entirely occupied in commerce, the care of his education devolved upon his mother and his elder brothers. Some of the latter had already distinguished themselves for their literary taste and ability as writers, while their younger brother was yet a child. In their society he began, at an early period, the practice of composition, and may be almost said to have commenced his education where others are accustomed to finish it. We have been informed, that he manifested in his youth a meditative and almost melancholy disposition; not, however, without occasional and brilliant flashes of the humour that is the distinctive character of his most successful compositions. This disposition did not prevent him from entering with spirit into many of the pranks of his comrades, or even from becoming the plotter and ringleader in many a scheme of merry mischief.

He was accustomed to read the best English authors at an early age, and was led, partly by accident, partly by taste, to the perusal of Chaucer and Spenser, and others of the more ancient writers, both in verse and prose: so that

his mind became imbued with similar ideas, and the peculiar style by which he has been distinguished, was unconsciously formed.

It may be here observed, that his disposition in youth as in manhood, has always been amiable and affectionate, and his manners so frank, simple, and engaging, as to render his acquaintances, friends. His own conduct has always been upright and exemplary, but he has ever been lenient and indulgent towards the errors of others.

The youth of the city of New York were then a happy race. Their place of residence had not yet assumed its metropolitan character, and the freedom and ease of almost rural life, were blended with the growing refinements of an increasing population. The advantageous position of its port made wealth flow rapidly into its merchants' coffers, and the natives of other parts of the country had not yet begun to colonise it, and compete for a share of its growing riches. The elder members of the community, seeing their property increasing almost without knowing why, had not yet perceived the necessity of drilling their children to habits of early labour and premature prudence. The gambling spirit that characterized one era of the commercial history of New York, had not yet made its appearance; nor had that ardent competition, that steels the heart against all but selfish feelings, been awakened. That system of instruction, which confines children for six hours a day in almost listless inactivity in a school-room, and then dismisses them, to pursue their labours unassisted for even a longer time, was not yet invented. Schoolmasters yet thought it their duty to instruct; and when their unruly subjects were emancipated from direct control, they had no other thought but to spend the rest of the day in active sport, and the night in slumbers, undisturbed by the dread of the morrow's task.

For the enjoyment of these vacant hours, the vicinity of New York then offered the most inviting opportunities. A few minutes' walk brought the youth of the city into open and extensive pastures, diversified by wood and sheets of transparent water; on either hand flowed noble rivers, whose quiet waters invited even the most timid to acquire "the noblest exercise of strength;" when winter made such recreations impracticable, sheets of smooth and glittering ice spread themselves out to tempt the skater, and the youth of the Manhattoes rivalled, if not excelled, the glories of their Dutch father-land, in the speed and activity with which they glided over the glassy surface.

It may be the partial recollection of our fancy, but it is not less the firm conviction of our minds, that in all our wanderings, we have seen no city, with the exception of the "Queen of the North," whose environs possessed natural beauties equal to those of New York. These beauties have now vanished—paved streets and piles of tasteless brick have covered the grassy slopes and verdant meadows; the lofty hills have been applied to the ignoble purpose of filling up the neighbouring lakes. Nor should we complain of these changes, but consider the prosperity, of which they are an evidence, as more than equivalent to the destruction of wild and rural beauty, in those places where a crowded population has actually found its abode; but we cannot tolerate that barbarism that makes beauty consist in straight lines and right angles, cuts our whole island into oblong squares, and considers that to convert the fertile surface into a barren and sandy waste is the only fit preparation for an increasing city. The blossomed orchards of Bayard and Delancey have given place to snug brick houses, the sylvan deities have fled the groves of Peters' field and Rose hill, and we can rejoice; but why should the flowery vales of Bloomendahl be cut up by streets and avenues? Nor has the spirit of devastation stopped here, but has invaded the whole neighbourhood, until the antres and cliffs of Hoboken have given place to a rail-road.

The early fancies of Mr IRVING were deeply impressed with the beauty of the natural scenery of the island of Manhattan. These impressions have given birth to many and choice passages in his various works. But, aware that such romantic fancies might come with an ill grace from one hackneyed in the ways of our commercial and prosaic city, he has given being to a personage, in whose mouth they become the utterance of patriotic virtue.

New York, at that time, presented the singular spectacle of races distinct in origin, character, and temper, struggling, as it were, for ascendancy; and although the struggle finally terminated happily, in the utter confusion of all such distinctions, and the formation of a single civic character, it was not the less apparent. Wasted, too, as was the anger and anxiety the struggle occasioned upon the most petty objects, it presented, to a mind highly sensible to the ludicrous, most amusing matter of contemplation. First and most marked, were to be seen the descendants of the original settlers from Holland, retaining, in their own separate inter-

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course, the language and habits of their ancestors, indulging the hereditary grudge of a conquered people to its subduers, although moderated and tempered by native kindness and good nature. These were amalgamated with a crowd of French protestants, banished from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who tempered Dutch phlegm with the sprightliness of French vivacity. Then came the English gentry and cavaliers, with pride, and state, and punctilio, who had emigrated when the Dutch colony was transformed by conquest into an English province, and bestowed by Charles II upon his brother the Duke of York. Next was to be remarked, the New Englander, distinguished by his intelligence and activity, and just beginning to enter into that rivalry with the Batavian, that has ended in a disappearance, almost total, of patronymic names of the latter from the streets in which business is transacted. Before the superior energy and restless enterprise of this race, the Dutch were beginning to quail, and retaliated for the loss of business, to which they were exposed, by outward expressions of contempt, and inward feelings of dread and apprehension. Last, and least numerous, but at the time most distinguished for wealth and mercantile influence, was to be seen a clan of Scots. These were shrewd, calculating, and enterprising; but mixed with their habits of business and economy much hospitality, and unchecked, but harmless conviviality. Accustomed from his infancy to the contemplation of the character of his race in his father and his associates, its peculiarities have not struck Mr IRVING as an object for delineation, or filial reverence has forbidden him to attempt it. Its habits and manners have, however, evidently served to bring out in higher relief the peculiarities of the other races.

Mr IRVING had hardly reached the age of manhood when he appeared to be threatened with a pulmonary affection, as a preventive of which, it was considered expedient that he should visit the south of Europe. He therefore embarked in a vessel for Bourdeaux, whence he proceeded leisurely by Nice, and Genoa, and Leghorn, and Florence, to Rome. His health was restored in the course of his travels, and when he reached Naples he crossed to Sicily, and after a tour through that island, and a short delay at Palermo, returned to Naples, and made a journey through Italy and Switzerland to France. He resided several months in Paris, frequenting its noble libraries and admirable institutions, and then journeyed through

Flanders and Holland, making some delay in the principal places, travelling occasionally on the canals in treckschuyts, and regarding, with curious satisfaction, that amphibious country from which the old Dutch burghers of his native city had derived their origin, and drawn their usages and habits. From Holland he crossed over with a Dutch skipper to the mouth of the Thames, and ascended that river to London.

Here the curtain dropped, the melo-drame was over. Frenchman, Italian, and Dutchman, no longer passed before him in their variety of costume and dialect. He found himself among a busy crowd bearing the same physiognomy, wearing the same attire, and speaking the same language to which he had been accustomed all his life. But it was the land of his fathers, and the country with whose history his most interesting studies and dearest recollections were associated.

This voyage, undertaken with far different views than those which now usually direct the travels of young Americans, was also wholly different in its course, and in the impressions it was likely to produce. Instead of a gradual preparation for the views of the old world, by a passage through countries connected by ties of blood and language, or familiar to him in consequence of an active and frequent commerce, he was transported, as if in a moment, to lands where, in direct contrast to the continual strides his own country is making, every thing is torpid, and even retrograde; lands in which the objects of interest are rather the glories of by-gone ages, than any thing that the present era can exhibit. His views of Sicily exhibited the gigantic ruins of Agrigentum, the remains of a polished, wealthy, and numerous people, buried in a desert waste, and surrounded only by comparative barbarism and poverty. No change of scene more abrupt can well be imagined, and none more likely to excite the mind of youthful genius. For the guide books and tours of modern travellers, that are the usual manuals of a tourist, it became necessary to substitute the writings of the ancients. These would be most favourably studied upon the very spots where they were written, or of which they treat, and even when consulted in a mere translation, cannot fail to improve and refine the taste. In the fine scenery of Calabria, he recognised the studies of Salvator Rosa, and in his progress through Italy, luxuriated in the treasures of ancient and modern art, then almost a sealed book to his countrymen.

Before his departure for Europe he had made

his first literary essays, in a newspaper of which his brother, Dr. P. Irving, was editor. There is little doubt that these were not a few in number, but none can now be identified, except the series of letters under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. These were collected, as a matter of bookselling speculation, after the literary reputation of their author was established, and published, although without his sanction. There is a touch of the future writer of the Sketch Book in these juvenile papers: a touch of that happy, sly humour, that grave pleasantry (wherein he resembles Goldsmith so much); that quiet, shrewd, good-humoured sense of the ridiculous, which constitutes one of the chief excellencies of Geoffrey Crayon, and sets him apart from every English writer of the Georgian age.

The visit to Europe occupied about two years, as he paused in every place of importance or interest, and the return of Mr IRVING to America was speedily followed by the appearance of the first number of "Salmagundi." Those who recur to this sprightly work at the present day, cannot enter into the feelings with which it was received at the epoch at which it was published. They will, indeed, see that it is not unworthy of the reputation afterwards attained by those, who have admitted themselves to have been its authors. But the exact and skilful adaptation of its delicate and witty allusions to the peculiar circumstances of the times, the rich humour with which prevailing follies were held up to ridicule, and, above all, the exquisite good nature of the satire, that made it almost an honour to have been its object, rendered Salmagundi the most popular work that had ever issued from the American press. Until it made its appearance, our literary efforts had been almost wholly confined to serious discussions upon general and local politics; if a few works of fancy had been produced, the age was not ripe for their reception, and, as in the case of Brown, they procured for their authors no more than a posthumous fame. The well-founded belief, that Mr IRVING had been the principal writer in Salmagundi, placed him, at once, first in the list of the living authors of America. Mr James K. Paulding, his intimate friend, was his associate in this work, and it has been suggested that the papers of Paulding are more sarcastic and bitter than those of IRVING. It is understood, however, that their respective articles were freely submitted to each other for alteration, and the charge of bitterness cannot be fairly attributed to any of them.

Mr James K. Paulding was born in the village of Greensburgh, on the banks of the Hudson, where he passed his boyhood chiefly in country sports and occupations, in the midst of beautiful forest and river scenery. Much of his time was spent at the farm of a kinsman of eccentric character, whom he has portrayed with mellow tints, as *My Uncle John*, in No. XI of Salmagundi. His mind was rich in original ideas, and stored with rural imagery, and his thoughts flowed with grace and beauty and racy humour from his pen.

Among the characters of Salmagundi, there is one of a fellow whose name is *Tom Straddle*, an Englishman, a fair specimen of those English tourists, who, if they ever were really admitted in a New York drawing-room, seem to have foully abused the privilege. Some years ago, a man who was prosecuted in Jamaica for a libellous publication, produced a volume of Salmagundi on his trial. This publication, it appeared, had been copied literally, word for word, from the character of Tom Straddle, printed, sold, sent abroad mischievously enough, to be sure, while one of those English travellers whom IRVING had so delightfully hit off, was in Jamaica exploring and astonishing the natives. This fact, alone, proves the truth of resemblance.

The next literary production of Mr IRVING was "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." The idea of this humorous work appears to have been suggested to him by the establishment of a historical society in New York, and the announcement, that one of its members was about to compile from its collections a history of the early periods of our colonial existence. Identifying himself, in imagination, with a descendant of the original Dutch settlers, he adopted, in his fictitious character, all the feelings and prejudices that might well be supposed to be inherent in that race, with an air of gravity and verisimilitude that is well calculated to mislead a reader not previously aware of the deception. The public was prepared for the reception of the work by advertisements, ingeniously planned and worded, in which the supposed landlord of the imaginary author expressed his anxiety for the safety of his guest, until it might fairly have been believed that the veracious historian had actually disappeared from his lodgings. So perfect was the deception, that many commenced the work in full belief of its being serious, and gravely toiled through many of its pages before the wit, and an interest too intense to be created by so trivial a

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subject as the annals of a little Dutch borough, and deceived them. The author frequently delighted himself, and we are sure must still recur with pleasure, to the anecdote of an aged and most respectable clergyman, who, taking up the work, without referring to its title page or introduction, read many of its chapters in the full belief that it was the production of a clerical brother, who had promised a history of the same period, and was only gradually aroused to a suspicion of his mistake, by the continued variation of the style from grave and solemn irony, through lively wit and poignant humour, until it fairly bordered on the ludicrous. Such is the character of this veracious history, the mask is worn at first with the greatest gravity, yet in such a manner as to give effect to the keenest and most poignant satire, while as soon as it becomes impossible for the reader to credit that it is other than a work of fancy, the author gives full play to his imagination, and riots in an excess of delicate wit and playful humour.

The object of the author was to take a ludicrous view of the society around him, and give a good-humoured satire on the foibles of his native city. The Burgomasters and Schepens were the aldermen and assistant-aldermen of the present day. The absurdities held up to ridicule were the follies of the present day; and both were merely arrayed in the antiquated garb that appertained to the era of the Dutch dynasty. It may be regarded as a sportive *jeu d'esprit*; but it had also a moral tendency to correct and to reform.

Yet are not these the sole merits of the work: it is occasionally tender, and even pathetic; often complete with lively pictures, worthy, when of character and costume, of the pencil of a Teniers; when of scenery, of that of Claude. In addition, the style is the purest idiomatic English that had been written for many a year, and carries us back to the glories of an Augustan age. It is in marked contrast, not only with the barbarisms of the American writers of his day, but with the corruptions of the pure found that their English critics are themselves guilty of. This grace and purity of style is also to be remarked in all the subsequent writings of Mr Irving; but his *Knickerbocker* possesses, in addition, more of nerve and force than they in general do. Its language is either that in which his thoughts spontaneously flowed, or, if elaborated, exhibits that perfection of art which hides the means by which the effect is produced. His other works do not always conceal the labour by

which the polish has been attained, and the very grace and smoothness of the periods, sometimes seems to call for a relief to the ear, like that which skilful musicians sometimes apply, in the form of an occasional discord.

Were we, however, to be asked where we are to find the prose language of England in a high degree of perfection, we think we might safely point to the works of Mr IRVING: these are composed in a style combining the grace and delicacy of Addison, with the humour and pathos of Goldsmith; more idiomatic than that of the writers of the Scottish school; and, while it takes advantage of the engraftation of words of Latin and Grecian origin upon the Anglo-Saxon, it is far removed from the learned affectation of Johnson.

The hours in which the papers of *Salmagundi* were composed, and the *History of the New Netherlands* compiled, were stolen from the dry study of the law. To this, Mr IRVING seemed for a time to be condemned, and in spite of the gravity with which, as in the case of Murray, the heads of judges were shaken at him as a wit, he persevered in it, and obtained his license to practice. It is even said, that he opened an office, and that his name was seen painted on a sign, with the adjunct "Attorney at Law." But it was not predestined that Mr. IRVING should merge these grave doubts in the honours of the woollen sack. A client was indeed found hardy enough to trust his cause to the young barrister, but an oppressive feeling of diffidence caused him to shrink from trying it, and it was gladly abandoned to a brother lawyer of far less talent, but who possessed a more happy degree of confidence in his own forensic abilities. This diffidence literary success has converted into an innate and unaffected modesty, that adds not a little to Mr IRVING'S agreeable qualities, and which is rare in a person possessed of so high a reputation as he enjoys.

The literary pursuits of Mr IRVING were interrupted for several years after the publication of *Knickerbocker*. During this interval, he was admitted by his brothers into a commercial establishment, that they were then successfully carrying on, and in which, it appeared, he might be more profitably engaged than as an author. The business of this mercantile house being interrupted by the war with Great Britain, Mr IRVING was left free to share in the general military spirit that the capture of Washington, and the threatenings of the enemy to attack New York, awakened in all classes of the community.

His services were tendered to Governor Tompkins, then commanding the district of New York, and he was received into his staff as an aid-de-camp. In this employment he was long engaged, and performed its duties with great zeal, not only in the immediate vicinity of his native city, but in several missions of importance to the interior of the state. The pen of Mr IRVING was applied to, at the same time, for a national undertaking. The war with England was popular and glorious. The legitimate pride of the people was up; when Hull took the *Guerriere* and broke the charm of the English *invincibility* on sea, the whole country broke out into acclamation. They loaded him with honours, and the consequence was natural. The commanders of the American navy adventured every where with a patriotic ardour, and an irresistible bravery. Battle after battle was fought, victory after victory followed. Many American heroes wanted now but their Pericles to tell their glory. Mr. IRVING was the man. The Analytical Magazine published a biography of the American naval captains in a series of monthly papers by our author. These papers are eloquent, simple, clear, and beautiful.

The peace put an end both to the military and literary duties of Mr. IRVING, and he returned to his commercial pursuits, in the furtherance of which, he visited England in the spring of 1815, taking up his abode at Birmingham.

His previous visit to England had been made in winter, and he had made no other excursion but in the mail from London to Bath, at a season when the shortness of the day gave but little opportunity to view the country. The peculiar beauties of English scenery, therefore, broke upon him with unexpected brilliancy. Birmingham, if it have in itself little to interest, except its rich and prosperous manufactures, is situated in a district of no little rural beauty; and within a few hours ride, are to be found some of the sites that recall the most exciting passages of English History, or awaken the most pleasing literary recollections. Kenilworth and Warwick exhibit, the one the most splendid remains of baronial grandeur, the other the only perfect specimen of the feudal castle; Stratford-on-the-Avon still possesses the house in which Shakspeare drew his first breath, and the picturesque Gothic church, in which his remains repose safely, under the protection of his poetic malediction: the Lucies still inhabit the manor house, from whose park the deer was stolen that fixed the course of the great dramatist's

existence. In every direction, episcopal cities raised high the turrets of their venerable minsters, and spread abroad their shadowy cloisters, while hedge-row, and mead, and cultured field spoke of the successful toils of a rural life, more inviting, perhaps, to the romantic fancy, than agreeable to those who are compelled to pursue them. To one who had already celebrated the restless enterprise of the swarms of the New England hive, who spread like locusts over the wilderness, destroying every tree, and laying waste every germ of natural beauty, the calm contrast afforded by the farmers of England, generations of whom are born in the same cottage, and entombed beneath the same yews, was a subject of agreeable study.

The neighbourhood of Birmingham did not long delay him, but served to excite his desire to see more of England. He, therefore, in the summer that followed his arrival, joined a friend in a tour through the valley of the Severn, Gloucestershire, and Wales. The letters addressed by him at this period to his American friends would, if published, form the most interesting portions of his works, and exhibit, with greater freshness, descriptions of scenery and character like the rich pictures that he afterwards embodied in the Sketch Book and Paebridg Hall.

Mr IRVING's literary career might have now been considered at an end; his commercial connections appeared to promise him wealth, more than commensurate with his views. But the unhappy revolution in the business of New York, that followed the unexampled profits with which the first importations were attended, prostrated the mercantile house with which he was connected, along with many of the most respectable, and even opulent merchants of the United States. This blow, however painful at the time, had the happy effect of restoring him to the world of literature. He prepared his "Sketch Book," and took measures to have it simultaneously published in London and America. Its success was complete. His own countrymen hailed with joy the renewal of the exertions in which they had before delighted, and the English nation joined to applaud the author, who without abandoning his just national pride, was yet sensible to those feelings in which Englishmen glory, and exhibited the honest exultation of a descendant in the honours of the mighty names that have embellished the literary annals of Great Britain.

The Sketch Book was admired, and its author

bought for; the metropolis recalled the Atlantic writer, and modern literature in the list of his himself on having most of aspirations passed all who similar plan their appearance increased his fame to regret the hopes.

"Bracebridge Sketch Book, in particular part of old English literature in the mere history just sufficient for the recollection of the outset, from writing a novel, as adopted in a short, on which the family of the discharge of the discharges as in the monotony of which abortive flirtations and simple several persons of "even the exception of the incidents are generally introduced, or a reflection, or the accuracy of the sports and sports flourishing in the Squire, the tedious suburban of an eminent and according to do highly colored self known, says Lay-pole, become Berks, and the mummery of the most frequent districts of York which the scene exist in more early all, the c

ought for; the aristocratic circles of the British metropolis received with open arms the transatlantic writer; and names of no small note in modern literature did not disdain to be ranked in the list of his imitators. He may justly pride himself on having pointed out a new track to a host of aspirants, and to have, himself, surpassed all who followed him in it. Works upon a similar plan were eagerly asked from him; their appearance, at no distant intervals, increased his fame, and soon left him no cause to regret the prostration of his commercial hopes.

"Bracebridge Hall," which appeared after the Sketch Book, is, perhaps, an amplification of a particular part of it, devoted to the illustration of old English customs and manners as they exist in the mere primitive countries, and enlivened by just sufficient of narration to impress it on the recollection as a whole. Mr IRVING has, in the outset, frankly disclaimed all intention of writing a novel. The ground-work which he has adopted is a very simple one, a mere thread, in short, on which to string his scattered pearls. The family of Bracebridge Hall is represented in the discharge of much the same daily occupations as in the Sketch Book; to break the monotony of which, sundry marriages, as well as abortive flirtations, occur among young and old, gentle and simple: the company being reinforced by several personages, who complete the dramatic personae of "every man in his humour." With the exception of these voluminous love-affairs, the incidents are detached and separate, and generally introduced to give scope to a train of reflection, or a piece of humorous painting. The accuracy of the pictures of old English customs and sports, which Mr IRVING represents as flourishing under the influence of the benevolent Squire, has been questioned by some fastidious suburban readers. But in the opinion of an eminent critic of the Quarterly Review, and according to his experience, there is nothing so highly coloured in them. We have ourselves known, says he, that village palladium, the May-pole, become the object of a serious foray by the Berks, and have witnessed Christmas carols and mummary flourishing in all their perfection in the most frequented part of Devon. In many districts of Yorkshire, however, the county in which the scene is judiciously laid, ancient usages exist in more entire preservation; and all, or nearly all, the customs which are described as

fostered by the hero, Mr Bracebridge, together with others of which no mention is made, were within the last sixteen years voluntarily kept up among the labouring classes as sources of annual enjoyment, and matters "coming home to their own business and bosoms." The poorest peasant would have considered the neglect of the genial ceremony of yule-cake, yule-candles, and yule-clog, as equivalent to the loss of caste: the paste-egg, or rather pasgen-egg, was duly eaten at Easter, as in Russia, and the southern provinces of France and Spain, and when presented to a lady obtained the same privilege as in the former country. The "Merry Night" was, and perhaps still is, duly celebrated in most farm-houses; and instead of the duodance which the Squire considers as a relic of the ancient sword-dance, this Pyrrhic manœuvre itself was exhibited by the young farmers of Cleveland in a manner requiring much grace, nerve, and dexterity, and as dangerous to an unpractised eye as the Indian war-dance, performed tomahawk in hand. The festival of St Stephen, also, whom the Yorkshiremen have, by a convenient fiction, erected into as mighty a hunter as Nimrod, is observed with most sportsman-like solemnity by every rank and degree of dog, horse, man, donkey, and leaping-pole, altogether composing a turbulent highland host, amenable to no rules ever heard of in Leicestershire. We think, therefore, that, far from exceeding the limits of probability in this respect, Mr IRVING has hardly made the full up of northern customs, which was really open to him. Nor can we see any thing overdrawn in the characters themselves. There are many whims which we daily see practised, much less natural, much less rational, than those of which the indulgence forms the business of the Squire's life; and, having selected him as the scape-goat, on whom the whole weight of oddity was to be laid, the author has accounted consistently for these whims. As to Master Simon, the brisk parrot-nosed bachelor, he only labours in his vocation as equerry to his patron's stud of hobby-horses; and Ready-Money Jack Tibbets, the sturdy freeholder, stands on his own basis as a Yorkshire dalesman of the old school. Into these three characters, and into that of General Harbottle, the author has thrown all his strength.

Like the great novelist of Scotland, Mr IRVING enters, with the eye of a Bewick, or a Ward, into all the little amusing habits and predilections of the brute creation; without going the lengths of hailing the ass, brother,

He has a kind of inclination, or
Weakness, for what most people deem mere vermin,
Live animals,

BYRON'S *Don Juan*.

and contrives to awaken that interest in the caprices and enjoyments of those humble friends, which laughingly, but effectually, serves the cause of humanity. This feeling, we will venture to affirm, is a more essential one in a well-constructed mind, than the "music in the soul," which a great bard requires under such a heavy poetic ban. The whole chapter on the Rookery is an animal comedy, so happily kept up that we know not which part to select; and in the taking of Starlight Tom, the dogs on both sides play their parts in a most characteristic, and we can hardly call it unnatural manner, which colours the whole scene. Cowper extols those who can see charms in the arch meaning of a kitten's face; Hoffman has written the history of a fantastic rat-catcher; M. de Chateaubriand is not less a friend to the feline race; but Mr IRVING, by dint of a few demure traits of feline virtue, has contrived to interest us even in Dame Heyliger's old cat, and has fairly earned the gratitude of the species whom he so justly styles "a slandered people." As a satirical contrast, the varieties of the canine fungus, called lap-dog, are admirably exact in the comic painting introduced by the author. The same good taste and minute observation characterize that frequent allusion to sylvan life, which in most hands would grow monotonous, but which, in Bracebridge Hall, are made to address both the mental and bodily eye. In the chapter on Forest Trees, there is a meditative moral dignity, very much reminding us of Southey's early poem to the Holly, and which could hardly have been surpassed, had the mantle of Evelyn himself fallen on the American essayist.

Geoffrey Crayon was now so great a favourite with the English public, that the English critics, weary of hearing Aristides called the Just, and we find the avowal of it in the *Blackwood's Magazine*, seemed longing and lying in wait for a new work to cry down the man like over-rated coin. Indeed, without mentioning the spite of national envy, the "bustling botherbys" of the periodicals seldom patronize an author beyond his first or second attempt: with these, Scott's last novel was sure to be vastly inferior to his former ones; and Byron's mind was inevitably losing inspiration as he grew old. They delight in none but a new name—to be puffed for a day, and then

abandoned to oblivion,—a cockney dramatist, or a versifying peasant. Mr W. Irving they would treat after the same fashion, when he published the *Tales of a Traveller*. But it was difficult to deny that this new work did possess the spirit of Bracebridge Hall, with more variety, in a larger field of observation. In fact, the *Tales* are, for the most part, told by the same imaginary narrator, and may be considered under the same head. Thus, the Stout Gentleman naturally stands at the head of the list of tales recounted by the nervous gentleman, who is again introduced by Mr IRVING in this new work. It is, indeed, a most amusing specimen of that piquant cookery which makes something out of nothing. The bulbous candlewicks, and the bulbous man, his last lingering companion in the traveller's room; the utter desolation which the dripping stable-yard presents—the miserable drenched cock—the cow standing to be rained on—the vociferous duck—the dispirited cur—and the forlorn, spectral-eyed horse—are in admirable keeping as features of a minute and rueful caricature. The "Bold Dragoon" is not inferior in its way. But too much praise cannot be bestowed on the tale of "Buckthorne," where, as a novelist, Mr IRVING proves a rival to Goldsmith, whose turn of mind he very much inherits, and of whose style he particularly reminds us in the life of Dribble. Like him, too, Mr IRVING possesses the art of setting ludicrous perplexities in the most irresistible point of view, and, we think, equals him in the variety as in the force of his humour. But throughout the whole of the burlesque incidents with which the tale abounds, the American Goldsmith has never once abused the latitude which the subject afforded him, and of which Goethe has made such filthy use in *Wilhelm Meister*. With a hundred foibles, the hero is not suffered to become vicious, and the strictly moral tendency of the narrative is preserved to the last page.

In the summer of 1822 Mr IRVING made a tour along the banks of the Rhine, viewing its picturesque scenery, and inspecting many old fortresses and castles renowned in history and in the annals of the Secret Tribunal. He proceeded into Germany, visiting its principal cities and exploring the forests and mountains commemorated among the wild legends of the country. He sojourned a time in Prague, the ancient Bohemian capital, and passed the winter

of 1823 at Dresden. He was presented with a number of medals from the members of the University of Göttingen, and from the University of Halle. He would form an interesting collection of specimens of the German language, and of the different dialects. The winter of 1823 he employed the winter months in the study of the German language, and he extended his travels to the various parts of the empire. He visited the city of Medona, and he made a journey in the year 1824 in different parts of the empire, interesting from the Moorish wars.

The fame of his novel, was not only spread, though they had not spoken. The *Book and his* of the continent of Germany, Italy, and other popular authors, Scott, and Mr Irving, not content him with the *Sterne-travelles* set, the *tale-teller* in his mind. The poet in the Union, now his American. It was in Scotland, of giving a history of the life of his epitaph, Leon, but who had to have opened a secure and stable principles of free

The name of
O'er the three
Whose vigor
Are kept apart
Of Freedom,
Bequeath'd—
And proud dis

key dramatist, of 1823 at Dresden, the capital of Saxony, where W. IRVING then was presented at court and received kind distinctions, when he exhibited his talents and other facilities from the old king and queen, and other members of the veteran royal family. His letters from Germany to his relations and friends would form an interesting and entertaining work if presented to the public.

From Germany Mr IRVING returned to England, and passed the summer of 1824 partly in London, and partly in visits among his friends in different parts of the country.

The winter of 1825 he passed in Paris, but employed the summer and autumn in an excursion into the beautiful country of Touraine, which he extended to Bourdeaux to witness the festivities of the vintage among the celebrated vineyards of Medoc. From Bourdeaux he proceeded early in the next year to make a long-projected journey into Spain, and passed nearly four years in different parts of that country, so interesting from its history and its romantic Moorish wars.

The fame of Mr IRVING as an essayist and novelist, was not limited to the climes, extensive though they be, in which the English tongue is spoken. Translations were made of his Sketch Book and his Tales, into most of the languages of the continent; and when he visited France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, he found himself a popular author, like Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr Fenimore Cooper. But he did not content himself to have enlarged the circle of *Sterne-travellers* by adding another head to the set, the *tale-traveller*; he had a higher ambition in his mind. Columbus had already found his poet in the United States, Joel Barlow; he has now his American historian.

It was in Spain Mr IRVING undertook the task of giving to his country and to Europe the history of the life of that hero, who, in the words of his epitaph, gave a new world to Castile and Leon, but who may be said, with more justice, to have opened, to the oppressed of every clime, a secure and safe refuge, a field, in which the principles of freedom might be safely cultivated:

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
..... One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,

• The Columbiad.

Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!

Lord Byron, on Venice.

The enterprise of Mr IRVING was not wanting in boldness, as it placed him in immediate comparison with one of the most celebrated among British historians; but it was eminently successful. The abridgment has become an universally-adopted school-book in the United States, and America has got in one and the same man, her own Robertson, Goldsmith, and Addison. The History of Columbus is the most important work of Mr W. IRVING, completed now by the "*Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*," the brave partners of his perilous enterprise, we wish we could add, his imitators in humanity and benevolence. This book unites the marvellous of old romance with the sober charm of truth. Chivalry had left the land and launched upon the deep in the ships of these early Spanish discoverers. Contempt of danger, and fortitude under suffering, a passion for vainglorious exploits, are the characteristics of these marine knights-errant, the daring Ojeda, the unfortunate Nicuesa, the brave but credulous Ponce de Leon, and the enterprising but ill-fated Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

In writing the history of Columbus, Mr IRVING derived great assistance from the attention he had bestowed on the acquisition of various languages. He had considered these studies as giving access to mines of intellectual wealth in the literature of different nations, and he was now enabled to trace every point in the life of his hero through the narratives, and often the errors of successive historians, up to its original source, which he did with an industrious and persevering research.

The idea of his two last publications, the "*Conquest of Granada*" and the "*Allhambra*," was suggested to Mr IRVING while in Spain, occupied upon his History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus. The application of the great navigator to the Spanish Sovereigns for patronage to his project of discovery, was made during their crusade against the Moors of Granada, and continued during the residue of that war. Columbus followed the court in several of its campaigns, mingled occasionally in the contest, and was actually present at the grand catastrophe of the enterprise, the surrender of the

metropolis. The researches of Mr IRVING, in tracing the movement of his hero, led him to the various chronicles of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He became deeply interested in the details of the war, and was induced, while collecting materials for the biography he had in hand, to make preparation also for the "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada." He made subsequently a tour in Andalusia, visited the ruins of the Moorish towns, fortresses, and castles, and the wild mountain passes and defiles which had been the scenes of the most remarkable events of the war; he passed some time in the ancient palace of the Alhambra, the once favourite abode of the Moorish monarchs in Granada. It was then, while his mind was still excited by the romantic scenery around him, and by the chivalrous and poetical association, which throw a moral interest over every feature of Spanish landscape, that he completed the Chronicle and commenced the Alhambra.

The Chronicle is an authentic body of facts relative to the war with the Moors, but arranged in such a manner as to be attractive to the reader for mere amusement. Mr IRVING brings forth every scene in its strongest light, and portrays the manners and customs of the age, with a graphic effect, by connecting them with the events and the splendid scenery amidst which they took place. Thus, while he preserves the truth and chronological order of history, he imparts a more impressive and entertaining character to his narrative than regular historians are accustomed to possess. By these means his Chronicle at times wears almost the air of romance; yet the story is authenticated by frequent references to existing documents, proving that the fictitious Spanish monk, Fray Antonio Agapida, has substantial foundation for his most extraordinary incidents.

As his History of the Conquest of Granada was collected from ancient chronicles, and Mr IRVING could not put implicit confidence in the correctness of all the facts; and as he was not willing to throw aside a picturesque and interesting incident whenever a shade of doubt was thrown over its authenticity; he employed the intervention of Fray Antonio Agapida, an imaginary monk of the order of St Hieronymo. This intermediate personage enabled him also to treat the bigotry and superstition and various grave absurdities of that era with a degree of irony and humour which, in his opinion, he could not decorously employ in his own character. However visionary a person Agapida may have been,

the reader is assuredly indebted to him for a great part of the entertainment he receives from the perusal of this Chronicle.

The Alhambra is a sort of Spanish *Album* Book: here we have our old Geoffrey Crayon again. The fancy of most readers takes part with him when he says: "From earliest boyhood, when, on the banks of the Hudson, I first pored over the pages of an old Spanish story about the wars of Granada, that city has ever been a subject of my waking dreams, and often have I trod in fancy the romantic halls of the Alhambra."

The Alhambra is the poetry of architecture, both in its former state, when

"———Carved cedar doors,
Run inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Hung up with golden *batastrade*,"

and now, when the ivy creeps round its lattices, and the bats buzz in its towers, to the memory of former splendour it adds lingering beauty and actual ruin. Geoffrey Crayon enters those desolate and destroyed but still lovely walls, with eyes turned towards the past, and full of that enthusiasm which alone can understand the melancholy and the beautiful. In these delightful volumes, the sketches of Spanish scenery and peasants are full of life and animation; the description of the Alhambra is "painted in rich words," and the ancient legends, told in a style worthy of the days when the story-teller sat on an embroidered carpet, while the music of a falling fountain accompanied his recital. We suspect these legends owe as much to Mr IRVING, as the Arabian Nights to Mr Galland; and that his fairy tales are

"Plus Arabes qu'en Arabie;"

but we ought scarcely to complain if he who found the silk, has also wrought it into "*graceful broderie*." This has been the mistake of all the late doers into English of Arabian fiction; they have only given us the raw material, and then boasted of their accuracy—as if accuracy in a fairy tale could ever be asked by any but an antiquary. Mr IRVING, on the contrary, narrates equally fancifully, and playfully, with a vein of quiet humour, admirably suited to this age of disbelief. We know no more exquisite specimen of this kind than the "Rose of the Alhambra," and the "Three beautiful Princesses." When you read these pages you fancy yourself at once in the Hall of Lions.

Mr IRVING was an inmate of the Al-
 in the summer of 1829, he was ap-
 by the President of the United States,
 to the Legation at the Court of Lon-
 The office was unsolicited and unexpected
 in his part, and he had always withheld himself
 from public life. He would not, however, de-
 line such a mark of kindness, and he filled the
 situation until Mr Louis M' Lane, the minister,
 returned home, when he remained Chargé d' Af-
 faires at that court until the appointment of
 another minister.

During this interval, the English University
 of Oxford conferred on Mr IRVING the degree
 of L.L.D., in consideration of his literary char-
 acter, and he received the honours in person
 in the month of June 1831, amid the acclama-
 tions of the students and graduates, and a bril-
 liant assemblage of spectators.

While Mr IRVING represented his country at
 the English court, he assisted in his official char-
 acter at the coronation of his present Majesty,
 William IV; and he received, during the short
 term of his diplomatic career, repeated marks
 of attention from the sovereign and royal family,
 and from many of the most distinguished per-
 sonages of the country, not merely on account of
 the office he filled, but also expressly in con-
 sideration of the works he had written.

On the return of Mr IRVING to his native
 country, in the spring of 1852, he was greeted
 with a degree of warmth rarely equalled, in a
 public entertainment at which Chancellor Kent,
 the father of the New York bar, presided. To
 many, he was endeared by the recollection of in-
 mate and affectionate intercourse, while a new
 generation that had sprung up in his absence,
 crowded with zeal to see and honour the pride of
 the literature of America—the author, who had
 first and successfully answered the reproachful
 question, “Who reads an American book?”
 had he felt inclined to have encouraged the
 public enthusiasm, his tour throughout the
 United States might have been one continued
 ovation. But he shrunk from the parade of
 public exhibition, and after his reception on his
 arrival in his native city, declined every invita-
 tion of the kind.

A few weeks after his return to New York,
 Mr IRVING commenced a succession of journeys
 through the different states. His first excursion
 was into those of the east, in which he visited
 Boston and other cities, crossed the Green Moun-
 tains of Vermont, and ascended the most celebra-
 ted of the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

His next journey was through the most inter-
 esting parts of his native state to the Falls of
 Niagara. From thence he proceeded by the
 lakes and the Ohio, visiting the states bordering
 on that river, and then ascending the Mississippi
 into the regions of the far West. Here, he joined
 a deputation commissioned to hold treaties with
 the Indians; and passing the frontier military
 posts, and the boundaries of civilization, pene-
 trated into the wilderness, to the wigwams and
 villages of the natives.

In company with a party of mounted back-
 woodsman, half Indian in their habits, he made
 an expedition of a month to the wild hunting
 ground of the warlike Pawnee tribes, scouring
 the woods and extensive prairies, and giving
 chase to buffaloes and wild horses; sleeping at
 nights by fires kindled in the open air; and sub-
 sisting on the produce of their rifles; and keeping
 a vigilant guard against any sudden attack by the
 Indians. After this rude specimen of frontier
 life, he descended the Mississippi to New Orleans,
 whence he proceeded through the states border-
 ing on the Atlantic, to the city of Washington.
 Here he passed the first winter of his return in
 attending the debates of Congress during an in-
 teresting session, and made himself acquainted
 with the political differences, and the sectional
 rivalries and jealousies of his country, by com-
 munication with the intelligent statesmen assem-
 bled in the capital from all parts of the Union.
 But he mingled with them as a mere spectator,
 unconnected with any of their parties. His ab-
 sence during about sixteen years in Europe had
 accustomed him to regard his country with affec-
 tion from a distance, and with satisfaction when
 he compared its government and institutions with
 those of other nations, but had kept him aloof
 from all its internal dissensions. He found also
 among the opposing candidates for the presi-
 dency, and leaders of parties, gentlemen with
 whom he had been connected in personal friend-
 ship previous to his voyage to Europe, and from
 whom he had received many proofs of consid-
 eration and regard.

Politics form, it is probable, more of a great
 game in the United States, where every man is
 eligible to every office, than in any other coun-
 try. Men of talents and ambition contend with
 each other to obtain the ascendancy and the
 rule. But whoever may succeed in the contest,
 will equally administer the government to the
 best of his judgment for the welfare and happi-
 ness of the country. It is to be lamented that
 the partisans of the distinguished candidates,

and in particular those who control the press, are apt to conduct the struggle with a personality and virulence which excite animosities, and greatly disturb the harmony of social intercourse.

We have not heard that Mr IRVING is, at present, engaged in any literary enterprise. We have, however, a pledge in the fertility of invention he has hitherto shown, that he is not idle, nor is his task accomplished; still, it remains that he should pursue the career he has opened to himself in the annals of this continent.

The downfall of the empires of the Aztecs and Incas, asks for a worthy historian; the generous advocate of Philip of Pokanoket may yet find an ample field in the early adventures of the British colonists, and in their struggles with the warlike race, which, for a time, bravely withstood their superior civilization and intelligence. Finally, his native Hudson claims of him that he who in his youth first made its banks vocal with the strains of satire, shall, in his mature age, make them renowned, as the habitation of the Historian of the Western continent.



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PUBLISH

Tax volumes now laid before the public are the best writings of an American author, who has lately attracted the attention of some of the most distinguished names of the "Brecebridge-Hall," and "New-York."

The first of these works, "The first of these works," "men and manners, general and particular, and sometimes shaded with the most striking and striking some of the most striking that have fallen under the eye of the eye of Europe."

The second, "BRACEBRIDGE," is a continuation of the former. It is interwoven with the history of the ancient gentry in Yorkshire, and the other work. The essays are more liberally finished as those in the first volume, originally published at the end of the year, composed of only three or four papers, and requiring a separate volume in itself. In BRACEBRIDGE, it appears to have had more regularity in its producing effect as a whole, and is brought out by simple touches, and merely to give a dramatic effect to the whole. The papers, therefore, in combination, a more interesting and greater unity of object.

The third, "Knickknack," is a satirical work, in which the present day are humorously depicted (somewhat after the style of the "Knickknack") in the grotesque costumes of the "Knickknack," who originally settled in New-York. The scene is originally directed to that part of the history of the measures pursued by it, and is aimed at human character, and therefore be generally felt.

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SALMAGUNDI :

OR, THE

Whim-Whams and Opinions

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*
With baked, and broil'd, and stew'd, and toasted,
And fried, and boil'd, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE volumes now laid before the Public contain the earliest writings of an American gentleman, Mr WASHINGTON IRELAND, who has lately attracted attention under the assumed name of *Geoffrey Crayon*, author of "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge-Hall," and "Knickerbocker's History of New-York."

The first of these works, *THE SKETCH BOOK*, exhibits views of men and manners, generally humorous, occasionally pathetic, and sometimes shaded with a dash of misty antiquity; portraying some of the most striking scenes of picturesque life that have fallen under the author's eye, in America and Europe.

The second, *BRACEBRIDGE-HALL*, may be considered a continuation of the former. It consists of similar sketches, interwoven with the history of an old-fashioned family of ancient gentry in Yorkshire, who play a considerable part in the other work. The essays, individually, are not so elaborately finished as those in "The Sketch Book;" which was originally published at New-York, in numbers, each composed of only three or four articles, disconnected with one another, and requiring, therefore, that each should be complete in itself. In *BRACEBRIDGE-HALL*, the author appears to have had more regard to a general plan, and to the producing effect as a whole. The characters are gradually brought out by simple touches, and are often introduced merely to give a dramatic interest to the author's speculations. The papers, therefore, have a more harmonious combination, a more interesting relation to each other, and a greater unity of object.

The third, *KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW-YORK*, is a whimsical and satirical work, in which the peculiarities and follies of the present day are humorously depicted in the persons, and arrayed (somewhat after the ludicrous style of Flemish paintings) in the grotesque costume of the ancient Dutch colonists, who originally settled and founded the present city of New-York. The scene is local, and the application more especially directed to that particular city, and to recent occurrences in the history of the United States, together with the measures pursued by its government: the satire, however, is aimed at human character and conduct, and may therefore be generally felt.

The papers contained in the following pages, under the title of *SALMAGUNDI*, were the joint production of Mr WASHINGTON IRELAND, and Mr JAMES K. PAULDING, with the exception of the poetry, and some sketches and hints for a few of the essays, which were furnished by a third hand. The authors were all natives of New-York. The work appeared in numbers, which were written for mere amusement, and with little heed, by very young men, who did not expect that they would have more than a transient and local currency. An original work, however, and one treating of national scenes and manners, was, at that time, so great a rarity in America as to attract general attention. It was received with great welcome, underwent numerous republications, and has continued in popular circulation ever since.

The present edition has been submitted to the revision of one of the authors, who, at first, contemplated making essential alterations. On further consideration, however, he contented himself with correcting merely a few of what he termed the most glaring errors and slipshodness, and judged it best to leave the evident juvenility of the work to plead its own apology.

The first number was originally introduced with the following whimsical notice, which has been dropped in subsequent American editions. The commencing paragraph is probably by the authors; the latter one is evidently by the publisher, *DAVID LONGWORTH*, an eccentric bookseller, who had filled a large apartment with the valuable engravings of "Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery," magnificently framed, and had nearly obscured the front of his house with a huge sign, — a colossal painting, in *chiaro scuro*, of the crowning of Shakspeare. *LONGWORTH* had an extraordinary propensity to publish elegant works, to the great gratification of persons of taste, and the no small diminution of his own slender fortune. He alludes ironically to this circumstance in the present notice.

"PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

"SHAKSPEARE GALLERY, NEW-YORK.

"This work will be published and sold by *D. LONGWORTH*. It will be printed on hot-pressed vellum paper, as that is held in highest estimation for buckling up young ladies' hair—a purpose to which similar works are usually appropriated; it will be a small neat duodecimo size, so that, when

enough numbers are written, it may form a volume, sufficiently portable to be carried in old ladies' pockets and young ladies' work-bags.

"As the above work will not come out at stated periods, notice will be given when another number will be published. The price will depend on the size of the number, and must be paid on delivery. The publisher professes the same sublime contempt for money as his authors. The *liberal* patronage bestowed by his discerning fellow-citizens, on various works of taste which he has published, has left him no inclination to ask for further favours at their hands; and he publishes this work in the mere hope of requiting their bounty."

No. I.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1807.

As every body knows, or ought to know, what a SALMAGUNDI is, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of an explanation; besides, we despise trouble as we do every thing that is low and mean, and hold the man who would incur it unnecessarily, as an object worthy our highest pity and contempt. Neither will we puzzle our heads to give an account of ourselves, for two reasons: first, because it is nobody's business; secondly, because if it were, we do not hold ourselves bound to attend to any body's business but our own; and even *that* we take the liberty of neglecting when it suits our inclination. To these we might add a third, that very few men *can* give a tolerable account of themselves, let them try ever so hard: but this reason, we candidly avow, would not hold good with ourselves.

There are, however, two or three pieces of information which we bestow gratis on the public, chiefly because it suits our own pleasure and convenience that they should be known, and partly because we do not wish that there should be any ill will between us at the commencement of our acquaintance.

Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age: this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence. We intend for this purpose to present a striking picture of the town; and as every body is anxious to see his own pliz on canvas, however stupid or ugly it may be, we have no doubt but the whole town will flock to our exhibition. Our picture will necessarily include a vast variety of figures: and should any gentleman or lady be displeased with the inveterate truth of their likenesses, they may ease their spleen by laughing at those of their neighbours—this being what *we* understand by *poetical justice*.

Like all true and able editors, we consider ourselves infallible; and therefore, with the customary diffidence of our brethren of the quill, we shall take the liberty of interfering in all matters either of a public or private nature. We are critics, amateurs, dilettanti, and cognoscenti; and as we know, "by the pricking of our thumbs," that every opinion which we may advance in either of those characters will be

correct, we are determined, though it may be questioned, contradicted, or even controverted, yet it shall never be revoked.

To conclude, we invite all editors of newspapers and literary journals to praise us heartily in advance as we assure them that we intend to deserve the praises. To our next-door neighbour, "Town," we hold out a hand of amity, declaring to him that, afterwards, his paper will stand the best chance for immortality. We proffer an exchange of civilities: he shall furnish us with notices of epic poems and tobacco—and we, in return, will enrich him with original speculations on all manner of subjects, together with "the rummaging of my grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers," "the life and amours of mine uncle John," "anecdotes of the Cockloft family," and learned quotations from that unheard-of writer of folios, *Linkum Fidelius*.

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WE were a considerable time in deciding whether we should be at the pains of introducing ourselves to the public. As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands and answer to our names.

Willing, however, to gain at once that frank, confidential footing, which we are certain of ultimately possessing in this, doubtless, "best of all possible cities;" and anxious to spare its worthy inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand wise conjectures, none of which would be worth a tobacco-stopper, we have thought it in some degree a necessary exercise of charitable condescension to furnish them with slight clue to the truth.

Before we proceed further, however; we advise every body—man, woman, and child—that can read or get any friend to read for them, to purchase the paper;—not that we write for money; for, in common with all philosophers, from Solomon downward, we hold it in supreme contempt. We beg the public particularly to understand that we solicit no patronage. We are determined, on the contrary, that the patronage shall be entirely on our side. The public are welcome to buy this work, or not—just as they choose. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the public—and the publisher: we gain not a shilling. If it be not purchased, we give fair warning—we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams in one promiscuous blaze; and, like the books of the sibyls, and the Alexandrian library, they will be lost for ever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher—for the sake of the public—and for the sake of the public's children to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper; if they do not, let them settle the affair with their own consciences and posterity. We beg the respectable ob-

* The title of a newspaper published in New-York, the column of which, among other miscellaneous topics, occasionally contained strictures on the performances at the theatre.—*Edit.*

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This department will
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patrons of this city not to be alarmed at the appearance we make:—we are none of those outlandish geniuses, who swarm in New-York, who live by their wits, or rather by the little wit of their neighbours; and who spoil the genuine honest American tastes of their daughters with French slops and fricasseed sentiment.

We have said we do not write for money;—neither do we write for fame. We know too well the variable nature of public opinion, to build our hopes upon it; we care not what the public think of us; and we respect, before we reach the tenth number, they will not know what to think of us. In two words—we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves; and this we shall be sure of doing,—for we are all three, of us determined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If in the course of this work we edify, and instruct, and amuse the public, so much the better for the public;—but we frankly acknowledge, that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse, whatever the public may think of it. While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily: if we realize it will be but seldom; and on all occasions we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry—for we are laughing philosophers, and clear of opinion, that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, plump dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life, and takes the world as it goes.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world;—nor in this shall we be governed by that cynical spirit with which narrow-minded yokworm cynics squint at the little extravagances of the ton: but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep more than a sober watch over the golden rules of female delicacy and decorum—we shall not discourage any little brightness of demeanour, or innocent vivacity of character. Before we advance one line further we must let it be understood, as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New-York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings, that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate, in any or all of the four elements; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world; nor will the gentlemen, who waste away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying:—we mean those sapient fellows who sit stock-still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how damned stupid it was Mrs —'s party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and control of ANTHONY EVERGREEN, Gent. to whom all communications on this subject are to be addressed. This gentleman, from his long experience

in the routine of balls, routs, and assemblies, is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He is a kind of patriarch in the fashionable world, and has seen generation after generation pass away into the silent tomb of matrimony, while he remains unchangeably the same. He can recount the amours and courtships of the fathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts, and even granddames, of all the belles of the present day—provided their pedigrees extend so far back without being lost in obscurity. As, however, treating of pedigrees is rather an ungrateful task in this city, and as we mean to be perfectly good-natured, he has promised to be cautious in this particular. He recollects perfectly the time when young ladies used to go a sleigh-riding, at night, without their mammas or grand-mammas; in short, without being matronized at all; and can relate a thousand pleasant stories about Kissing-bridge. He likewise remembers the time when ladies paid tea-visits at three in the afternoon, and returned before dark to see that the house was shut up and the servants on duty. He has often played cricket in the orchard in the rear of old Vauxhall, and remembers when the Bull's-head was quite out of town. Though he has slowly and gradually given in to modern fashions, and still flourishes in the *beau-monde*, yet he seems a little prejudiced in favour of the dress and manners of the *old school*: and his chief commendation of a new mode is, “that it is the same good old fashion we had before the war.” It has cost us much trouble to make him confess that a cotillon is superior to a minuet, or an unadorned crop to a pig-tail and powder. Custom and fashion have, however, had more effect on him than all our lectures; and he tempers, so happily, the grave and ceremonious gallantry of the old school with the hail fellow familiarity of the new, that, we trust, on a little acquaintance, and making allowance for his old-fashioned prejudices, he will become a very considerable favourite with our readers; if not, the worse for themselves—as they will have to endure his company.

In the territory of criticism, WILLIAM WIZARD, Esq. has undertaken to preside; and though we may all dabble in it a little by turns, yet we have willingly ceded to him all discretionary powers in this respect. Though Will has not had the advantage of an education at Oxford or Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, and though he is but little versed in Hebrew, yet we have no doubt he will be found fully competent to the undertaking. He has improved his taste by a long residence abroad, particularly at Canton, Calcutta, and the gay and polished court of Hayti. He has also had an opportunity of seeing the best singing-girls and tragedians of China; is a great connoisseur in mandarine dresses, and porcelain, and particu-

* Amongst the amusements of the citizens, in times gone by, was that of making excursions in the winter evenings, on sleighs, to some neighbouring village, where the social party had a ball and supper. *Kissing-bridge* was so denominated from the circumstance that here the beaux exacted from their fair companions the forfeiture of a kiss before permitting their travelling vehicles to pass over.—*Edit.*

larly values himself on his intimate knowledge of the buffalo and war dances of the Northern Indians. He is likewise promised the assistance of a gentleman, lately from London, who was born and bred in that centre of science and *bon gout*, the vicinity of Fleet-market, where he has been edified, man and boy, these six-and-twenty years, with the harmonious jingle of Bow-bells. His taste, therefore, has attained to such an exquisite pitch of refinement, that there are few exhibitions of any kind which do not put him in a fever. He has assured Will, that if Mr Cooper emphasises "*and*" instead of "*but*,"—or Mrs Oldmixon pins her kerchief a hair's-breadth awry—or Mrs Darley offers to dare to look less than the "daughter of a senator of Venice,"—the standard of a senator's daughter being exactly six feet—they shall all hear of it in good time.—We have, however, advised Will Wizard to keep his friend in check, lest by opening the eyes of the public to the wretchedness of the actors, by whom they have hitherto been entertained, he might cut off one source of amusement from our fellow-citizens. We hereby give notice, that we have taken the whole corps, from the manager in his mantle of gorgeous copperlace, to honest John in his green coat and black breeches, under our wing—and woe be unto him who injures a hair of their heads.—As we have no design against the patience of our fellow-citizens, we shall not dose them with copious draughts of theatrical criticism: we know that they have already been well physicked with them of late. Our theatrics will take up but a small part of our paper; nor will they be altogether confined to the stage, but extend from time to time to those incorrigible offenders against the peace of society, the stage-critics, who not unfrequently create the fault they find, in order to yield an opening for their witticism; censure an actor for a gesture he never made, or an emphasis he never gave; and, in their attempt to show off *new readings*, make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. If any one should feel himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us in return—we shall not wince from the combat. If his passes be successful, we will be the first to cry out, a hit! a hit! and we doubt not we shall frequently lay ourselves open to the weapons of our assailants. But let them have a care how they run a-tilting with us; they have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pommeling; we will be relentless in our vengeance, and will fight "till from our bones the flesh be hack'd."

What other subjects we shall include in the range of our observations, we have not determined, or rather we shall not trouble ourselves to detail. The public have already more information concerning us than we intended to impart. We owe them no favours—neither do we ask any. We again advise them, for their own sakes, to read our papers when they come out. We recommend to all mothers to purchase them for their daughters, who will be initiated into the arcana of the *bon ton*, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during

the last century: parents shall be taught how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them.

As we do not measure our wits by the yard or bushel, and as they do not flow periodically nor constantly, we shall not restrict our paper as to size or the time of its appearance. It will be published whenever we have sufficient matter to constitute a number, and the size of the number shall depend on the stock in hand. This will best suit our negligent habits, and leave us that full liberty and independence which is the joy and pride of our souls.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us?—let him read SALMAGUNDI, and grow wise accordingly. Thus much we will say—there are three of us, "Bartholomew, Peto, and I," all townsmen good and true. Many a time and oft have we three amused the town without its knowing to whom it was indebted; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twink faintly on our studious phizzes, and heard the morning salutation of "past three o'clock" before we sought our pillows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the public; and little as we care for the opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lies in our careless natures, to fulfil the promises made in this introduction;—if we do not, we shall have so many examples to justify us that we feel little solicitude on that account.

THEATRICALS,

Containing the quintessence of Modern Criticism.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

MACBETH was performed to a very crowded house, and much to our satisfaction. As, however, our neighbourhood has been very voluminous already in his criticisms on this play, we shall make but few remarks. Having never seen Kemble in this character, we are absolutely at a loss to say whether Mr Cooper performed it well or not. We think, however, there was an error in his *costume*, as the learned Linkum is of opinion that, in the time of *Macbeth*, the Scotch did not wear sandals but wooden shoes. *Macbeth* also was noted for wearing his jacket open, that he might play the Scotch fiddle more conveniently;—the being an hereditary accomplishment in the Glasgow family.

We have seen this character performed in Chicago by the celebrated *Chow-Chow*, the Roscius of the great empire, who in the dagger scene always delighted the audience by blowing his nose like a trumpet. *Chow-Chow*, in compliance with the opinion of the sage Linkum, performed *Macbeth* in wooden shoes;—this gave him an opportunity of producing great effect—for on first seeing the "air-drawn dagger," he always cut a prodigious high caper, and kicked his shoes into the pit at the heads of the critics; whereupon the audience were marvellously delighted, flourished their hands, and stroked their whiskers thrice; and the matter was carefully reported in the

next number of a paper (Town).

We were much pleased with *Macbeth*; but we think she ought to be set to the night-school in her hand, or something which is sagaciously conceived, and which she had stuck it in her nose. We were extremely picturesquely and are strongly the derangements of Mrs Villiers, however, we are not enough for the character of our opinion, a woman of the race of the giants, notwithstanding her "little hand"; we are not, however, of much character in the hands of the *Macbeth*, queen of the giant, who is so perfectly of imperial dimensions. We were well shaved, of a morning she appears also to be engaged she will read a letter in the air, and such commotions, we were naturally surprised, in the Town.

We are happy to observe the instructions of friendship in blood so deep in the inch or two. This is our immortal bard. We are of opinion the first reading of the words are of opinion the first reading on the word *sign*, a short time before he was dragged with an aerial dexterity the daggers actually in his hands they were not mere shadows; they may have termed it, new establish our skill in new respects from our recent agreement with him. We admit that passage so "savage," etc., beginning "like a new-born babe," the pages of Shakspeare which he might have used for the purpose of showing that he could talk like a human being, like the famous As it is the first duty of a man to profess and do actually "Town," we warn him not to meddle with a lady's "bottom." In the first instance, he was "air;" and in the second judgment against himself, we have seen no knowing what he did with it. We would not have been surprised, see Town flourish the auspices of an ass's tail, in his *Montero Cap*.

number of a paper called the *Flim Flam* (English Town).

We were much pleased with Mrs Villiers in *Lady Macbeth*; but we think she would have given a greater effect to the night-scene, if, instead of holding the candle in her hand, or setting it down on the table, which is sagaciously censured by neighbour Town, she had stuck it in her night-cap.—This would have been extremely picturesque, and would have marked more strongly the derangement of her mind.

Mrs Villiers, however, is not by any means large enough for the character—Lady Macbeth having been, in our opinion, a woman of extraordinary size, and of the race of the giants, notwithstanding what she says of her “little hand;” which being said in her sleep does not count for nothing. We should be happy to see this character in the hands of the lady who played *Gluminda*, queen of the giants, in *Tom Thumb*: she is exactly of imperial dimensions; and, provided she is well shaved, of a most interesting physiognomy: she appears also to be a lady of some nerve, I dare engage she will read a letter about witches vanishing in an air, and such *common occurrences*, without being unnaturally surprised, to the annoyance of honest Town.

We are happy to observe that Mr Cooper profits by the instructions of friend Town, and does not dip the dagger in blood so deep as formerly by the matter of an inch or two. This was a violent outrage upon our immortal bard. We differ with Mr Town in his reading of the words “this is a *sorry sight*.”

We are of opinion the force of the sentence should be thrown on the word *sight*—because Macbeth having seen, a short time before, most confoundedly humbugged with an aerial dagger, was in doubt whether the daggers actually in his hands were real, or whether they were not mere shadows; or as the old English may have termed it, *sygits* (this, at any rate, will establish our skill in *new readings*). Though we differ in this respect from our neighbour Town, yet we heartily agree with him in censuring Mr Cooper for omitting that passage so remarkable for “beauty of imagery,” etc., beginning with “and pity, like a naked new-born babe,” etc. It is one of those passages of Shakspeare which should always be retained, for the purpose of showing how sometimes that great poet could talk like a buzzard; or, to speak more plainly, like the famous mad poet Nat Lee.

As it is the first duty of a friend to advise; and as we profess and do actually feel a friendship for honest Town, we warn him, never in his criticisms to meddle with a lady’s “petticoats,” or to quote Nic Bottom. In the first instance he may “catch a tar-bar;” and in the second, the ass’s head may rise in judgment against him—and when it is once afloat there is no knowing where some unlucky hand may place it. We would not, for all the money in our pockets, see Town flourishing his critical quill under the auspices of an ass’s head, like the great Franklin in his *Montero Cap*.

NEW-YORK ASSEMBLY.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

THE assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have arisen from the east and from the north, to brighten the firmament of fashion: among the number I have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honour with Herschel for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satellites which revolve around it.

At the last assembly the company began to make some show about eight, but the most fashionable delayed their appearance until about nine—nine being the number of the muses, and therefore the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the graces.—(This is meant for a pretty play upon words, and I assure my readers that I think it very tolerable.)

Poor Will Honeycomb, whose memory I hold in special consideration, even with his half century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humours of a lady by her prevailing colours; for the “rival queens” of fashion, Mrs Toole and Madame Bouchard, appeared to have exhausted their wonderful inventions in the different disposition, variation, and combination of tints and shades. The philosopher who maintained that black was white, and that, of course, there was no such colour as white, might have given some colour to his theory on this occasion, by the absence of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains its ground against all other colours, because red is the colour of Mr Jefferson’s****, Tom Paine’s nose, and my slippers.²

Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world, who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs, and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age; for my part, I was delighted with the magic of the scene, and as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling and glowing and dazzling, I, like the honest Chinese, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of by-standers, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being as usual equipt in their appropriate black uniforms, constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant gaiety of the ball-room. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend, the cockney, Mr ‘SBIDLIKENSFLASH, or ‘*Sbidlikens*, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite verbosity—stands in high favour—with himself—and, like Caleb Quotem, is “up to every thing.”

¹ Two fashionable milliners of rival celebrity in the city of New-York.—*Edit.*

² In this instance, as well as on several other occasions, a little innocent pleasantry is indulged at Mr Jefferson’s expense. The allusion made here is to the red velvet small-clothes with which the President, in defiance of good taste, used to attire himself on levee-days and other public occasions.—*Edit.*

I remember when a comfortable plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow, 'Sbidlikens observed, that it reminded him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest pains-taking snail, who had once walked six feet in an hour, for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story to say, that the ladies of New-York dance well; and well may they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quitted their swaddling clothes. The immortal Dupont has usurped despotic sway over all the female heads and heels in this city; hornbooks, primers, and pianos, are neglected to attend to his positions; and poor Chilton, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the "North-river Society." 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of five-and-twenty dollars a quarter, and all the other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money;"—but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens' candour in this particular. Among his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often flounders through a cotillon, yet he never cut a pigeon-wing in his life.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts—the public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotillons, holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about without appertaining to any body. After much investigation and difficulty, I at length traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject; and by the most accurate computation I have determined, that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o'-lantern heroes, in taking a figure, which neither Euclid nor

* *The North-river Society.* An Imaginary association, the object of which was to set the North-river (the Hudson) on fire. A number of young men of some fashion, little talent, and great pretension, were ridiculed as members.—*Edit.*

Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his foot—his better part into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way like a top, unravelled his step, without omitting an angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprung up like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man "of woman born," who was not a Frenchman, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just and very prettily expressed; and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of flesh and blood. Now could I find it in my heart to baste these cockneys like their own roast-beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance, but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it is beautiful?

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid out with their usual splendour and profusion. My friend 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of hungry fair ones who thronged the supper-room door: his precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn—no ladies fainted—no noses blest—nor was there any need of the interference of either managers or peace-officers.

NO II.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1807.

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

In the conduct of an epic poem, it has been the custom, from time immemorial, for the poet occasionally to introduce his reader to an intimate acquaintance with the heroes of his story, by conducting him into their tents, and giving him an opportunity of observing them in their night-gown and slippers. However I despise the servile genius that would descend to follow a precedent, though furnished by Homer himself, and consider him as on a par with the cart that follows at the heels of the horse, without even

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ing the lead; yet at the present moment my whim opposed to my opinion, and whenever this is the case, my opinion generally surrenders at discretion. I am determined, therefore, to give the town a peep into our divan; and I shall repeat it as often as I please, to show that I intend to be sociable.

The other night Will Wizard and Evergreen called upon me, to pass away a few hours in social chat, and hold a kind of council of war. To give a zest to the evening, I uncorked a bottle of London particular, which has grown old with myself, and which never fails to excite a smile in the countenances of my old

ones, to whom alone it is devoted. After some little time the conversation turned on the effect produced by our first number; every one had his budget of information, and I assure my readers that we laugh most unceremoniously at their expense: they will excuse us for our merriment—'tis a way we've got.

Evergreen, who is equally a favourite and companion of young and old, was particularly satisfactory in his details; and it was highly amusing to hear how different characters were tickled with different passages. The old folks were delighted to find there was a bias in our junto towards the "good old times;" and he particularly noticed a worthy old gentleman of his acquaintance, who had been somewhat a beau in his

day, whose eyes brightened at the bare mention of a dancing-bridge. It recalled to his recollection several of his youthful exploits, at that celebrated pass, on which he seemed to dwell with great pleasure and self-complacency:—he hoped, he said, that the bridge might be preserved for the benefit of posterity, and as a monument of the gallantry of their grandfathers; and even hinted at the expediency of erecting a toll-gate there, to collect the forfeits of the ladies. But the most flattering testimony of approbation which our work has received was from an old lady, who never laughed but once in her life, and that was at the conclusion of the last war. She was detected by her friend Anthony in the very fact of laughing most obtrusively at the description of the little dancing Frenchman. Now it glads my very heart to find our allusions have such a pleasing effect. I venerate the aged, and joy whenever it is in my power to scatter a few flowers in their path.

The young people were particularly interested in the account of the assembly. There was some difference of opinion respecting the new planet, and the blooming nymph from the country; but as to the compliment paid to the fascinating little sylph who danced so gracefully—every lady took that to herself.

Evergreen mentioned also that the young ladies were extremely anxious to learn the true mode of managing their beaux; and Miss Diana Wearwell, who was as chaste as an icicle, has seen a few superfluous waltzers pass over her head, and boasts of having slain her thousands, wished to know how old maids were to get without husbands;—not that she was very curious about the matter, she "only asked for information."

Several ladies expressed their earnest desire that we

would not spare those wooden gentlemen who perform the parts of mates, or stalking-horses, in their drawing-rooms; and their mothers were equally anxious that we would show no quarter to those lads of spirit, who now and then cut their bottles to enliven a tea-party with the humours of the dinner-table.

Will Wizard was not a little chagrined at having been mistaken for a gentleman, "who is no more like me," said Will, "than I like Hercules."—"I was well assured," continued Will, "that as our characters were drawn from nature, the originals would be found in every society. And so it has happened—every little circle has its 'Sbidlikens;—and the cockney, intended merely as the representative of his species, has dwindled into an insignificant individual, who having recognised his own likeness, has foolishly appropriated to himself a picture for which he never sat. Such, too, has been the case with *Ding-dong*, who has kindly undertaken to be my representative;—not that I care much about the matter, for it must be acknowledged that the animal is a good-natured animal enough;—and what is more, a fashionable animal—and this is saying more than to call him a conjuror. But I am much mistaken if he can claim any affinity to the *Wizard* family. — Surely every body knows *Ding-dong*, the gentle *Ding-dong*, who pervades all space, who is here and there and every where; no tea-party can be complete without *Ding-dong*—and his appearance is sure to occasion a smile. *Ding-dong* has been the occasion of much wit in his day; I have even seen many puny whippers attempt to be dull at his expense, who were as much inferior to him as the gad-fly is to the ox that he buzzes about. Does any willing want to distress the company with a miserable pun?—nobody's name presents sooner than *Ding-dong's*; and it has been played upon with equal skill and equal entertainment to the by-standers as *Trinity-bells*. *Ding-dong* is profoundly devoted to the ladies, and highly entitled to their regard; for I know no man who makes a better bow, or talks less to the purpose than *Ding-dong*. *Ding-dong* has acquired a prodigious fund of knowledge by reading *Dilworth* when a boy; and the other day, on being asked who was the author of *Macbeth*, answered, without the least hesitation—*Shakspeare!* *Ding-dong* has a quotation for every day of the year, and every hour of the day, and every minute of the hour; but he often commits petty larcenies on the poets—plucks the gray hairs of old *Chaucer's* head, and claps them on the chin of *Pope*; and filches *Johnson's* wig, to cover the bald pate of *Homer*;—but his blunders pass undetected by one half of his hearers. *Ding-dong*, it is true, though he has long wrangled at our bar, cannot boast much of his legal knowledge, nor does his forensic eloquence entitle him to rank with a *Cicero* or a *Demosthenes*; but bating his professional deficiencies, he is a man of most delectable discourse, and can hold forth for an hour upon the colour of a riband or the construction of a work-bag. *Ding-dong* is now in his fortieth year, or perhaps a little more—

1807.

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rivals all the little beaux in town, in his attentions to the ladies—is in a state of rapid improvement; and there is no doubt but that, by the time he arrives at years of discretion, he will be a very accomplished, agreeable young fellow.”—I advise all clever, good-for-nothing “learned and authentic gentlemen,” to take care how they wear this cap, however well it fits;—and to bear in mind that our characters are not individuals, but species: if, after this warning, any person chooses to represent Mr Ding-dong, the sin is at his own door;—we wash our hands of it.

We all sympathized with Wizard, that he should be mistaken for a person so very different; and I hereby assure my readers, that William Wizard is no other person in the whole world but William Wizard; so I beg I may hear no more conjectures on the subject. Will is, in fact, a wiseacre by inheritance. The Wizard family has long been celebrated for knowing more than their neighbours, particularly concerning their neighbours' affairs. They were anciently called Josselin; but Will's great uncle, by the father's side, having been accidentally burnt for a witch in Connecticut, in consequence of blowing up his own house in a philosophical experiment, the family, in order to perpetuate the recollection of this memorable circumstance, assumed the name and arms of Wizard, and have borne them ever since.

In the course of my customary morning's walk, I stepped in at a book-shop, which is noted for being the favourite haunt of a number of literati, some of whom rank high in the opinion of the world, and others rank equally high in their own. Here I found a knot of queer fellows, listening to one of their company, who was reading our paper: I particularly noticed Mr Ichabod Fungus among the number.

Fungus is one of those fidgeting, meddling quidnuncs, with which this unhappy city is pestered; one of your “Q in the corner fellows,” who speaks volumes with a wink—conveys most portentous information, by laying his finger beside his nose—and is always smelling a rat in the most trifling occurrence. He listened to our work with the most frigid gravity—every now and then gave a mysterious shrug—a humph—or a screw of the mouth; and on being asked his opinion at the conclusion, said, he did not know what to think of it—he hoped it did not mean any thing against the Government—that no lurking treason was couched in all this talk.—These were dangerous times—times of plot and conspiracy;—he did not at all like those stars after Mr Jefferson's name; they had an air of concealment. Dick Paddle, who was one of the group, undertook our cause. Dick is known to the world as being a most knowing genius, who can see as far as any body—into a millstone; maintains, in the teeth of all argument, that a spade is a spade; and will labour a good half hour by St Paul's clock, to establish a self-evident fact. Dick assured old Fungus, that those stars merely stood for Mr Jefferson's red *what-d'ye-call'ems*; and that so far from a conspiracy against their peace and pro-

sperity, the authors, whom he knew very well, were only expressing their high respect for them. The man shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, gave a mysterious Lord Burleigh nod, said he hoped it might be so; but he was by no means satisfied with this attack upon the President's breeches, as “thereby hangs a tale.”

MR WILSON'S CONCERT.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

IN my register of indisputable facts, I have noted conspicuously, that all modern music is but the muddied and draining of the ancient, and that all the spirit and vigour of harmony has entirely evaporated in the lapse of ages. Oh! for the chant of the Naiads and Dryads, the shell of the Tritons, and the sweet warblings of the mermaids of ancient days! Where now shall we seek the Amphion, who built walls with a turn of his hurdy-gurdy, the Orpheus, who made stones to whistle about his ears, and trees bud in a country-dance, by the mere quavering of his fiddlestick! Ah! had I the power of the former, how soon would I build up the new City-Hall, and save the cash and credit of the corporation; and how much sooner would I build myself a snug house in Broadway;—nor would it be the first time a house has been obtained there for a song. In my opinion, the Scotch bag-pipe is the only instrument that rivals the ancient lyre; and I am surprised it should be almost the only one entirely excluded from our concerts.

Talking of concerts reminds me of that given a few nights since by Mr Wilson; at which I had the misfortune of being present. It was attended by a numerous company, and great satisfaction, if I may be allowed to judge from the frequent gasps of the audience; though I will not risk my credit as a connoisseur, by saying whether they proceeded from wonder or a violent inclination to doze. I was delighted to find, in the mazes of the crowd, my particular friend 'Sbidlikens, who had put on his cognate scent pluz—he being, according to his own account, a profound adept in the science of music. He caught a crotchet at first sight; and, like a true Englishman, is delighted with the plum-pudding rotundity of a semibreve; and, in short, boasts of having incessantly climbed up Paff's musical tree, which hangs every day upon the poplar, from the fundamental concord, to the fundamental major discord; and so on from branch to branch, until he reached the very top, where he sung “Rule Britannia,” clapped his wings, and then—came down again. Like all true transatlantic judges, he suffers most horribly at our musical entertainments, and assures me, that what with the confounded scraping, and scratching, and grating of our fiddlers, he thinks the sitting out one of our concertants tantamount to the punishment of that unfortunate saint, who was frittered in two with a handsaw.

Mr Wilson gave me infinite satisfaction by the

* An emblematical device, suspended from a poplar in front of the shop of Paff, a music-seller in Broadway.—*Edid.*

gentility of his demeanour, and then cast at the eye a modesty threw his arms, he absolutely forgot the course of his entrances and bows to the audience. I think he has a fine voice, and a very modest, good-looking man, who has to repeat the advice of his tenants of the theatre, who are charged with chairs and tables—“make a bow!”

I cannot, on this occasion, at certain amateurs show their talents, considering what a piece of music is playing. Humanity, and who has to contemplate the countenances of my happy victims of a fiddlestick of compassion. He rolled up his eyes, as if struck in thunder; and then looked upon him like a fit of the palsy, to sympathize at even he heard at that moment a musical animal that had been seen before the hero of the orchestra, as the signal is given, makes a most horrible gasp upon his music-book, as if he were to catch and quaver out of his throat particularly noticed a crotchet, a huge bass violin, the original of the famous “Rag,” so potent in frightening natures. The person who played the crotchet in his way; but his performance, having so much of a man amateur in Gotham, was a style infinitely superior to any style I have ever seen. He ceased to exhibit this performance, it was whispered, that a ferryman, who had lost his way, was, that he did not know so frequently as before.

SITTING late the other day, indulging in that kind of reverie, I consider the perfection of my reverie by the numbers of the Cockloft livery, which I am following according to the following address:—College chum, PINDAR CORNER, of honest Andrew, as he called his master, who resided in reading a small pamphlet, which he had bound his hands with syn-

The numbers of Salmagundi, &c.

entility of his demeanour, and the roguish looks he
 bow and then cast at the ladies; but we fear his ex-
 sive modesty threw him into some little confusion,
 or he absolutely forgot himself, and in the whole
 course of his entrances and exits, never once made his
 bow to the audience. On the whole, however, I
 think he has a fine voice, sings with great taste, and is
 very modest, good-looking little man; but I beg
 leave to repeat the advice so often given by the illus-
 trious tenants of the theatrical sky-parlour, to the gen-
 tlemen who are charged with the "nice conduct" of
 chairs and tables—"make a bow, Johnny—Johnny,
 make a bow!"

I cannot, on this occasion, but express my surprise
 at certain amateurs should be so frequently at con-
 certs, considering what agonies they suffer while a
 piece of music is playing. I defy any man of common
 humanity, and who has not the heart of a Choctaw,
 to contemplate the countenance of one of these un-
 happy victims of a fiddle-stick, without feeling a sen-
 timent of compassion. His whole visage is distorted;
 he rolls up his eyes, as M'Sycophant says, "like a
 sack in thunder," and the music seems to operate
 upon him like a fit of the cholix: his very bowels
 seem to sympathize at every twang of the cat-gut, as
 he heard at that moment the wailings of the helpless
 animal that had been sacrificed to harmony. Nor
 does the hero of the orchestra seem less affected: as
 soon as the signal is given, he seizes his fiddle-stick,
 makes a most horrible grinace, and scowls fiercely
 upon his music-book, as though he would grin every
 notch and quaver out of countenance. I have some-
 times particularly noticed a hungry-looking Gaul, who
 ornaments a huge bass viol, and who is doubtless the
 original of the famous "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones,"
 potent in frightening naughty children.

The person who played the French horn was very
 excellent in his way; but 'Shidlikens could not relish
 his performance, having some time since heard a gen-
 tleman amateur in Gotham play a solo on his *proboscis*,
 a style infinitely superior. This gentleman had lat-
 erly ceased to exhibit this prodigious accomplishment,
 saying, it was whispered, hired out his musical feature
 as a ferryman, who had lost his conch-shell;—the con-
 sequence was, that he did not show his nose in com-
 pany so frequently as before.

SITTING late the other evening in my elbow-chair,
 indulging in that kind of indolent meditation which
 considers the perfection of human bliss, I was rous-
 ed from my reverie by the entrance of an old servant
 in the Cockloft livery, who handed me a letter, con-
 taining the following address from my cousin and old
 college chum, PINDAR COCKLOFT.

Honest Andrew, as he delivered it, informed me
 that his master, who resides a little way from town,
 reading a small pamphlet in a neat yellow cover,
 rubbed his hands with symptoms of great satisfaction,

The numbers of Salmagundi were originally published in this
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called for his favourite Chinese ink-stand, with two
 sprawling mandarines for its supporters, and wrote
 the letter which he had the honour to present me.

As I foresee my cousin will one day become a great
 favourite with the public, and as I know him to be
 somewhat punctilious as it respects etiquette, I shall
 take this opportunity to gratify the old gentleman, by
 giving him a proper introduction to the fashionable
 world. The Cockloft family, to which I have the
 comfort of being related, has been fruitful in old ba-
 chelors and humorists, as will be perceived when I
 come to treat more of its history.—My cousin Pindar
 is one of its most conspicuous members—he is now in
 his fifty-eighth year—is a bachelor, partly through
 choice, and partly through chance, and an oddity of
 the first water. Half his life has been employed in
 writing odes, sonnets, epigrams, and elegies, which
 he seldom shows to any body but myself after they
 are written;—and all the old chests, drawers, and
 chair-bottoms in the house, teem with his produc-
 tions.

In his younger days he figured as a dashing blade
 in the great world; and no young fellow of the town
 wore a longer pig-tail, or carried more buckram in
 his skirts. From sixteen to thirty he was continually
 in love; and during that period, to use his own words,
 he bescribbled more paper than would serve the
 theatre for snow-storms a whole season. The evening
 of his thirtieth birth-day, as he sat by the fireside, as
 much in love as ever was man in this world, and writ-
 ing the name of his mistress in the ashes, with an old
 tong that had lost one of its legs, he was seized with
 a whim-wham that he was an old fool to be in love at
 his time of life. It was ever one of the Cockloft cha-
 racteristics to strike to whim: and had Pindar stood
 out on this occasion, he would have brought the repu-
 tation of his mother in question. From that time he
 gave up all particular attention to the ladies; and
 though he still loves their company, he has never been
 known to exceed the bounds of common courtesy in
 his intercourse with them. He was the life and orna-
 ment of our family circle in town, until the epoch
 of the French revolution, which sent so many unfor-
 tunate dancing-masters from their country to polish
 and enlighten our hemisphere. This was a sad time
 for Pindar, who had taken a genuine Cockloft preju-
 dice against every thing French, ever since he was
 brought to death's door by a *ragout*: he groaned at
 Ça Ira, and the Marseilles Hymn had much the same
 effect upon him that sharpening a knife on a dry
 whetstone has upon some people—it set his teeth chat-
 tering. He might in time have been reconciled to
 these rubs, had not the introduction of French cock-
 ades on the hats of our citizens absolutely thrown
 him into a fever. The first time he saw an instance
 of this kind, he came home with great precipitation,
 packed up his trunk, his old-fashioned writing-desk,
 and his Chinese ink-stand, and made a kind of growl-
 ing retreat to Cockloft-Hall, where he has resided ever
 since.

My cousin Pindar is of a mercurial disposition—a humorist without ill-nature;—he is of the true gun-powder temper—one flash, and all is over. It is true, when the wind is easterly, or the gout gives him a gentle twinge, or he hears of any new successes of the French, he will become a little splenetic; and heaven help the man, and more particularly the woman, that crosses his humour at that moment—she is sure to receive no quarter. These are the most sublime moments of Pindar. I swear to you, dear ladies and gentlemen, I would not lose one of those splenetic bursts for the best wig in my wardrobe—even though it were proved to be the identical wig worn by the sage Linkum, when he demonstrated before the whole university of Leyden, that it was possible to make bricks without straw. I have seen the old gentleman blaze forth such a volcanic explosion of wit, ridicule, and satire, that I was almost tempted to believe him inspired. But these sallies only lasted for a moment, and passed like summer clouds over the benevolent sunshine which ever warmed his heart and lighted up his countenance.

Time, though it has dealt roughly with his person, has passed lightly over the graces of his mind, and left him in full possession of all the sensibilities of youth. His eye kindles at the relation of a noble or generous action—his heart melts at the story of distress—and he is still a warm admirer of the fair. Like all old bachelors, however, he looks back with a fond and lingering eye on the period of his boyhood, and would sooner suffer the pangs of matrimony, than acknowledge that the world, or any thing in it, is half so clever as it was in those good old times that are “gone by.”

I believe I have already mentioned, that with all his good qualities he is a humorist, and a humorist of the highest order. He has some of the most intolerable whim-whams I ever met with in my life, and his oddities are sufficient to eke out a hundred tolerable originals. But I will not enlarge on them; enough has been told to excite a desire to know more: and I am much mistaken if, in the course of half a dozen of our numbers, he don't tickle, plague, please, and perplex the whole town, and completely establish his claim to the laureatship he has solicited, and with which we hereby invest him, recommending him and his effusions to public reverence and respect.

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

Dear Launce,

As I find you have taken the quill,
To put our gay town and its fair under drill,
I offer my hopes for success to your cause,
And send you unvarnish'd my mite of applause.

Ah, Launce, this poor town has been woefully fash'd;
Has long been be-frenchman'd, be-cockney'd, be-trash'd;
And our ladies be-devil'd, bewilder'd astray,
From the rules of their grand-dames have wander'd away.
No longer that modest demeanour we meet,
Which whilom the eyes of our fathers did greet;—
No longer be-mobbled, be-ruffled, be-quill'd,

Be-powder'd, be-hooded, be-patch'd, and be-frill'd.
No longer our fair ones their programs display,
And stiff in brocade, strut “like castles” away.

Oh, how fondly my soul forms departed has traced,
When our ladies in stays, and in bodice well laced,
When hishop'd, and cushion'd, and, and hoop'd to the chin,
Well calash'd without, and well bolster'd within;
All cased in their buckram, from crown down to tail,
Like O'Brallagan's mistress, were shaped like a pail.

Well—peace to those fashions—the joy of our eyes—
Tempora mutantur—new follies will rise;
Yet, “like joys that are past,” they still crowd on the mind,
In moments of thought, as the soul looks behind.

Sweet days of our boyhood, gone by, my dear Launce,
Like the shadows of night, or the forms in a trance:
Yet oft we retrace those bright visions again;
Nos mutamur, 'tis true—but those visions remain.
I recall with delight, how my bosom would creep,
When some delicate fool from its chamber would peep:
And when I a neat stocking'd ankle could spy—
By the sages of old, I was rapt to the sky!
All then was retiring—was modest—discreet;
The beauties, all shrouded, were left to conceit;
To the visions which fancy would form in her eye,
Of graces that snug in soft ambush would lie;
And the heart, like the poets, in thought would pursue
The elysium of bliss, which was veil'd from its view.

We are old-fashion'd fellows, our nieces will say:
Old-fashion'd, indeed, coz—and swear it they may—
For I freely confess that it yields me no pride,
To see them all show what their mothers would hide.
To see them, all shivering, some cold winter's day,
So lavish their beauties and graces display,
And give to each fopling that offers his hand,
Like Moses from Pisgah—a peep at the land.

But a truce with complaining—the object in view
Is to offer my help in the work you pursue;
And as your effusions and labours sublime
May need, now and then, a few touches of rhyme,
I humbly solicit, as cousin and friend,
A quiddity, quirk, or remonstrance to send:
Or should you a laureate want in your plan,
By the muff of my grandmother, I am your man!
You must know I have got a poetical mill,
Which with odd lines, and couplets, and triplets I fill:
And a poem I grind, as from sheets white and blue
The paper-mill yields you a rag fair and new.
I can grind down an ode, or an epic that's long,
Into sonnet, acrostic, conundrum, or song:
As to dull Hudibrastic, so boasted of late,
The doggerel discharge of some muddle-brained pate,
I can grind it by wholesale—and give it true point,
With Billingsgate dish'd up in rhymes out of joint.

I have read all the poets—and got them by heart;
Can slit them, and twist them, and take them apart;
Can cook up an ode out of patches and shreds,
To muddle my readers, and bother their heads.
Old Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid, I scan,
Anacreon, and Sappho (who changed to a swan)—
Lambics and Sapphics I grind at my will,
And with ditties of love every noddle can fill.

Oh, 'twould do your heart good, Launce, to see my mill grind
Old stuff into verses, and poems refined;
Dan Spencer, Dan Chaucer, those poets of old,
Though cover'd with dust, are yet true sterling gold:
I can grind off their tarnish, and bring them to view,
New modell'd, new mill'd, and improved in their hue.

But I promise no more—only give me the place,
And I'll warrant I'll fill it with credit and grace:
By the powers! I'll figure and cut you a dash—
As bold as Will Wizard, or 'Sbiddikensflash!

PINDAR COCKLOFT.

PERHAPS the most fr
a merry writer who, fo
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ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS the most fruitful source of mortification to a merry writer who, for the amusement of himself and the public, employs his leisure in sketching odd characters from imagination, is, that he cannot flourish his pen, but every Jack-pudding imagines it is flung directly at himself;—he cannot, in his gauds, throw a fool's cap among the crowd, but every peer fellow insists upon putting it on his own head; chalk an outlandish figure, but every outlandish genius is eager to write his own name under it.—However we may be mortified, that these men should not individually think himself of sufficient consequence to engage our attention, we should not care a whit about it, if they did not get into a passion and complain of having been ill used.

It is not in our hearts to hurt the feelings of one single mortal, by holding him up to public ridicule. As, however, we are aware, that when a man by chance is a thwack in the crowd he is apt to suppose the blow was intended exclusively for himself, and so fall to unreasonable anger, we have determined to let these crusty gentry know what kind of satisfaction they are to expect from us. We are resolved not to fight, for three special reasons; first, because fighting at all events extremely troublesome and inconvenient, particularly at this season of the year; second, because if either of us should happen to be killed, it would be a great loss to the public, and rob them of making a good laugh we have in store for their amusement; and third, because if we should chance to kill our adversary, as is most likely—for we can every one of us hit balls upon razors and snuff candles—it would be a loss to our publisher, by depriving him of a good customer. If any gentleman casuist will give three good reasons for fighting, we promise him a complete set of Salmagundi for nothing.

But though we do not fight in our own proper persons, let it not be supposed that we will not give ample satisfaction to all those who may choose to demand it—for this would be a mistake of the first magnitude, and lead very valiant gentlemen, perhaps, to what is called a quandary. It would be a thousand and one pities that any honest man, after taking himself the cap and bells which we merely offered his acceptance, should not have the privilege of being flung into the bargain. We pride ourselves upon giving satisfaction in every department of our paper; and to fill that of fighting, have engaged two of those rapping heroes of the theatre, who figure in the histories of our gingerbread kings and queens—now carry an old stuff petticoat on their backs, and strut in the palaces of Rome or aldermen of London—and now beset their muffin faces with burnt cork, and swagger about like valiant warriors, armed cap-à-pié, in buckram. Would therefore any great little man about town take offence at our good-natured villany, though we intend to offend nobody under heaven, he will please to apply any hour after twelve o'clock, as our champions

will then be off duty at the theatre, and ready for any thing. They have promised to fight “with or without balls”—to give two tweaks of the nose for once—to submit to be kicked, and to cudgel their applicant most heartily in return; this being what we understand by “the satisfaction of a gentleman.”

No. III.—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

As I delight in every thing novel and eccentric, and would at any time give an old coat for a new idea, I am particularly attentive to the manners and conversation of strangers, and scarcely ever a traveller enters this city, whose appearance promises any thing original, but by some means or another I form an acquaintance with him. I must confess I often suffer manifold afflictions from the intimacies thus contracted: my curiosity is frequently punished by the stupid details of a blockhead, or the shallow verbosity of a coxcomb. Now I would prefer at any time to travel with an ox-team through a Carolina sand-flat, rather than plod through a heavy unmeaning conversation with the former; and as to the latter, I would sooner hold sweet converse with the wheel of a knife-grinder than endure his monotonous chattering. In fact, the strangers who flock to this most pleasant of all earthly cities are generally mere birds of passage, whose plumage is often gay enough, I own, but their notes, “heaven save the mark,” are as unmusical as those of that classic night bird, which the ancients humorously selected as the emblem of wisdom. Those from the south, it is true, entertain me with their horses, equipages, and puns: and it is excessively pleasant to hear a couple of these *four in hand* gentlemen detail their exploits over a bottle. Those from the east have often induced me to doubt the existence of the wise men of yore who are said to have flourished in that quarter; and as for those from parts beyond seas—oh! my masters, ye shall hear more from me anon. Heaven help this unhappy town!—hath it not goslings enow of its own hatching and rearing, that it must be overwhelmed by such an inundation of gauders from other climes? I would not have any of my courteous and gentle readers suppose that I am running a muck, full tilt, cut and slash, upon all foreigners indiscriminately. I have no national antipathies, though related to the Cockloft family. As to honest John Bull, I shake him heartily by the hand, assuring him that I love his jolly countenance, and moreover am lineally descended from him; in proof of which I allege my invincible predilection for roast beef and pudding. I therefore look upon all his children as my kinsmen; and I beg, when I tickle a cockney, I may not be understood as trimming an Englishman, they being very distinct animals, as I shall clearly demonstrate in a future number. If any one wishes to know my opinion of the Irish and Scotch,

he may find it in the characters of those nations, drawn by the first advocate of the age. But the French, I must confess, are my favourites, and I have taken more pains to argue my cousin Pindar out of his antipathy to them than I ever did about any other thing. When, therefore, I choose to hunt a Monsieur for my own particular amusement, I beg it may not be asserted that I intend him as a representative of his countrymen at large. Far from this—I love the nation, as being a nation of right merry fellows, possessing the true secret of being happy; which is nothing more than thinking of nothing, talking about any thing, and laughing at every thing. I mean only to tune up those little thing-o-mys, who represent nobody but themselves; who have no national trait about them but their language, and who hop about our town in swarms like little toads after a shower.

Among the few strangers whose acquaintance has entertained me, I particularly rank the magnanimous Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan, a most illustrious captain of a ketch, who figured, some time since, in our fashionable circles, at the head of a ragged regiment of Tripolitan prisoners. His conversation was to me a perpetual feast;—I clucked with inward pleasure at his whimsical mistakes and unaffected observations on men and manners; and I rolled each odd conceit “like a sweet morsel under my tongue.”

Whether Mustapha was captivated by my iron-bound physiognomy, or flattered by the attentions which I paid him, I won't determine; but I so far gained his confidence, that, at his departure, he presented me with a bundle of papers, containing, among other articles, several copies of letters, which he had written to his friends at Tripoli. The following is a translation of one of them. The original is in Arabic-Greek; but by the assistance of Will Wizard, who understands all languages, not excepting that manufactured by Psalmanazar, I have been enabled to accomplish a tolerable translation. We should have found little difficulty in rendering it into English, had it not been for Mustapha's confounded pot-hooks and hangers.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

Captain of a Ketch, to Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

THOU wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomet, that I have for some time resided in New-York; the most polished, vast, and magnificent city of the United States of America.—But what to me are its delights! I wander a captive through its splendid streets: I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The christian husbands here lament most bitterly any short absence from home, though they

* Several Tripolitan prisoners taken by an American squadron, in an action off Tripoli, were brought to New-York; where they lived at large, objects of the curiosity and hospitality of the inhabitants, until an opportunity presented to restore them to their own country.—*Edil.*

leave but one wife behind to lament their departure—what then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman, while thus lingering at an immeasurable distance from three-and-twenty of the most loved and obedient wives in all Tripoli! Oh, Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, to behold his beloved wives, who beam on his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh, most puissant slave-driver, are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms and necks (*et cetera*), whose habiliments are too scanty to protect them either from the inclemency of the seasons, or the scrutinizing glance of the curious, and who it would seem belong to nobody, are lovely as the houris that people the elysium of true believers. If, then, such as run wild in the highways, and whom no one cares to appropriate, thus beautiful; what must be the charms of the women who are shut up in the seraglios, and never permitted to go abroad! Surely the region of beauty, the vale of the graces, can contain nothing so imitatively false.

But, notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault, which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it, Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise (or doctor as he is here called), that at least one fifth part of them—have souls! Incredibly as it may seem to thee, I am the more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity from my own little experience, and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceeding good looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my very whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of the wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of the women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these I suppose are married and kept close; for I have not, in my rambles, met with any extravagantly accoutred. Others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear!—yea! by the beard of the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of the most holy faith, and who never swore but once in his life—they actually swear!

Get thee to the mosque, good Asem! return thither to our most holy prophet that he has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true Mussulmen, and has given them wives with no more souls than cats, dogs, and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt doubtless be anxious to learn our reputation in this country, and how we were treated by people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings. I suppose according to the directions of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubt-

less to do honour to the captain of a ketch; they were in their equipments, but with republican simplicity.

In admiration, threw an offer of an ungentle salute, whereat I was not a little displeas'd. I was not a little informed us that they were in which great men were

and that the more distinguished they were subjected to the mob. Upon this I bowed my hands to my turban, which gave occasion a shower of old men was exceedingly refreshing. Thou wilt not as yet take account of the laws which will reserve them for some more experienced in the naturally contradictory nature of this empire is governed by a bashaw, whom thou

resident. He is chosen by an assembly, elected by the mob is called the sovereign; the body politic do not which is best governed by a law is a very plain old

man of a humorist, as he is called, who pickles his butterflies and pickles his clothing in popularity, his wearing red breeches, as

the people of the United States that they themselves are under the sun; but thou art of the desert, who assemble to shoot their arrows at the order to extinguish his life the same boast;—which I shall not attempt to

I have observed, with the men of this country accommodate themselves which alone the laws of backwardness is probably their absolutely having no

Thou knowest how irregular occasions; what a price is paid and what entertaining was the delightful entertainment a

This is another allusion to those who, even while the First occasions when a little of the could not have been incompromised to dress in the plain

without an attendant; so that might be seen, when the burial presence, riding up alone the region, and, having tied his sash, to inspect the important business

to do honour to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch; they were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this was attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe, which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us that this was the customary manner in which great men were honoured in this country; and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subjected to the attacks and pellings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabic-Greek, which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats, and so forth, that was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not as yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politics of this country. I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated and seemingly contradictory nature.

This empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of president. He is chosen by persons, who are chosen by an assembly, elected by the people—hence the

job is called the sovereign people—and the country, free; the body politic doubtless resembling a vessel, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman—something they say of a humorist, as he amuses himself with impetuous superfluous butterflies and pickling tadpoles; he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by wearing red breeches, and tying his horse to a post.

The people of the United States have assured me that they themselves are the most enlightened nation under the sun; but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert, who assemble at the summer solstice, to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary, in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast;—which of them have the superior claim, I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of surprise, that the men of this country do not seem in haste to accommodate themselves even with the single wife which alone the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their absolutely having no female mutes among them.

Thou knowest how invaluable are these silent companions; what a price is given for them in the east, and what entertaining wives they make. What delightful entertainment arises from beholding the si-

This is another allusion to the primitive habits of Mr Jefferson, who, even while the First Magistrate of the Republic, and on occasions when a little of the "pomp and circumstance" of office would not have been incompatible with that situation, was accustomed to dress in the plainest garb, and when on horseback to be without an attendant; so that it not unfrequently happened that he might be seen, when the business of the State required his personal presence, riding up alone to the government house at Washington, and, having tied his steed to the nearest post, proceed to transact the important business of the nation.—*Edit.*

lent eloquence of their signs and gestures; but a wife possessed both of a tongue and a soul—monstrous! monstrous! Is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

Thou hast doubtless read in the works of Abul Feraiz, the Arabian historian, the tradition which mentions that the muses were once upon the point of falling together by the ears about the admission of a tenth among their number, until she assured them, by signs, that she was dumb; whereupon they received her with great rejoicing. I should, perhaps, inform thee that there are but nine Christian muses, who were formerly pagans, but have since been converted, and that in this country we never hear of a tenth, unless some crazy poet wishes to pay an hyperbolical compliment to his mistress; on which occasion it goes hard but she figures as a tenth muse, or fourth grace, even though she should be more illiterate than a Ilotentot, and more ungraceful than a dancing bear! Since my arrival in this country, I have met not less than a hundred of these supernumerary muses and graces—and may Allah preserve me from ever meeting any more!

When I have studied this people more profoundly, I will write thee again; in the mean time watch over my household, and do not beat my beloved wives, unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant, and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine:—think not, O friend of my soul, that the splendours of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous mosques, and the beautiful females who run wild in herds about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five-and-twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length, in a good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden.

MUSTAPHIA.

FASHIONS.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The following article is furnished me by a young Lady of unquestionable taste, and who is the oracle of fashion and frippery. Being deeply initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet, she has promised me, from time to time, a similar detail.

MRS TOOLE has for some time reigned unrivalled in the fashionable world, and had the supreme direction of caps, bonnets, feathers, flowers, and tinsel.—She has dressed and undressed our ladies just as she pleased; now loading them with velvet and wadding, now turning them adrift upon the world, to run shivering through the streets with scarcely a covering to their—backs; and now obliging them to drag a long train at their heels, like the tail of a paper kite. Her despotic sway, however, threatens to be limited. A dangerous rival has sprung up in the person of Madame Bouchard, an intrepid little woman, fresh

from the head quarters of fashion and folly, and who has burst like a second Bonaparte upon the fashionable world.—Mrs Toole, notwithstanding, seems determined to dispute her ground bravely for the honour of old England. The ladies have begun to arrange themselves under the banner of one or other of these heroines of the needle, and every thing portends open war. Madame Bouchard marches gallantly to the field, flourishing a flaming red robe for a standard, "flouting the skies;" and Mrs Toole, no ways dismayed, sallies out under cover of a forest of artificial flowers, like Malcolm's host. Both parties possess great merit, and both deserve the victory. Mrs Toole charges the highest, but Madame Bouchard makes the lowest courtesy. Madame Bouchard is a little short lady—nor is there any hope of her growing larger; but then she is perfectly genteel—and so is Mrs Toole. Mrs Toole lives in Broadway, and Madame Bouchard in Courtland-street; but Madame atones for the inferiority of her stand, by making two courtesies to Mrs Toole's one, and talking French like an angel. Mrs Toole is the best looking—but Madame Bouchard wears a most bewitching little scrubby wig. Mrs Toole is the tallest—but Madame Bouchard has the longest nose. Mrs Toole is fond of roast beef—but Madame is loyal in her adherence to onions: in short, so equally are the merits of the two ladies balanced, that there is no judging which will "kick the beam."—It however seems to be the prevailing opinion, that Madame Bouchard will carry the day, because she wears a wig, has a long nose, talks French, loves onions, and does not charge above ten times as much for a thing as it is worth.

Under the direction of these high priestesses of the beau-monde, the following is the fashionable morning-dress for walking:—

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown, or frock, is most advisable—because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr John Frost, nose-painter-general, of the colour of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds and make a lady look interesting—(i. e. grizzly). Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks—flesh-coloured are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—nudity being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionably coloured mud that can be found: the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show—the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone colour, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B.—If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy, over the shoul-

ders, would do just as well. This is called being dressed *à-la-drabble*.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barréd gown—a yellowish, whitish, smoky, dirty-coloured shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of letter from a dear friend. This is called the "Cinderella dress."

The recipe for a full-dress is as follows:—Take of spider-net, crape, satin, gymp, cat-gut, gauze, whale bone, lace, bobbin, rilands, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws, as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka Sound. Let Mrs Toole, or Madame Bouchard, patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, and tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called *Rag Fair*.

ONE of the greatest sources of amusement incident to our humorous knight-errantry is to ramble about and hear the various conjectures of the town respecting our worships, whom every body pretends to know as well as Falstaff did Prince Hal at Gads-hill. We have sometimes seen a sapient, sleepy fellow, on being tickled with a straw, make a furious effort, and fancy he had fairly caught a gnat in his grasp; so, the many-headed monster, the public, who with all his heads is, we fear, sadly off for brains, has, after long hovering, come souse down, like a king-fisher, on the authors of Salmagundi, and caught them as certainly as the aforesaid honest fellow caught the gnat.

Would that we were rich enough to give every one of our numerous readers a farthing, as a reward for their ingenuity! not that they have really conjectured within a thousand leagues of the truth, but that we consider it a great stretch of ingenuity even to have guessed wrong;—and that we hold ourselves much obliged to them for having taken the trouble to guess at all.

One of the most tickling, dear, mischievous pleasures of this life is to laugh in one's sleeve—to sit snug in a corner, unnoticed and unknown, and hear the wise men of Gotham, who are profound judges of horseflesh, pronounce, from the style of our work, who are the authors. This listening incog. and receiving a hearty praising over another man's back, is a situation so celestially whimsical, that we have done little else than laugh in our sleeve ever since our first number was published.

The town has at length allayed the titillations of curiosity, by fixing on two young gentlemen of literary talents—that is to say, they are equal to the composition of a newspaper squib, a hodge-podge' criticism, or some such trifle, and may occasionally raise

smile by their effusion. We modestly doubt the burthen of Salmagundi for a whole fortnight, as, until the whole of laughing philosophers liberation, however, of und young men, whom common acception,

Were we ill-natured, that would get our reputation far be it from us to persons to whom we are. While they stand behind the sevenfold shield of our sportive arrow, "to some conscientious," to some conscientious. Another marvellous gift the abuse our work has gentlemen, whose center we did any thing in declared open war again

ted to receive no quantity of all the blockheads our indisputable facts under by the tail, the me and all, have a fellow to cackle and hiss like we have a profound respectable birds, on the Capitol, we hereby declare whatever by comparing cracy. We have heard Salmagundi, as almost here, as in the east, I

Every silly roisterer sense of anticipated damnation condemned us without merit. It would have more than disappointed in this we have been apprehensive ground, innocent of single numskull. Our efforts wonderful success. All

the flats, the noddies, a gentlemen, are pointing are threatened with a "pigmies and cranes" checked by the heavy-armed stupidity. The veriest comments are thus realized, measures of the wise, that will ever be sacred from the wise, love the good, are ourselves champions of morality—and we the world besides.

While we profess and public applause us at fir

smile by their effusions; but pardon us, sweet sirs, if we modestly doubt your capability of supporting the burthen of Salmagundi, or of keeping up a laugh for a whole fortnight, as we have done, and intend to do, until the whole town becomes a community of laughing philosophers like ourselves. We have no intention, however, of undervaluing the abilities of those two young men, whom we verily believe, according to common acceptance, young men of promise.

Were we ill-natured, we might publish something that would get our representatives into difficulties; but far be it from us to do any thing to the injury of persons to whom we are under such obligations.

While they stand before us, we, like little Teucer, behind the sevenfold shield of Ajax, can launch unscathed our sportive arrows, which we trust will never inflict a wound, unless like his they fly, "heaven directed," to some conscious-struck bosom.

Another marvellous great source of pleasure to us is the abuse our work has received from several wooden gentlemen, whose censures we covet more than ever we did any thing in our lives. The moment we declared open war against folly and stupidity we expected to receive no quarter, and to provoke a confederacy of all the blockheads in town. For it is one of our indisputable facts, that so soon as you catch a rascal by the tail, the whole flock, geese, goslings, and all, have a fellow-feeling on the occasion, and begin to cackle and hiss like so many devils bewitched.

We have a profound respect for these ancient and respectable birds, on the score of their once saving the Republic, we hereby declare, that we mean no offence whatever by comparing them to the aforesaid confederacy. We have heard in our walks such criticism on Salmagundi, as almost induced a belief that Jolly had here, as in the east, her moments of inspired idiocy. Every silly roister has, as if by an instinctive sense of anticipated danger, joined in the cry, and condemned us without mercy. All is thus as it should be. It would have mortified us very sensibly had we been disappointed in this particular, as we should then have been apprehensive that our shafts had fallen to the ground, innocent of the "blood or brains" of a single numskull. Our efforts have been crowned with wonderful success. All the queer fish, the grubs, the flats, the noddies, and the live oak and timber gentlemen, are pointing their empty guns at us; and we are threatened with a most puissant confederacy of the "pigmies and cranes," and other "light militia," backed by the heavy-armed artillery of dulness and stupidity. The veriest dreams of our most sanguine moments are thus realized. We have no fear of the censures of the wise, the good, or the fair; for they will ever be sacred from our attacks. We reverence the wise, love the good, and adore the fair; we declare ourselves champions in their cause—in the cause of morality—and we throw our gauntlet to all the world besides.

While we profess and feel the same intolerance to public applause as at first, we most earnestly invite

the attacks and censures of all the wooden warriors of this sensible city, and especially of that distinguished and learned body, heretofore celebrated under the appellation of "the North-river Society." The thrice valiant and renowned Don Quixote never made such work amongst the wool-clad warriors of Taproban, or the puppets of the itinerant showman, as we promise to make amongst these fine fellows; and we pledge ourselves to the public in general, and the Albany skippers in particular, that the North-river shall not be set on fire this winter at least, for we shall give the authors of that nefarious scheme ample employment for some time to come.

PROCLAMATION,

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

To all the young belles who enliven our scene,
From ripe five-and-forty, to blooming fifteen;
Who racket at routs, and who rattle at plays,
Who visit, and fidget, and dance out their days;
Who conquer all hearts with a shot from the eye,
Who freeze with a frown, and who thaw with a sigh:—
To all those bright youths who embellish the age,
Whether young boys, or old boys, or numskull or sage;
Whether *dull dogs*, who cringe at their mistress' feet,
Who sigh and who whine, and who try to look sweet;
Whether *tough dogs*, who squat down stock-still in a row,
And play wooden gentlemen stuck up for show;
Or *sad dogs*, who glory in running their rigs,
Now dash in their sleighs, and now whirl in their gigs;
Who riot at Dyde's on imperial campaign,
And then scour our city—the peace to maintain:

To whom'er it concerns or may happen to meet,
By these presents their worships I lovingly greet.
Now know ye, that I, Pindar Cockloft, esquire,
Am laureate appointed at special desire:—
A censor, self-dubb'd, to admonish the fair,
And tenderly take the town under my care.

I'm a clevant bean, cousin Launcelot has said—
A remnant of habits long vanish'd and dead;
But still, though my heart dwells with rapture sublime
On the fashions and customs which reign'd in my prime,
I yet can perceive—and still candidly praise,
Some maxims and manners of these "latter days;"
Still own that some wisdom and beauty appears,
Though almost entomb'd in the rubbish of years.

No fierce nor tyrannical cynic am I,
Who frown on each foible I chance to spy;
Who pounce on a novelty, just like a kite,
And tear up a victim through malice or spite;
Who expose to the scoffs of an ill-natured crew
A trembler for starting a whim that is new.
No, no—I shall cautiously hold up my glass,
To the sweet little blossoms who heedlessly pass;
My remarks not too pointed to wound or offend,
Nor so vague as to miss their benevolent end;
Each innocent fashion shall have its full sway;
New modes shall arise to astonish Broadway;
Red hats and red shawls still illumine the town,
And each belle, like a bonfire, blaze up and down.

Fair spirits, who brighten the gloom of our days,
Who cheer this dull scene with your heavenly rays,
No mortal can love you more firmly and true,
From the crown of the head, to the sole of your shoe.
I'm old-fashion'd, 'tis true—but still runs in my heart
That affectionate stream, to which youth gave the start—
More calm in its current—yet potent in force;
Less ruffled by gales—but still steadfast in course.
Though the lover, enraptured, no longer appears,—
'Tis the guide and the guardian enlighten'd by years,

All ripen'd, and mellow'd, and soften'd by time,
The asperities polish'd which chafed in my prime:
I am fully prepared for that delicate end,
The fair one's instructor, companion and friend.
—And should I perceive you in fashion's gay dance,
Allured by the frippery-mongers of France,
Expose your weak frames to a chill wintry sky,
To be nipp'd by its frosts, to be torn from the eye;
My soft admonitions shall fall on your ear—
Shall whisper those parents to whom you are dear—
Shall warn you of hazards you heedlessly run,
And sling of those fair ones whom frost has undone;
Bright suns that would scarce on our horizon dawn,
Ere shrouded from sight, they were early withdrawn:
Gay sylphs, who have floated in circles below,
As pure in their souls, and as transient as snow;
Sweet roses, that bloom'd and decay'd to my eye,
And of forms that have flitted and pass'd to the sky.

But as to those brainless pert bloods of our town,
Those sprigs of the *ton* who run decency down;
Who lounge and who lool, and who booby about,
No knowledge within, and no manners without;
Who stare at each beauty with insolent eyes,
Who rail at those morals their fathers would prize;
Who are loud at the play—and who impiously dare
To come in their cups to the routs of the fair;
I shall hold up my mirror, to let them survey
The figures they cut as they dash it away;
Should my good-humoured verse no amendment produce,
Like scarecrows, at least, they shall still be of use;
I shall stitch them, in effigy, up in my rhyme,
And hold them aloft through the progress of time,
As figures of fun to make the folks laugh,
Like that queer-looking angel erected by Paff,
"What shitsops," as he says, "all de people what come;
"What smiles on dem all, and what peats on de trum."

NO. IV.—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

PERHAPS there is no class of men to which the curious and literary are more indebted than travellers;—I mean travel-mongers, who write whole volumes about themselves, their horses and their servants, interspersed with anecdotes of inn-keepers,—droll sayings of stage-drivers, and interesting memoirs of—the lord knows who. They will give you a full account of a city, its manners, customs, and manufactures; though perhaps all their knowledge of it was obtained by a peep from their inn-windows, and an interesting conversation with the landlord or the waiter. America has had its share of these buzzards; and in the name of my countrymen I return their profound thanks for the compliments they have lavished upon us, and the variety of particulars concerning our own country which we should never have discovered without their assistance.

Influenced by such sentiments, I am delighted to find that the Cockloft family, among its other whimsical and monstrous productions, is about to be enriched with a genuine travel-writer. This is no less a personage than MR JEREMY COCKLOFT, the only son and darling pride of my cousin, Mr Christopher Cockloft. Jeremy is at present in his one-and-twentieth year, and a young fellow of wonderful quick parts, if

you will trust to the word of his father, who, having begotten him, should be the best judge of the matter. He is the oracle of the family, dictates to his sisters on every occasion, though they are some dozen or more years older than himself;—and never did son give his mother better advice than Jeremy.

As old Cockloft was determined his son should be both a scholar and a gentleman, he took great pains with his education, which was completed at our university, where he became exceedingly expert in quizzing his teachers and playing billiards. No student made better squibs and crackers to blow up the chemical professor—no one chalked more ludicrous caricatures on the walls of the college—and none was more adroit in shaving pigs and climbing lightning-rods. He moreover learned all the letters of the Greek alphabet; could demonstrate that water never "of its own accord" rose above the level of its source, and that air was certainly the principle of life, for he had been entertained with the humane experiment of a cat worried to death in an air-pump. He once shot down the ash-horse, by an artificial earthquake; and nearly blew his sister Barbara, and her cat, out of the window with detonating powder. He likewise boasted exceedingly of being thoroughly acquainted with the composition of Lacedemonian black broth; and once made a pot of it, which had well nigh poisoned the whole family, and actually threw the cook-maid into convulsions. But above all, he values himself upon his logic, has the old college conundrum of the cat with three tails at his fingers' ends, and often hampers his father with his syllogisms, to the great delight of the old gentleman; who considers the major, minor, and conclusion, as almost equal in argument to the pulley, the wedge, and the lever, in mechanics. In fact, my cousin Cockloft was once nearly annihilated with astonishment, on hearing Jeremy trace the derivation of Mango from Jeremiah King;—as Jeremiah King, Jerry King! Jerking, Girkin! cucumber, Mango. In short, had Jeremy been a student at Oxford or Cambridge, he would, in all probability, have been promoted to the dignity of a *senior wrangler*.

Having made a very pretty speech on graduating to a numerous assemblage of old folks and young ladies, who all declared that he was a very fine young man, and made very handsome gestures, Jeremy was seized with a great desire to see, or rather to be seen by the world; and as his father was anxious to give him every possible advantage, it was determined that Jeremy should visit foreign parts. In consequence of this resolution, he has spent a matter of three or four months in visiting strange places; and in the course of his travels has carried some few days at the splendid metropolises of Albany and Philadelphia.

Jeremy has travelled as every modern man of sense should do; that is, he judges of things by the sample next at hand; if he has ever any doubt on a subject, he always decides against the city where he happens to sojourn; and invariably takes home as the standard by which to direct his judgment.

Going into his room to find it to be absent, I found a note on his table; and was obliged to read it for some time, and hints for a book to be published. He seems to be a travel-monger for his mother's sake, and his work will be equally in the nature of his prototype. The facts, which may not prove

MEMORANDUM
TO BE

"THE STRANGE
OR, COCKNEY

By Jeremy Cockloft

CITIZEN

The man in the moon—hints to travellers—swaps, buckles and buttons—Cockney—five trunks—the and a medicine-chest, the price of my two sisters—particular in their caution—description of Powles's—converted into gun-boats—well with Albany sloops—Charon—river Styx—story—ferryage nine-pennies in the spot where the folks while the devil fiddled;—Dutch talk?—story—confusion of tongues—get a famous fellow for running messengers and crippled people—philosophical reason—causeway—ditch—famous place for skimming tarapins—roast the potatoes—query, may the Delphians are all turtle—good painting of a blue—wonder who it was the *Baron de Gusto* about the lake-hill, so called from the salt marsh, *surmounting* every hay-stack;—more the Delphians don't establish a patent for it?—bridge—description of toll-booth. It is not a little singular, that the productions of Sir John could have been successfully written by two writers placed in different parts of the world. The "Pocket-Book" appeared in the publication of these "neither writer could possibly be by its ingenious pleasant host of book-making town head.—*Edith*. Vile Carr's Stranger in Ireland. Vile World.

Going into his room the other day, when he happened to be absent, I found a manuscript volume lying on his table; and was overjoyed to find it contained notes and hints for a book of travels which he intends publishing. He seems to have taken a late fashionable *travel-monger* for his model, and I have no doubt his work will be equally instructive and amusing with that of his prototype. The following are some extracts, which may not prove uninteresting to my readers.

MEMORANDUMS FOR A TOUR,
TO BE ENTITLED

“THE STRANGER IN NEW-JERSEY:
OR, COCKNEY TRAVELLING.”

By *Jeremy Cockloft, the Younger.*

CHAP. I.

The man in the moon—preparations for departure—hints to travellers about packing their trunks¹—straps, buckles and bed-cords—case of pistols, *à la cockney*—five trunks—three handboxes—a cocked hat—and a medicine-chest, *à la française*—parting advice of my two sisters—query, why old maids are so particular in their cautions against naughty women—description of Powles Hook ferry-boats—might be converted into gun-boats, and defend our port equally well with Albany sloops—Brom, the black ferryman—Charon—river Styx—ghosts;—Major Hunt—good story—ferryage nine-pence;—city of Harsimus—built in the spot where the folk once danced on their stumps while the devil lddled;—query, why do the Harsimians talk Dutch?—story of the tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues—get into the stage—driver a wag—famous fellow for running stage races—killed three passengers and crippled nine in the course of his practice—philosophical reasons why stage drivers love a rut—causeway—ditch on each side for folk to tumble into—famous place for *skilly-pots*; Philadelphians call them tarapins—roast them under the ashes as we do potatoes—query, may this be the reason that the Philadelphians are all turtle heads?—Hackensack bridge—good painting of a blue horse jumping over a mountain—wonder who it was painted by;—men. to ask the *Baron de Gusto* about it on my return;—Rattle-bake-hill, so called from abounding with butterflies;—salt marsh, *surmounted* here and there by a solitary hay-stack;—more tarapins—wonder why the Philadelphians don't establish a fishery here, and get patent for it?—bridge over the Passaic—rate of toll—description of toll-boards—toll-man had but one

It is not a little singular, that this mode of ridiculing the gossamer productions of Sir John Carr, and other tourists of the day, could have been successfully adopted almost at the same moment by two writers placed in different and distant quarters of the globe. My *Pocket-Book* “appeared in London only two or three weeks after the publication of these “Memorandums” in New-York—so that neither writer could possibly have borrowed from the other—and by its ingenious pleasantry and poignant satire, crushed a whole host of book-making tourists, with the luckless Knight at their head.—*EdH.*

¹ Vide Carr's *Stranger in Ireland.*
² Vide Weld.

eye—story how it is possible he may have lost the other—pence-table, etc.—

CHAP. II.

Newark—noted for its fine breed of fat musquitoes—sling through the thickest boot²—story about *Galley-nipers*—Archer Gifford and his man Caliban—jolly fat fellows;—a knowing traveller always judges of every thing by the inn-keepers and waiters;³—set down Newark people all fat as butter—learned dissertation on Archer Gifford's green coat, with philosophical reasons why the Newarkites wear red worsted night-caps—Newark academy full of windows—sunshine excellent to make little boys grow—Elizabeth-town—fine girls—vile musquitoes—plenty of oysters—query, have oysters any feeling?—good story about the fox catching them by his tail—ergo, foxes might be of great use in the pearl fishery;—landlord member of the legislature—treats every body who has a vote—mem. all the inn-keepers members of legislature in New-Jersey;—Bridge-town, vulgarly called *Spank-town*, from a story of a quondam parson and his wife—real name, Bridge-town, from *bridge*, a contrivance to get dry-shod over a river or brook; and *town*, an appellation given in America to the accidental assemblage of a church, a tavern, and a blacksmith's shop—Woodbridge—landlady mending her husband's breeches—sublime apostrophe to conjugal affection and the fair sex;⁴—Woodbridge famous for its crab-fishery—sentimental correspondence between a crab and a lobster—digression to Abelard and Eloisa;—mem. when the moon is in *Pisces*, she plays the devil with the crabs.

CHAP. III.

Brunswick—oldest town in the state—division line between two counties in the middle of the street;—posed a lawyer with the case of a man standing with one foot in each county—wanted to know in which he was *domicil*—lawyer couldn't tell for the soul of him—mem. all the New-Jersey lawyers *num*;—Miss Hay's boarding-school—young ladies not allowed to eat mustard—and why; fat story of a mustard-pot, with a good saying of Ding-Dong's;—Vernon's tavern—fine place to sleep in, if the noise would let you—another Caliban;—Vernon *slew-eyed*—people of Brunswick, of course, all *squint*;—Drake's tavern—fine old blade—wears square buckles in his shoes—tells bloody long stories about last war—people, of course, all do the same;—Hook'em Snivy, the famous fortune-teller, born here—contemporary with Mother Shoulders—particulars of his history—died one day—lines to his memory, which found their way into my *pocket-book*;⁵—melancholy reflections on the death of great men—beautiful epitaph on myself.

¹ Vide Carr.

² Vide Weld.

³ Vide Weld; vide Parkinson; vide Priest; vide Link. Fid; and vide Messrs Tag, Hag, and Bobtail.

⁴ Vide the sentimental Kotzebue.

⁵ Vide Carr and Blind Bet!

CHAP. IV.

Princeton—college—professors wear boots!—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire, and burnt out the professors; an excellent joke, but not worth repeating—mem. American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation, and makes little boys fight;—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern, who had just got their allowance of spending-money—laid it all out in a supper—got fuddled, and d—d the professors for nincoms. N. B. Southern gentlemen—churchyard—apostrophe to grim death—saw a cow feeding on a grave—metempsychosis—who knows but the cow may have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors—made me melancholy for fifteen minutes;—man planting cabbages—wondered how he could plant them so straight—method of mole-catching—and all that—query, whether it would not be a good notion to ring their noses as we do pigs—mem. to propose it to the American Agricultural Society—get a premium, perhaps;—commencement—students give a ball and supper—company from New-York, Philadelphia, and Albany—great contest which spoke the best English—Albanians vociferous in their demand for sturgeon—Philadelphians gave the preference to racoon—gave them a long dissertation on the phlegmatic nature of a goose's gizzard—students can't dance—always set off with the wrong foot foremost—Dupont's opinion on that subject—Sir Christopher Hatton the first man who ever turned out his toes in dancing—great favourite with Queen Bess on that account—Sir Walter Raleigh—good story about his smoking—his descent into New-Spain—El Dorado—Candid—Dr Pangloss—Miss Cunegunde—earthquake at Lisbon—Baron of Thundertentronck—Jesuits—Monks—Cardinal Wolsey—Pope Joan—Tom Jefferson—Tom Paine, and Tom the—whew!—N. B. Students got drunk as usual.

CHAP. V.

Left Princeton—country finely diversified with sheep and hay-stacks—saw a man riding alone in a waggon! why the deuce didn't the blockhead ride in a chair? fellow must be a fool—particular account of the construction of waggons, carts, wheelbarrows and quail-traps—saw a large flock of crows—concluded there must be a dead horse in the neighbourhood—mem. country remarkable for crows—won't let the horses die in peace—anedote of a jury of crows—stopped to give the horses water—good-looking man came up, and asked me if I had seen his wife? Heavens! thought I, how strange it is that this virtuous man should ask me about his wife—story of Cain and Abel—stage-driver took a swig—mem. set down all the people as drunkards—old house had moss on the top—swallows built in the roof—better place than old

1 Vide Carr.

2 Vide Priest.

3 Vide Carr.

men's beards—story about that—derivation of word *kippy, kippy, kippy* and *shoo-ptg'*—negro-driver could not write his own name—languishing state of literature in this country;—philosophical inquiry—'Sbidlikens, why the Americans are so much inferior to the nobility of Cheapside and Shore-ditch, and why they do not eat plum-pudding on Sundays; superfluous reflections about any thing.

CHAP. VI.

Trenton—built above the head of navigation to encourage commerce—capital of the state—only want a castle, a bay, a mountain, a sea, and a volcano, to bear a strong resemblance to the bay of Naples—supreme court sitting—fat Chief Justice—used to go to sleep on the bench after dinner—gave judgment, suppose, like Pilate's wife, from his dreams—reminded me of Justice Bridlegoose deciding by a throw of a die, and of the oracle of the holy bottle—attempted to kiss the chambermaid—boxed my ears till the rung like our theatre bell—girl had lost one tooth—mem. all the American ladies prudes, and have had teeth;—Anacreon Moore's opinion on the matter. State-house—fine place to see the sturgeons jump—query, whether sturgeons jump up by an impulse of the tail, or whether they bounce up from the bottom of the elasticity of their noses—Link. Fid. of the latter opinion—I too—sturgeon's nose capital for tennisballs—learnt that at school—went to a ball—negro went principal musician! N. B. People of America have no fiddlers but females!—origin of the phrase, "fiddle your heart"—reasons why men fiddle better than the women;—expedient of the Amazons who were expert at the bow;—waiter at the city tavern—good story—his—nothing to the purpose—never mind—fill up my book like Carr—make it sell.—Saw a democrat go into the stage, followed by his dog. N. B. This town remarkable for dogs and democrats—superfluous sentiment—good story from Joe Miller—ode to a pig of butter—pensive meditations on a mousehole—made a book as clear as a whistle!

No. V.—SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

THE following letter of my friend Mustapha appears to have been written some time subsequent to the one already published. Were I to judge from its contents, I should suppose it was suggested by the splendid view of the twenty-fifth of last November; when a pair of colours was presented, at the City-Hall, to the regiments of artillery, and when a huge dinner was devoured, by our corporation, in the honourable remembrance of the evacuation of this city. I am happy to find that the laudable spirit of military emulation which prevails in our city has attracted the atten-

1 Vide Carr's learned derivation of *gee* and *shoon*.

2 Carr.

3 Carr.

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FROM MUSTAPHA

to Abdallah Eb'n al Raha...
centinel at the gate

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ion of a stranger of Mustapha's sagacity; by military emulation I mean that spirited rivalry in the size of a hat, the length of a feather, and the gingerbread livery of a sword belt.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

To Abdallah Eb'n al Rahab, surnamed the Snorer, military sentinel at the gate of his Highness' Palace.

Thou hast heard, O Abdallah! of the great magician, Muley Fuz, who could change a blooming land, blessed with all the elysian charms of hill and dale, of glade and grove, of fruit and flower, into a desert, fruitful, solitary and forlorn;—who with the wave of his wand could transform even the disciples of Maomet into grinning apes and chattering monkeys. Surely, thought I to myself this morning, the dreadful Muley has been exercising his enchantments on these unhappy infidels. Listen, O Abdallah, and wonder! Last night I committed myself to slumber, encompassed with all the monotonous tokens of peace, and this morning I awoke, enveloped in the noise, the bustle, the clangour, and the shouts of war. Every thing was changed as if by magic. An immense army had sprung up, like mushrooms, in a night; and all the cobblers, tailors, and tinkers of the city had mounted the nodding plume; had become, in the twinkling of an eye, helmeted heroes and war-worn veterans.

Alarmed at the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, and the shouting of the multitude, I dressed myself in haste, sallied forth, and followed a prodigious crowd of people to a place called the Battery. This is so denominated, I am told, from having once been defended with formidable wooden bulwarks, which in the course of a hard winter were thriftily pulled to pieces by an economic corporation, to be distributed for fire wood among the poor; this was done the hint of a cunning old engineer, who assured me it was the only way in which their fortifications could ever be able to keep up a warm fire. ECONOMY, my friend, is the watch-word of this nation; I have been studying for a month past to divine its meaning, but truly am as much perplexed as ever. It is a kind of national starvation; an experiment how many comforts and necessities the body politic can be deprived of before it perishes.—It has already arrived to a lamentable degree of debility, and promises to share the fate of the Arabian philosopher, who proved that he could live without food, but unfortunately died just as he had brought his experiment to perfection.

On arriving at the battery I found an immense army of six hundred men, drawn up in a true Mussulman present. At first I supposed this was in compliment to myself, but my Interpreter informed me that it was done merely for want of room; the corporation not being able to afford them sufficient to display in a straight line. As I expected a display of some grand evolutions and military manœuvres, I determined to remain a tranquil spectator, in hopes that I might pos-

sibly collect some hints which might be of service to his Highness.

This great body of men I perceived was under the command of a small bashaw, in yellow and gold, with white nodding plumes and most formidable whiskers; which, contrary to the Tripolitan fashion, were in the neighbourhood of his ears instead of his nose.—He had two attendants called aides-de-camp (or tails), being similar to a bashaw with two tails. The bashaw, though commander-in-chief, seemed to have little more to do than myself; he was a spectator within the lines and I without: he was clear of the rabble, and I was encompassed by them; this was the only difference between us, except that he had the best opportunity of showing his clothes. I waited an hour or two with exemplary patience, expecting to see some grand military evolutions or a sham battle exhibited; but no such thing took place; the men stood stock-still, supporting their arms, groaning under the fatigues of war, and now and then sending out a foraging party to levy contributions of beer and a favourite beverage which they denominate grog. As I perceived the crowd very active in examining the line, from one extreme to the other, and as I could see no other purpose for which these sunshine warriors should be exposed so long to the merciless attacks of wind and weather, I of course concluded that this must be *the review*.

In about two hours the army was put in motions, and marched through some narrow streets, where the economic corporation had carefully provided a soft carpet of mud, to a magnificent castle of painted brick, decorated with grand pillars of pine boards. By the ardour which brightened in each countenance, I soon perceived that this castle was to undergo a vigorous attack. As the ordnance of the castle was perfectly silent, and as they had nothing but a straight street to advance through, they made their approaches with great courage and admirable regularity, until within about a hundred feet of the castle a pump opposed a formidable obstacle in their way, and put the whole army to a nonplus. The circumstance was sudden and unlooked for: the commanding officer ran over all the military tactics with which his head was crammed, but none offered any expedient for the present awful emergency. The pump maintained its post, and so did the commander;—there was no knowing which was most at a stand. The commanding officer ordered his men to wheel and take it in flank;—the army accordingly wheeled and came full butt against it in the rear exactly as they were before.—“Wheel to the left!” cried the officer: they did so, and again, as before, the inveterate pump intercepted their progress. “Right about, face!” cried the officer: the men obeyed, but bungled—they *faced back to back*. Upon this the bashaw with two tails, with great coolness, undauntedly ordered his men to push right forward, pell-mell, pump or no pump: they gallantly obeyed. After unheard-of acts of bravery, the pump was carried, without the loss of a man, and the army firmly

entrenched itself under the very walls of the castle. The bashaw had then a council of war with his officers; the most vigorous measures were resolved on. An advance guard of musicians were ordered to attack the castle without mercy. Then the whole band opened a tremendous battery of drums, fifes, tambourines, and trumpets, and kept up a thundering assault, as if the castle, like the walls of Jericho, spoken of in the Jewish Chronicles, would tumble down at the blowing of rams' horns. After some time a parley ensued. The grand bashaw of the city appeared on the battlements of the castle, and, as far as I could understand from circumstances, dared the little bashaw of two tails to single combat;—this, thou knowest, was in the style of ancient chivalry. The little bashaw dismounted with great intrepidity, and ascended the battlements of the castle, where the great bashaw waited to receive him attended by numerous dignitaries and worthies of his court, one of whom bore the banners of the castle. The battle was carried on entirely by words, according to the universal custom of this country, of which I shall speak to thee more fully hereafter. The grand bashaw made a furious attack in a speech of considerable length; the little bashaw, by no means appalled, retorted with great spirit. The grand bashaw attempted to rip him up with an argument, or stun him with a solid fact; but the little bashaw parried them both with admirable adroitness, and ran him clean through and through with a syllogism. The grand bashaw was overthrown, the banners of the castle yielded up to the little bashaw, and the castle surrendered after a vigorous defence of three hours—during which the besiegers suffered great extremity from muddy streets and a drizzling atmosphere.

On returning to dinner, I soon discovered that as usual I had been indulging in a great mistake. The matter was all clearly explained to me by a fellow lodger, who on ordinary occasions moves in the humble character of a tailor, but in the present instance figured in a high military station, denominated *corporal*. He informed me that what I had mistaken for a castle was the splendid palace of the municipality, and that the supposed attack was nothing more than the delivery of a flag given by the authorities to the army, for its magnanimous defence of the town for upwards of twenty years past, that is, ever since the last war! O my friend, surely every thing in this country is on a great scale! The conversation insensibly turned upon the military establishment of the nation; and I do assure thee that my friend, the tailor, though being, according to the national proverb, but the ninth part of a man, yet acquitted himself on military concerns as ably as the grand bashaw of the empire himself. He observed that their rulers had decided that wars were very useless and expensive, and ill befitting an economic, philosophic nation; they had therefore made up their minds never to have any wars, and consequently there was no need of soldiers or military discipline.

As, however, it was thought highly ornamental to city to have a number of men drest in fine clothes and feathers strutting about the streets on a holiday—and as the women and children were particularly fond of such *raree shows*, it was ordered that the tailors of the different cities throughout the empire should forthwith go to work, and cut out and manufacture soldiers as fast as their shears and needles would permit.

These soldiers have no pecuniary pay; and they only recompense for the immense services which they render their country, in their voluntary parades, the plunder of smiles, and winks, and nods, which they extort from the ladies. As they have no opportunity, like the vagrant Arabs, of making inroads on their neighbours, and as it is necessary to keep up their military spirit, the town is therefore now and then, but particularly on two days of the year, given up to their ravages. The arrangements are contrived with admirable address, so that every officer from the bashaw down to the drum-major, the chief of the eunuchs or musicians, shall have his share of that valuable booty—the admiration of the fair. As the soldiers, poor animals, they, like the privateers of all great armies, have to bear the brunt of danger and fatigue, while the officers receive all the glory and reward. The narrative of a parade day will exemplify this more clearly.

The chief bashaw, in the plenitude of his authority, orders a grand review of the whole army at two o'clock. The bashaw with two tails, that he may have an opportunity of vapouring about as the greatest man on the field, orders the army to assemble at twelve. The *kiaya*, or colonel, as he is called, the commander of one hundred and twenty men, orders his regiment or tribe to collect one mile at least from the place of parade at eleven. Each captain or *fag-rag* as we term them, commands his squad to meet at ten, at least a half mile from the regimental parade; and to close all, the chief of the eunuchs orders his infernal concert of fifes, trumpets, cymbals, and drums to assemble at ten! From that moment the city receives no quarter. All is noise, hooting, and hubbub. Every window, door, crack, and hole, from the garret to the cellar, is crowded with the fair of all ages and of all complexions. The mistress smiles through the windows of the drawing room; the chubby chambermaid lolls out of the attic casement, and a host of sooty wenches roll their white eyes and grin and chatter from the cellar door. Every nymph seems anxious to yield voluntarily that tribute which the heroes of their country demand. First, he struts the chief eunuch or drum-major, at the head of his sable band, magnificently arrayed in tarnished scarlet. Alexander himself could not have spurred the earth more superbly. A host of ragged boys shout in his train, and inflate the bosom of the warrior with tenfold self-complacency. After he has rattled his drums through the town, and swelled and swaggered like a turkey-cock before all the digni-

ty, and Dianas, and in his maintenance, he repairs his booty with a rich booty. Next comes the fag-rag, a mighty band, consisting of sign or mute, four sergeants, one fifer, and such the better for him. In a parade he is seen in a lane which is honoured by a mistress or intended, who makes a heavy contribution. These heroes, as they are called, are at the upper window, and the winks, and the winks, and the winks, and the winks. The fag-rags having completed their respective regiments, the bashaw, a bashaw with no tails, directed to him; and the drummers, having completed their duty, are confounded and the colonel sets his white horse mounted on a mettlesome steed, and plunges into the midst of the multitude himself and his neighbours. He, with his trappings, his horse, and his horse, at length arrives at the palace, blessed with the presence of the countrywomen. I should have thought of a number of hardy veterans, and a number of their service during their existence, and white, and tight green jackets and white, and gallop and through every street, and to the great delight of the matrons with young children. This is what I call making a parade. Oh, my friend, or in this country! The Arab of the desert, or a hamlet to the north, for weeks before marching and counter-marching, and concentrate their ragged forces, that before they can bring to the whole enterprise is blown away. The army being all blown away, though, perhaps, to be avoided, it is now the turn of the bashaw, to distinguish himself by an implanted alike in every room from the bashaw, bashaw, fired with that from the noble mind, is the laurels of the day, and the male plunder. The standards wave pro-

ornamental to his countenance, he repairs to his place of destination laden with a rich booty of smiles and approbation. Next comes the fag-rag, or captain, at the head of his mighty band, consisting of one lieutenant, one sign or mute, four sergeants, four corporals, one drummer, one fifer, and if he has any privates so much the better for himself. In marching to the regimental parade he is sure to pass through the street lane which is honoured with the residence of his mistress or intended, whom he resolutely lays under a heavy contribution. Truly it is delectable to behold these heroes, as they march along, cast side glances at the upper windows; to collect the smiles, the nods, and the winks, which the enraptured fair bestow lavishly profusely on the defenders of their country. The fag-rags having conducted their squads to their respective regiments, then comes the turn of the colonel, a bashaw with no tails, for all eyes are now directed to him; and the fag-rags, and the eunuchs, and the drummers, having had their hour of notoriety, are confounded and lost in the military crowd. The colonel sets his whole regiment in motion; and is mounted on a mettlesome charger, frisks and fidgets, and capers, and plunges in front, to the great entertainment of the multitude, and the great hazard of himself and his neighbours. Having displayed himself, his trappings, his horse, and his horsemanship, he at length arrives at the place of general rendezvous, blessed with the universal admiration of his countrywomen. I should, perhaps, mention a squadron of hardy veterans, most of whom have seen a deal of service during the nineteen or twenty years of their existence, and who, most gorgeously equipped in tight green jackets and leather breeches, trot and amble, and gallop and scamper, like little devils through every street, and nook, and corner of the city, to the great dread of all old people and sage matrons with young children. This is truly sublime! This is what I call making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Oh, my friend, on what a great scale is every thing in this country! It is in the style of the wandering Arabs of the desert *El-tih*. Is a village to be attacked, or a hamlet to be plundered, the whole desert, for weeks beforehand, is in a buzz;—such marching and counter-marching, ere they can concentrate their ragged forces! and the consequence is, that before they can bring their troops into action the whole enterprise is blown.

The army being all happily collected on the battery, though, perhaps, two hours after the time appointed, it is now the turn of the bashaw, with two tails, to distinguish himself. Ambition, my friend, is implanted alike in every heart; it pervades each bosom from the bashaw to the drum-major. The bashaw, fired with that thirst for glory, inseparable from the noble mind, is anxious to reap a full share of the laurels of the day, and bear off his portion of the female plunder. The drums beat, the fifes whistle, the standards wave proudly in the air. The signal

is given! thunder roars the cannon! away goes the bashaw, and away go the tails! The review finished, evolutions and military manœuvres are generally dispensed with for three excellent reasons;—first, because the army knows very little about them; second, because as the country has determined to remain always at peace, there is no necessity for them to know any thing about them; and third, as it is growing late, the bashaw must dispatch, or it will be too dark for him to get his quota of the plunder. He of course orders the whole army to march; and now, my friend, now comes the tug of war, now is the city completely sacked. Open fly the battery-gates—forth sallies the bashaw with his two tails, surrounded by a shouting body-guard of boys and negroes! then pour forth his legions, potent as the psimires of the desert! the customary salutations of the country commence—those tokens of joy and admiration which so much annoyed me on first landing: the air is darkened with old hats, shoes, and dead cats; the soldiers, no ways disheartened, march gallantly under their shade. On they push, splash-dash, mud or no mud, down one lane, up another;—the martial music resounds through every street; the fair ones throng to their windows,—the soldiers look every way but straight forward. “Carry arms!” cries the bashaw—“tanta-rara,” brays the trumpet—“rub-a-dub,” roars the drum—“hurraw,” shout the ragamuffins. The bashaw smiles with exultation—every fag-rag feels himself a hero—“none but the brave deserve the fair!” Head of the immortal Amrou, on what a great scale is every thing in this country!

Ay, but you'll say, is not this unfair that the officers should share all the sports while the privates undergo all the fatigue? Truly, my friend, I indulged the same idea, and pitied from my heart the poor fellows who had to drabble through the mud and the mire, toiling under ponderous cocked hats, which seemed as unwieldy, and cumbersome, as the shell which the snail lumbers along on his back. I soon found out, however, that they have their quantum of notoriety. As soon as the army is dismissed, the city swarms with little scouting parties, who fire off their guns at every corner, to the great delight of all the women and children in their vicinity; and woe unto any dog, or pig, or hog, that falls in the way of these magnanimous warriors; they are shown no quarter. Every gentle swain repairs to pass the evening at the feet of his dulcinea, to play “the soldier tired of war's alarms,” and to captivate her with the glare of his regimentals: excepting some ambitious heroes who strut to the theatre, flame away in the front boxes, and hector every old apple-woman in the lobbies.

Such, my friend, is the gigantic genius of this nation, and its faculty of swelling up nothings into importance. Our bashaw of Tripoli will review his troops, of some thousands, by an early hour in the morning. Here a review of six hundred men is made the mighty work of a day! With us a bashaw of two tails is never appointed to a command of less than ten thou-

sand men; but here we behold every rank, from the bashaw down to the drum-major, in a force of less than one-tenth of the number. By the beard of Mahomet, but every thing here is indeed on a great scale!

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

I was not a little surprised the other morning at a request from Will Wizard that I would accompany him that evening to Mrs——'s ball. The request was simple enough in itself, it was only singular as coming from Will. Of all my acquaintance Wizard is the least calculated and disposed for the society of ladies. Not that he dislikes their company; on the contrary, like every man of pith and marrow, he is a professed admirer of the sex; and had he been born a poet, would undoubtedly have bespattered and be-rhymed some hard-named goddess, until she became as famous as Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Scharissa. But Will is such a confounded bungler at a bow, has so many odd bachelor habits, and finds it so troublesome to be gallant, that he generally prefers smoking his cigar and telling his story among cronies of his own gender; and thundering long stories they are, let me tell you. Set Will once a-going about China or Crim Tartary, or the Hottentots, and heaven help the poor victim who has to endure his prolixity; he might better be tied to the tail of a jack-o'-lantern. In one word—Will talks like a traveller. Being well acquainted with his character, I was the more alarmed at his inclination to visit a party; since he has often assured me, that he considered it as equivalent to being shut up for three hours in a steam-engine. I even wondered how he had received an invitation;—this he soon accounted for. It seems Will, on his last arrival from Canton, had made a present of a case of tea to a lady, for whom he had once entertained a sneaking kindness when at grammar-school; and she in return had invited him to come and drink some of it; a cheap way enough of paying off little obligations. I readily acceded to Will's proposition, expecting much entertainment from his eccentric remarks; and as he has been absent some few years, I anticipated his surprise at the splendour and elegance of a modern rout.

On calling for Will in the evening, I found him full dressed, waiting for me. I contemplated him with absolute dismay. As he still retained a spark of regard for the lady who once reigned in his affections, he had been at unusual pains in decorating his person, and broke upon my sight arrayed in the true style that prevailed among our beaux some years ago. His hair was turned up and tufted at the top, frizzled out at the ears, a profusion of powder puffed over the whole, and a long plaited club swung gracefully from shoulder to shoulder, describing a pleasing semi-circle of powder and pomatum. His claret-coloured coat was decorated with a profusion of gilt buttons, and reached to his calves. His white kerseymer small-clothes were so tight that he seemed to have grown up in them; and his ponderous legs, which are the

thickest part of his body, were beautifully clothed in sky-blue silk stockings, once considered so becoming. But above all, he prided himself upon his waistcoat of China silk, which might almost have served a good housewife for a short-gown: and he boasted that the roses and tulips upon it were the work of *Naug-Fou*, daughter of the great *Chin-Chin-Fou*, who had fallen in love with the graces of his person, and sent it to him as a parting present. He assured me she was perfect beauty, with sweet obliquity of eyes, and foot no larger than the thumb of an alderman:—then dilated most copiously on his silver-sprigged dicky, which he assured me was quite the rage among the dashing young mandarines of Canton.

I hold it an ill-natured office to put any man out of conceit with himself; so though I would willingly have made a little alteration in my friend Wizard's picturesque costume, yet I politely complimented him on his rakish appearance.

On entering the room I kept a good look-out for Will, expecting to see him exhibit signs of surprise; but he is one of those knowing fellows who are never surprised at any thing, or at least will never acknowledge it. He took his stand in the middle of the floor, playing with his great steel watch-chain; and looking round on the company, the furniture and the pictures, with the air of a man "who had seen finer things in his time;" and to my utter confusion and dismay, I saw him coolly pull out his villainous old japanned tobacco-box, ornamented with a bottle pipe, and a scurvy motto, and help himself to a quoniam in face of all the company.

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's socratic turn, who is never to be put out of humour with himself; so, after he had given his best prescriptive rap, and returned it to his pocket, drew him into a corner, where we might observe the company without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red, like a volcano, and who seems wrapped in flames like a fiery dragon?" That, cried I, is Miss Laurelia Dashaway;—she is the highest flash of the ton—has much whim and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentleman to stupidity by her charms; you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will; "I should not e'en come in contact with her train, lest it would scorch me like the tail of a comet.—But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing along a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name, said I, is Billy Dimple;—he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba, and smile on every body as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies— a hero at tea-parties, and is famous at the *parouette* and the pigeon-wing; a fiddle-stick is his idol, and a dance his elysium. "A very pretty young gentleman, truly," cried Wizard; "he reminds me

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a contemporary beau at Hayti. You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball in his court one fine sultry summer's evening. Dessy and I were great cronies;—hand and glove :—one of the most condescending great men I ever knew.—with a display of black and yellow beauties! such a show of Madras handkerchiefs, red beads, cocks' tails and peacocks' feathers!—It was, as here, who should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tail, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colours, and w-gaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buzz, slip-slop, clack, and perfume, who should enter but Tucky Squash! The yellow beauties blushed, and the black ones blushed as red as they could, with pleasure; and there was a universal agitation among the fans! Every eye brightened and whitened to see Tucky; for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip! his shins had the true cucumber curve;—his face in dancing shone like a candle; and provided you kept to windward of him in summer, I do not know a sweeter youth in all Hayti than Tucky Squash. When he laughed, there appeared from ear to ear a chevaux-de-frise of teeth, that rivalled the shark's in whiteness. He could whistle like a north-wester; play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo; and as to dancing, no Long-Island negro could shuffle you “double-trouble,” or “hoe and dig potatoes,” more scientifically: in short, he was a second Lothario, and the dusky nymphs of Hayti, one and all, declared him a perfect Adonis. Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding any body; and his *nou-chalance* was irrefragable.”

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of those frequent mention, is of great antiquity, if there be any truth in the genealogical tree which hangs up in my cousin's library. They trace their descent from a celebrated Roman knight, cousin to the progenitor of his Majesty of Britain, who left his native country on occasion of some disgust; and coming into Wales, became a great favourite of Prince Madoc, and accompanied that famous argonaut in the voyage which ended in the discovery of this continent.—Though a member of the family, I have sometimes ventured to doubt the authenticity of this portion of their annals, to the great vexation of cousin Christopher, who is looked up to as the head of our house; and who, though as orthodox as a bishop, would sooner give up the whole decalogue than lop off a single limb of the family tree. From time immemorial, it has been the rule for the Cocklofts to marry one of their own name; and as they always bred like rabbits, the family has increased and multiplied like that of Adam and Eve. In truth their number is almost incredible; and you can hardly go into any part of the country without starting a warren of genuine Cocklofts. Every person of the least observation or experience must have observed that where this practice of marrying cousins, and se-

stay-tape and buckram, looked like an apple pudding tied in the middle; or, taking her flaming dress into consideration, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished,—I would gladly have taken Will off, but no;—he was now in one of his happy moods, and there was no doing any thing with him. He insisted on my introducing him to Miss Sophy Sparkle, a young lady unrivalled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who, like a brilliant, adds lustre to the front of fashion. I accordingly presented him to her, and began a conversation, in which, I thought, he might take a share; but no such thing. Will took his stand before her, straddling like a colossus, with his hands in his pockets, and an air of the most profound attention; nor did he pretend to open his lips for some time, until, upon some lively sally of hers, he electrified the whole company with a most intolerable burst of laughter. What was to be done with such an incorrigible fellow?—To add to my distress, the first word he spoke was to tell Miss Sparkle that something she said reminded him of a circumstance that happened to him in China :—and at it he went, in the true traveller style—described the Chinese mode of eating rice with chopsticks;—entered into a long eulogium on the succulent qualities of boiled birds' nests; and I made my escape at the very moment when he was on the point of squatting down on the floor, to show how the little Chinese *Joshes* sit cross-legged.

No. VI.—FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

THE Cockloft family, of which I have made such frequent mention, is of great antiquity, if there be any truth in the genealogical tree which hangs up in my cousin's library. They trace their descent from a celebrated Roman knight, cousin to the progenitor of his Majesty of Britain, who left his native country on occasion of some disgust; and coming into Wales, became a great favourite of Prince Madoc, and accompanied that famous argonaut in the voyage which ended in the discovery of this continent.—Though a member of the family, I have sometimes ventured to doubt the authenticity of this portion of their annals, to the great vexation of cousin Christopher, who is looked up to as the head of our house; and who, though as orthodox as a bishop, would sooner give up the whole decalogue than lop off a single limb of the family tree. From time immemorial, it has been the rule for the Cocklofts to marry one of their own name; and as they always bred like rabbits, the family has increased and multiplied like that of Adam and Eve. In truth their number is almost incredible; and you can hardly go into any part of the country without starting a warren of genuine Cocklofts. Every person of the least observation or experience must have observed that where this practice of marrying cousins, and se-

cond cousins, prevails in a family, every member, in the course of a few generations, becomes queer, humorous, and original; as much distinguished from the common race of mongrels as if he were of a different species. This has happened in our family, and particularly in that branch of it of which Christopher Cockloft, Esq., is the head.—Christopher is, in fact, the only married man of the name who resides in town; his family is small, having lost most of his children when young, by the excessive care he took to bring them up like vegetables. This was one of his first whim-whams, and a confounded one it was; as his children might have told, had they not fallen victims to his experiment before they could talk. He had got, from some quack philosopher or other, a notion that there was a complete analogy between children and plants, and that they ought to be both reared alike. Accordingly he sprinkled them every morning with water, laid them out in the sun, as he did his geraniums; and if the season was remarkably dry, repeated this wise experiment three or four times of a morning. The consequence was, the poor little souls died one after the other, except Jeremy and his two sisters; who, to be sure, are a trio of as odd, mummy-looking originals as ever Hogarth fancied in his most happy moments. Mrs Cockloft, the larger if not the better half of my cousin, often remonstrated against this vegetable theory;—and even brought the parson of the parish in which my cousin's country house is situated, to her aid; but in vain: Christopher persisted, and attributed the failure of his plan to its not having been exactly conformed to. As I have mentioned Mrs Cockloft, I may as well say a little more about her while I am in the humour. She is a lady of wonderful notability, a warm admirer of shining mahogany, clean hearths, and her husband, whom she considers the wisest man in the world, bating Will Wizard and the parson of our parish; the last of whom is her oracle on all occasions. She goes constantly to church every Sunday and saint's-day, and insists upon it that no man is entitled to ascend a pulpit unless he has been ordained by a bishop; nay, so far does she carry her orthodoxy, that all the arguments in the world will never persuade her that a Presbyterian or Baptist, or even a Calvinist, has any possible chance of going to heaven. Above every thing else, however, she abhors Paganism;—can scarcely refrain from laying violent hands on a Pantheon when she meets with it; and was very nigh going into hysterics, when my cousin insisted that one of his boys should be christened after our laureate, because the parson of the parish had told her that Pindar was the name of a Pagan writer, famous for his love of boxing-matches, wrestling, and horse-racing. To sum up all her qualifications in the shortest possible way, Mrs Cockloft is, in the true sense of the phrase, a good sort of a woman; and I often congratulate my cousin on possessing her. The rest of the family consists of Jeremy Cockloft the younger, who has already been mentioned, and the two Miss Cocklofts, or rather the young ladies, as they

have been called by the servants time out of mind; not that they are really young, the younger being somewhat on the shady side of thirty—but it has ever been the custom to call every member of the family young under fifty. In the south-east corner of the house, I hold quiet possession of an old-fashioned apartment, where myself and my elbow-chair are suffered to amuse ourselves undisturbed, save at meal times. This apartment old Cockloft has facetiously denominated Cousin Launce's Paradise; and the good gentleman has two or three favourite jokes about which are served up as regularly as the standing family-dish of beef-steaks and onions, which every day maintains its station at the foot of the table, in defiance of mutton, poultry, or even venison itself.

Though the family is apparently small, yet, in most old establishments of the kind, it does not want for honorary members. It is the city rendezvous of the Cocklofts; and we are continually enlivened by the company of half a score of uncles, aunts, and cousins in the fortieth remove, from all parts of the country, who profess a wonderful regard for Cousin Christopher, and overwhelm every member of his household, down to the cook in the kitchen, with their attentions. We have for three weeks past been greeted with the company of two worthy old spinsters, who came down from the country to settle a law-suit. They had done little else but retail stories of their village neighbours, knit stockings, and take snuff, all the time they have been here: the whole family are bewildered with churchyard tales of sheeted ghosts, and wild horses without heads, and not one of the old servants dare budge an inch after dark without a numerous company at his heels. My cousin's visitors, however, always return his hospitality with due gratitude, and now and then remind him of their fraternal regard by a present of a pot of apple sweetmeats, or a barrel of sour cider at Christmas. Jeremy displays himself to great advantage among his country relations, where all think him a prodigy, and often stand astounded, “gaping wonderment,” at his natural philosophy. He lately frightened a simple old uncle almost out of his wits, by giving it as his opinion that the earth would one day be scorched to ashes by the eccentric gambol of the famous comet, so much talked of; and positively asserted that this world revolved round the sun, and that the moon was certainly inhabited.

The family mansion bears equal marks of antiquity with its inhabitants. As the Cocklofts are remarkable for their attachment to every thing that has remained long in the family, they are bigoted towards their old edifice, and I dare say would sooner have it crumble about their ears than abandon it. The consequence is, it has been so patched up and repaired, that it has become as full of whims and oddities as its tenants requires to be nursed and humoured like a gonty old alderman; and reminds one of the famous ship which a certain admiral circumnavigated the globe, which was so patched and timbered, in order to please so great a curiosity, that at length not a particle

the original remained. The old mansion makes a poor man is sure to make a deal of money. This predilection for the family shows that the domestics are all grown up. We have a little girl, who has lived through the Cocklofts, and, of course, of no little importance to all the family by the way. The stories about how he was when they were children; and the anecdote for the last several years was made in the last years were most indubitably a marvellously sober animal which in the streets of Philadelphia, a dozen in a row, and bells. Whim-wham! and every member of the *sui generis*, from the man. The very cats have a little scoundrel church bells ring, will his nose in the wind, my insists that this is the organization of his eyes by many learned arguments; but I am of opinion that a whim-wham, which he ended from a race of dogs family ever since the time propensity to save every scrap of family antiquity by the use of trumpery and rubbish remembered, from the room, and closet, and legged chairs, clocks with scabbards, cocked hats, and glasses with frames gathered sleep, woolly have no name except in the numerous mahogany chairs, and wild proportions, that making to gallant one of the times make a most elegant in a hurry: the man lacquered earthen shepherd without toes, and other place is garnished out with a great variety of Scripture soul of a cousin takes in of Jeremy hates them as a punker, he was obliged to buy of a tile every Sunday permit him to join in the affair for Jeremy,

the original remained. Whenever the wind blows, the old mansion makes a perilous groaning; and every storm is sure to make a day's work for the carpenter, who attends upon it as regularly as the family physician. This predilection for every thing that has been fashioned upon in the family shows itself in every particular. The domestics are all grown grey in the service of our house. We have a little, old, crusty, grey-headed old man, who has lived through two or three generations of the Cocklofts, and, of course, has become a perquisite of no little importance in the household. He knows all the family by their Christian names; tells which every dog stories about how he dandled them on his knee when they were children; and is a complete Cockloft relic for the last seventy years. The family carnage, yet, was made in the last French war, and the old man does not know of it. He was most indubitably foaled in Noah's ark—indeed, he is a marvellous being, in gravity of demeanour, and sober animals which may be seen any day of the year in the streets of Philadelphia, walking their snail's pace, a dozen in a row, and harmoniously jingling in Christopher's bells. Whim-whams are the inheritance of the Cocklofts, and every member of the household is a *whist sui generis*, from the master down to the man. The very cats and dogs are humorists; and have a little scoundrel of a cur, who, whenever the church bells ring, will run to the street door, turn his nose in the wind, and howl most piteously. He insists that this is owing to a peculiar delicacy in the organization of his ears, and supports his positions by many learned arguments which nobody can understand; but I am of opinion that it is a mere Cockloft whim-wham, which the little cur indulges, being descended from a race of dogs which has flourished in the family ever since the time of my grandfather. A propensity to save every thing that bears the stamp of family antiquity has accumulated an abundance of trumpery and rubbish with which the household is encumbered, from the cellar to the garret; and every room, and closet, and corner, is crammed with three-legged chairs, clocks without hands, swords without scabbards, cocked hats, broken candlesticks, and looking-glasses with frames carved into fantastic shapes; feathered sheep, woolly birds, and other animals which have no name except in books of heraldry.—The numerous mahogany chairs in the parlour are of such shabby proportions, that it is quite a serious undertaking to gallant one of them across the room; and sometimes make a most equivocal noise when you sit upon in a hurry: the mantel-piece is decorated with lacquered earthen shepherdesses—some of which are without toes, and others without noses; and the place is garnished out with Dutch tiles, exhibiting a great variety of Scripture pieces, which my good cousin takes infinite delight in explaining. My nephew Jeremy hates them as he does poison; for while he was a shipwrecker, he was obliged by his mother to learn the history of a tile every Sunday morning before she would permit him to join his playmates: this was a very agreeable affair for Jeremy, who by the time he had

learned the last had forgotten the first, and was obliged to begin again. He assured me the other day, with a round college oath, that if the old house stood out till he inherited it, he would have these tiles taken out, and ground into powder, for the perfect hatred he bore them.

My cousin Christopher enjoys unlimited authority in the mansion of his forefathers; he is truly what may be termed a hearty old blade—has a florid, sunshiny countenance, and, if you will only praise his wine, and laugh at his long stories, himself and his house are heartily at your service. The first condition is indeed easily complied with, for, to tell the truth, his wine is excellent; but his stories, being not of the best, and often repeated, are apt to create a disposition to yawn, being, in addition to their other qualities, most unreasonably long. His prolixity is the more afflicting to me, since I have all his stories by heart; and when he enters upon one, it reminds me of Newark causeway, where the traveller sees the end at the distance of several miles. To the great misfortune of all his acquaintance, cousin Cockloft is blessed with a most provoking retentive memory, and can give day and date, and name and age and circumstance, with most unfeeling precision. These, however, are but trivial foibles, forgotten, or remembered only with a kind of tender respectful pity, by those who know with what a rich redundant harvest of kindness and generosity his heart is stored. It would delight you to see with what social gladness he welcomes a visitor into his house; and the poorest man that enters his door never leaves it without a cordial invitation to sit down and drink a glass of wine. By the honest farmers round his country seat, he is looked up to with love and reverence; they never pass him by without his inquiring after the welfare of their families, and receiving a cordial shake of his liberal hand. There are but two classes of people who are thrown out of the reach of his hospitality—and these are Frenchmen and democrats. The old gentleman considers it treason against the majesty of good breeding to speak to any visitor with his hat on; but the moment a democrat enters his door, he forthwith bids his man Pompey bring his hat, puts it on his head, and salutes him with an appalling "Well, sir, what do you want with me?"

He has a profound contempt for Frenchmen, and firmly believes that they eat nothing but frogs and soup-maigre in their own country. This unlucky prejudice is partly owing to my great aunt Pamela having been, many years ago, run away with by a French Count, who turned out to be the son of a generation of barbers; and partly to a little vivid spark of toryism, which burns in a secret corner of his heart. He was a loyal subject of the crown; has hardly yet recovered the shock of Independence; and, though he does not care to own it, always does honour to his Majesty's birth-day, by inviting a few cavaliers, like himself, to dinner; and gracing his table with more than ordinary festivity. If by chance the revolution

is mentioned before him, my cousin shakes his head; and you may see, if you take good note, a lurking smile of contempt in the corner of his eye, which marks a decided disapprobation of the sound. He once, in the fulness of his heart, observed to me that green peas were a month later than they were under the old government. But the most eccentric manifestation of loyalty he ever gave was making a voyage to Halifax for no other reason under heaven but to hear his Majesty prayed for in church, as he used to be here formerly. This he never could be brought fairly to acknowledge; but it is a certain fact, I assure you.—It is not a little singular that a person, so much given to long story-telling as my cousin, should take a liking to another of the same character; but so it is with the old gentleman—his prime favourite and companion is Will Wizard, who is almost a member of the family, and will sit before the fire, and screw his phiz, and spin away tremendous long stories of his travels, for a whole evening, to the great delight of the old gentleman and lady, and especially of the young ladies, who, like Desdemona, do “seriously incline,” and listen to him with innumerable “O dears,” “is it possible,” and who look upon him as a second Sindbad the sailor.

The Miss Cocklofts, whose pardon I crave for not having particularly introduced them before, are a pair of delectable damsels; who, having purloined and locked up the family-bible, pass for just what age they please to plead guilty to. Barbara, the eldest, has long since resigned the character of a belle, and adopted that staid, sober, demure, snuff-taking air, becoming her years and discretion. She is a good-natured soul, whom I never saw in a passion but once; and that was occasioned by seeing an old favourite beau of hers kiss the hand of a pretty blooming girl; and, in truth, she only got angry because, as she very properly said, it was spoiling the child. Her sister Margery, or Maggie, as she is familiarly termed, seemed disposed to maintain her post as a belle, until a few months since; when accidentally hearing a gentleman observe that she broke very fast, she suddenly left off going to the assembly, took a cat into high favour, and began to rail at the forward pertness of young misses. From that moment I set her down for an old maid; and so she is, “by the hand of my body.” The young ladies are still visited by some half dozen of veteran beaux, who grew and flourished in the *haut ton* when the Miss Cocklofts were quite children, but have been brushed rather rudely by the hand of time, who, to say the truth, can do almost any thing but make people young. They are, notwithstanding, still warm candidates for female favour; look venerably tender, and repeat over and over the same honeyed speeches and sugared sentiments to the little belles that they poured so profusely into the ears of their mothers. I beg leave here to give notice, that by this sketch I mean no reflection on old bachelors; on the contrary, I hold, that next to a fine lady, the *ne plus ultra*, an old bachelor is the most charming being upon earth;

inasmuch as by living in “single blessedness,” he course does just as he pleases; and if he has any nius must acquire a plentiful stock of whims, and dities, and whalebone habits; without which I can see a man to be mere beef without mustard, good for nothing at all, but to run on errands for ladies, take his part at the theatre, and act the part of a screen at the parties, or a walking-stick in the streets. I may speak of those old boys who infest public walks, and pounce upon ladies from every corner of the street, and worry and frisk and amble, and caper before, behind, and round about the fashionable belles, like ponies in a pasture, striving to supply the absence of youthful whim and hilarity, by grimaces and grins, and artificial vivacity. I have sometimes seen one of these “reverend youths” endeavouring to elevate wintry passions into something like love, by bask in the sunshine of beauty; and it did remind me of a moth attempting to fly through a pane of glass towards a light without ever approaching near enough to warm itself, or scorch its wings.

Never, I firmly believe, did there exist a family that went more by tangents than the Cocklofts.—Everything is governed by whim; and if one member of a new freak, away all the rest follow on like geese in a string. As the family, the servants, horses, cats and dogs, have all grown old together, they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits completely; and though every body of them is full of old points, angles, rhomboids, and ins and outs, yet somehow or other, they harmonize together so many straight lines; and it is truly a grand and refreshing sight to see them agree so well. Should one, however, get out of tune, it is like a cracked fiddle, the whole concert is ajar; you perceive a cloud over every brow in the house, and even the chairs seem to creak affectuoso. If my cousin, who is rather apt to do, betray any symptoms of vexation or uneasiness, no matter about what, he is worried to death with inquiries, which answer no other end than to demonstrate the good-will of the inquirer, and to vex him in a passion; for every body knows how provoking it is to be cut short in a fit of the blues, by an impatient question about “what is the matter?” when a man can't tell himself. I remember a few months ago an old gentleman came home in quite a squall; like poor Caesar, the mastiff, out of his way, as he came through the hall; threw his hat on the table with the most violent emphasis, and pulling out his box, three huge pinches of snuff, and threw a fourth into the cat's eyes as he sat purring his astonishment on the fire-side. This was enough to set the body going; Mrs Cockloft began “my dearing” it as her tongue could move; the young ladies took each a pinch at an elbow of his chair; Jeremy marshalled in the servants came tumbling in; the mastiff put up his inquiring nose; and even grimalkin, after he had cleansed his whiskers and finished sneezing, discovered indubitable signs of sympathy. After the most affectionate inquiries on all sides, it turned out that

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BY WILLIAM

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in crossing the street, had got his silk stockings bespattered with mud by a coach, which it seems to me was a dashing gentleman who had formerly supplied the family with hot rolls and muffins! Mrs. Skloft thereupon turned up her eyes, and the young ladies their noses; and it would have edified a whole congregation to hear the conversation which took place concerning the insolence of upstarts, and the vulgarity of would-be gentlemen and ladies, who strive to emerge from low life by dashing about in carriages to a visit two doors off; giving parties to people who gush at them, and cutting all their old friends.

THEATRICALS.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

WENT, a few evenings since, to the theatre, accompanied by my friend 'Sbidlikens, the Cockney, who is a man deeply read in the history of Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, Blue Beard, and all those reconstructions so necessary to enable a man to understand modern drama. 'Sbidlikens is one of those intolent fellows who will never be pleased with any thing until he has turned and twisted it divers ways, and see if it corresponds with his notions of congruity; as he is none of the quickest in his ratiocinations, will sometimes come out with his approbation, when every body else has forgotten the cause which elicited it. 'Sbidlikens is, moreover, a great critic, for he finds fault with every thing; this being what I understand by modern criticism. He, however, is pleased to acknowledge that our theatre is not so despicable, all things considered; and really thinks Cooper one of our best actors. The play was Othello, and, to make my mind freely, I think I have seen it perform much worse in my time. The actors, I firmly believe, did their best; and whenever this is the case, no man has a right to find fault with them, in my opinion. Mr. Rutherford, the Roscius of the Philadelphia theatre, looked as big as possible; and what he wanted in size he made up in frowning. I like frowning in tragedy; and if a man but keeps his forehead in proper proportion, talks big, and takes long strides on the stage, I always set him down as a great tragedian; and so I set my friend 'Sbidlikens.

Before the first act was over, 'Sbidlikens began to scold his critical wooden sword like a harlequin. He first found fault with Cooper for not having made himself as black as a negro; "for," said he, "that Othello was an arrant black appears from several expressions of the play; as for instance, 'thick lips,' 'sly bosom,' and a variety of others. I am inclined to think," continued he, "that Othello was an Egyptian by birth, from the circumstance of the handkerchief given to his mother by a native of that country; and if so, he certainly was as black as my hat: for Prodottus has told us, that the Egyptians had flat noses and frizzled hair; a clear proof that they were all negroes." He did not confine his strictures to this single error of the actor, but went on to run him down in general. In this he was seconded by a Philadelphian,

who proved, by a string of most eloquent logical puns, that Fennel was unquestionably in every respect a better actor than Cooper. I knew it was vain to contend with him, since I recollected a most obstinate trial of skill these two great Roscii had last spring in Philadelphia. Cooper brandished his blood-stained dagger at the theatre—Fennel flourished his snuff-box and shook his wig at the Lyceum, and the unfortunate Philadelphians were a long time at a loss to decide which deserved the palm. The literati were inclined to give it to Cooper, because his name was the most fruitful in puns; but then, on the other side, it was contended that Fennel was the best Greek scholar. Scarcely was the town of Strasburgh in a greater hubbub about the courteous stranger's nose; and it was well that the doctors of the University did not get into the dispute, else it might have become a battle of folios. At length, after much excellent argument had been expended on both sides, recourse was had to Cocker's arithmetic and a carpenter's rule; the rival candidates were both measured by one of their most steady-handed critics, and by the most exact measurement it was proved that Mr Fennel was the greater actor by three inches and a quarter. Since this demonstration of his inferiority, Cooper has never been able to hold up his head in Philadelphia.

In order to change a conversation in which my favourite suffered so much, I made some inquiries of the Philadelphian concerning the two heroes of his theatre, Wood and Cain; but I had scarcely mentioned their names, when, whack! he threw a whole handful of puns in my face; 'twas like a bowl of cold water. I turned on my heel, had recourse to my snuff-box, and said no more about Wood and Cain; nor will I ever more, if I can help it, mention their names in the presence of a Philadelphian. Would that they could leave off punning! for I love every soul of them, with a cordial affection, warm as their own generous hearts, and boundless as their hospitality.

During the performance, I kept an eye on the countenance of my friend, the Cockney—because having come all the way from England, and having seen Kemble, I thought his phiz might serve as a kind of thermometer to direct my manifestations of applause or disapprobation.—I might as well have looked at the back of his head; for I could not, with all my peering, perceive by his features that he was pleased with any thing—except himself. His hat was twitched a little on one side, as much as to say, "demme, I'm your sorts!" he was sucking the end of a little stick; he was "gemman" from head to foot; but as to his face, there was no more expression in it than in the face of a Chinese lady on a tea-cup. On Cooper's giving one of his gunpowder explosions of passion, I exclaimed, "fine, very fine!" "Pardon me," said my friend 'Sbidlikens, "this is damnable!—the gesture, my dear sir, only look at the gesture! how horrible! Do you not observe that the actor slaps his forehead, whereas, the passion not having arrived at the proper height,

he should only have slapped his—pocket-flap.—This figure of rhetoric is a most important stage trick, and the proper management of it is what peculiarly distinguishes the great actor from the mere plodding mechanical buffoon. Different degrees of passion require different slaps, which we critics have reduced to a perfect manual, improving upon the principle adopted by Frederic of Prussia, by deciding that an actor, like a soldier, is a mere machine; as thus—the actor, for a minor burst of passion, merely slaps his pocket-hole; good!—for a major burst, he slaps his breast;—very good!—but for a burst maximus, he whacks away at his forehead, like a brave fellow;—this is excellent!—nothing can be finer than an exit, slapping the forehead from one end of the stage to the other.” “Except,” replied I, “one of those slaps on the breast, which I have sometimes admired in some of our fat heroes and heroines, which make their whole body shake and quiver like a pyramid of jelly.”

The Philadelphian had listened to this conversation with profound attention, and appeared delighted with 'Sbidlikens' mechanical strictures; 'twas natural enough in a man who chose an actor as he would a grenadier. He took the opportunity of a pause, to enter into a long conversation with my friend; and was receiving a prodigious fund of information concerning the true mode of emphasising conjunctions, shifting scenes, snuffing candles, and making thunder and lightning, better than you can get every day from the sky, as practised at the royal theatres;—when, as ill luck would have it, they happened to run their heads full butt against a new reading.—Now this was “a stumper,” as our old friend Paddle would say; for the Philadelphians are as inveterate new-reading hunters as the Cockneys; and, for aught I know, as well skilled in finding them out. The Philadelphian thereupon met the Cockney on his own ground; and at it they went, like two inveterate curs at a bone. 'Sbidlikens quoted Theobald, Hanmer, and a host of learned commentators, who have pinned themselves on the sleeve of Shakspeare's immortality, and made the old bard, like General Washington, in General Washington's life, a most diminutive figure in his own book;—his opponent chose Johnson for his ally, and thundered him forward like an elephant to bear down the ranks of the enemy. I was not long in discovering that these two precious judges had got hold of that unlucky passage of Shakspeare which, like a straw, has tickled and puzzled and confounded many a somniferous buzzard of past and present time. It was the celebrated wish of Desdemona, that heaven had made her such a man as Othello. 'Sbidlikens insisted, that “the gentle Desdemona” merely wished for such a man for a husband, which in all conscience was a modest wish enough, and very natural in a young lady who might possibly have had a predilection for flat noses. The Philadelphian contended with all the vehemence of a member of Congress, moving the house to have “whereas,” or “also,” or “nevertheless,” struck out of a bill, that the young lady wished heaven

had made her a man instead of a woman, in order she might have an opportunity of seeing the “and pophagi, and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;” which was a very natural wish, considering the curiosity of the sex. On being referred to, I incontinently decided in favour of the honorable member who spoke last; inasmuch as I think was a very foolish, and therefore very natural, wish for a young lady to make before a man she wished to marry. It was, moreover, an indication of the excellent inclination she felt to wear the breeches, which was afterwards, in all probability, gratified, if we judge from the title of “our captain's captain,” given her by Cassio, a phrase which, in my opinion, indicates that Othello was, at that time, most ignominiously hen-pecked.—I believe my arguments staggered 'Sbidlikens himself, for he looked confoundedly queer and said not another word on the subject.

A little while after, at it he went again on another tack; and began to find fault with Cooper's manner of dying;—“it was not natural,” he said, for it had lately been demonstrated, by a learned doctor of physic, that when a man is mortally stabbed, he ought to take a flying leap of at least five feet, and drop down “dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket.”—Whenever a man, in the predicament above mentioned, departed from this fundamental rule, by lying flat down, like a log, and rolling about for two or three minutes, making speeches all the time, said learned doctor maintained that it was owing to the waywardness of the human mind, which is lighted in lying in the face of nature, and dying in defiance of all her established rules.—I replied, “for my part, I held that every man had a right of dying in whatever position he pleased; and that the mode of doing it depended altogether on the peculiar character of the person going to die. A Persian would not die in peace unless he had his face turned to the east;—a Mahometan would always choose to look his towards Mecca; a Frenchman might prefer the mode of throwing a somerset; but Mynheer V. Brumle-bottom, the Roscius of Rotterdam, always chose to thunder down on his seat of honour whenever he received a mortal wound. Being a man of ponderous dimensions, this had a most electrifying effect, for the whole theatre ‘shook like Olympus the nod of Jove.’” The Philadelphian was immediately inspired with a pun, and swore that Myndel must be great in a dying scene, since he knew how to make the most of his latter end.

It is the inveterate cry of stage critics, that an actor does not perform the character naturally, if chance he happens not to die exactly as they would have him. I think the exhibition of a play at Pekin would suit them exactly; and I wish with all my heart, they would go there and see one: nature there imitated with the most scrupulous exactness every trifling particular. Here an unhappy lady gentleman, who happens unluckily to be poisoned and stabbed, is left on the stage to writhe and groan,

the faces at the audience should die; while the personæ, bless their souls, yield assistance, by exclaiming loudly! The audience white pocket handkerchiefs their noses, and sweet poor actor is left to die in comfort. In China, on the contrary, they do is to run for the doctor. The audience are delighted to act with a learned doctor, if the patient must die, and always is allowed to celebrate Chow-Chow, ever saw at killing himself his robe a bladder of air, and gave the mortal stab, to the light of the audience. I am more fond of the sight of a man dying in his own country;—on the contrary, I have in this particular;—a beautiful Ninny Consequator's seraglio, once found a white slave's nose bleed, and has been carried to such a length, that he is not allowed to run in the face of the audience, in conformity to the custom, when he plays the part of Othello, his master-piece, always to stand himself slyly behind, and in such a manner that he has given the name of P. S.—Just as this was performed by Evergreen that I have named here the Lord knows not the first that has performed it; and this criticism, performance, even though it is a piece.

NO. VII.—SATURDAY

LE

FROM MUSTAPHA

To Asem Hacchem, principal of the Basha

I PROMISED in a former number to furnish thee with a true and natural picture of the nature of the government of this empire. Though my inquiries have not been industrious, yet I have obtained a true and natural picture of their results; for thou art a man of a liberal and liberal opinion, and thy vision of a captive is overclouded by illusion and prejudice, and thy imaginations must be limited in the nature of this country are strange and different from the nature of their govern-

faces at the audience, until the poet pleases they should die; while the honest folks of the *dracis personæ*, bless their hearts! all crowd round and yield assistance, by crying and lamenting most miserably! The audience, tender souls, pull out their white pocket handkerchiefs, wipe their eyes, blow their noses, and swear it is natural as life, while the poor actor is left to die without common Christian comfort. In China, on the contrary, the first thing they do is to run for the doctor and *tschoou*, or no-reaches, which they do in a learned consultation of physicians, and if the patient must die, he does it *secundum artem*, and always is allowed time to make his will. The celebrated Chow-Chow was the completest hand ever saw at killing himself; he always carried under his robe a bladder of bull's blood, which, when he gave the mortal stab, spirted out, to the infinite delight of the audience. Not that the ladies of China are more fond of the sight of blood than those of our country;—on the contrary, they are remarkably sensitive in this particular; and we are told that the beautiful Ninny Consequa, one of the ladies of the emperor's seraglio, once fainted away on seeing a favourite slave's nose bleed; since which time refinement has been carried to such a pitch, that a buskined hero is not allowed to run himself through the body in the face of the audience. The immortal Chow-Chow, in conformity to this absurd prejudice, whenever he plays the part of Othello, which is reckoned his master-piece, always keeps a bold front, stabs himself slyly behind, and is dead before any body suspects that he has given the mortal blow.

P. S.—Just as this was going to press, I was informed by Evergreen that Othello had not been performed here the Lord knows when:—no matter; I am not the first that has criticised a play without seeing it; and this critique will answer for the last performance, even though that were a dozen years since.

No. VII.—SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1807.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUD-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

To Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

I PROMISED in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am held in duress. Though my inquiries for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results; for thou mayest easily imagine that the vision of a captive is overshadowed by the mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed. I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature of their government: even their dervises

are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject! Some have insisted that it savours of an aristocracy; others maintain that it is a pure democracy; and a third set of theorists declare that it is nothing more nor less than a mobocracy. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You of course must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the ancient Greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country; but a fool, who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English, I was but little attended to; but the moment I prosed away in Greek, every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars above mentioned, yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most pacific in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling, at times, to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine Prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation pacific! Most preposterous! It reminds me of the title assumed by the Sheik of that murderous tribe of wild Arabs, that desolate the valleys of Belsaden, who styles himself "Star of Courtesy—Beam of the Mercy Seat!"

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character; for, according to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and, I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war, in their own way, with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which Alla has denounced his malediction!

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure, unadulterated *logocracy*, or government of words. The whole nation does every thing *via voce*, or by word of mouth; and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence.—Every man who has what is here called the gift of the gab, that is, a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright, and is for ever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et lingua*—that is to say, by force of tongues. The account which I lately wrote to our friend the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed, only to amuse their fair countrywomen by

their splendid appearance and nodding plumes; and they are, by way of distinction, denominated the "defenders of the fair."

In a logocracy, thou must know there is little or no occasion for fire-arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by wordy battle and paper war;—he who has the longest tongue or readiest quill is sure to gain the victory; will carry horror, abuse, and inkshed, into the very trenches of the enemy, and without mercy or remorse, put men, women, and children, to the point of the—pen!

There is still preserved in this country some remains of that Gothic spirit of knight-errantry which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages of the Hegira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must, necessarily, at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, similar to those who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine Prophet.—These knights, denominated editors, or *slang-whangers*, are appointed in every town, village, and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing "in words." O my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy, among the higher classes, to dethrone his Highness the present Bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this disaffection arose from his wearing red breeches. It is true the nation have long held that colour in great detestation, in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the British Islands. The colour, however, is again rising into favour, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the Bashaw's body. The true reason, I am told, is, that the Bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the Deluge, and in the story of Balaam's ass; maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy, where, it is true, his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence, as "the voice of the sovereign people." Nay, so far did he carry his obstinacy, that he absolutely invited a professed Antidiluvian from the Gallic Empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles—and his nose.

* A gentle reproof directed against Mr Jefferson for the indiscretion he committed in inviting Paine to America, and openly taking him under his protection.—*Edit.*

This was enough to set the nation in a blaze;—even slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed; nor has any more been shown to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks on each other, and upon their respective adherents—discharging their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel! villain! liar! rascal! numskull! nincompoop! dunderhead! wiseacre! blockhead! jackass!—and I do swear, by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the Grand Bashaw himself has been wofully pelted! yea most ignominiously pelted! and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado!

Every now and then a slang-whanger, who has longer head, or rather a longer tongue than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the Emperor of France, the King of England, or, wouldst thou believe it, O Asem, even at his Sublime Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli! These long pieces are loaded with single ball, or langrage, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tiger! monster! and thou mayest well suppose they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvellously annoying to the crowned heads at which they are directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, "Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe?" This is sufficient to show you the manner in which these bloody, or rather windy fellows fight: it is the only mode allowable in a logocracy, or government of words.

I would also observe that the civil wars have a thousand ramifications. While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a "wheel within a wheel."

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this govern-

Note, by Mr. T. T. Esq.

The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye the following anecdote—related by Joseph Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller, of facetious memory:—The captain of a slave-vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed, under a palm-tree, a negro chief, sitting most majestically on a stump, while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering his favourite portage of boiled rice, which, as he Imperial Majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination, and run down his chin: the watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these scapegrace particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question:—"Well, sir, what do they say of me in England?"

more evident than in Congress, where the late winter, windy assembly, carried by noise, tumult, and now that the members of together to find wisdom in to wrangle, call each other themselves talk. When the first sends them a mass of words—*vox et preteritum*; because it only tells now already. Then the to a ferment, and have a mass of words that are to be message; and here arise an action and alteration of "er's." A month, perhaps, the precise number contain; and then another, whether it shall be carried on horseback, or in coach, or by night matter, they next to itself, and hold as many magpies over an advertisement into the hands of little committees; these juntos hold about their respective paragraphs to the Grand Divan, and talk the matter over. Now after all, it is an even prodigious arguing, quite a fair of no importance, and may it not then be said, talking to no purpose? They are somewhat conscious of which they are characterized overb on the subject, viz. this is particularly applied to a assembly of all the sage chattered through a whole peril and momentous event exhibit the length of their heads.

Unhappy nation! thus talks; never, I fear, will and silence. Words are kind air put into motion, and fast emphatic, therefore, more nor less than a migdles, and the chattering, the breezes that put it in they are apt to blow differe counteracting each other wheels stand still, the gris and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of government. In case of an insult from a foreign buzz;—town-meetings a

more evident than in its grand national Divan, Congress, where the laws are framed.—This is a bustling, windy assembly, where every thing is carried by noise, tumult, and debate; for thou must know that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear themselves talk. When the Congress opens, the Bashaw first sends them a long message, *i. e.* a huge mass of words—*vox et præterea nihil*, all meaning nothing; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a long talk about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and here arise many disputes about the correction and alteration of “if so be’s,” and “howsoever’s.” A month, perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain; and then another, most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the Bashaw on foot, on horseback, or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done, they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntos of talkers, called committees; these juntos have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the Grand Divan, which forthwith falls to and re-talks the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarrelling, and talking, is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoke. May it not then be said, the whole nation have been talking to no purpose? The people, in fact, seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favourite proverb on the subject, *viz.* “all talk and no cider:” this is particularly applied when their Congress, or assembly of all the sage chatters of the nation, have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads.

Unhappy nation! thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! never, I fear, will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath; breath is but air; and air put into motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty wind-mill, and the orators, and the chatters, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion: unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways; and their blasts counteracting each other, the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestic grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz;—town-meetings are immediately held, where

the quidnuncs of the city repair, each with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock, puffed up with words, and wind, and wisdom.—After hustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time, and after each man has shown himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions (*i. e.* words), which were previously prepared for the purpose. These resolutions are whimsically denominated “the sense of the meeting,” and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning Bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them—and so the matter ends.

As to his Highness the present Bashaw, who is at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary better qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He talks of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth, and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument!—Is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his Highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces;—the Bashaw of America—utters a speech. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbours—an insult which would induce his Highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets;—his Highness of America—utters a speech. Are the free citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country, and forcibly detained in the war ships of another power;—his Highness—utters a speech. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country;—his Highness—utters a speech. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire;—his Highness—utters a speech!—Nay, more, for here he shows his “energies;”—he most intrepidly dispatches a courier on horseback, and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a-day, with a most formidable army of proclamations (*i. e.* a collection of words), packed up in his saddle-bags. He is instructed to show no favour nor affection; but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here! It reminds me of a dunghill cock in a farm-yard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling—calls around him his hen-hearted companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem, Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is every thing in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each a separate characteristic trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other:—the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to sleep

upon every affair of importance;—the Italians to fiddle upon every thing;—the French to dance upon every thing;—the Germans to smoke upon every thing;—the British Islanders to eat upon every thing;—and the windy subjects of the American logocracy to talk upon every thing.

Ever thine,
MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

How oft in musing mood my heart recalls,
From grey-beard father Time's oblivious halls,
The modes and maxims of my early day,
Long in those dark recesses stow'd away!
Drags once more to the cheerful realms of light
Those buckram fashions, long since lost in night,
And makes, like Endor's witch, once more to rise
My grogau grandames to my raptur'd eyes!

Shades of my fathers! in your pasteboard skirts,
Your broder'd waistcoats and your plaited shirts,
Your formal bag-wigs—wide-extended cuffs,
Your five-inch chitterlings and nine-inch ruffs!
Gods! how ye strut, at times, in all your state,
Amid the visions of my thoughtful pate!
I see ye move the solemn minuet o'er,
The modest foot scarce rising from the floor;
No lumbering rigadon with boisterous prance,
No pigeon-wing disturb your *contre-danse*.
But silent as the gentle Lethe's tide,
Adown the festive maze ye peaceful glide!

Still in my mental eye each dance appears—
Each modest beauty of departed years—
Close by mamma I see her stately march,
Or sit, in all the majesty of starch;
When for the dance a stranger seeks her hand,
I see her doubting, hesitating, stand!
Yield to his claim with most fastidious grace,
And sigh for her intended in his place!

Ah! golden days! when every gentle fair
On sacred Sabbath com'd with pious care
Her Holy Bible, or her prayer-book o'er,
Or studied honest Bunyan's drowsy lore;
Travell'd with him the Pilgrim's Progress through,
And storm'd the famous town of Man-Soul too;
Beat Eye and Ear-gate up with thundering jar,
And fought triumphant through the Holy War;
Or if, perchance, to lighter works inclined,
They sought with novels to relax the mind,
'Twas Grandison's politely formal page,
Or *Clelia* or *Panella* were the rage.

No plays were then—theatrics were unknown—
A leav'd pig—a dancing monkey shown—
The feats of Punch—a cunning juggler's sleight,
Were sure to fill each bosom with delight.
No honest, simple, humdrum race we were,
Puzzled yet by fashion's withering glare;
Our manners unreserved, devoid of guile,
We knew not then the modern monster—style,
Style, that with pride each empty bosom swells,
Puffs boys to manhood, little girls to helms.

Scarce from the nursery freed, our gentle fair
Are yielded to the dancing-master's care;
And ere the head one mite of sense can gain,
Are introduced mid folly's flippery train,
A stranger's grasp no longer gives alarms,
Our fair surrender to their very arms,
And in the insidious waltz will swim and twine,
And whirl and languish tenderly divine!
Oh! how I hate this loving, hugging dance;
This imp of Germany—brought up in France,

Nor can I see a niece its windings trace,
But all the honest blood glows in my face.
"Sad, sad refinement this," I often say,
"Tis modesty indeed refined away!
"Let France its whim, its sparkling wit supply,
"The easy grace that captivates the eye;
"But curse their waltz—their loose lascivious arts,
"That smooth our manners, to corrupt our hearts!"
Where now those books from which, in days of yore,
Our mothers gain'd their literary store?
Alas! stiff skirled Grandison gives place
To novels of a new and rakish race!
And honest Bunyan's pious dreaming lines,
Each now for soft licentious verse declines.

And, last of all, behold the minute stage
Its morals tend to polish off the age,
With flimsy farce, a comedy miscell'd,
Garnish'd with vulgar cant, and proverbs bald,
With puns most puny, and a plentiful store
Of ribald jokes, to catch a gallery roar.
Or see, more fatal, graced with every art
To charn and captivate the female heart,
The false, "the gallant, gay Lothario" smiles,
And loudly boasts his base seductive wiles;
In glowing colours paints Calista's wrongs,
And with voluptuous scenes the tale prolongs.
When Cooper lends his fascinating powers,
Becks vice itself in bright alluring flowers,
Pleased with his manly grace, his youthful fire,
Our fair are lured the villain to admire;
While humbler virtue, like a stalking horse,
Struts clumsily and croaks in honest Morse.

Ah, hapless day! when trials thus combined,
In pleasing garb smooth the female mind;
When every smooth insidious snare is spread
To sap the morals and delude the head,
Not Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego,
To prove their faith and virtue here below,
Could more an angel's helping hand require
To guide their steps unquivered through the fire,
Where had but heaven its guardian aid denied,
The holy trio in the proof had died.
If, then, their manly vigour sought supplies
From the bright stranger in celestial guise,
Alas! can we from feebler natures claim
To brave seduction's ordeal free from blame,
To pass through fire unburnt like golden ore,
Though angel missions bless the earth no more!

Notes, by William Howard, Esq.

Waltz.—As many of the retired matrons of this city, under the name of "gentle love," are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavour to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers the daughters sometimes cut when from under their guardian wings—
—On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist; the lady, seeming to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with her arm resting against his shoulder to prevent encroachments. As then they go, about, and about, and about—'About what, sir?—About the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step; and it is truly astonishing that this continual revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but have been positively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable. In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative situations—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck with an air of celestial impudence; and anon, the lady, meaning no little harm to the gentleman, takes him round the waist with most ingenious and languidness, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a poor

manous pulling caps, or a continuing this divine interchanging an hour or so, the lady begins in most bewitching languor support. This is always done gently on his shoulder seducing mischievous curves and closer they approach parties being overcome with sinking into the gentleman's then? "—Lord! madam, how my friend Pindar, and in fact of an unreasonable hostility formed by a Parisian correspondent every devil in the Court of St into a most outrageous passion gentleman, had nearly kicked of the cabinet, in the paroxysm that the nation was assailed Achilles, extremely sensitive my correspondent sent off measures would be adopted vehement representations were being, therefore, to save our extreme subject, we do assure Mr er from our thoughts than the or any attack on the intercession at large, which we seriously in our estimation. Nothing have induced us to trouble in the name of the Juno 1 on a Frenchman, we merely intended to this country, from the Bordeaux, and Marseilles; parliaments and assemblies; set themselves off on our noble men—ruined in great the lash, and accuse us of in the extreme if they did not.

hair Penitent.—The story of a page, would exhibit a scene of ear could listen to without as it is in all the splendour of here, it steals into the heart like villain, and betrays it into every sympathy is enlisted on ment, and the gentleness of L cherries of the "gallant gay of repentance of the fair Calista of Pope's *Heloise*—"I mourning is more easy than to ban our ladies, instead of crowded, to discourage their exit soon be indeed the school of Penitents," in all probability

NO. VIII.—SATURDAY

BY ANTHONY KEYS

"In all thy humours, wretch! Thou'rt such a touchy, test that so much wit, and mirth There is no living with thee NEVER, in the memory there been known a man is the universal remark and weather-wisecack of it at least fifty-five times a poor woman, is one of

amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs.—After
 this divine interchange of hands, arms, et cetera, for
 an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with "eyes uprais-
 in most bewitching languor petitions her partner for a little
 support. This is always given without hesitation. The
 leans gently on his shoulder; their arms intertwine in a thou-
 seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, madam—
 er and closer they approach each other, and, in conclusion,
 parties being overcome with ecstatic fatigue, the lady seems
 sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—"Well, sir!
 then?"—Lord! madam, how should I know!"

My friend Plular, and in fact our whole junta, has been ac-
 ed of an unreasonable hostility to the French nation; and I am
 med by a Parisian correspondent that our first number played
 very devil in the Court of St. Cloud. His Imperial Majesty
 into a most outrageous passion, and being withal a waspish
 gentleman, had nearly kicked his bosom friend, Talleyrand,
 of the cabinet, in the paroxysms of his wrath. He insisted
 it that the nation was assailed in its most vital part—being,
 Achilles, extremely sensitive to any attacks upon the heel.
 My correspondent sent off his dispatches, it was still in doubt
 measures would be adopted; but it was strongly suspected
 vehement representations would be made to our government.
 ing, therefore, to save our executive from any embarrassment
 the subject, we do assure Mr. Jefferson, that there is nothing
 er from our thoughts than the subversion of the Gallic Em-
 or any attack on the interest, tranquillity, or reputation of
 nation at large, which we seriously declare possesses the high-
 rank in our estimation. Nothing less than the national welfare
 have induced us to trouble ourselves with this explanation;
 in the name of the junta I once more declare, that when we
 a Frenchman, we merely mean one of those *incantans*, who
 med to this country, from the kitchens and barbers' shops of
 n, Bordeaux, and Marseille; kept the game of leap-frog at
 ar balls and assemblies; set this unhappy town howling mad;
 passed themselves off on our tender-hearted dunces for im-
 mate noblemen—ruined in the revolution! Such only can
 ay at the lash, and accuse us of severity; and we should be more
 in the extreme if they did not feel our well-intended casti-
 gation.

Fair Penitent.—The story of this play, if told in its native
 age, would exhibit a scene of guilt and shame which no mo-
 ear could listen to without shrinking with disgust; but, ar-
 as it is in all the splendour of harmonious, rich, and polish-
 ere, it steals into the heart like some gay, luxurious, smooth-
 villain, and betrays it insensibly to immorality and vice;
 ery sympathy is enlisted on the side of guilt; and the piety of
 out, and the gentleness of Lavinia, are lost in the splendid
 cherries of the "gallant gay Lothario," and the blustering
 repentance of the fair Calista, whose sorrow reminds us of
 of Pope's Heloise—"I mourn the lover, not lament the fault."
 ing is more easy than to banish such plays from our stage.
 our ladies, instead of crowding to see them again and again
 nish, to discourage their exhibition by absence, the stage
 of soon be indeed the school of morality, and the number of
 Penitents," in all probability, diminish.

No. VIII.—SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1807.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

"In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee—or without thee."

NEVER, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant,
 there been known a more backward spring."—
 is the universal remark among the almanac quid-
 ners, and weather-wisecracks of the day; and I have
 said it at least fifty-five times from old Mrs Cockloft,
 a poor woman, is one of those walking almanacs

that foretell every snow, rain, or frost, by the shoot-
 ing of corns, a pain in the bones, or an "ugly stitch in
 the side." I do not recollect, in the whole course of my
 life, to have seen the month of March indulge in such
 untoward capers, caprices and coquetries as it has done
 this year: I might have forgiven these vagaries, had
 they not completely knocked up my friend Langstaff;
 whose feelings are ever at the mercy of a weather-
 cock, whose spirits sink and rise with the mercury of
 a barometer, and to whom an east wind is as obnoxious
 as a Sicilian *sirocco*. He was tempted some time
 since, by the fineness of the weather, to dress himself
 with more than ordinary care and take his morning
 stroll; but before he had half finished his peregrina-
 tion, he was utterly discomfited, and driven home by
 a tremendous squall of wind, hail, rain, and snow; or,
 as he testily termed it, "a most villanous congregation
 of vapours."

This was too much for the patience of friend Laun-
 celot; he declared he would humour the weather no
 longer in its whim-whams; and, according to his im-
 memorial custom on these occasions, retreated in high
 dudgeon to his elbow-chair, to lie-in of the spleen and
 rail at Nature for being so fantastical. "Confound
 the jade," he frequently exclaims, "what a pity Na-
 ture had not been of the masculine instead of the fe-
 minine gender; the almanac-makers might then have
 calculated with some degree of certainty."

When Langstaff invests himself with the spleen,
 and gives audience to the blue devils from his elbow-
 chair, I would not advise any of his friends to come
 within gunshot of his citadel with the benevolent pur-
 pose of administering consolation or amusement; for
 he is then as crusty and crabbed as that famous coiner
 of false money Diogenes himself. Indeed his room is
 at such times inaccessible; and old Pompey is the only
 soul that can gain admission, or ask a question with
 impunity: the truth is, that on these occasions there
 is not a straw's difference between them, for Pompey
 is as glum and grim and cynical as his master.

Launcelet has now been above three weeks in this
 desolate situation, and has therefore had but little to do
 in our last number. As he could not be prevailed on to
 give any account of himself in our introduction, I will
 take the opportunity of his confinement, while his back
 is turned, to give a slight sketch of his character;—fer-
 tile in whim-whams and bachelorisms, but rich in
 many of the sterling qualities of our nature.

Of the antiquity of the Langstaff family I can say
 but little; except that I have no doubt it is equal to
 that of most families who have the privilege of making
 their own pedigree without the impertinent interpo-
 sition of a college of heralds. My friend Launcelet is
 not a man to blazon any thing; but I have heard him
 talk with great complacency of his ancestor, Sir Row-
 land, who was a dashing buck in the days of Harlik-
 nute, and broke the head of a gigante Dane, at a
 game of quarter-staff, in presence of the whole court.
 In memory of this gallant exploit, Sir Rowland was
 permitted to take the name of Langstoffs, and to as-

sume, as a crest to his arms, a hand grasping a cudgel. It is, however, a foible so ridiculously common in this country for people to claim consanguinity with all the great personages of their own name in Europe, that I should put but little faith in this family boast of friend Langstaff, did I not know him to be a man of most unquestionable veracity.

The whole world knows already that my friend is a bachelor: for he is, or pretends to be, exceedingly proud of his personal independence, and takes care to make it known in all companies where strangers are present. He is for ever vaunting the precious state of "single blessedness;" and was, not long ago, considerably startled at a proposition of one of his great favourites, Miss Sophy Sparkle, "that old bachelors should be taxed as luxuries."—Launcelot immediately hied him home and wrote a long representation in their behalf, which I am resolved to publish if it is ever attempted to carry the measure into operation. Whether he be sincere in these professions, or whether his present situation be owing to choice or disappointment, he only can tell; but if he ever does tell, I will suffer myself to be shot by the first lady's eye that can twang an arrow. In his youth he was for ever in love; but it was his misfortune to be continually crossed and rivalled by his bosom friend and contemporary beau, Pindar Cockloft, Esq.; for as Langstaff never made a confidant on these occasions, his friend never knew which way his affections pointed; and so, between them, the lady generally slipped through their fingers.

It has ever been the misfortune of Launcelot, that he could not for the soul of him restrain a good thing; and this fatality has drawn upon him the ill-will of many whom he would not have offended for the world. With the kindest heart under heaven, and the most benevolent disposition towards every being around him, he has been continually betrayed by the mischievous vivacity of his fancy, and the good-humoured waggery of his feelings, into satirical sallies which have been treasured up by the invidious, and retailed out with the bitter sneer of malevolence, instead of the playful hilarity of countenance which originally sweetened and tempered and disarmed them of their sting. These misrepresentations have gained him many reproaches, and lost him many a friend.

This unlucky characteristic played the mischief with him in one of his love affairs. He was, as I have before observed, often opposed in his gallantries by that formidable rival, Pindar Cockloft, Esq., and a most formidable rival he was; for he had Apollo, the Nine Muses, together with all the joint tenants of Olympus, to back him; and every body knows what important confederates they are to a lover.—Poor Launcelot stood no chance:—the lady was served up in the poet's corner of every weekly paper; and at length Pindar attacked her with a sonnet, that took up a whole column, in which he enumerated at least a dozen cardinal virtues, together with innumerable

others of inferior consideration.—Launcelot saw case was desperate, and that unless he sat down firm with, be-cherubimed and be-anged her to the sky and put every virtue under the sun in requisition, might as well go hang himself, and so make an end of the business. At it, therefore, he went; and was going on very swimmingly, for, in the space of a dozen lines, he had enlisted under her command at least threescore and ten substantial housekeeping virtues, when, unluckily for Launcelot's reputation as a poet, and the lady's as a saint, one of those comfortable good thoughts struck his laughter-loving brain, it was irresistible—away he went, full sweep before the wind, cutting and slashing, and tickled to death with his own fun; the consequence was, that by the time he had finished, never was poor lady so most bitterly lampooned since lampooning came into fashion. But this was not half;—so hugely was Launcelot pleased with this frolic of his wits, that nothing would do but he must show it to the lady, who, as well might be, was mortally offended, and forbade his presence. My friend was in despair, but, through the interference of his generous rival, was permitted to make his apology, which turned out worse than the original offence; for though he had studied an elegant compliment, yet as ill luck would have it, preposterous whim-wham knocked at his perterian, and inspired him to say some consummate good thing, which all put together amounted to a downright howler, and provoked the lady's wrath to such a degree, that sentence of eternal banishment was awarded against him.

Launcelot was inconsolable, and determined, in true style of novel heroes, to make the tour of Europe, and endeavour to lose the recollection of his misfortune amongst the gaieties of France, and the classic charms of Italy: he accordingly took passage in a vessel, and pursued his voyage prosperously far as Sandy-Hook, where he was seized with a violent fit of sea-sickness; at which he was so affronted that he put his portmanteau into the first pilot-boat, and returned to town, completely cured of his sickness and his rage for travelling.

I pass over the subsequent amours of my friend Langstaff, being but little acquainted with them; for, as I have already mentioned, he never was known to make a confidant of any body. He always affirmed a man must be a fool to fall in love, but an idiot to boast of it;—ever denominated it the villainous passion; lamented that it could not be cudgelled out of the human heart;—and yet could no more resist without being in love with somebody or other than he could without whim-whams.

My friend Launcelot is a man of excessive irritability of nerve, and I am acquainted with no one so susceptible of the petty miseries of human life; its keener evils and misfortunes he bears with shrinking, and however they may prey in secret on his happiness, he never complains. This was strikingly evinced in an affair where his heart was de-

irrevocably concerned, ruined by one for whom he had formed a warm friendship. The circumstance was not to the very soul; he was in the month afterwards, and retired within himself, in consequence of the violence of his feelings; but which was heard to fall from the mouth of his friend's name, might be observed stealing from his lips, he assumed a touching tone, and remembered his treacherous language." This affair had no effect on his disposition, and he went his entering into the same only effect it occasions to observe him, at the end of a few minutes into the surrounding objects, during which he indulging in some meagre reflections, Langstaff inherited from him, a disposition for easiness to noise, a sovereign indulgence, and a plentifulness in the delicacy of his nerves, to discordant sounds; and now is "horrible;" the lady is "distracted;" and he only because the lady had shoes, in which she was, till, to use his own expression, "the life loathsome" to him, and freedom from the razor, "in the spring," and sole of the shoe, "in the month of May has been cut off." As some people have a habit, and can tell when one is in the neighbourhood of a friend, Launcelot declares his friend's neighbourhood, and the element which he abhors, is there any living animal, is in more utter abhorrence, and a notable housewife, and a notable housewife's protests, is the bane of a man's life, and a charge to answer for, and against the ease, and the safety of sovereign men, and he had rather see a man die through his key-hole, than through the servant maids entrance, my friend Launcelot is an enemy to arguments, which are contrary to the society he loves to give, and his imagination; he might be ever, though more as a man, without an anxiety, or a care, generally received with welcome, and placency. When he is in an open, liberal style; and his honest heart throbs in

irrevocably concerned, and in which his success ruined by one for whom he had long cherished warm friendship. The circumstance cut poor Launcelet to the very soul; he was not seen in company months afterwards, and for a long time he seemed retire within himself, and battle with the poignancy of his feelings; but not a murmur or a remark was heard to fall from his lips, though, at the mention of his friend's name, a shade of melancholy might be observed stealing across his face, and his eye assumed a touching tone, that seemed to say, "remembered his treachery "more in sorrow than in anger." This affair has given a slight tinge of bitterness to his disposition, which, however, does not prevent his entering into the amusements of the world; the only effect it occasions is, that you may occasionally observe him, at the end of a lively conversation, for a few minutes into an apparent forgetfulness of surrounding objects, during which time he seems to be indulging in some melancholy retrospection. Launcelet inherited from his father a love of literature, a disposition for castle-building, a mortal enmity to noise, a sovereign antipathy to cold weather brooms, and a plentiful stock of whim-whams. In the delicacy of his nerves, he is peculiarly sensitive to discordant sounds; the rattling of a wheelbarrow is "horrible;" the noise of children "drives him distracted;" and he once left excellent lodgings solely because the lady of the house wore high-heeled shoes, in which she clattered up and down stairs, till, to use his own emphatic expression, "they made life loathsome" to him. He suffers annual rapture from the razor-edged zephyrs of our balmy spring," and solemnly declares that the first month of May has become a perfect "vaganza." As some people have a great antipathy to dust, and can tell when one is locked up in a closet, Launcelet declares his feelings always announce him the neighbourhood of a broom; a household implement which he abominates above all others. Is there any living animal in the world that he is in more utter abhorrence than what is usually called a notable housewife; a pestilent being, who, in his protests, is the bane of good fellowship, and has a heavy charge to answer for the many offences committed against the ease, comfort, and social enjoyments of sovereign man. He told me, not long ago, that he had rather see one of the weird sisters peep through his key-hole on a broomstick than see the servant maids enter the door with a besom." My friend Launcelet is ardent and sincere in his attachments, which are confined to a chosen few, in whose society he loves to give free scope to his whimsical imagination; he mingles freely with the world, however, though more as a spectator than an actor; without an anxiety, or hardly a care to please, is generally received with welcome, and listened to with complacency. When he extends his hand it is in a liberal, open, liberal style; and when you shake it, you feel his honest heart throb in its pulsations. Though

rather fond of gay exhibitions, he does not appear so frequently at balls and assemblies since the introduction of the drum, trumpet and tambourine; all of which he abhors on account of the rude attacks they make on his organs of hearing;—in short, such is his antipathy to noise, that though exceedingly patriotic, yet he retreats every fourth of July to Cockloft-hall, in order to get out of the way of the hubbub and confusion which make so considerable a part of the pleasure of that splendid anniversary.

I intend this article as a mere sketch of Launcelet's multifarious character; his innumerable whim-whams will be exhibited by himself, in the course of this work, in all their strange varieties; and the machinery of his mind, more intricate than in the most subtle piece of clock-work, be fully explained.—And trust me, gentlefolk, his are the whim-whams of a courteous gentleman full of most excellent qualities; honourable in his disposition, independent in his sentiments, and of unbounded good-nature, as may be seen through all his works.

ON STYLE.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Style, a manner of writing; title; pin of a dial; the pistil of plants. *Johnson.*
Style, is.....*style.* *Link. Fid.*

Now I would not give a straw for either of the above definitions, though I think the latter is by far the most satisfactory; and I do wish sincerely every modern numskull, who takes hold of a subject he knows nothing about, would adopt honest Linkum's mode of explanation. Blair's Lectures on this article have not thrown a whit more light on the subject of my inquiries;—they puzzled me just as much as did the learned and laborious expositions and illustrations of the worthy professor of our college, in the middle of which I generally had the ill luck to fall asleep.

This same word *style*, though but a diminutive word, assumes to itself more contradictions, and significations, and eccentricities, than any monosyllable in the language is legitimately entitled to. It is an arrant little humorist of a word, and full of whim-whams, which occasions me to like it hugely; but it puzzled me most wickedly on my first return from a long residence abroad, having crept into fashionable use during my absence; and had it not been for friend Evergreen, and that thrifty sprig of knowledge, Jeremy Cockloft the younger, I should have remained to this day ignorant of its meaning.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom, *style*, yet in almost all of them there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the pagan nations, adore it under a different form. In England, for instance, an honest citizen packs up himself, his family and his style in a buggy or tim whisky, and rattles away on Sunday with his fair partner blooming beside him, like an eastern bride, and two chubby children, squatting like

Chinese-images at his feet. A baronet requires a chariot and pair;—an earl must needs have a barouche and four;—but a duke—oh! a duke cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six, and half a score of footmen into the bargain. In China a puissant mandarin loads at least three elephants with style, and an overgrown sheep at the Cape of Good Hope trails along his tail and his style on a wheelbarrow. In Egypt, or at Constantinople, style consists in the quantity of fur and fine clothes a lady can put on without danger of suffocation: here it is otherwise, and consists in the quantity she can put off without the risk of freezing. A Chinese lady is thought prodigal of her charms if she exposes the tip of her nose, or the ends of her fingers, to the ardent gaze of by-standers; and I recollect that all Canton was in a buzz in consequence of the great belle Miss Nangfous peeping out of the window with her face uncovered! Here the style is to show not only the face, but the neck, shoulders, etc.; and a lady never presumes to hide them except when she is not at home, and not sufficiently undressed to see company.

This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a worthy household; for no sooner do they set up for style, but instantly all the honest old comfortable *sans cérémonie* furniture is discarded; and you stalk cautiously about, amongst the uncomfortable splendour of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables, Turkey carpets, and Etruscan vases. This vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment: and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience, now employ half a dozen for style.

Bell-Brazen, late favourite of my unfortunate friend Dessalines, was one of these patterns of style; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana.—She was once seized with a whim-wham that tickled the whole court. She could not lie down to take an afternoon's loll, but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered.—The thing took;—it became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned, and scratched, and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townsmen; for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd!

Style, according to Evergreen's account, consists in certain fashions, or certain eccentricities, or certain manners of certain people, in certain situations, and possessed of a certain share of fashion or importance. A red cloak, for instance, on the shoulders of an old market-woman is regarded with contempt; it is vulgar, it is odious:—fling, however, its usurping rival, a red shawl, over the figure of a fashionable belle, and let her flame away with it in Broadway, or in a ball-room, and it is immediately declared to be the style.

The modes of attaining this certain situation, which

entitles its holder to style, are various and opposite; the most ostensible is the attainment of wealth; possession of which changes, at once, the pert and vulgar ignorance into fashionable ease and elegance and vivacity. It is highly amusing to observe the gratification of a family aspiring to style, and the devious windings they pursue in order to attain it. While beating up against wind and tide, they are the most conspicuous heings in the world; they keep "booming and blaring," as M'Sycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright; they kiss the hands to every body who has the least claim to style; their familiarity is intolerable, and they absolutely overwhelm you with their friendship and loving-kindness. But having once gained the envied pre-eminence, never were beings in the world more changed. They assume the most intolerable caprices; at one time address you with importunate sociability; at another pass you by with silent indifference; sometimes sit in their chairs in all the majesty of dignified silence, and at another time bounce about with all the desperate ill-bred noise of a little hoiden just brooked from a boarding-school.

Another feature which distinguishes these made fashionables is the inveteracy with which they look down upon the honest people who are struggling to climb up to the same envied height. They never fail to salute them with the most sarcastic reflections, and like so many worthy hodmen, clambering a ladder, each one looks down upon his next neighbour below, and makes no scruple of shaking the dust of his shoes into his eyes. Thus, by dint of pretence merely, they come to be considered as established denizens of the great world; as in some barbarous nations an oyster-shell is of sterling value, and a copper washed counter will pass current for genuine.

In no instance have I seen this grasping after more whimsically exhibited than in the family of my acquaintance Timothy Giblet. I recollect old Giblet when I was a boy, and he was the most surly of mudgeons I ever knew. He was a perfect scoundrel to the small-fry of the day, and inherited the habit of all these unlucky little urehins; for never could he assemble about his door of an evening to play, or make a little hubbub, but out he sallied from his house like a spider, flourished his formidable horsewhip, and dispersed the whole crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly remember a bill he sent in to my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broken, which came well nigh getting me a sound flogging; and I remember, as perfectly, that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half a dozen. Giblet thereupon being, as was arrant a grub-worm as ever crawled; and he only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for were the rules of multiplication and addition; while he practised much more successfully than he did of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true golden rules; and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetic in the hands of his children, before they had read ten pages in

the or the prayer-book. His favourite maxims was at least the best of success; and after all his billings and pence miserably satisfied of seeing himself just as he had determined of his days in contentment. He had accumulated mortgages on his children inherited his disposition, and every one of them in his grave. Fired with this they instantly emerged for themselves and their acquaintance buried; and they blazed away cracked about town like devils in a firework. They were then to that of the locust, where it increases, and after feeling for a moment the sun, bursts forth a minute of rattles, and buzzes from the mouths of old men, who have long been their dulcet notes, are struck by the onset of this upstart intruder into a stupefied and empty silence, its business. Having once started, they never stop. They had run their full course, and were at the top of style. Every tailor, coachmaker, every milliner, every paper-hanger, every dancing-master in the city, and the willing wight who answered their call, and fell to work for Giblets, as they had done for many a family before them. In a word, Giblet would dance the waltz, and French, kill time, and condescend to be a figure in a landscape in any part of the land; and the waltzing at corners of streets, and heard talking loud at the church, with as much ease as if they had been gentlemen. And the Giblets arrayed in fine linen, and seated in the street, but nobody noticed them but a little contempt. The waltzers, and the waltzers, except the tailors, and the tailors, employed in manufacturing Giblets thereupon being, and he only ruled to have "a place" for them, were fiercely than ever they gave balls; they had never would have kept a news-sheet, and had all bought up at that time the dancing men at the gormandizers, and the same and make merry at

able or the prayer-book. The practice of these favourite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success; and after enduring all the pounds, shillings and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a plum, and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money; but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial of their father in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for style, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried; and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they cracked about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a firework. Their sudden *éclat* may be likened to that of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases and swells up to maturity, and after feeling for a moment the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters, and rattles, and buzzes from every tree. The little warblers, who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes, are stunned by the discordant racket of this upstart intruder, and contemplate, in contemptuous silence, its bustle and its noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career, until they had run their full course and arrived at the very tip-top of style. Every tailor, every shoemaker, every coachmaker, every milliner, every mantua-maker, every paper-hanger, every piano-teacher, and every dancing-master in the city, were enlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call, and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colours, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in the church, with as much ease, and grace, and modesty, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places; but nobody noticed them except to honour them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors, and the milliners, who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever;—they gave dinners, and they gave balls; they hired confectioners; and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men and the dancing women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the danc-

ing men, and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers, did come; and they did make merry at their expense; and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life; such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box-doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! The Giblets were seen here and there and every where;—they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and parboiled at nightly balls, and evening tea-parties; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed;—they turned up their noses at every thing that was not genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.

—Being, as it were, a small contentment in a never contenting subject, a bitter pleasaunte taste of a sweete seasoned sower; and, all in all, a more than ordinarie rejoicing, in an extraordinary sorrow of delights!—

LITIGOW.

We have been considerably edited of late by several letters of advice from a number of sage correspondents, who really seem to know more about our work than we do ourselves. One warns us against saying any thing more about 'Sbidlikens, who is a very particular friend of the writer, and who has a singular disinclination to be laughed at. This correspondent in particular inveighs against personalities, and accuses us of ill-nature in bringing forward old Fungus and Billy Dimple, as figures of fun to amuse the public. Another gentleman, who states that he is a near relation of the Cocklofts, proses away most soporifically on the impropriety of ridiculing a respectable old family; and declares that if we make them and their whim-whams the subject of any more essays, he shall be under the necessity of applying to our theatrical champions for satisfaction. A third, who by the crabbedness of the hand-writing, and a few careless inaccuracies in the spelling, appears to be a lady, assures us that the Miss Cocklofts, and Miss Diana Wearwell, and Miss Dashiaway, and Mrs —, Will Wizard's quondam flame, are so much obliged to us for our notice, that they intend in future to take no notice of us at all, but leave us out of all their tea-parties; for which we make them one of our best bows, and say, "thank you, ladies."

We wish to heaven these good people would attend to their own affairs, if they have any to attend

to, and let us alone. It is one of the most provoking things in the world that we cannot tickle the public a little, merely for our own private amusement, but we must be crossed and jostled by these meddling incendiaries, and, in fact, have the whole town about our ears. We are much in the same situation with an unlucky blade of a Cockney, who having mounted his bit of blood to enjoy a little innocent recreation, and display his horsemanship along Broadway, is worried by all those little yelping curs that infest our city, and who never fail to sally out and growl, and bark, and snarl, to the great annoyance of the Birmingham equestrian.

Wisely was it said by the sage Linkum Fidelius, "howbeit, moreover, nevertheless, this thrice wicked town is charged up to the muzzle with all manner of ill-natures and uncharitablenesses, and is, moreover, exceedingly naughtie." This passage of the erudite Linkum was applied to the city of Gotham, of which he was once lord mayor, as appears by his picture hung up in the hall of that ancient city;—but his observation fits this best of all possible cities "to a hair." It is a melancholy truth that this same New-York, though the most charming, pleasant, polished, and praise-worthy city under the sun, and in a word the *bonne bouche* of the universe, is most shockingly ill-natured and sarcastic, and wickedly given to all manner of backslittings;—for which we are very sorry indeed. In truth, for it must come out, like murder, one time or other, the inhabitants are not only ill-natured, but manifestly unjust: no sooner do they get one of our random sketches in their hands, but instantly they apply it most unjustifiably to some "dear friend," and then accuse us of the personality which originated in their own officious friendship! Truly it is an ill-natured town, and most earnestly do we hope it may not meet with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

As, however, it may be thought incumbent upon us to make some apology for these mistakes of the town, and as our good-nature is truly exemplary, we would certainly answer this expectation, were it not that we have an invincible antipathy to making apologies. We have a most profound contempt for any man who cannot give three good reasons for an unreasonable thing, and will therefore condescend, as usual, to give the public three special reasons for never apologizing.—First, an apology implies that we are accountable to somebody or another for our conduct;—now as we do not care a fiddle-stick, as authors, for either public opinion or private ill-will, it would be implying a falsehood to apologize.—Second, an apology would indicate that we had been doing what we ought not to have done:—now as we never did, nor ever intend to do, any thing wrong, it would be ridiculous to make an apology.—Third, we labour under the same incapacity in the art of apologizing that lost Langstaff his mistress;—we never yet undertook to make apology without committing a new offence, and making matters ten times worse than

they were before; and we are, therefore, determined to avoid such predicaments in future.

But though we have resolved never to apologize, yet we have no particular objection to explain; and this is all that's wanted, we will go about it directly.—*Allons, gentlemen!* Before, however, we enter upon this serious affair, we take this opportunity to express our surprise and indignation at the incredulity of some people. Have we not, over and over, assured the town that we are three of the best-natured fellows living? And is it not astonishing, that having already given seven convincing proofs of the truth of this assurance, they should still have any doubts on the subject?—but as it is one of the impossible things to make a knave believe in honesty, so, perhaps, it may be another to make this most sarcastic, satirical, and teardrinking city believe in the existence of good-nature. But to our explanation. Gentle reader! for we are convinced that none but gentle or genteel readers can relish our excellent productions, if thou art in expectation of being perfectly satisfied with what we are about to say, thou mayest as well "whistle lillibulero," and skip quite over what follows; for never wight was more disappointed than thou wilt be, most assuredly.—But to the explanation. We care just as much about the public and its wise conjectures as we do about the man in the moon and his whim-whams or the criticisms of the lady who sits majestically in her elbow-chair in the lobster; and who, belying her sex, as we are credibly informed, never says any thing worth listening to. We have launched our bark, and we will steer to our destined port with undeviating perseverance, fearless of being shipwrecked by the way. Good-nature is our steersman, reason our ballast, whim the breeze that wafts us along, and MORALITY our leading-star.

No. IX.—SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

It in some measure jumps with my humour to be "melancholy and gentleman-like" this stormy night, and see no reason why I should not indulge myself for once.—Away, then, with joke, with fun and laughter for a while; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good aunt Charity—who died of a Frenchman!

Stare not, O most dubious reader, at the mention of a complaint so uncommon. Grievously hath it afflicted the ancient family of the Cocklofts, who carry their absurd antipathy to the French so far that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house; and my good old friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft-hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighbouring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his whim-wham into effect, had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their

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My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty,—“though I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome. On the contrary, Evergreen’s father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as goodly a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would, like poor old *Acro*, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face, the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a Tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. A gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and tulle! Her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds! In those days the person of a belle was sacred—it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger;—simple souls!—they had not the waltz among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this hackram delicacy; and if she happened to be playing the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than it was worth; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen’s father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to Kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cockloft, who after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow-bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This Latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, from which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty, and an heiress withal, never got married.—The reason she alleged was, that she never met with a lover who resembled Sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that for many years previous to her decease she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, observed to take a considerable leaning towards methodism, was frequent at her attendance at love-feasts, read Whitfield and Wesley, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five-and-twenty miles to be present at a camp-meeting. This gave great offence to my cousin Christopher and his good lady, who, as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox;—and had not my

aunt Charity been of a most pacific disposition, her religious whim-wham would have occasioned many a family altercation. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted—a lady of unbounded loving-kindness, which extended to man, woman, and child; many of whom she almost killed with good-nature. Was any acquaintance ill?—in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat—my aunt would wade through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience; and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, to keep up their spirits. The whole catalogue of *yerb* teas was at her fingers’ ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle balm; and she would descend by the hour on the healing qualities of hoarhound, catnip, and pennyroyal. Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity! He was sure, willy nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia-medica. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy; for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year;—and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce, with more certainty, at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon’s being made of green cheese as an abominable slander on her favourite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the American Philosophical Society. “Hutchling’s Improved” was her favourite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns, and consumptions.

But the truth must be told; with all her good qualities, my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex.—It was curiosity. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her, and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body’s character, business, and mode of living, she was for ever prying into the affairs of her neighbours; and got a great deal of ill-will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would, forthwith, set off full sail, and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got “to the bottom of it;” which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immue-

diate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable; and she hardly slept a wink all night, for fear her bosom friend, Mrs Sipkins, should get the start of her in the morning, and blow the whole affair.—You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good-natured things said about every body; and this unfortunate rivalry at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours that morning before her usual time; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of her dear friend.—Would you believe it!—wherever she went, Mrs Sipkins had anticipated her; and instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and open-mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions, alterations, and amendments! Now this was too bad; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint;—it was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed three days afterwards, with a cold, as she pretended; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of Mrs Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, chequered with the various misfortunes and mortifications incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicsome malice the Fates had ordered that a French boarding-house, or *Pension Française*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event! unhappy aunt Charity!—It threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the fidgets. She did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight than she was at the beginning. She thought that neighbour Pension had a monstrous large family, and somehow or other they were all men! She could not imagine what business neighbour Pension followed to support so numerous a household; and wondered why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlour, and such a smell of onions from neighbour Pension's kitchen. In short, neighbour Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts, and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever failed "to get at the bottom of a thing;" and disappointment cost her many a sleepless night, I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferreted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French; but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain English; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived, at her window, for some time in vain; when one day as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatis-

fied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced Frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive, and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, hand-boxes, bidets, medicine-chests, parrots, and monkeys; and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black-nosed pug-dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's afflictions; she could not conceive, by the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display;—what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys; or how so small a creature could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul! she had never had a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe—that depot of old coats, hats, and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival, my poor aunt was in a quandary;—all her inquiries were fruitless; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger. She never held up her head afterwards—drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in "one little month" I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that had died of a whim-wham.

Take warning, my fair countrywomen! and you, O ye excellent ladies, whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household; who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own; remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I FIND, by perusal of our last number, that Will Wizard and Evergreen, taking advantage of my confinement, have been playing some of their gambols. I suspected these rogues of some mal-practices, in consequence of their queer looks and knowing winks whenever I came down to dinner; and of their not showing their faces at old Cockloft's for several days after the appearance of their precious effusions. Whenever these two waggish fellows lay their heads together there is always sure to be hatched some notable piece of mischief,—which, if it tickles nobody else, is sure to make its authors merry. The public will take notice of that, for the purpose of teaching these my associates better manners, and punishing them for their high misdemeanours, I have, by virtue of my authority, suspended them from all interference in Salmagundi, until they show a proper degree of repentance, or get tired of supporting the burthen of the work myself. I am sorry for Will, who is already sufficiently mortified in not daring to come to the old house and tell his long stories and smoke his cigar; but Ever-

green, being an old bear, will grace by trimming up his love to the little girls. At present my right-hand I have taken into his other night all in a blaze up to his room in a party did we see any thing morning, when he bounc-

"Fire in each eye—and This is just the way will remain for a long single spark; and then, tremendous explosion of r As the letters of my r considerable curiosity, I h not vouch for the justice of ess of his conclusions; th and errors into which str who pretend to give an ac they well know the geogr they live. The copies of refused, and without da em in systematic order; en to treat of matters wl parture. Whether the at meddlesome wight, nest Mustapha was gift second sight, I neither k be following seems to ha rropolitan prisoners were gged state of their warri piets the embarrassment by transition from his br ent; and incontinently tion: like a sapient tr named the French natio gar with green peas.

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FROM MUSTAPHA RU
Asem Macchem, *principal*
the Bashan
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green, being an old beau, may solace himself in his disgrace by trimming up all his old finery, and making love to the little girls.

At present my right-hand man is cousin Pindar, whom I have taken into high favour. He came home the other night all in a blaze, like a sky-rocket; whisked up to his room in a paroxysm of poetic inspiration; nor did we see any thing of him until late the next morning, when he bounced upon us at breakfast,

"Fire in each eye—and paper in each hand."

This is just the way with Pindar.—Like a volcano, he will remain for a long time silent without emitting a single spark; and then, all at once, burst out in a tremendous explosion of rhyme and rhapsody.

As the letters of my friend Mustapha seem to excite considerable curiosity, I have subjoined another. I do not vouch for the justice of his remarks, or the correctness of his conclusions; they are full of the blunders and errors into which strangers continually indulge, who pretend to give an account of this country before they well know the geography of the street in which they live. The copies of my friend's papers being confused, and without date, I cannot pretend to give them in systematic order; in fact, they seem now and then to treat of matters which have occurred since his departure. Whether these are sly interpolations of that meddlesome wight Will Wizard, or whether honest Mustapha was gifted with the spirit of prophecy a second sight, I neither know, nor, in fact, do I care. The following seems to have been written when the Tripolitan prisoners were so much annoyed by the wretched state of their wardrobe. Mustapha feelingly depicts the embarrassments of his situation; makes an easy transition from his breeches to the seat of government; and incontinently abuses the whole administration: like a sapient traveller I once knew, who blamed the French nation in toto—because they eat gar with green peas.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA HUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

SWEET, O Asem! is the memory of distant friends! Like the mellow ray of a departing sun, it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert; and the fair shores of my country are blooming to my imagination, clothed in the softusive charms of distance. I sigh, yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive! I shed the bitter tear of reflection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the chained stranger!—Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation; think not that my captivity is attended with labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults, that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the strains on the personal freedom of thy kinsman;

but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind? who can describe the agonies of the heart? They are mutable as the clouds of the air; they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have, of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys? Alas! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the invincible captain of a ketch, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches! Thou wilt doubtless smile, O most grave Mussulman, to hear me indulge in lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied; but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts, the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh, Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be for ever subjected to petty evils which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment, thou wilt say, is easily supplied; and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any tailor of the land. Little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort, and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious great scale on which every thing is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs; like the unwieldy elephant which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved. But he made an amazingly long face—told me that we were prisoners of state—thereby we must therefore be clothed at the expense of the government; that as no provision has been made by Congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to talk over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sworn of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great!—this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense logocracy assembled together to talk about my breeches!—Vain mortal that I am! I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that if

they made the affair a national act, my "name must of course be embodied in history," and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

"But pray, sir," said I, "how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation? and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle!"—"Oh," replied the officer, who acts as our slave-driver, "it all proceeds from economy. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people, who govern the bashaw and his divan, would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed—the national finances squandered.—Not a hostile slang-whanger throughout the logocracy but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion,—and ten chances to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good Mussulman," continued he, "the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars than expend fifty silently out of the treasury. Such is the wonderful spirit of economy that pervades every branch of this government!"—"But," said I, "how is it possible they can spend money in talking: surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?"—"Truly," cried he, smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of Congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary or are paid by the day."—"By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision, but the murder is out! it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for talking like day-labourers." "You are mistaken," said my driver; "it is nothing but economy."

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word economy always discomfits me;—and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'-lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire, sufficient of the philosophic policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji; who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely.

This economic disposition, my friend, occasions

Some of our readers may not be aware, that the Members of the American Legislature are paid six dollars per diem for their attendance during the sittings, besides an allowance for travelling expenses.—*Edit.*

much fighting of the spirit, and innumerable contortions of the tongue in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly particular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more weighty part of the assembly; who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say yes and no.—These silent members are by way of distinction denominated orator mums, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence;—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

Fortunately for the public tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one night slyly sent a man with a hod of mortar, who in the course of a few minutes closed up the hole, and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by the most simple expedient, in all probability, save the country as much money as would build a gun-boat or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of words.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine not to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior: yes, Asem, on that warrior who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself greater man than the mother that bore him. This my friend, is the collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in profound debates upon the most trivial affairs; as I have sometimes seen a lean mountebank exert all his energies in balancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages beheld the minutest object with the microscopic eyes of a pissing mole-hills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or a dimly intuitive mind, I leave thee to decide; for my part I consider it as another proof of the great scale on which every thing is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the Congress. This probability may not improperly be called the "mother of inventions;" and a most fruitful mother it is, let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortive.

General Eaton.

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has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to head-quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery.—All was anxiety, fidgeting, and consultation; when after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first-rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gun-boats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them; being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind;—must always keep in with the land;—are continually foundering or running ashore; and, in short, are only fit for smooth water. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to defend them; and they require as much nursing as so many ricketty little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the “infant navy of America.” The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of economy.—By the beard of Mahomet, but this world is truly inexplicable!

To this economic body therefore was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, magnificently bestow on an unfortunate captive a pair of cotton breeches! “Head of the immortal Amron,” cried I, “but this would be presumptuous to a degree!—What! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the extremities of a solitary captive?” My declaration was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in cuerpo*, until all the national gray-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my bashaw, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants, a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem; in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all-bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a

land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers;—no great bashaw, who bestrides a gun-boat for a hobby-horse;—where the word economy is unknown;—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine,
MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH enter'd on that sober age,
When men withdraw from fashion's stage,
And leave the follies of the day,
To shape their course a graver way;
Still those gay scenes I loiter round,
In which my youth sweet transport found;
And though I feel their joys decay,
And languish every hour away,—
Yet like an exile doom'd to part
From the dear country of his heart,
From the fair spot in which he sprung,
Where his first notes of love were sung,
Will often turn to wave the hand,
And sigh his blessings on the land;
Just so my lingering watch I keep,
Thus oft I take the farewell peep.

And, like that pilgrim, who retreats
Thus lagging from his parent seats,
When the sad thought pervades his mind,
That the fair land he leaves behind
Is ravaged by a foreign foe,
Its cities waste, its temples low,
And ruined all those haunts of joy
That gave him rapture when a boy;
Turns from it with averted eye,
And while he heaves the anguish'd sigh,
Scarce feels regret that the loved shore
Shall beam upon his sight no more;—
Just so it grieves my soul to view,
While breathing forth a fond adieu,
The innovations pride has made,
The fustian, frippery, and parade,
That now usurp with mawkish grace
Pure tranquil pleasure's wonted place!

'Twas joy we look'd for in my prime,
That idol of the olden time;
When all our pastimes had the art
To please, and not mislead, the heart.
Style curs'd us not,—that modern flash,
That love of racket and of trash;
Which scares at once all feeling joys,
And drowns delight in empty noise;
Which barter friendship, mirth and truth,
The artless air, the bloom of youth,
And all those gentle sweets that swarm
Round nature in their simplest form,
For cold display, for hollow state,
The trappings of the would-be great.

Oh! once again those days recall,
When heart met heart in fashion's hall;
When every honest guest would flock
To add his pleasure to the stock,
More fond his feelings to express,
Than show the tinsel of his dress!
These were the times that held the soul
In gentle friendship's soft control;
Our fair ones, unprofaned by art,
Content to gain one honest heart,
No train of sighing swains desired,
Sought to be loved and not admired.
But now 'tis form, not love, unites;
'Tis show, not pleasure, that invites.

Each seeks the ball to play the queen,
To flirt, to conquer, to be seen;
Each grasps at universal sway,
And reigns the idol of the day;
Exults amid a thousand sighs,
And triumphs when a lover dies.
Each belle a rival belle surveys,
Like deadly foe with hostile gaze;
Nor can her "dearest friend" caress,
Till she has slyly scann'd her dress;
Six conquests in one year will make,
And ten eternal friendships break!

How oft I breathe the inward sigh,
And feel the dew-drop in my eye,
When I behold some beauteous frame,
Divine in every thing but name,
Just venturing, in the tender age,
On fashion's late new-fangled stage!
Where soon the guileless heart shall cease
To beat in artlessness and peace;
Where all the flowers of gay delight
With which youth decks its prospects bright,
Shall wither 'mid the cares, the strife,
The cold realities of life!

Thus lately, in my careless mood,
As I the world of fashion view'd,
While celebrating great and small,
That grand solemnity, a ball,
My roving vision chanced to light
On two sweet forms, divinely bright:
Two sister nymphs, alike in face,
In mien, in loveliness, and grace;
Twin rose-buds, bursting into bloom.
In all their freshness and perfume;
Like those fair forms that often beam
Upon the Eastern poet's dream!
For Eden had each lovely maid
In native innocence array'd,—
And heaven itself had almost shed
Its sacred halo round each head!

They seem'd, just entering hand in hand,
To cautious tread this fairy land;
To take a timid hasty view,
Enchanted with a scene so new.
The modest blush, untaught by art,
Bespoke their purity of heart;
And every timorous act unfur'd
Two souls unspotted by the world.

Oh! how these strangers joyed my sight,
And thrill'd my bosom with delight!
They brought the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth;
Recall'd fair spirits into day,
That time's rough hand had swept away.
Thus the bright natives from above,
Who come on messages of love,
Will bless, at rare and distant whites,
Our sinful dwelling by their smiles.

Oh! my romance of youth is past—
Dear airy dream, too bright to last.
Yet when such forms as these appear,
I feel its soft remembrance here!
For oft the simple poet's heart,
On which fond love once play'd its part,
Will feel the soft pulsations beat,
As loath to quit their former seat;
Just like the harp's melodious wire,
Swept by a bard with heavenly fire—
Though ceased the loudly swelling strain,
Yet sweet vibrations long remain.

Full soon I found the lovely pair
Had sprung beneath a mother's care,

Hard by a neighbouring streamlet's side,
At once its ornament and pride.
The beauteous parent's tender heart
Had well fulfill'd its pious part;
And, like the holy man of old,
As we're by sacred writings told,
Who, when he from his pupil sped,
Pour'd two-fold blessings on his head:
So this fond mother had imprest
Her early virtues in each breast.

But now resign'd the calm retreat,
Where first their souls in concert beat,
They'd flown on expectation's wing,
To sip the joys of life's gay spring;
To sport in fashion's splendid maze,
Where friendship fades, and love decays.
So two sweet wild flowers, near the side
Of some fair river's silver tide,
Pure as the gentle stream that laves
The green banks with its lucid waves,
Bloom beauteous in their native ground,
Diffusing heavenly fragrance round;
But should a venturous hand transfer
These blossoms to the gay parterre,
Where, spite of artificial aid,
The fairest plants of nature fade,
Though they may shine supreme awhile
'Mid pale ones of the stranger soil,
The tender beauties soon decay,
And their sweet fragrance dies away.

Blest spirits! who, enthroned in air,
Watch o'er the virtues of the fair,
And with angelic ken survey
Their windings through life's chequer'd way;
Oh! make this inexperienced pair
The objects of your tenderest care.
Preserve them from the languid eye,
The faded cheek, the long drawn sigh;
And let it be your constant aim
To keep the fair ones still the same:
Two sister hearts, unsoiled, bright
As the first beams of morn'd light,
That sparkled from the youthful sun,
When first his jocund race begun.
So when these hearts shall burst their shrine,
To wing their flight to realms divine,
They may to radiant mansions rise
Pure as when first they left the skies.

No. X.—SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1807.

TO LAUNCELOT
FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

THE long interval which has elapsed since the publication of our last number, like many other remarkable events, has given rise to much conjecture, and excited considerable solicitude. It is but a day or two since I heard a knowing young gentleman observe that he suspected Salmagundi would be a nine days wonder, and had even prophesied that the night would be our last effort. But the age of prophecy as well as that of chivalry, is past; and no reasonable man should now venture to foretell aught but what he is determined to bring about himself;—he may then, if he please, monopolize prediction, and be honoured as a prophet even in his own country.

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ard of the loss of three thousand votes at least to the Clintonians, I feel in a remarkably dulcet humour thereupon, and will give some account of the reasons which induced us to resume our useful labours—or rather our amusements; for, if writing cost either of a moment's labour, there is not a man but what could hang up his pen, to the great detriment of the world at large, and of our publisher in particular; who has actually bought himself a pair of trunk speches, with the profits of our writings!!

He informs me that several persons having called Saturday for No. X., took the disappointment so much to heart, that he really apprehended some terrible catastrophe; and one good-looking man, in particular, declared his intention of quitting the country the work was not continued. Add to this, the town is grown quite melancholy in the last fortnight; and several young ladies have declared in my hearing, that if another number did not make its appearance soon, they would be obliged to amuse themselves with kissing their beaux and making them miserable. Now, assure my readers, there was no flattery in this, for they no more suspected me of being Launcelot Langstaff, than they suspect me of being the Emperor of China, or the man in the moon.

I have also received several letters complaining of my indolent procrastination; and one of my correspondents assures me, that a number of young gentlemen, who had not read a book through since they left school, but who have taken a wonderful liking to my paper, will certainly relapse into their old habits unless we go on.

For the sake, therefore, of all these good people, and most especially for the satisfaction of the ladies, every one of whom we would love, if we possibly could, I have again wielded my pen, with a most expert determination to set the whole world to rights; to make cherubin and seraphim of all the fair ones of this enchanting town, and raise the spirits of the poor derelicts, who, in truth, seem to be in a sad taking, ever since the American Ticket met with the accident being so unhappily thrown out.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

Sir—I felt myself hurt and offended by Mr Evergreen's terrible philippic against modern music, in No. 1. of your work, and was under serious apprehension that his strictures might bring the art, which I have the honour to profess, into contempt. The opinions of yourself and fraternity appear indeed to have a wonderful effect upon the town. I am told the ladies are all employed in reading Bunyan and Pamela, and the waltz has been entirely forsaken ever since the winter balls have closed.—Under these apprehensions, I should have addressed you before, had I not been industriously employed while the theatre continued open, supporting the astonishing variety of the orchestra, and in composing a new chime or bob-major for Trinity-church, to be rung during the summer, beginning with ding-dong di-do, instead of di-do ding-dong.

The citizens, especially those who live in the neighbourhood of that harmonious quarter, will no doubt be infinitely delighted with this novelty.

But to the object of this communication. So far, sir, from agreeing with Mr Evergreen in thinking that all modern music is but the mere dregs and drainings of the ancient, I trust before this letter is concluded, I shall convince you and him that some of the late professors of this enchanting art have completely distanced the paltry efforts of the ancients; and that I, in particular, have at length brought it almost to absolute perfection.

The Greeks, simple souls! were astonished at the powers of Orpheus, who made the woods and rocks dance to his lyre—of Amphion, who converted crotchets into bricks, and quavers into mortar—and of Arion, who won upon the compassion of the fishes. In the fervency of admiration, their poets fabled that Apollo had lent them his lyre, and inspired them with his own spirit of harmony. What then would they have said had they witnessed the wonderful effects of my skill? Had they heard me, in the compass of a single piece, describe in glowing notes one of the most sublime operations of nature, and not only make inanimate objects dance, but even speak; and not only speak, but speak in strains of exquisite harmony?

Let me not, however, be understood to say that I am the sole author of this extraordinary improvement in the art, for I confess I took the hint of many of my discoveries from some of those meritorious productions that have lately come abroad, and made so much noise under the title of overtures.—From some of these, as, for instance, Lodoiska, and the battle of Marengo, a gentleman, or a captain in the city militia, or an amazonian young lady, may indeed acquire a tolerable idea of military tactics, and become very well experienced in the firing of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the rattling of drums, the whistling of fifes, braying of trumpets, groans of the dying, and trampling of cavalry without ever going to the wars; but it is more especially in the art of imitating inimitable things, and giving the language of every passion and sentiment of the human mind, so as entirely to do away the necessity of speech, that I particularly excel the most celebrated musicians of ancient and modern times.

I think, sir, I may venture to say there is not a sound in the whole compass of nature which I cannot imitate, and even improve upon;—nay, what I consider the perfection of my art, I have discovered a method of expressing, in the most striking manner, that undefinable, indescribable silence, which accompanies the falling of snow.

In order to prove to you that I do not arrogate to myself what I am unable to perform, I will detail to you the different movements of a grand piece which I pride myself upon exceedingly, called the "Breaking up of the ice in the North-river."

The piece opens with a gentle *andante affettuoso*, which ushers you into the Assembly-room in the

State-house at Albany, where the Speaker addresses his farewell speech, informing the members that the ice is about breaking up, and thanking them for their great services and good behaviour in a manner so pathetic as to bring tears into their eyes.—Flourish of Jacks—a-donkies.—Ice cracks; Albany in a hubbub—air, “Three children sliding on the ice, all on a summer’s day.”—Citizens quarrelling in Dutch—chorus of tin trumpet, a cracked fiddle, and a hand-saw!—*allegro moderato*.—Hard frost: this, if given with proper spirit, has a charming effect, and sets every body’s teeth chattering.—Symptoms of snow—consultation of old women who complain of pains in the bones, and *rheumatics*—air, “There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket,” etc.—*allegro staccato*.—Waggon breaks into the ice—people all run to see what is the matter—air, *siciliano*.—“Can you row the boat ashore, Billy boy, Billy boy”—*andante*;—frost fish froze up in the ice—air, “Ho, why dost thou sliver and shake, Gaffer Gray, and why does thy nose look so blue?”—Flourish of two-penny trumpets and rattles—consultation of the North-river society—determine to set the North-river on fire, as soon as it will burn—air, “O, what a fine kettle of fish.”

Part II.—Great Thaw.—This consists of the most melting strains, flowing so smoothly as to occasion a great overflowing of scientific rapture—air, “One misty moisty morning.”—The house of assembly breaks up—air, “The owls came out and flew about.”—Assembly-men embark on their way to New-York—air, “The ducks and the geese they all swim over, fal de ral,” etc.—Vessel sets sail—chorus of mariners, “Steer her up, and let her gang.”—After this a rapid movement conducts you to New-York—the North-river society hold a meeting at the corner of Wall-street, and determine to delay burning till all the assembly-men are safe home, for fear of consuming some of their own members who belong to that respectable body.—Return again to the capital.—Ice floats down the river—lamentation of skaiters—air, *affettuoso*—“I sigh and lament me in vain,” etc.—Albanians cutting up sturgeon—air, “O the roast beef of Albany.”—Ice runs against Polopoy’s island, with a terrible crash: this is represented by a fierce fellow travelling with his fiddle-stick over a huge bass viol, at the rate of one hundred and fifty bars a minute, and tearing the music to rags—this being what is called execution.—The great body of ice passes West-Point, and is saluted by three or four dismounted cannon from Fort Putnam.—“Jefferson’s march,” by a full band—air, “Yankee doodle,” with seventy-six variations, never before attempted, except by the celebrated eagle, which flutters his wings over the copper-bottomed angel at Messrs Paff’s in Broadway. Ice passes New-York—conch-shell sounds at a distance—ferryman calls o-v-e-r—people run down Courlandt street—ferry-boat sets sail—air, accompanied by the conch-shell, “We’ll all go over the ferry.”—Rondeaux—giving a particular account of

Brom the Powles-hook admiral, who is supposed to be closely connected with the North-river society. The society make a grand attempt to fire the street, but are utterly defeated by a remarkably high tide, which brings the plot to light.—Society not being discouraged, apply to “Common sense” for his lance—air, “Nose, nose, jolly red nose.”—Flock of geese fly over the city—old wives chatter in the street—cocks crow at Communipaw—drums beat on Governor’s island.—The whole to conclude with blowing up of Sands’ powder-house.

Thus, sir, you perceive what wonderful powers of expression have been hitherto locked up in this enchanting art—a whole history is here told without the aid of speech, or writing; and provided the hearer is in the least acquainted with music, he cannot mistake a single note. As to the blowing up of the powder-house, I look upon it as a *chef-d’œuvre* which an confident will delight all modern amateurs, and very properly estimate music in proportion to the noise it makes, and delight in thundering cannon earthquakes.

I must confess, however, it is a difficult part to manage, and I have already broken six pianos in getting it the proper force and effect. But I do not despair, and am quite certain that by the time I have broken eight or ten more, I shall have brought it to such perfection, as to be able to teach any young lad of tolerable ear, to thunder it away to the infinite delight of papa and mamma, and the great annoyance of those Vandals who are so barbarous as to prefer the simple melody of a Scots air to the sublime effusions of modern musical doctors.

In my warm anticipations of future improvement I have sometimes almost convinced myself that music will in time be brought to such a climax of perfection, as to supersede the necessity of speech and writing; and every kind of social intercourse be conducted by the flute and fiddle. The immense benefits that will result from this improvement must be plain to every man of the least consideration.—In the present unhappy situation of mortals, a man has but one way of making himself perfectly understood: if he loses his speech, he must inevitably be dumb for the rest of his life; but having once learned this musical language, the loss of speech will be a mere trifle, not worth a moment’s uneasiness. No wonder, this, Mr L., but it will add much to the harmony of domestic intercourse; for it is certainly more agreeable to hear a lady give lectures on the piano than *viva voce*, in the usual discordant measure. This manner of discoursing may also, I think, be introduced with great effect into our national assemblies, where every man, instead of wagging his tongue, should be obliged to flourish a fiddlestick; which means, if he said nothing to the purpose, he would at all events “discourse most eloquent music, which is more than can be said of most of them.

Alluding to Tom Falne, who had a remarkably red nose. Ed.

sent. They might also about being obliged to a mortality of nine days, and egotism.

but the most important that it may be applied to the literature, in the learning. Wherever this something more will be needed alphabet; which being applied to all amount to a universal language. A man may thus—with a piece of rosin, and a few words way through the world, be himself understood.

NOTE BY THE

about the knowledge or performance dared, he would have placed on the great difference between the sexes now, from what did the danger of that cheek-by-jowl must be obvious to many; and an example of one of its evils.

REMEMBER the Count accomplished and handsome years there, he was passionately most peerless beauty. So of great rank, and great these considerations, as a woman, she was followed she was lively and amiable affability which still kept though it was generally known for Count M—; and a being for the nuptials.—and mind, and a delicate self alone; for the virtue never beautiful form. Like never approached her who touched her, a fire she named him not to invade lips. Such were his at his intended father-in-law were met to celebrate the young lady’s rejected were one of the pastime greatest merriment, till by Jane witty *mam’s* seating the cheek of his in shed, trembled, advanced to his mistress;—and it shook his whole soul, with a modest and diffident which played upon, and retired to demand most evident confusion and the game went on One of her rejected suit

They might also sound their own trumpets about being obliged to a hireling scribbler for an immortality of nine days, or subjected to the censure of egotism.

But the most important result of this discovery is, that it may be applied to the establishment of that great desideratum, in the learned world, a universal language. Wherever this science of music is cultivated, nothing more will be necessary than a knowledge of the alphabet; which being almost the same every where, will amount to a universal medium of communication. A man may thus—with his violin under his arm, a piece of rosin, and a few bundles of catgut—fiddle away through the world, and never be at a loss to make himself understood.

I am, etc.

DEMY SEMIQUAVER.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER,

Without the knowledge or permission of the authors, and which he dares not, he would have placed near where their remarks are made on the great difference of manners which exist between the sexes now, from what did in the days of our grandames. The danger of that check-by-jowl familiarity of the present day must be obvious to many; and I think the following a strong example of one of its evils.

REMEMBER the Count—, one of the most accomplished and handsome young men in Vienna: when he was there, he was passionately in love with a girl of most peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank, and great influence at court; and these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known she had avowed a partiality for Count M—; and that preparations were making for the nuptials.—The count was of a refined mind, and a delicate sensibility: he loved her for herself alone; and for the virtues which he believed dwelt in her beautiful form. Like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity; and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins, that turned him not to invade the vermilion sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings, when, one evening, at his intended father-in-law's, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival: several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. For some were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment, till the count was commanded by some witty *mam'selle*, to redeem his glove by kissing the cheek of his intended bride. The count hesitated, trembled, advanced, retreated; again advanced to his mistress;—and, at last,—with a tremor that shook his whole soul, and every fibre of his frame, with a modest and diffident grace, he took the soft cheek which played upon her cheek, pressed it to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed pledge in the most evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on.

One of her rejected suitors, who was of a merry,

unthinking disposition, was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits as “his last treat before he hanged himself” to snatch a kiss from the object of his recent vows. A lively contest ensued between the gentleman and lady, which lasted for more than a minute; but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh.

The count had the mortification—the agony—to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not permit him to touch, kissed with roughness, and repetition, by another man:—even by one whom he really despised. Mournfully and silently, without a word, he rose from his chair—left the room and the house. By that *good-natured kiss* the fair boast of Vienna lost her lover—lost her husband. *The count never saw her more.*

No. XI.—TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1807.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

Captain of a Ketch, to Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

THE deep shadows of midnight gather around me—the footsteps of the passengers have ceased in the streets, and nothing disturbs the holy silence of the hour save the sound of distant drums, mingled with the shouts, the bawlings, and the discordant revelry of his majesty, the sovereign mob. Let the hour be sacred to friendship, and consecrated to thee, oh, thou brother of my inmost soul!

Oh, Asem! I almost shrink at the recollection of the scenes which I have witnessed during the last three days. I have beheld this whole city, nay, this whole state, given up to the tongue and the pen—to the bawlers, the babblers, and the slang-whangers. I have beheld the community convulsed with a civil war, or civil talk—individuals verbally massacred—families annihilated by whole sheets full—and slang-whangers coolly bathing their pens in ink and rioting in the slaughter of their thousands. I have seen, in short, that awful despot, the people, in the moment of unlimited power, wielding newspapers in one hand, and with the other scattering mud and filth about, like some desperate lunatic relieved from the restraints of his strait waistcoat. I have seen beggars on horseback, ragamuffins riding in coaches, and swine seated in places of honour. I have seen liberty! I have seen equality! I have seen fraternity!—I have seen that great political puppet show—AN ELECTION.

A few days ago the friend, whom I have mentioned in some of my former letters, called upon me to accompany him to witness this grand ceremony; and we forthwith sallied out to the polls, as he called them. Though, for several weeks before this splendid exhibition, nothing else had been talked of, yet I do assure thee I was entirely ignorant of its nature; and when, on coming up to a church, my companion informed

me we were at the poll, I supposed that an election was some great religious ceremony like the fast of Ramazan, or the great festival of Haraphat, so celebrated in the east.

My friend, however, undeceived me at once, and entered into a long dissertation on the nature and object of an election, the subject of which was nearly to this effect: "You know," said he, "that this country is engaged in a violent internal warfare, and suffers a variety of evils from civil dissensions. An election is the grand trial of strength, where the belligerents draw out their forces in martial array; where every leader burning with warlike ardour, and encouraged by the shouts and acclamations of tatterdemalions, buffoons, dependents, parasites, toad-eaters, scrubs, vagrants, mumpers, ragamuffins, bravoos and beggars in his rear, and puffed up by his bellows-blowing slang-whangers, waves gallantly the banners of faction, and presses forward to *office and immortality*."

"For a month or two previous to this critical period, the whole community is in a ferment. Every man, of whatever rank or degree, disinterestedly neglects his business, to devote himself to his country;—and not an insignificant fellow but feels himself inspired, on this occasion, with as much warmth in favour of the cause he has espoused, as if all the comfort of his life, or even his life itself, were dependent on the issue. Grand councils of war are in the first place called by the different powers, which are dubbed general meetings, where all the leaders collect, and arrange the order of battle—appoint the different commanders, and their subordinate instruments, and furnish the funds indispensable for supplying the expenses of the war. Inferior councils are next called in the different classes or wards, consisting of young cadets who are candidates for office; idlers who come from mere curiosity; and orators who appear for the purpose of detailing all the crimes, the faults, or the weaknesses of their opponents, and *speaking the sense of the meeting*, as it is called; for as the meeting generally consists of men whose quota of sense, taken individually, would make but a poor figure, these orators are appointed to collect it all in a lump, when, I assure you, it makes a very formidable appearance, and when spun out furnishes sufficient matter for an oration of two or three hours.

"The orators who declaim at these meetings are, with a few exceptions, men of most profound eloquence, who are the oracles of barbers' shops, market-places, and porter-houses, and whom you may see every day at the corner of the street, taking honest men prisoners by the button, and talking their ribs quite bare, without mercy and without end. These orators, in addressing an audience, generally mount a chair, a table, or a beer barrel—which last is supposed to afford considerable inspiration—and thunder away their combustible sentiments at the heads of the audience, who are generally so busily employed in smoking, drinking, and hearing themselves talk, that they seldom hear a word of the matter. This,

however, is of little moment; for as they come to agree at all events to a certain set of resolutions or articles of war, it is not at all necessary to hear speech, more especially as few would understand if they did. Do not suppose, however, that the minor persons of the meeting are entirely idle. Besides smoking and drinking, there are few who do not come with as great a desire to talk as the orator himself. Each has his little circle of listeners, in the midst of whom he sets his hat on one side of his head, deals out matter-of-fact information, and draws evident conclusions, with the pertinacity of a pedagogue, and to the great edification of his gaping audience. Nay, the very urchins from the nursery, who scarcely emancipated from the dominion of birch, these occasions strut pigmy great men—bellowing the instruction of gray-bearded ignorance, and, like the frog in the fable, endeavour to puff themselves to the size of the great object of their emulation—the principal orator."

"But is it not preposterous to a degree," cried I, "for puny whippers to attempt to lecture age and experience? They should be sent to school to learn better." "Not at all," replied my friend; "for an election is nothing more than a war of words, and a man that can wag his tongue with the greatest elasticity, whether he speak to the purpose or not, is entitled to lecture at ward-meetings and polls, and instruct all who are inclined to listen to him. You may have remarked a ward-meeting of politic dogs, where although the great dog is, ostensibly, the leader, and makes the most noise, yet every little scoundrel of the cur has something to say, and, in proportion to his insignificance, sidgets, and worries about in order to obtain the notice and approbation of his betters. Thus it is with these little, beardless, bread-and-butter politicians, who, on this occasion, escape from the jurisdiction of the nursery to attend to the affairs of the nation: you will see them engage in dreadful contests with old cartmen, cobblers, and tailors, and plume themselves not a little if they should chance to gain a victory. Aspiring spirits! how interesting are the first dawns of political greatness! An election, my friend, is a hot-bed of genius in a logocracy; and I look with enthusiasm on a troop of these Lilliputian partisans, as so many chatterers, and orators, and puffers, and slang-whangers in embryo, who will one day take an important part in the quarrels and wars of their country.

"As the time for fighting the decisive battle approaches, appearances become more and more alarming; committees are appointed, who hold encampments, from whence they send out small detachments of tattlers to reconnoitre, harass, and skirmish with the enemy, and, if possible, to ascertain their numbers; every body seems big with the mighty evil that is impending: the great orators gradually swell beyond their usual size; the little orators grow greater and greater; the secretaries of the ward committees strut about, looking like wooden oracles; the puff-

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“At length the day arrives. The storm that has been so long gathering, and threatening in distant waters, bursts forth in terrible explosion: all business is at an end; the whole city is in a tumult; the people are running helter-skelter; they know not whither, and they know not why; the hackney-coaches rattle through the streets, loaded with recruiting sergeants, who have been prowling in bars and caves, to unearth some penniless patriot, who will barter his vote for a glass of beer, or a ride in a coach with such *fine gentlemen*!—the buzzards of the party scamper from poll to poll, on foot or on horseback; and they worry from committee committee, and buzz, and fume, and talk big, and do nothing: like the vagabond drone, who wastes his time in the laborious idleness of *see-saw-song*, and say nothingness.”

I know not how long my friend would have continued his detail, had he not been interrupted by a babble which took place between two *old continental*s, as they were called. It seems they had entered into an argument on the respective merits of their cause, and not being able to make each other nearly understood, resorted to what is called knock-down arguments, which form the superlative degree *argumentum ad hominem*: but are, in my opinion, rather inconsistent with the spirit of a logocracy. After they had beaten each other soundly, and set the whole mob together by the ears, they came to a full explanation; when it was discovered that they were both of the same way of thinking;—whereupon they took each other heartily by the hand, and laughed with great glee at their humorous misunderstanding.

I could not help being struck with the exceeding great number of ragged, though self-important persons that swaggered about the place, and seemed to think themselves the bashaws of the land. I enquired of my friend if these people were employed to drive away the hogs, dogs, and other intruders that might thrust themselves in and interrupt the ceremony?—“By no means,” replied he; “these are representatives of the sovereign people, who are here to make governors, senators, and members of Assembly, and are the source of all power and authority in this nation.”—“Preposterous!” said I;

how is it possible that such men can be instructed in the high concerns of legislation, and capable of discriminating between the moral and political merits of statesmen? Will they not rather be too often led by the nose by intriguing demagogues, and made the puppets of political jugglers? Surely it would be better to trust to Providence, or even to chance, for governors, than to the discrimination of an ignorant mob. What will be the consequence where provision rests with the rabble! He who courts the

rabble will be most likely to succeed. The man of superior worth and talents will always be too proud to stoop to the low arts by which vulgar minds are won; he will too often, therefore, be defeated by the pliant sycophants or blustering demagogues who address themselves to the passions and prejudices, rather than to the judgments of the populace.”

My friend appeared a little puzzled either by the logic or the length of my remark. “That is very true—very true indeed,” said he, with some hesitation; “there is a great deal of force in what you say—yet after all you cannot deny that this is a free country, and that the people can get drunk at a cheaper rate, particularly during elections, than in the despotic countries of the east.”

I confess I was somewhat staggered by the pertinency of this rejoinder, and had not a word to say against the correctness of its concluding assertion; for just at that moment a cart drove up with a load of patriotic beer-barrels, which caused a temporary cessation of all further argument. The great crowd of buzzards, puffers, and “old continentals” of all parties, who throng to the polls, to persuade, to cheat, or to force the freeholders into the right way, and to maintain the freedom of suffrage, seemed for a moment to forget their hostilities, and joined heartily in a copious libation of this patriotic and argumentative beverage.

These beer-barrels, indeed, seem to be most able logicians, well stored with that kind of argument best suited to the comprehension and taste of the mob or sovereign people, who are never so tractable as when operated upon by this convincing liquor, which, in fact, seems to be imbued with the very spirit of a logocracy. No sooner does it begin to operate than the tongue waxes extremely valorous, and becomes impatient for some mighty conflict. The puffer puts himself at the head of his body-guard of buzzards and his legion of ragamuffins, and woe then to every adversary uninspired by the beer-barrel—he is sure to be talked and argued into complete insignificance.

While I was making these observations, I was surprised to observe a bashaw, high in office, shaking a fellow by the hand, that looked rather more ragged than a scarecrow, and inquiring with apparent solicitude concerning the health of his family; after which he slipped a little folded paper into his hand, and turned away. I could not help applauding his humility in shaking the fellow's hand, and his benevolence in relieving his distresses, for I imagined the paper contained something for the poor man's necessities; and truly he seemed verging towards the last stage of starvation. My friend, however, soon undeceived me, by saying that this was an elector, and the bashaw had merely given him the list of candidates for whom he was to vote. “Ho! ho!” said I, “then he is a particular friend of the bashaw?” “By no means,” replied my friend; “the bashaw will pass him without notice the day after the election, except, perhaps, just to drive over him with his carriage.”

My friend then proceeded to inform me that for some time before, and during the continuance of an election, there was a most delectable courtship, or intrigue, carried on between the great bashaws and mother mob. That mother mob generally preferred the attentions of the rabble, or of fellows of her own stamp; but would sometimes condescend to be treated to a feasting, or any thing of that kind, at the bashaw's expense: nay, sometimes when she was in good humour, she would condescend to toy in her rough way with her gentleman suitor; but woe be to the bashaw who presumed upon her favours, for she was the most pestilent, cross, crabbed, scolding, thieving, scratching, toping, wrong-headed, rebellious, and abominable termagant that ever was let loose in the world, to the confusion of honest gentlemen bashaws.

Just then, a fellow came round and distributed among the crowd a number of hand-bills, written by the ghost of Washington, the fame of whose illustrious actions, and still more illustrious virtues, has reached even the remotest regions of the east, and who is venerated by this people as the father of his country. On reading this paltry paper, I could not restrain my indignation. "Insulted hero," cried I, "is it thus thy name is profaned—thy memory disgraced—thy spirit drawn down from heaven to administer to the brutal violence of party rage!—It is thus the necromancers of the east, by their incantations, sometimes call up the shades of the just, to give their sanction to frauds, to lies, and to every species of enormity." My friend smiled at my warmth, and observed that raising ghosts, and not only raising them but making them speak, was one of the miracles of election. "And believe me," continued he, "there is good reason for the ashes of departed heroes being disturbed on these occasions, for such is the sandy foundation of our government, that there never happens an election of an alderman, or a collector, or even a constable, but we are in imminent danger of losing our liberties, and becoming a province of France, or tributary to the British islands." "By the hump of Mahomet's camel," said I, "but this is only another striking example of the prodigious great scale on which every thing is transacted in this country!"

By this time I had become tired of the scene; my head ached with the uproar of voices, mingling in all the discordant tones of triumphant exclamation, nonsensical argument, intemperate reproach, and drunken absurdity. These, thought I, are the orgies of liberty!—these are the manifestations of the spirit of independence!—these are the symbols of man's sovereignty! Head of Mahomet! what a fatal and inexorable despotism do empty names and ideal phantoms exercise on the human mind! The experience of ages has demonstrated that in all nations, barbarous or enlightened, the gross minds, the mob of the people, must be slaves or they will be tyrants. Even of tyrants their reign is short; some ambitious minion having first condescended to be their slave, at length becomes their

master; and, in proportion to the vileness of his original servitude, will be the severity of his subsequent tyranny. But woe to the bashaws and leaders who gain a seat in the saddle by flattering the humours administering to the passions of the mob. They will soon learn, by fatal experience, that he who trusts to the beast that carries him, teaches it the secrets of its power, and will sooner or later be thrown to the dust, and trampled under foot.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

MINE UNCLE JOHN.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

To those whose habits of abstraction may have turned them into some of the secrets of their own minds, whose freedom from daily toil has left them at leisure to analyze their feelings, it will be nothing new to say that the present is peculiarly the season of remembrance. The flowers, the zephyrs, and the waters of spring, returning after their tedious absence, bring naturally to our recollection past times and buried feelings; and the whispers of the full-voiced grove fall on the ear of contemplation, like the sweet tones of far distant friends whom the rude jostles of the world have severed from us, and cast far beyond our reach. It is at such times, that casting backward many a lingering look, we recall, with a kind of sweet-souled melancholy, the days of our youth and the jocund companions who started with us in the race of life, but parted midway in the journey, to pursue some winding path that allured them with prospect more seducing—and never returned to us again. It is then, too, if we have been afflicted with any heavy sorrow, if we have ever lost—who has not?—an old friend, or chosen companion that his shade will hover around us; the memory of his virtues press on the heart; and a thousand dear recollections, forgotten amidst the cold pleasures and midnight dissipations of winter, arise to our remembrance.

These speculations bring to my mind My Uncle JOHN, the history of whose loves, and disappointments, I have promised to the world. Though I must own myself much addicted to forgetting my promises, yet, as I have been so happily reminded of this, I believe I must pay it at once, "and there it ends." Lest my readers, good-natured souls that they are! should, in the ardour of peeping into my stones, take my uncle for an old acquaintance, I will inform them that the old gentleman died a good many years ago, and it is impossible they should ever have known him:—I pity them—for they would have known a good-natured, benevolent man, whose example might have been of service.

The last time I saw my uncle John was fifty years ago, when I paid him a visit at his old manor. I found him reading a newspaper—for it was election time, and he was always a warm federalist, and had made several converts to the true political faith

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time; particularly one old tenant, who always, before the election, became a violent anti, in order that he might be convinced of his errors by my uncle, who never failed to reward his conviction by some substantial benefit.

After we had settled the affairs of the nation, and had paid my respects to the old family chronicles in the kitchen—an indispensable ceremony—the old gentleman exclaimed, with heartfelt glee, "Well, I suppose you are for a trout-fishing: I have got every thing prepared, but first you must take a walk with me to see my improvements." I was obliged to consent, though I knew my uncle would lead me a most laborious dance, and in all probability treat me to a bogmire, or a tumble into a ditch.—If my readers propose to accompany me in this expedition, they are welcome; if not, let them stay at home like lazy fellows—and sleep—or be hanged.

Though I had been absent several years, yet there was very little alteration in the scenery, and every object retained the same features it bore when I was a school-boy; for it was in this spot that I grew up in the fear of ghosts and in the breaking of many of the ten commandments. The brook, or river as they would call it in Europe, still murmured with its wonted sweetness through the meadow; and its banks were still tufted with dwarf willows, that bent down to the surface. The same echo inhabited the valley, and the same tender air of repose pervaded the whole scene. Even my good uncle was but little altered, except that his hair was grown a little longer, and his forehead had lost some of its former smoothness. He had, however, lost nothing of his former activity, and laughed heartily at the difficulty I found in keeping up with him as he stumped through bushes, and briars, and hedges; talking all the time about his improvements, and telling what he would do with such a spot of ground and such a tree. At length, after showing me his stone fences, his famous ten-year-old bull, his new invented cart, which was to go before the horse, and his Eclipse colt, he was obliged to return home to dinner.

After dining and returning thanks,—which with my uncle was not a ceremony merely, but an offering from the heart,—my uncle opened his trunk, took out his fishing-tackle, and, without saying a word, called forth with some of those truly alarming steps which Father Neptune once took when he was in a great hurry to attend to the affair of the siege of Troy. Trout-fishing was my uncle's favourite sport; and, though I always caught two fish to his one, he never would acknowledge my superiority; but puzzled himself, often and often, to account for such a singular phenomenon.

Following the current of the brook, for a mile or two, we retraced many of our old haunts, and told a hundred adventures which had befallen us at different times. It was like snatching the hour-glass of life, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that had marked the lapse of years. At length the

shadows began to lengthen, the south wind gradually settled into a perfect calm, the sun threw his rays through the trees on the hill-tops in golden lustre, and a kind of Sabbath stillness pervaded the whole valley, indicating that the hour was fast approaching which was to relieve for a while the farmer from his rural labour, the ox from his toil, the school urchin from his primer, and bring the loving ploughman home to the feet of his blooming dairy-maid.

As we were watching in silence the last rays of the sun, beaming their farewell radiance on the high hills at a distance, my uncle exclaimed, in a kind of half-desponding tone, while he rested his arm over an old tree that had fallen—"I know not how it is, my dear Launce, but such an evening, and such a still quiet scene as this, always make me a little sad, and it is at such a time I am most apt to look forward with regret to the period when this farm, on which 'I have been young but now am old,' and every object around me that is endeared by long acquaintance,—when all these and I must shake hands and part. I have no fear of death, for my life has afforded but little temptation to wickedness; and when I die, I hope to leave behind me more substantial proofs of virtue than will be found in my epitaph, and more lasting memorials than churches built or hospitals endowed with wealth wrung from the hard hand of poverty, by an unfeeling landlord, or unprincipled knave;—but still, when I pass such a day as this and contemplate such a scene, I cannot help feeling a latent wish to linger yet a little longer in this peaceful asylum, to enjoy a little more sunshine in this world, and to have a few more fishing matches with my boy." As he ended he raised his hand a little from the fallen tree, and dropping it languidly by his side, turned himself towards home. The sentiment, the look, the action, all seemed to be prophetic.—And so they were, for when I shook him by the hand, and bade him farewell the next morning—it was for the last time!

He died a bachelor, at the age of sixty-three, though he had been all his life trying to get married; and always thought himself on the point of accomplishing his wishes. His disappointments were not owing either to the deformity of his mind or person; for in his youth he was reckoned handsome, and I myself can witness for him that he had as kind a heart as ever was fashioned by Heaven; neither were they owing to his poverty,—which sometimes stands in an honest man's way;—for he was born to the inheritance of a small estate which was sufficient to establish his claim to the title of "one well to do in the world." The truth is, my uncle had a prodigious antipathy to doing things in a hurry—"A man should consider," said he to me once—"that he can always get a wife, but cannot always get rid of her. For my part," continued he, "I am a young fellow with the world before me; (he was about forty!) and am resolved to look sharp, weigh matters well, and know what's what before I marry: in short, Launce, I don't intend to do the thing in a hurry, depend upon it." On this whim-wham, he

proceeded : he began with young girls, and ended with widows. The girls he courted until they grew old maids, or married out of pure apprehension of incurring certain penalties hereafter; and the widows not having quite as much patience, generally, at the end of a year, while the good man thought himself in the high road to success, married some harum-scarum young fellow, who had not such an antipathy to do things in a hurry.

My uncle would have inevitably sunk under these repeated disappointments—for he did not want sensibility—had he not hit upon a discovery which set all to rights at once. He consoled his vanity,—for he was a little vain, and soothed his pride, which was his master passion,—by telling his friends very significantly, while his eye would flash triumph, “*that he might have had her.*” Those who know how much of the bitterness of disappointed affection arises from wounded vanity and exasperated pride, will give my uncle credit for this discovery.

My uncle had been told by a prodigious number of married men, and had read in an innumerable quantity of books, that a man could not possibly be happy except in the marriage state; so he determined at an early age to marry, that he might not lose his only chance for happiness. He accordingly forthwith paid his addresses to the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman farmer, who was reckoned the beauty of the whole world—a phrase by which the honest country people mean nothing more than the circle of their acquaintance, or that territory of land which is within sight of the smoke of their own hamlet.

This young lady, in addition to her beauty, was highly accomplished—for she had spent five or six months at a boarding-school in town, where she learned to work pictures in satin, and paint sheep that might be mistaken for wolves; to hold up her head, sit straight in her chair, and to think every species of useful acquirement beneath her attention. When she returned home, so completely had she forgotten every thing she knew before, that on seeing one of the maids milking a cow, she asked her father with an air of most enchanting ignorance—“*what that odd-looking thing was doing to that queer animal?*” The old man shook his head at this; but the mother was delighted at these symptoms of gentility, and so enamoured of her daughter’s accomplishments, that she actually got framed a picture worked in satin by the young lady. It represented the tomb scene in Romeo and Juliet : Romeo was dressed in an orange-coloured cloak, fastened round his neck with a large golden clasp; a white satin tamboured waistcoat, leather breeches, blue silk stockings, and white topped boots. The amiable Juliet shone in a flame-coloured gown, gorgeously bespangled with silver stars, a high crowned muslin cap that reached to the top of the tomb;—on her feet she wore a pair of short-quartered high-heeled shoes, and her waist was the exact fac-simile of an inverted sugar-loaf. The head of the “*noble county Paris*” looked like a chimney-sweep’s brush

that had lost its handle; and the cloak of the good friar hung about him as gracefully as the armour of a rhinoceros. The good lady considered this picture a splendid proof of her daughter’s accomplishments, and hung it up in the best parlour, as an honest tradesman does his certificate of admission into the enlightened body yeleft the Mechanic Society.

With this accomplished young lady, then, did my uncle John become deeply enamoured; and as it was his first love, he determined to bestir himself in an extraordinary manner. Once at least in a fortnight, and generally on a Sunday evening, he would put on his leather breeches, (for he was a great beau,) mount his gray horse Pepper, and ride over to see Miss Pamela; though she lived upwards of a mile off, and was obliged to pass close by a church-yard, which at least a hundred creditable persons would swear was haunted. Miss Pamela could not be insensible to the proofs of attachment, and accordingly received him with considerable kindness; her mother always occupied the room when he came, and my uncle had as good as made a declaration by saying one evening, very significantly, “*that he believed that he should change his condition;*” when, somehow or other, he began to think he was *doing things in too great a hurry*, and that it was high time to consider. So he considered near a month about it, and there is no saying how much longer he might have spun the thread of his doubts, had he not been roused from this state of indecision, by the news that his mistress had married an attorney’s apprentice, whom she had seen the Sunday before at church, where he had excited the plaudits of the whole congregation, by the invincible gravity with which he listened to a Dutch sermon. The young people in the neighbourhood laughed a good deal at my uncle on the occasion; but he only shrugged his shoulders, looked mysterious, and replied, “*Tut, boys! I might have had her.*”

Note, by William W'izard, Esq.

Our publisher, who is busily engaged in printing a celebrated work, which is perhaps more generally read in this city than any other book, not excepting the Bible—I mean the New-York Directory—has begged so hard that we would not overwhelm him with too much of a good thing, that we have, with Langstaff’s probation, cut short the residue of uncle John’s amours. In probability it will be given in a future number, whenever Langstaff is in the humour for it; he is such an odd—but mum, for fear of another suspension.

NO. XII.—SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

SOME men delight in the study of plants, in the dissection of a leaf, or the contour and complexion of a tulip; others are charmed with the beauties of the bated race, or the varied hues of the insect tribe. A naturalist will spend hours in the fatiguing pursuit of a butterfly; and a man of the town will waste whole years in the chase of a fine lady. I feel a respect

for their avocations, for my own sake, to open the great volume of nature for the examination of me the examination of a daffodil or a tulip, at times more pleasurable than human nature, than in the butterfly—even an Empress. In my present situation, the indulgence of this taste is more useful in this city more than in any other part of the world. It consists of human character, and of those hearty old countrymen keeping up the good old customs of old times. He who has drawn about him a circle of such associates, and sits at the head of the table, cheering welcome to every glass, and showing charity, benevolence, and a gladness every guest to see him, therefore, that such excels in the art of attracting a host of guests; and is overwhelmed with them, to announce old Cockloft to the world. His very good share of their approbation do honour to Mrs Cockloft, to be modelled after the style of Scipioabalus and Mrs Glendinning thus attracted is particularly considered a privilege to sit in a corner, indulging in observation, and retirement to his hive, whenever he had for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly fond of the stock of originals which is one of the most interesting to him; and his first acquaintance, is to gallant ladies who never fails to receive a pinch from his gold box, on, the queerest, most eccentric intimates that ever man acquainted with them I am supposing there is a secret sympathy that unconsciously pervades every soil.

Will’s great crony for some time whom he really took a great deal of notice of, arrived in an importation to the city of Birmingham, and the English would call it, the manufactory of gimblet boxes, and where they were brought to inundate our young man of considerable property at Birmingham, some of his master’s daughter

their avocations, for my own are somewhat similar. I have to open the great volume of human character : the examination of a beau is more interesting than that of a daffodil or narcissus ; and I feel a thousand times more pleasure in catching a new view of human nature, than in kidnapping the most gorgeous butterfly—even an Emperor of Morocco himself.

In my present situation I have ample room for the indulgence of this taste ; for perhaps there is not a house in this city more fertile in subjects for the analysis of human character than my cousin Cockloft's. I have a good honest Christopher, as I have before mentioned, in the person of those hearty old cavaliers who pride themselves upon keeping up the good, honest, unceremonious hospitality of old times. He is never so happy as when he has drawn about him a knot of sterling-hearted associates, and sits at the head of his table, dispensing a warm, cheering welcome to all. His countenance expands at every glass, and beams forth emanations of clarity, benevolence, and good-fellowship, that inspire and gladden every guest around him. It is no wonder, therefore, that such excellent social qualities should attract a host of guests ; in fact, my cousin is almost overwhelmed with them ; and they all, uniformly, pronounce old Cockloft to be one of the finest old fellows in the world. His wine also always comes in for a good share of their approbation ; nor do they forget to do honour to Mrs Cockloft's cookery, pronouncing it to be modelled after the most approved recipes of Peligabalus and Mrs Glasse. The variety of company thus attracted is particularly pleasing to me ; for being considered a privileged person in the family, I sit in a corner, indulge in my favourite amusement of observation, and retreat to my elbow-chair, like a bee to his hive, whenever I have collected sufficient food for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly efficient in adding to the stock of originals which frequent our house ; for he is one of the most inveterate hunters of oddities I ever knew ; and his first care, on making a new acquaintance, is to gallant him to old Cockloft's, where he never fails to receive the freedom of the house in a pinch from his gold box. Will has, without exception, the queerest, most eccentric, and indescribable set of intimates that ever man possessed ; how he became acquainted with them I cannot conceive, except by supposing there is a secret attraction or unintelligible sympathy that unconsciously draws together oddities every soil.

Will's great crony for some time was Tom Straddle, whom he really took a great liking. Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather, as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimlets, pen-knives, and pepper-boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham, sometimes had the honour to send his master's daughter into a tin-whisky, was

the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and operasingers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a catch-club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors ; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a spouting-club ; had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause ; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorized to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners, given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to get a taste of turtle and turbot, and a smack of Champaign and Burgundy ; and he had heard a vast deal of the roast beef of Old England.—He was therefore epicure sufficient to d—n every dish and every glass of wine he tasted in America, though at the same time he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble duke ; he could, therefore, talk of nobility, and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important "*gemmen*," who bounce upon us half beau, half button-maker ; undertake to give us the true polish of the *bon-ton*, and endeavour to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

Straddle was quite in raptures when his employers determined to send him to America as an agent. He considered himself as going among a nation of barbarians, where he would be received as a prodigy : he anticipated, with a proud satisfaction, the bustle and confusion his arrival would occasion ; the crowd that would throng to gaze at him as he passed through the streets ; and had little doubt but that he should excite as much curiosity as an Indian chief or a Turk in the streets of Birmingham. He had heard of the beauty of our women, and chuckled at the thought how completely he should eclipse their unpolished beaux, and the number of despairing lovers that would mourn the hour of his arrival. I am even informed by Will Wizard, that he put good store of beads, spike-nails, and looking-glasses in his trunk, to win the affections of the fair ones as they paddled about in their bark canoes. The reason Will gave for this error of Straddle's respecting our ladies was that he had read in Guthrie's Geography that the aborigines of America were all savages ; and not exactly understanding the word aborigines, he applied to one of his fellow-apprentices, who assured him that it was the Latin word for inhabitants.

Wizard used to tell another anecdote of Straddle, which always put him in a passion :—Will swore that the captain of the ship told him, that when Straddle

heard they were off the banks of Newfoundland, he insisted upon going on shore there to gather some cabbages, of which he was excessively fond. Straddle, however, denied all this, and declared it to be a mischievous quiz of Will Wizard, who indeed often made himself merry at his expense. However this may be, certain it is he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month before his departure; equipped himself with a smart crooked stick about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard-of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white-topped boots, that seemed to stand on tip-toe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true trans-Atlantic declination towards his right ear. The fact was—nor did he make any secret of it—he was determined to *astonish the natives a few!*

Straddle was not a little disappointed on his arrival to find the Americans were rather more civilized than he had imagined;—he was suffered to walk to his lodgings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed by a single individual;—no love-letters came pouring in upon him;—no rivals lay in wait to assassinate him;—his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculous with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth, who had come out with the idea of astonishing and captivating. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur, and boxer: he condemned our whole dramatic corps, and every thing appertaining to the theatre; but his critical abilities were ridiculed;—he found fault with old Cockloft's dinner, not even sparing with himself, and was never invited to the house afterwards;—he scoured the streets at night, and was cudgelled by a sturdy watchman;—he hoaxed an honest mechanic, and was soundly kicked. Thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle lit on the expedient which was resorted to by the Giblets;—he determined to take the town by storm. He accordingly bought horses and equipages, and forthwith made a furious dash at style in a gig and tandem.

As Straddle's finances were but limited, it may easily be supposed that his fashionable career infringed a little upon his consignments, which was indeed the case—for, to use a true cockney phrase, *Brummagen suffered*. But this was a circumstance that made little impression upon Straddle, who was now a lad of spirit—and lads of spirit always despise the sordid cares of keeping another man's money. Suspecting this circumstance, I never could witness any of his exhibitions of style without some whimsical association of ideas. Did he give an entertainment to a host of guzzling friends, I immediately fancied them gormandizing heartily at the expense of poor Birmingham, and swallowing a consignment of handsaws and razors. Did I behold him dashing through Broadway in his gig, I saw him, "in my mind's eye," driving tandem on a tea-board; nor could I ever contemplate his cockney exhibitions of horsemanship, but my mischievous imagination would

picture him spurring a cask of hardware, like Bacchus bestriding a tun; or the little gentleman who be-straddles the world in the front of Hutching's manac.

Straddle was equally successful with the Giblets, as may well be supposed; for though pedestrian men may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognised, and like Philip's ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance every where. Mounted in his curriole on his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on high pedestal; his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. Oh! Gotham, Gotham! most enlightened of cities! how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment.

Thus Straddle became quite a man of *ton*, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before was now declared to be the style. He criticised our theatre, and was listened to with reverence. He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous, and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He abused our dinners; and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs. He became at once a man of taste—for he put his malediction on every thing and his arguments were conclusive—for he supported every assertion with a bet. He was likewise pronounced by the learned in the fashionable world to be had sent home, as natural curiosities, an ear of Indian corn, a pair of moccasins, a belt of wampum, and a four-leaved clover. He had taken great pains to enrich this curious collection with an Indian, and a cataract, but without success. In fine, the people talked of Straddle and his equipage, and Straddle talked of his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or his horses most.

Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory. He swaggered about parlours and drawing-rooms with the same unceremonious confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a bar-maid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New-York and Harlem; and no one stood a chance of being accommodated until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He dined the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and accosted them with true gentlemanlike familiarity. He staggered from the dinner-table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, strong enough to slounder through a cotillon, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depre-

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and make the whole company sensible of his finite condescension in coming amongst them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fine fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his carriage, or a ride on one of his fine horses. The ladies were delighted with the attentions of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his learned distinctions between wrought scissors and those of cast-steel; together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horse-flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an Englishman, and their wives treated him with great deference because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that your salt water is a marvellous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the turnpike fashion was checked by some of those stumbling-blocks in the way of aspiring youth called creditors—debts;—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, “are hated by gods and men.” Comments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and those pests of society, the tailors and shoemakers, rose in rebellion against Straddle. Their vain were all his remonstrances; in vain did he move to them, that though he had given them no money, yet he had given them more custom, and as matter promises as any young man in the city. They were inflexible; and the signal of danger being given, a host of other prosecutors pounced upon his back. Straddle saw there was but one way for it: he did the thing genteelly, went to smash like a hero, and washed into the limits in high style; being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the—*ne ultra*—the *id*—!

Unfortunate Straddle! may thy fate be a warning to all young gentlemen who come out from Birmingham to astonish the natives!—I should never have taken the trouble to delineate his character, had he not been a genuine Cockney, and worthy to be the representative of his numerous tribe. Perhaps my simple countrymen may hereafter be able to distinguish between the real English gentleman and individuals of the cast I have heretofore spoken of, as mere mongrels, springing at one bound from contemptible obscurity at home, to daylight and splendour in this wood-natured land. The true-born and true-bred English gentleman is a character I hold in great respect; and I love to look back to the period when our forefathers flourished in the same generous soil, and hailed each other as brothers. But the Cockney!—when I contemplate him as springing too from the same source, I feel ashamed of the relationship, and am tempted to deny my origin.—In the character of Straddle is traced the complete outline of a true Cockney of English growth, and a descendant of that in-

dividual facetious character mentioned by Shakspeare, “who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.”

THE STRANGER AT HOME;

OR

A TOUR IN BROADWAY.

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT, THE YOUNGER.

PREFACE.

YOUR learned traveller begins his travels at the commencement of his journey; others begin theirs at the end, and a third class begin any how and any where, which I think is the true way. A late facetious writer begins what he calls “A Picture of New-York” with a particular description of Glen’s Falls; from whence, with admirable dexterity, he makes a digression to the celebrated Mill Rock, on Long Island! Now this is what I like; and I intend in my present tour to digress as often and as long as I please. If, therefore, I choose to make a hop, skip, and jump to China, or New-Holland, or Terra Incognita, or Communipaw, I can produce a host of examples to justify me, even in books that have been praised by the English reviewers; whose *fat* being all that is necessary to give books a currency in this country, I am determined, as soon as I finish my edition of travels in seventy-five volumes, to transmit it forthwith to them for judgment. If these trans-Atlantic censors praise it, I have no tear of its success in this country, where their approbation gives, like the Tower stamp, a fictitious value, and makes tinsel and wampum pass current for classic gold.

CHAPTER I.

Battery—flag-staff kept by Louis Keaffee—Keaffee maintains two spy-glasses by subscriptions—merchants pay two shillings a-year to look through them at the signal poles on Staten-Island; a very pleasant prospect; but not so pleasant as that from the hill of Howth—query, ever been there? Young seniors go down to the flag-staff to buy pea-nuts and beer, after the fatigue of their morning studies, and sometimes to play at ball, or some other innocent amusement—digression to the Olympic and Isthmian games, with a description of the Isthmus of Corinth, and that of Darien: to conclude with a dissertation on the Indian custom of offering a whiff of tobacco-smoke to their great spirit Areskou. Return to the battery; delightful place to indulge in the luxury of sentiment. How various are the mutations of this world! but a few days, a few hours—at least not above two hundred years ago, and this spot was inhabited by a race of aborigines, who dwelt in bark huts, lived upon oysters and Indian corn, danced buffalo dances, and were lords “of the fowl and the brute;” but the spirit of time, and the spirit of brandy, have swept them from their ancient inheritance; and as the white wave of the ocean, by its evertolling assiduity, gains on the brown land, so the white man, by slow and sure degrees, has gained on the brown savage, and dispos-

essed him of the land of his forefathers. Conjectures on the first peopling of America—different opinions on that subject, to the amount of near one hundred—opinion of Augustine Torniel, that they are the descendants of Shem and Japheth, who came by the way of Japan to America—Juffridius Petri says they came from Friezeland—mem. cold journey. Mons. Charon says they are descended from the Gauls—bitter enough. A. Milius from the Celts—Kircher from the Egyptians—Le Compte from the Phenicians—Lescarbot from the Canaanites, *alias* the Anthropophagi—Brerewood from the Tartars—Grotius from the Norwegians; and Link. Fid. has written two folio volumes to prove that America was first of all peopled either by the Antipodeans or the Cornish miners, who, he maintains, might easily have made a subterranean passage to this country, particularly the Antipodeans, who, he asserts, can get along under ground as fast as mules—query, which of these is in the right, or are they all wrong? For my part, I don't see why America has not as good a right to be peopled at first, as any little contemptible country in Europe, or of Asia; and I am determined to write a book at my first leisure, to prove that Noah was born here; and that so far is America from being indebted to any other country for inhabitants, that they were every one of them peopled by colonies from her!—Mem. battery a very pleasant place to walk on a Sunday evening—not quite genteel though; every body walks there, and a pleasure, however genuine, is spoiled by general participation: the fashionable ladies of New-York turn up their noses if you ask them to walk on the battery on Sunday—query, have they scruples of conscience or scruples of delicacy?—neither; they have only scruples of gentility, which are quite different things.

CHAPTER II.

Custom-house—origin of duties on merchandise—this place much frequented by merchants—and why?—different classes of merchants—importers—a kind of nobility—wholesale merchants—have the privilege of going to the city assembly—retail traders cannot go to the assembly. Some curious speculations on the vast distinction betwixt selling tape by the piece or by the yard. Wholesale merchants look down upon the retailers, who in return look down upon the greengrocers, who look down upon the market-women, who don't care a straw about any of them. Origin of the distinction of ranks—Dr Johnson once horribly puzzled to settle the point of precedence between a l—and a flea—good hint to humble proud arrogance. Custom-house partly used as a lodging-house for the pictures belonging to the academy of arts—couldn't afford the statues house-room—most of them in the cellar of the city hall—poor place for the gods and goddesses—after Olympus. Pensive reflections on the ups and downs of life—Apollo, and the rest of the set, used to cut a great figure in days of yore.—Mem. every dog has his day—sorry for Venus though, poor wench, to be cooped up

in a cellar, with not a single grace to wait on her. Eulogy on the gentlemen of the academy of arts, the great spirit with which they began the undertaking, and the perseverance with which they have pursued it. It is a pity, however, they began at the wrong end—maxim—if you want a bird and a cage always buy the cage first—hem!—a word to the wise

CHAPTER III.

Bowling-green—fine place for pasturing cows—perquisite of the late corporation; formerly ornamented with a statue of George III.; people pulled it down in the war to make bullets—great pity, as it might have been given to the academy; it would have become a cellar as well as any other. Broadway—great difference in the gentility of streets; a man who resides in Pearl-street, or Chathamrow, derives no kind of dignity from his domicile; but place him in a certain part of Broadway—any where between the battery and Wall-street—and he straightway becomes entitled to figure in the *beau monde*, and strut as a person of prodigious consequence! Query, whether there is a degree of purity in the air of that quarter which changes the gross particles of vulgarity into gems of refinement and polish?—a question to be asked, but not to be answered. Wall-street—City Hall—famous places for catchpoles, deputy sheriffs, and young lawyers; which last attend the courts, not because they have business there, but because they have no business any where else. My blood always curdles when I see a catchpole, they being a species of vermin who feed and fatten on the wretchedness of mankind, who trade in misery, and, in becoming the executioners of the law, by their oppression and villainy almost counterbalance all the benefits which are derived from its salutary regulations. Story of Queensbury about a catchpole possessed by a devil, who, on being interrogated, declared that he did not come there voluntarily, but by compulsion; and that a decent devil would never of his own free will enter into the body of a catchpole: instead, therefore, of doing him an injustice to say that here was a catchpole bewitched, they should say it was a devil be-catchpoled; that being in reality the truth. Wonder what has become of the old crier of the court, who used to make much noise in preserving silence than the audience did in breaking it: if a man happened to drop his cane, the old hero would sing out "Silence!" in a voice emulating the "wide-mouthed thunder." On inquiry I found he had retired from business to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, as many a great man had done before. Strange that wise men, as they are thought, should toil through a whole existence merely to enjoy a few moments of leisure at last! why don't they begin to be easy at first, and not purchase a moment's pleasure with an age of pain?—mem. posed some of the judges—eh!

CHAPTER IV.

Barber's pole! three different orders of *shavers* in New-York: those who shave *pigs*—N.B. Fresh

and sophomores;—those who shave notes of hand;—and those who shave the people, because, in the court of money, and that honest shavers can do in a second would puzzle a common man to be kept by cutting his throat;—and shavers, your true blood is created snugly behind the neck, and upon the vitals of the people, in the ruin of thousands. They are held in high respect in the country against the decencies of life, and are shown on honest poverty with a respect which they themselves gentlemen; yea, men of another set of capital sinners, who are the cause of such houses! good things enough to be said of a few honest industrious people—according to law, such fools, whose fault it is, that they are not bit? Messrs Paff—be such bad company, because they are fellows—mem.—to receive a puff-box to all amateurs of monkey-doodle—N.B. Buffalo, the naturalists all nature as a singing-bird; Link. long description of a balance in Canada:—digressions on the Canadian Indians;—and how to make fishing-nets of wire, according to Link. authorities, Areskou is derived from his Greek name, which means a new well enough what a spider:—story of Arachne, who was punished as a reward for having invented the word spinster;—Alto bosco, the birthplace of a famous breed of nothing like a little school of fishes, viz. the majority of the people; return to New-York, where a washing belle in a thick wig, who, when she saw her face, saw she squinted; never saw a face so comely; she was worth looking at: saw something across the street all day—talked so loud that she ran away, and was afterwards overheard with a little boy, who said he had seen the use of speaking

CHAPTER

Bought a pair of gloves;—schools of politeness—tried to buy a pair of gloves and a pair of shoes for a dollar—dog-cheap! Good place to see the belle shopping with a lady? S

and sophomores;—those who cut beards, and those who *shave notes of hand*: the last are the most respectable, because, in the course of a year, they make more money, and that *honestly*, than the whole corps of other *shavers* can do in half a century; besides, it would puzzle a common barber to ruin any man, except by cutting his throat; whereas your higher order *shavers*, your true blood-suckers of the community, seated snugly behind the curtain, in watch for prey, live upon the vitals of the unfortunate, and grow rich in the ruin of thousands. Yet this last class of *barbers* are held in high respect in the world; they never offend against the decencies of life, go often to church, look down on honest poverty walking on foot, and call themselves gentlemen; yea, men of honour! Lottery-offices—another set of capital shavers! licensed gambling-houses! good things enough though, as they enable a few *honest industrious gentlemen* to humbug the people—according to law; besides, if the people will be such fools, whose fault is it but their own if they get bit? Messrs Paff—beg pardon for putting them in such bad company, because they are a couple of the fellows—mem.—to recommend Michael's antique snuff-box to all amateurs *in the art*. Eagle singing in a snuff-box—N.B. Buffon, Pennant, and the rest of the naturalists all *naturals*, not to know the eagle as a singing-bird; Link. Fid. knew better, and gives a long description of a bald eagle that serenaded him once in Canada:—digression; particular account of the Canadian Indians;—story about Areskou learning to make fishing-nets of a spider—don't believe it, because, according to Linkum, and many other learned authorities, Areskou is the same as *Mars*, being derived from his Greek name of *Ares*; and if so, he knew well enough what a *net* was without consulting a spider:—story of Arachne being changed into a spider as a reward for having hanged herself;—derivation of the word spinster from spider:—Colophon, now Altobosco, the birth-place of Arachne, remarkable for a famous breed of spiders to this day;—mem.—nothing like a little scholarship—make the *ignoramus*, viz. the majority of my readers, stare like wild geons; return to New-York by a short cut—meet a washing belle in a thick white veil—tried to get a peep at her face, saw she squinted a little—thought so at first; never saw a face covered with a veil that was worth looking at: saw some ladies holding a conversation across the street about going to church next Sunday—talked so loud they frightened a woman's horse, who ran away, and upset a basket of gingerbread with a little boy under it;—*excuse*.—I don't much see the use of speaking-trumpets now-a-days.

CHAPTER V.

Bought a pair of gloves; dry-good shops the genuine schools of politeness—true Parisian manners there; got a pair of gloves and a pistareen's worth of bows for a dollar—dog-cheap! Courtlandt-street corner—famous place to see the belles go by: query, ever been popping with a lady? Some account of it. Ladies

go into all the shops in the city to buy a pair of gloves: good way of spending time if they have nothing else to do. Oswego market—looks very much like a triumphal arch: some account of the manner of erecting them in ancient times. Digression to the *arch*-duke Charles, and some account of the ancient Germans. N. B. Quote Tacitus on this subject. Particular description of market-baskets, butchers' blocks, and wheelbarrows: mem. queer things run upon one wheel! Saw a cartman driving full tilt through Broadway—run over a child; good enough for it—what business had it to be in the way? Hint concerning the laws against pigs, goats, dogs, and cartmen; grand apostrophe to the sublime science of jurisprudence. Comparison between legislators and tinkers: query, whether it requires greater ability to mend a law than to mend a kettle? Inquiry into the utility of making laws that are broken a hundred times in a day with impunity; my Lord Coke's opinion on the subject; my lord a very great man—so was Lord Bacon: good story about a criminal named Hog claiming relationship with him. Hogg's porter-house—great haunt of Will Wizard. Will put down there one night by a sea-captain, in an argument concerning the era of the Chinese empire Whangpo. Hogg's a capital place for hearing the same stories, the same jokes, and the same songs, every night in the year—mem. except Sunday nights: fine school for young politicians too; some of the longest and thickest heads in the city come there to settle the affairs of the nation. Scheme of Ichabod Fungus to restore the balance of Europe. Digression: some account of the balance of Europe; comparison between it and a pair of scales, with the Emperor Alexander in one, and the Emperor Napoleon in the other: line fellows—both of a weight; can't tell which will kick the beam: mem. don't care much either—nothing to me. Ichabod very unhappy about it; thinks Napoleon has an eye on this country: capital place to pasture his horses, and provide for the rest of his family. Dey-street; ancient Dutch name of it, signifying murderer's valley, formerly the site of a great peach-orchard: my grandmother's history of the famous Peach war; arose from an Indian stealing peaches out of this orchard—god cause as need be for a war; just as good as the balance of power. Anecdote of a war between two Italian states about a bucket; introduce some capital new truisms about the folly of mankind, the ambition of kings, potentates, and princes—particularly Alexander, Cæsar, Charles XII., Napoleon, little King Pepin, and the great Charlemagne. Conclude with an exhortation to the present race of sovereigns to keep the king's peace, and abstain from all those deadly quarrels which produce battle, murder, and sudden death: mem. ran my nose against a lamp-post—conclude in great dudgeon.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

OUR cousin Pindar, after having been confined for some time past with a fit of the gout, which is a kind of keepsake in our family, has again set his mill going,

as my readers will perceive. On reading his piece, I could not help smiling at the high compliments which, contrary to his usual style, he has lavished on the dear sex. The old gentleman, unfortunately observing my merriment, stumped out of the room with great vociferation of crutch, and has not exchanged three words with me since. I expect every hour to hear that he has packed up his moveables, and, as usual in all cases of disgust, retreated to his old country-house.

Pindar, like most of the old Cockloft heroes, is wonderfully susceptible to the genial influence of warm weather. In winter he is one of the most crusty old bachelors under heaven, and is wickedly addicted to sarcastic reflections of every kind, particularly on the little enchanting foibles and whim-whams of women. But when the spring comes on, and the mild influence of the sun releases nature from her icy fetters, the ice of his bosom dissolves into a gentle current, which reflects the bewitching qualities of the fair; as in some mild, clear evening, when nature reposes in silence, the stream bears in its pure bosom all the starry magnificence of heaven. It is under the control of this influence he has written his piece; and I beg the ladies, in the plenitude of their harmless conceit, not to flatter themselves that because the good Pindar has suffered them to escape his censures, he had nothing more to censure. It is but sunshine and zephyrs which have wrought this wonderful change; and I am much mistaken if the first north-easter don't convert all his good-nature into most exquisite spleen.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

How often I cast my reflections behind,
And call up the days of past youth to my mind!
When folly assails in habitments new,
When fashion obtrudes some fresh whim-wham to view;
When the foplings of fashion bedazzle my sight,
Bewilder my feelings—my senses blight;
I retreat in disgust from the world of to-day,
To commune with the world that has moulder'd away;
To converse with the shades of those friends of my love,
Long gather'd in peace to the angels above.

In my rambles through life, should I meet with annoy
From the bold beardless stripling—the turbid pert boy;
One rear'd in the mode lately reckon'd genteel,
Which, neglecting the head, aims to perfect the heel;
Which completes the sweet fopling while yet in his teens,
And fits him for fashion's light changeable scenes;
And though brainless and vapid as vapid can be,
To routs and to parties pronounces him free,—
Oh! I think on the beaux that existed of yore,
On those rules of the *ton* that exist now no more!

I recall with delight how each yokner at first
In the cradle of science and virtue was nursed;
How the graces of person and graces of mind,
The polish of learning and fashion combined,
Till soften'd in manners and strengthen'd in head,
By the classical lore of the living and dead,
Matured in his person till manly in size,
He then was presented a bean to our eyes!

My nieces of late have made frequent complaint
That they suffer vexation and painful constraint,
By having their circles too often distrest
By some three or four gossings just ledged from the nest;
Who, prop'd by the credit their fathers sustain,
Alike tender in years and in person and brain,

But plenteously stock'd with that substitute, brass,
For trac'wits and critics would anxiously pass.

Their complain of that empty sarcastical slang,
So common to all the coxcombical gang,
Who the fair with their shallow experience vex,
By thrumming for ever their weakness of sex—
And who boast of themselves, when they talk with proud
Of man's mental ascendancy over the fair.

'Twas thus the young owlet produced in the nest
Where the eagle of Jove her young eaglets had prest,
Pretended to boast of his royal descent,
And vaunted that force which to eagles is lent.
Though fated to shun with dim visual ray
The cheering delights and the brilliance of day,
To forsake the fair regions of aether and light,
For dull moping caverns of darkness and night;
Still talk'd of that eagle-like strength of the eye,
Which approaches, unwinking, the pride of the sky;
Of that wing which, unwearied, can hover and play
In the noon-tide effulgence and torrent of day.

Dear girls, the sad evils of which ye complain,
Your sex must endure from the feeble and vain.
They know not that nature—that custom deceases,
That women should always endeavour to please;
That the law of their system has early imprest
The importance of fitting themselves to each guest;
And, of course, that full oft, when ye trifle and play,
'Tis to gratify titlers who strut in your way.
The child might as well of its mother complain,
As wanting true wisdom and soundness of brain.
Because that, at times, while it hangs on her breast
She with "lulla-by-lally" beguiles it to rest.
'Tis its weakness of mind that induces the strain;
For wisdom to infants is prattled in vain.

'Tis true, at odd times, when in frolicsome fit
In the midst of his gambols, the mischievous wit
May start some light foible that clings to the fair,
Like cobwebs that fasten to objects most rare;
In the play of his fancy will sportively say
Some delicate censure that pops in his way:
He may snuffle at your fashions, and frankly express
His dislike of a dance, or a flaming red dress;
Yet he blames not your want of man's physical force,
Nor complains though ye cannot in Latin discourse.
He delights in the language of nature ye speak,
Though not so refined as true classical Greek.
He remembers that Providence never design'd
Our females, like suns, to bewilder and blind;
But like the mild orb of pale evening serene,
Whose radiance illumines, yet softens the scene,
To light us with cheering and welcoming ray
Along the rude path when the sun is away.

I own in my scivilblings I lately have named
Some faults of our fair which I gently have blamed;
But be it for ever by all understood,
My censures were only pronounced for their good.
I delight in the sex—'tis the pride of my mind
To consider them gentle, endearing, refined;
As our solace below in the journey of life,
To smooth its rough passes, to soften its strife;
As objects intended our joys to supply,
And to lead us in love to the temples on high.
How oft have I felt, when two beild blue eyes,
As calm and as bright as the gems of the skies,
Have beam'd their soft radiance into my soul,
Impress'd with an awe like an angel's control!

Yes, fair ones, by this is for ever defined
The top from the man of refinement and mind;
The latter believes ye in bounty were given
As a bond upon earth of our union with heaven;
And if ye are weak, and are frail, in his view,
'Tis to call forth fresh warmth, and his fondness renew.

'Tis his joy to support these
And his love at your weak
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No. XIII.—FRIDA

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'Tis his joy to support these defects of your frame,
And his love at your weakness redoubles its flame :
He rejoices the gem is so rich and so fair,
And is proud that it claims his protection and care.

No. XIII.—FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I was not a little perplexed, a short time since, by the eccentric conduct of my knowing coaljutor Will Wizard. For two or three days he was completely a quandy. He would come into old Cockloft's parlour ten times a day, swinging his ponderous legs along with his usual vast strides, clap his hands into his sides, contemplate the little shepherdesses on the mantel-piece for a few minutes, whistling all the while, and then sally out full sweep without uttering a word. To be sure, a pish or a pshaw occasionally escaped him; and he was observed once to pull out his enormous snuff-box, drum for a moment upon its lid with his knuckles, and then return it into his pocket without taking a pinch. 'Twas evident Will was full of some mighty idea—not that his restlessness was any way uncommon; for I have often seen him throw himself almost into a fever of heat and fatigue—doing nothing. But his inflexible taciturnity set the whole family, as usual, a-wondering, as he seldom enters the house without giving one of his “one thousand and one” stories. For my part, I began to think that the fracas at Canton had alarmed Will for the safety of his friends Kinglum, Chinqua, and Consequa—or that something had gone wrong in the alterations of the theatre—or that some new outrage at Norfolk had put him in a worry.—In short, I did not know what to think; for Will is such a universal busy-body, and rattles so much in every thing going forward, that he might as well attempt to conjecture what is going on in the North Star as in his precious pericranium. Mrs Coekloft, who, like a worthy woman as she seldom troubles herself about anything in this world, saving the affairs of her household, and the correct deportment of her female friends, was struck with the mystery of Will's behaviour. She happened, when he came in and went out the tenth time, to be darning the bottom of one of the old red damask chairs; and notwithstanding this is to her an affair of great importance, yet she could not help turning round and exclaiming, “I wonder what can be the matter with Mr Wizard!” “Nothing,” replied old Christopher, “only we shall have an eruption soon.”—The lady did not understand a word of this, neither did she care: she had expressed her wonder; and that, with her, is always sufficient.

As I am so well acquainted with Will's peculiarities, I can tell, even by his whistle, when he is about an eruption for our paper, as certainly as a weather wiseacre tells that it is going to rain when he sees a pig run squeaking about with his nose in the wind. I thereupon laid my account with receiving a communication

from him before long; and, sure enough, the evening before last I distinguished his free-mason knock at my door. I have seen many wise men in my time, philosophers, mathematicians, astronomers, politicians, editors, and almanac-makers—but never did I see a man look half as wise as did my friend Wizard on entering the room. Had Lavater beheld him at that moment, he would have set him down, to a certainty, as a fellow who had just discovered the longitude or the philosopher's stone.

Without saying a word, he handed me a roll of paper; after which he lighted his cigar, sat down, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and, elevating his nose to an angle of about forty-five degrees, began to smoke like a steam-engine. Will delights in the picturesque. On opening his budget, and perceiving the motto, it struck me that Will had brought me one of his confounded Chinese manuscripts, and I was forthwith going to dismiss it with indignation; but accidentally seeing the name of our oracle, the sage Linkum, of whose inestimable folios we pride ourselves upon being the sole possessors, I began to think the better of it, and looked round at Will to express my approbation. I shall never forget the figure he cut at that moment! He had watched my countenance, on opening his manuscript, with the Argus eyes of an author; and, perceiving some tokens of disapprobation, began, according to custom, to puff away at his cigar with such vigour, that in a few minutes he had entirely involved himself in smoke, except his nose and one foot, which were just visible, the latter wagging with great velocity. I believe I have hinted before—at least, I ought to have done so—that Will's nose is a very goodly nose; to which it may be as well to add, that in his voyages under the tropics it has acquired a copper complexion, which renders it very brilliant and luminous. You may imagine what a sumptuous appearance it made, projecting boldly, like the celebrated *promontorium nasidium* at Samos with a light-house upon it, and surrounded on all sides with smoke and vapour. Had my gravity been like the Chinese philosopher's, “within one degree of absolute frigidity,” here would have been a trial for it. I could not stand it, but burst into such a laugh as I do not indulge in above once in a hundred years. This was too much for Will; he emerged from his cloud, threw his cigar into the fire-place, and strode out of the room, pulling up his breeches, muttering something which, I verily believe, was nothing more nor less than a horribly long Chinese malediction.

He however left his manuscript behind him, which I now give to the world. Whether he is serious on the occasion, or only bantering, no one, I believe, can tell: for, whether in speaking or writing, there is such an invincible gravity in his demeanour and style, that even I, who have studied him as closely as an antiquarian studies an old manuscript or inscription, am frequently at a loss to know what the rogue would be at. I have seen him indulge in his favourite amusement of quizzing for hours together, without any one

having the least suspicion of the matter, until he would suddenly twist his phiz into an expression that baffles all description, thrust his tongue in his cheek, and blow up into a laugh almost as loud as the shout of the Romans on a certain occasion, which honest Plutarch avers frightened several crows to such a degree, that they fell down stone dead into the Campus Martius. Jeremy Cockloft the younger—who, like a true modern philosopher, delights in experiments that are of no kind of use, took the trouble to measure one of Will's risible explosions, and declared to me that, according to accurate measurement, it contained thirty feet square of solid laughter. What will the professors say to this?

PLANS FOR DEFENDING OUR HARBOUR.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Long-long teko buzz tor-pe-do, Confucius.
Fudge—
We'll blow the villains all sky high;
But do it with econo—my. Link. Fid.

SURELY never was a town more subject to mid-summer fancies and dog-day whim-whams than this most excellent of cities. Our notions, like our diseases, seem all epidemic; and no sooner does a new disorder or a new freak seize one individual, but it is sure to run through all the community. This is particularly the case when the summer is at the hottest, and every body's head is in a vertigo, and his brain in a ferment: 'tis absolutely necessary, then, the poor souls should have some bubble to amuse themselves with, or they would certainly run mad. Last year the poplar-worm made its appearance most fortunately for our citizens; and every body was so much in horror of being poisoned and devoured, and so busied in making humane experiments on cats and dogs, that we got through the summer quite comfortably: the cats had the worst of it—every mouser of them was shaved, and there was not a whisker to be seen in the whole sisterhood. This summer every body has had full employment in planning fortifications for our harbour. Not a cobbler or tailor in the city but has left his awl and his thimble, become an engineer outright, and aspired most magnanimously to the building of forts and destruction of navies. Heavens! as my friend Mustapha would say, on what a great scale is every thing in this country!

Among the various plans that have been offered, the most conspicuous is one devised and exhibited, as I am informed, by that notable confederacy the North-river Society.

Anxious to redeem their reputation from the foul suspicions that have for a long time overclouded it, these aquatic incendiaries have come forward, at the present alarming juncture, and announced a most potent discovery, which is to guarantee our port from the visits of any foreign marauders. The society have, it seems, invented a cunning machine, shrewdly clefted a *torpedo*: by which the stoutest line-of-battle ship, even a *Santisima Trinidad*, may be caught napping, and decomposed in a twinkling; a kind of sub-

marine powder magazine to swim under water, like an aquatic mole, or water-rat, and destroy the enemy in the moments of unsuspecting security.

This straw tickled the noses of all our dignitaries wonderfully; for, to do our government justice, it has no objection to injuring and exterminating its enemies in any manner—provided the thing can be done economically.

It was determined the experiment should be tried, and an old brig was purchased, for not more than twice its value, and delivered over into the hands of its inventors, the North-river Society, to be tortured, battered, and annihilated, *secundum artem*. A Mr. Christopher Cockloft was appointed for the occasion, when all the good citizens of the wonder-loving city of Gotham were invited to the blowing-up; like the fatizakeeper in Rabelais, who requested all his customers to come on a certain day, and see him burst.

As I have almost as great a veneration as the good Mr. Walter Shandy for all kinds of experiments that are ingeniously ridiculous, I made very particular mention of the one in question at the table of my friend Christopher Cockloft; but it put the honest old gentleman in a violent passion. He condemned it, *in toto*, as an attempt to introduce a dastardly and terminating mode of warfare.—“Already have we proceeded far enough,” said he, “in the science of destruction: war is already invested with sufficient horrors and calamities: let us not increase the catalogue; let us not, by these deadly artifices, provide a system of insidious and indiscriminate hostility, which may terminate in laying our cities desolate, and exposing our women, our children, and our infirm, to the sword of pitiless recrimination.” Honest old cockler!—it was evident he did not reason as a true politician; but he felt as a Christian and philanthropist, and that was, perhaps, just as well.

It may be readily supposed that our citizens did not refuse the invitation of the society to the blowing-up: it was the first naval action ever exhibited in our port, and the good people all crowded to see the British navy blown up in effigy. The young ladies were delighted with the novelty of the show, and declared that if war could be conducted in this manner, it would become a fashionable amusement; and the destruction of a fleet be as pleasant as a ball or a tea-party. The bold folk were equally pleased with the spectacle, because it cost them nothing. Dear souls, how low was it they should be disappointed! the brig most obstinately refused to be decomposed;—the dinners were cold, and the puddings were overboiled, through the negligence of the renowned city of Gotham; and its sapient inhabitants, like the honest Strasburghers, from whom most of them are doubtless descended, who went to see the courteous stranger and his nose, all returned home, after having threatened to pull down the flag-staff by way of taking satisfaction for their disappointment.—By the way, there is not an animal in the world more discriminating in its vengeance than the free-horn mob.

In the evening I repaired to the public-house for a sociable cigar, but had not smoked more than half a dozen when I was taken prisoner by a gang of rascals, who, I soon saw, were carrying me into mill-stones. I perceived that the brig had a world of manoeuvring, and was very sociably with it; he seemed to be the objects of the society's eternal machines—hinted to get the river on fire, and proceeded on waking one of the men in a blaze. “No, no,” said he, “provided they profess; no, no, an need of batteries, fortify the river, sir, all that's necessary is to anchor in a convenient place, or so complainant about them—fairly—machines well directed—bang's the word, an experiment!”—“Good,” said the Chinese who was in my acquaintance, and he retaliated, exclaimed—“I'll give you the best him captain, den very old gentleman very good, I did not understand the effect certain water into the project; agreeable to the measure come to the ship, the machine would be inevitable. But do not you think, it would be rather difficult to reach an agreement?—son of a bitch, sympathy to being blown up,” replied he, triumphantly for that;—do with the brig; buy all the vessels, blow them up as best suit your thoughts deeply on that subject, certainty, that if our friends would destroy the whole British navy, By this time all the quietude had gathered around us, each person had a scheme for the salvation of the world, and I really lamented that we had not the famous Toujours, when the celebrated Captain Calacah, against the city of Kalacah, sent the great King Bigstaff, at the great King Bigstaff, at the great King Bigstaff, sneezing.—Another invention, it seems to have occupied the mind of the best way of fortifying a city at once; choke the streets with chocks; strew it with chocks, and make it like a n

In the evening I repaired to friend Hogg's, to smoke a sociable cigar, but had scarcely entered the room, when I was taken prisoner by my friend, Mr Ichabod Hogg; who, I soon saw, was at his usual trade of trying into mill-stones. The old gentleman informed me that the brig had actually been blown up, after a world of manœuvring, and had nearly blown up the society with it; he seemed to entertain strong doubts as to the objects of the society in the invention of these infernal machines—hinted a suspicion of their wishing to set the river on fire, and that he should not be surprised on waking one of these mornings to find the mansion in a blaze. "Not that I disapprove of the plan," said he, "provided it has the end in view which you profess; no, no, an excellent plan of defence;—you need of batteries, forts, frigates, and gun-boats to serve, sir, all that's necessary is, that the ships must come to anchor in a convenient place; watch must be kept, or so complainant as not to disturb any boats paddling about them—fair wind and tide—no moonlight—machines well directed—mustn't flash in the sun—bang's the word, and the vessel's blown up in a moment!"—"Good," said I, "you remind me of a dashing Chinese who was flogged by an honest captain of my acquaintance, and who, on being advised to retaliate, exclaimed—'Hi yah! spose two men hold fast him captain, den very mush me bamboo he!'"

The old gentleman grew a little crusty, and insisted that I did not understand him;—all that was requisite to render the effect certain was, that the enemy should enter into the project; or, in common phrase, "be agreeable to the measure;" so that if the machine did not come to the ship, the ship should go to the machine; by which means he thought the success of the machine would be inevitable—provided it struck fire. "But do not you think," said I, doubtfully, "that it would be rather difficult to persuade the enemy into such an agreement?—some people have an invincible antipathy to being blown up."—"Not at all, not at all," replied he, triumphantly; "got an excellent notion for that;—do with them as we have done with the brig; buy all the vessels we mean to destroy, and blow them up as best suits our convenience. I have thought deeply on that subject, and have calculated to my certainty, that if our funds hold out, we may in this way destroy the whole British navy—by contract."

By this time all the quidnuncs of the room had gathered around us, each pregnant with some mighty scheme for the salvation of his country. One pathetically lamented that we had no such men among us as the famous *Toujoursdort* and *Grossitont*, who, when the celebrated Captain *Tranchemont* made war against the city of *Kalacahabalaba*, utterly discomfited the great King *Bigstaff*, and blew up his whole army by sneezing.—Another imparted a sage idea, which seems to have occupied more heads than one; that is, that the best way of fortifying the harbour was to drain it at once; choke the channel with rocks and blocks; strew it with *chevaux de frise* and *torpedoes*, and make it like a nursery-garden, full of men-

traps and spring-guns. No vessel would then have the temerity to enter our harbour; we should not even dare to navigate it ourselves. Or, if no cheaper way could be devised, let Governor's Island be raised by levers and pulleys, floated with empty casks, etc. towed down to the Narrows, and dropped plump in the very mouth of the harbour!—"But," said I, "would not the prosecution of these whim-whams be rather expensive and dilatory?"—"Pshaw!" cried the other—"what's a million of money to an experiment? the true spirit of our economy requires that we should spare no expense in discovering the cheapest mode of defending ourselves; and then, if all these modes should fail, why you know the worst we have to do is to return to the old-fashioned humdrum mode of forts and batteries."—"By which time," cried I, "the arrival of the enemy may have rendered their erection superfluous."

A shrewd old gentleman, who stood listening by with a mischievously equivocal look, observed that the most effectual mode of repulsing a fleet from our ports would be to administer them a proclamation from time to time, till it operated.

Unwilling to leave the company without demonstrating my patriotism and ingenuity, I communicated a plan of defence; which in truth was suggested long since by that oracle *Mustapha*, who had as clear a head for cobweb-weaving as ever dignified the shoulders of a projector. He thought the most effectual mode would be to assemble all the *slang-whangers*, great and small, from all parts of the state, and marshal them at the battery; where they should be exposed point-blank to the enemy, and form a body of scolding infantry, similar to the *poissards*, or doughty champions of *Billingsgate*. They should be exhorted to fire away, without pity or remorse, in sheets, half-sheets, columns, hand-bills, or squibs; great canon, little canon, pica, German-text, stereotype, and to run their enemies through with sharp-pointed italics. They should have orders to show no quarter—to blaze away in their loudest epithets—"Miscreants!" "Murderers!" "Barbarians!" "Pirates!" "Robbers!" "BLACK-GUARDS!" and, to do away all fear of consequences, they should be guaranteed from all dangers of pillory, kicking, cuffing, nose-pulling, whipping-post, or prosecution for libels. If, continued *Mustapha*, you wish men to fight well and valiantly, they must be allowed those weapons they have been used to handle. Your countrymen are notoriously adroit in the management of the tongue and the pen, and conduct all their battles by speeches or newspapers. Adopt, therefore, the plan I have pointed out; and rely upon it, that let any fleet, however large, be but once assailed by this battery of slang-whangers, and if they have not entirely lost their sense of hearing, or a regard for their own characters and feelings, they will, at the very first fire, slip their cables, and retreat with as much precipitation as if they had unwarily entered into the atmosphere of the *bohon upas*. In this manner may your wars be conducted with

proper economy; and it will cost no more to drive off a fleet than to write up a party, or write down a bashaw of three tails.

The sly old gentleman I have before mentioned was highly delighted with this plan; and proposed, as an improvement, that mortars should be placed on the battery, which, instead of throwing shells and such trifles, might be charged with newspapers, Tammany addresses, etc. by way of red-hot shot, which would undoubtedly be very potent in blowing up any powder magazine they might chance to come in contact with. He concluded by informing the company, that in the course of a few evenings he would have the honour to present them with a scheme for loading certain vessels with newspapers, resolutions of "numerous and respectable meetings," and other combustibles, which vessels were to be blown directly in the midst of the enemy by the bellows of the slang-whangers; and he was much mistaken if they would not be more fatal than fire-ships, bomb-ketches, gun-boats, or even torpedoes.

These are but two or three specimens of the nature and efficacy of the innumerable plans with which this city abounds. Everybody seems charged to the muzzle with gunpowder, every eye flashes fire-works and torpedoes, and every corner is occupied by knots of inflammatory projectors; not one of whom but has some preposterous mode of destruction, which he has proved to be infallible by a previous experiment in a tub of water!

Even Jeremy Cockloft has caught the infection, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants of Cockloft-hall, whither he had retired to make his experiments undisturbed. At one time all the mirrors in the house were unhung,—their collected rays thrown into the hot-house, to try Archimedes' plan of burning-glasses; and the honest old gardener was almost knocked down by what he mistook for a stroke of the sun, but which turned out to be nothing more than a sudden attack of one of these tremendous jack-o'-lanterns. It became dangerous to walk through the court-yard, for fear of an explosion; and the whole family was thrown into distress and consternation, by a letter from the old housekeeper to Mrs Cockloft, informing her of his having blown up a favourite Chinese gander, which I had brought from Canton, as he was majestically sailing in the duck-pond.

"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety;" if so, the defenceless city of Gotham has nothing to apprehend; but much do I fear that so many excellent and infallible projects will be presented, that we shall be at a loss which to adopt, and the peaceable inhabitants fare like a famous projector of my acquaintance, whose house was unfortunately plundered while he was contriving a patent lock to secure his door.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

A RETROSPECT, OR "WHAT YOU WILL."

LOLLING in my elbow-chair this fine summer noon, I feel myself insensibly yielding to that genial feeling

of indolence the season is so well fitted to inspire. Every one, who is blessed with a little of the delicious languor of disposition that delights in repose, must often have sported among the fairy scenes, the golden visions, the voluptuous reveries, that swim before the imagination at such moments; resembling those delightful sensations a Mussulman enjoys after his favourite indulgence of opium; which Will Wizard declares can be compared to nothing but "swimming in an ocean of peacocks' feathers." In such a mood, every body must be sensible it would be idle and unprofitable for a man to send his wits a-gadding on a voyage of discovery into futurity; or even to trouble himself with a laborious investigation of what is actually passing under his eye. We are, at such times, more disposed to resort to the pleasures of memory than those of the imagination; and like the way-faring traveller, reclining for a moment on his staff, had rather contemplate the ground we have travelled than the region which is yet before us.

I could here amuse myself and stultify my readers with a most elaborate and ingenious parallel between authors and travellers; but in this balmy season which makes men stupid and dogs mad, and which doubtless many of our most strenuous admirers have great difficulty in keeping awake through the day, I would be cruel to saddle them with the formidable difficulty of putting two ideas together and drawing a conclusion; or, in the learned phrase, forging *sylogisms à la Baroco*:—a terrible undertaking for the days! To say the truth, my observations were only intended to prove that this, of all others, is the most auspicious moment, and my present the most favourable mood, for indulging in a retrospect.—Whether like certain great personages of the day, in attempting to prove one thing, I have exposed another; or whether, like certain other great personages, in attempting to prove a great deal, I have proved nothing at all, I leave to my readers to decide, provided they have the power and inclination so to do; but a retrospect will I take notwithstanding.

I am perfectly aware that in doing this I shall be myself open to the charge of imitation, than which a man might be better accused of downright house-breaking; for it has been a standing rule with many of my illustrious predecessors, occasionally, and particularly at the conclusion of a volume, to look over their shoulder and chuckle at the miracles they had achieved. But as I before professed, I am determined to hold myself entirely independent of all manner of opinions and criticisms, as the only method of getting on in this world in any thing like a straight line. True it is, I may sometimes seem to angle a little for the good opinion of mankind, by giving them some excellent reasons for doing unreasonable things; but this is merely to show them, that although I may occasionally go wrong, it is not for want of knowing how to go right; and here I will lay down a maxim, which will for ever entitle me to the gratitude of my inexperienced readers, namely, that a man always gets

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credit in the eyes of this naughty world for sinning fully, than for sinning through sheer ignorance. I will doubtless be insisted by many ingenious carers, who will be meddling with what does not at all concern them, that this retrospect should have been taken at the commencement of our second volume; it is usual, I know: moreover, it is natural, when a writer has once accomplished a volume, forthwith becomes wonderfully increased in altitude! He steps upon his book as upon a pedestal, and is elevated in proportion to its magnitude. A decimo makes him one inch taller; an octavo, two inches; a quarto, six:—but he who has made to swell a folio, looks down upon his fellow-creatures from such a fearful height that, ten to one, the man's head is turned for ever afterwards. From such a lofty situation, therefore, it is natural an author should cast his eyes behind; and having reached the landing-place on the stairs of immortality, may reasonably be allowed to plead his privilege to look over the height he has ascended. I have deviated a little from this venerable custom, merely that our retrospect might fall in the dog-days—of all days in the year most congenial to the indulgence of a little sufficiency; inasmuch as people have then little to do but to retire within the sphere of self, and make the most of what they find there.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we think ourselves a whit the wiser or better since we have finished our volume than we were before; on the contrary, we seriously assure our readers that we were fully possessed of all the wisdom and morality it contains at the moment we commenced writing. It is the world which has grown wiser,—not we; we have thrown our share into the common stock of knowledge; we have shared our morsel with the ignorant multitude; and far from elevating ourselves above the world, our endeavour has been to raise the world to our own level, and make it as wise as we its disinterested benefactors.

To a moral writer like myself, who, next to his comfort and entertainment, has the good of his fellow-citizens at heart, a retrospect is but a sorry amusement. Like the industrious husbandman, he contemplates in silent disappointment his labours wasted on a barren soil; or the seed he has fully sown choked by a redundancy of worthless weeds. I expected long ere this to have seen a complete reformation in manners and morals, achieved by our united efforts. My fancy echoed to the applauding voices of a retrieved generation. I anticipated, with proud satisfaction, the period, not far distant, when our work would be introduced into the libraries with which every laze and alley of our citizenship abounded—when our precepts would be gently inhaled into every unlucky urchin by force of birch—when our iron-bound physiognomy, as taken by Will Esq., or his no less renowned predecessor the

his work was originally published in two volumes.

illustrious Dilworth, of spelling-book immortality. But, well-a-day! to let my readers into a profound secret, the expectations of man are like the varied hues that tinge the distant prospect—never to be realized—never to be enjoyed but in perspective. Luckless Launcelot, that the humblest of the many air castles thou hast erected should prove a “baseless fabric!” Much does it grieve me to confess, that after all our lectures, precepts, and excellent admonitions, the people of New-York are nearly as much given to backsliding and ill-nature as ever; they are just as much abandoned to dancing and tea-drinking; and as to scandal, Will Wizard informs me that, by a rough computation, since the last cargo of gunpowder-tea from Canton arrived, no less than eighteen characters have been blown up, besides a number of others that have been woefully shattered.

The ladies still labour under the same scarcity of muslins, and delight in flesh-coloured silk stockings: it is evident, however, that our advice has had very considerable effect on them, as they endeavour to act as opposite to it as possible—this being what Evergreen calls female independence. As to the Straddles, they abound as much as ever in Broadway, particularly on Sundays; and Wizard roundly asserts that he supped in company with a knot of them a few evenings since, when they liquidated a whole Birmingham consignment in a batch of imperial champaign. I have, furthermore, in the course of a month past, detected no less than three Giblet families making their first onset towards style and gentility in the very manner we have heretofore reprobated. Nor have our utmost efforts been able to check the progress of that alarming epidemic, the rage for punning, which, though doubtless originally intended merely to ornament and enliven conversation by little sports of fancy, threatens to overrun and poison the whole, like the baneful ivy which destroys the useful plant it first embellished. Now I look upon an habitual punster as a depredator upon conversation; and I have remarked sometimes one of these offenders sitting silent on the watch for an hour together, until some luckless wight, unfortunately for the ease and quiet of the company, dropped a phrase susceptible of a double meaning—when, pop, our punster would dart out like a veteran mouse from her covert, seize the unlucky wight, and after worrying and mumbling at it until it was capable of no further marring, relapse again into silent watchfulness, and lie in wait for another opportunity. Even this might be borne with, by the aid of a little philosophy; but the worst of it is, they are not content to manufacture puns and laugh heartily at them themselves, but they expect we should laugh with them—which I consider as an intolerable hardship, and a flagrant imposition on good-nature. Let these gentlemen fritter away conversation with impunity, and deal out their wits in sixpenny bits if they please; but I beg I may have the choice of refusing currency to their small change. I am seriously afraid, however, that our jumbo is not quite free from the infection; nay,

that it has even approached so near as to menace the tranquillity of my elbow-chair: for Will Wizard, as we were in council the other night, absolutely electrified Pindar and myself with a most palpable and perplexing pun—had it been a torpedo, it could not have more discomposed the fraternity. Sentence of banishment was unanimously decreed; but on his confessing that, like many celebrated wits, he was merely retailing other men's wares on commission, he was for that once forgiven, on condition of refraining from such diabolical practices in future. Pindar is particularly outrageous against punsters; and quite astonished and put me to a nonplus a day or two since, by asking abruptly "whether I thought a punster could be a good Christian?" He followed up his question triumphantly, by offering to prove, by sound logic and historical fact, that the Roman empire owed its decline and fall to a pun, and that nothing tended so much to demoralize the French nation as their abominable rage for *jeux de mots*.

But what, above every thing else, has caused me much vexation of spirit, and displeased me most with this stiff-necked nation, is, that in spite of all the serious and profound censures of the sage Mustapha, in his various letters—they *will talk!*—they will still wag their tongues, and chatter like very slang-whangers! This is a degree of obstinacy incomprehensible in the extreme, and is another proof how alarming is the force of habit, and how difficult it is to reduce beings, accustomed to talk, to that state of silence which is the very acme of human wisdom.

We can only account for these disappointments, in our moderate and reasonable expectations, by supposing the world so deeply sunk in the mire of delinquency, that not even Hercules, were he to put his shoulder to the axletree, would be able to extricate it. We comfort ourselves, however, by the reflection that there are at least three good men left in this degenerate age, to benefit the world by example, should precept ultimately fail. And borrowing, for once, an example from certain sleepy writers, who, after the first emotions of surprise at finding their invaluable effusions neglected or despised, console themselves with the idea that 'tis a stupid age, and look forward to posterity for redress—we bequeath our first volume to future generations—and much good may it do them. Heaven grant they may be able to read it! for, if our fashionable mode of education continues to improve, as of late, I am under serious apprehensions that the period is not far distant when the discipline of the dancing-master will supersede that of the grammarian—crochets and quavers supplant the alphabet—and the heels, by an antipodean manœuvre, obtain entire pre-eminence over the head. How does my heart yearn for poor dear posterity, when this work shall become as unintelligible to our grandchildren as it seems to be to their grandfathers and grandmothers!

In fact, for I love to be candid, we begin to suspect that many people read our numbers merely for their amusement, without paying any attention to the se-

rious truths conveyed in every page. Unpardoned want of penetration! not that we wish to restrict our readers in the article of laughing—which we consider as one of the dearest prerogatives of man, and the distinguishing characteristic which raises him above other animals: let them laugh therefore if they can, provided they profit at the same time and do not neglect our object. It is one of our indisputable maxims that it is easier to laugh ten follies out of countenance than to coax, reason, or flog a man out of one. In the odd, singular and indescribable age, which is nearly the age of gold, silver, iron, brass, chivalry, nor whatever Sir John Carr may assert, a grave writer who attempts to attack folly with the heavy artillery of moral reasoning will fare like "mollet's honest pedagogue who clearly demonstrated by angles, etc., after the manner of Euclid, that it was wrong to do evil, and was laughed at for his pains. Take my word for it, a little well applied ridicule, like Hannibal's application of vinegar to rocks, will do more with certain heads and obdurate hearts than all the logic or demonstrations in Longinus or Euclid. But the people of Gotham, wise souls! are so much accustomed to see morality approach them, clothed in formal wigs, and sable garbs, "with leaden eye that looks on the ground," that they can never recognise her when, in gay attire, she comes tripping towards them with smiles and sunshine in her countenance.—Well! the rogues remain in happy ignorance, for "ignorance is bliss," as the poet says; and I put as implicit faith in poetry as I do in the almanac or the newspaper. We will improve them without their being the wiser for it, and they shall become better in spite of their teeth, and without their having the least suspicion of the reformation working within them.

Among all our manifold grievances, however, some small but vivid rays of sunshine occasionally brighten along our path, cheering our steps, and inducing us to persevere.

The public have paid some little regard to a few articles of our advice—they have purchased our numbers freely; so much the better for our publishers, who they have read then attentively; so much the better for themselves. The melancholy fate of my dear aunt Charity has had a wonderful effect; and I have now before me a letter from a gentleman who has been opposite to a couple of old ladies, remarkable for their interest they took in his affairs; his apartments were absolutely in a state of blockade, and he was on the point of changing his lodgings, or capitulating, at the appearance of our ninth number, which he immediately sent over with his compliments—the good ladies took the hint, and have scarcely appeared at the window since. As to the wooden gentlemen, my friend Miss Sparkle assures me they are wonderfully improved by our criticisms, and sometimes venture to make a remark, or attempt a pun in company with the great edification of all who happen to understand them. As to red shawts, they are entirely discarded from the fair shoulders of our ladies, ever since

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 glancing gaze of scrutinizing passengers. But there
 one victory we have achieved, which has given us
 more pleasure than to have written down the whole
 administration: I am assured, from unquestionable
 authority, that our young ladies, doubtless in com-
 pliance of our weighty admonitions, have not
 been indulged in that intoxicating, inflammatory, and
 whirligig dance, the waltz, ever since warm weather
 commenced. True it is, I understand, an attempt
 was made to exhibit it, by some of the sable fair ones,
 the last African ball, but it was highly disapproved
 by all the respectable elderly ladies present.
 These are sweet sources of comfort to atone for the
 many wrongs and misrepresentations heaped upon us
 the world—for even we have experienced its ill-
 nature. How often have we heard ourselves reproach-
 ed for the insidious applications of the uncharitable!
 How often have we been accused of emotions which
 never found an entrance into our bosoms!—how
 often have our sportive effusions been wrested to
 serve the purposes of particular enmity and bitterness!
 Rattlesome spirits! little do they know our disposi-
 tions: we “lack gall” to wound the feelings of a
 single innocent individual—we can even forgive them
 from the very bottom of our souls; may they meet
 ready a forgiveness from their own consciences!
 We true and independent bachelors, having no do-
 mestic cares to interfere with our general benevo-
 lence, we consider it incumbent upon us to watch
 over the welfare of society; and although we are in-
 debted to the world for little else than left-handed fa-
 vours, yet we feel a proud satisfaction in requiting
 it with good, and the sneer of illiberality with the
 feigned smile of good-humour. With these mixed
 motives of selfishness and philanthropy we com-
 menced our work, and if we cannot solace ourselves
 with the consciousness of having done much good,
 there is still one pleasing consolation left, which
 the world can neither give nor take away. There are
 moments—lingering moments of listless indifference
 and heavy-hearted despondency—when our best
 hopes and affections slipping, as they sometimes will,
 from their hold on those objects to which they usually
 cling for support, seem abandoned on the wide waste
 cheerless existence, without a place to cast anchor
 without a shore in view to excite a single wish, or
 give a momentary interest to contemplation. We
 look back with delight upon many of these moments
 of mental gloom, whiled away by the cheerful exer-
 cise of our pen, and consider every such triumph over
 spleen as retarding the surrowing hand of time in
 its insidious encroachments on our brows. If, in ad-
 dition to our own amusements, we have, as we jog-
 gled carelessly laughing along, brushed away one tear
 of dejection and called forth a smile in its place—if
 we have brightened the pale countenance of a single
 child of sorrow—we shall feel almost as much joy and
 rejoicing as a slang-whanger does when he bathes his

pen in the heart's blood of a patron and benefactor;
 or sacrifices an illustrious victim on the altar of party
 animosity.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is our misfortune to be frequently pestered, in
 our peregrinations about this learned city, by certain
 critical gad-flies, who buzz around, and merely attack
 the skin, without ever being able to penetrate the
 body. The reputation of our promising *protégé*, Je-
 remy Cockloft the younger, has been assailed by these
 skin-deep critics; they have questioned his claims to
 originality, and even hinted that the ideas for his New-
 Jersey Tour were borrowed from a late work entitled
 “My Pocket-book.” As there is no literary offence
 more despicable in the eyes of the trio than borrow-
 ing, we immediately called Jeremy to an account;
 when he proved, by the dedication of the work in ques-
 tion, that it was first published in London in March,
 1807—and that his “Stranger in New-Jersey” had
 made its appearance on the 24th of the preceding Fe-
 bruary.

We were on the point of acquitting Jeremy with
 honour, on the ground that it was impossible, know-
 ing as he is, to borrow from a foreign work one
 month before it was in existence, when Will Wizard
 suddenly took up the cudgels for the critics, and in-
 sisted that nothing was more probable, for he recol-
 lected reading of an ingenious Dutch author, who
 plainly convicted the ancients of stealing from his la-
 bours!—So much for criticism.

We have received a host of friendly and admoni-
 tory letters from different quarters, and among the
 rest a very loving epistle from George-town, Colum-
 bia, signed Teddy M'Gundy, who addresses us by
 the name of Saul M'Gundy, and insists that we are
 descended from the same Irish progenitors, and nearly
 related. As friend Teddy seems to be an honest,
 merry rogue, we are sorry that we cannot admit his
 claims to kindred: we thank him, however, for his
 good will, and should he ever be inclined to favour
 us with another epistle, we will hint to him, and at
 the same time to our other numerous correspondents,
 that their communications will be infinitely more ac-
 ceptable if they will just recollect Tom Shuffleton's
 advice,—“pay the post-boy, Muggins.”

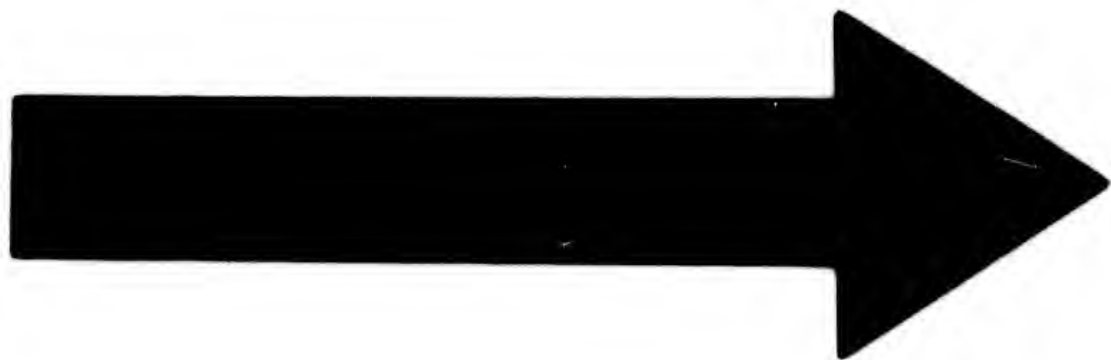
NO. XIV.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1807.

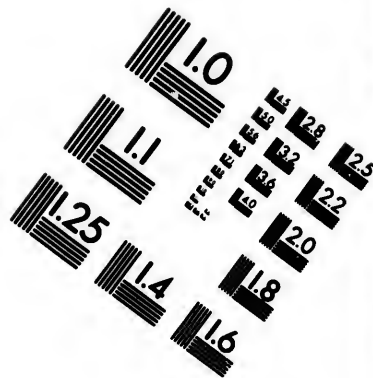
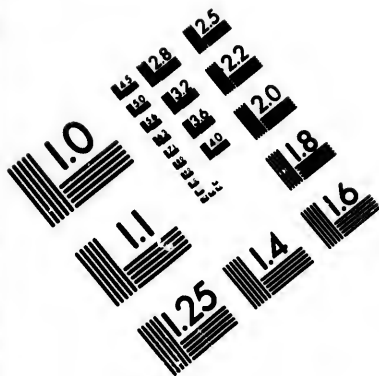
LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUR KALI KHAN,

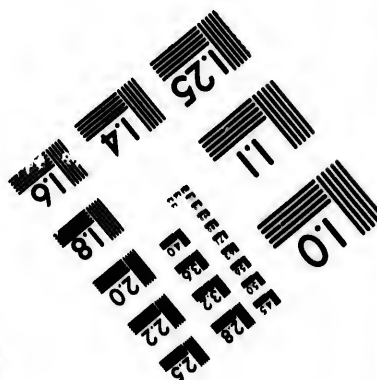
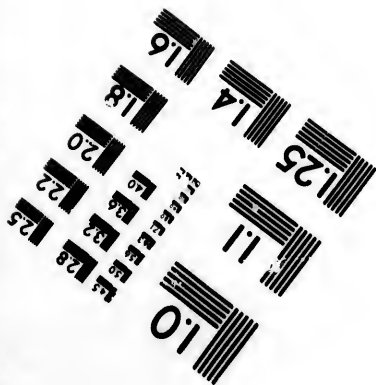
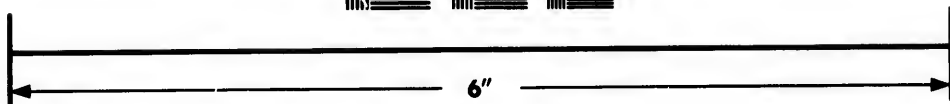
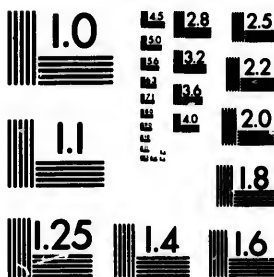
To Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness
 the Bashaw of Tripoli.

HEALTH and joy to the friend of my heart!—May
 the angel of peace ever watch over thy dwelling, and
 the star of prosperity shed its lustre on all thy under-
 takings. Far other is the lot of thy captive friend;





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—his brightest hopes extend but to a lengthened period of captivity, and memory only adds to the measure of his griefs, by holding up a mirror which reflects with redoubled charms the hours of past felicity. In midnight slumbers my soul holds sweet converse with the tender objects of its affections;—it is then the exile is restored to his country;—it is then the wide waste of waters that rolls between us disappears, and I clasp to my bosom the companion of my youth! I awake, and find it but a vision of the night. The sigh will rise,—the tear of dejection will steal down my cheek :—I fly to my pen, and strive to forget myself, and my sorrows, in conversing with my friend.

In such a situation, my good Asem, it cannot be expected that I should be able so wholly to abstract myself from my own feelings, as to give thee a full and systematic account of the singular people among whom my disastrous lot has been cast. I can only find leisure, from my own individual sorrows, to entertain thee occasionally with some of the most prominent features of their character, and now and then a solitary picture of their most preposterous eccentricities.

I have before observed that, among the distinguishing characteristics of the people of this logocracy, is their invincible love of talking; and that I could compare the nation to nothing but a mighty windmill. Thou art doubtless at a loss to conceive how this mill is supplied with grist; or, in other words, how it is possible to furnish subjects for the perpetual exercise of so many tongues.

The genius of the nation appears in its highest lustre in this particular, in the discovery, or rather the application, of a subject which seems to supply an inexhaustible mine of words. It is nothing more, my friend, than *POLITICS*; a word which, I declare to thee, has perplexed me almost as much as the redoubtable one of economy. On consulting a dictionary of this language, I found it denoted the science of government; and the relations, situations, and dispositions of states and empires.—Good, thought I; for a people who boast of governing themselves there could not be a more important subject of investigation. I therefore listened attentively, expecting to hear from “the most enlightened people under the sun,” for so they modestly term themselves, sublime disputations on the science of legislation, and precepts of political wisdom that would not have disgraced our great prophet and legislator himself; but alas, Asem! how continually are my expectations disappointed! how dignified a meaning does this word bear in the dictionary!—how despicable its common application! I find it extending to every contemptible discussion of local animosity, and every petty altercation of insignificant individuals. It embraces alike all manner of concerns; from the organization of a divan, the election of a bashaw, or the levying of an army, to the appointment of a constable, the personal disputes of two miserable slang-whangers, the cleaning of the

streets, or the economy of a dirt cart. A couple of politicians will quarrel, with the most vociferous pertinacity, about the character of a hum-bailiff whom nobody cares for; or the deportment of a little man whom nobody knows—and this is called talking politics: nay, it is but a few days since, that I was annoyed by a debate between two of my fellow-lodgers, who were magnanimously employed in condemning a luckless wight to infamy, because he had worn a red coat, and had entertained certain erroneous opinions some thirty years before. Shocked at their illiberal and vindictive spirit, I rebuked them for thus indulging in slander and uncharitableness about the colour of a coat which had doubtless many years been worn out; or the belief in error which, in all probability, had been long since abandoned; but they justified themselves by alleging that they were only engaged in politics, and exerting that liberty of speech, and freedom of discussion, which was the glory and safeguard of the national independence. “O Mahomet!” thought I, “what a country must that be, which builds its political safety on the ruin of characters and the persecution of individuals!”

Into what transports of surprise and incredulity I continually betrayed, as the character of this eccentric people gradually develops itself to my observation! Every new research increases the perplexity in which I am involved, and I am more than ever at a loss where to place them in the scale of my estimation. It is thus the philosopher—in pursuing truth through the labyrinth of doubt, error and misrepresentation—frequently finds himself bewildered in mazes of contradictory experience; and almost when he could quietly retrace his steps, steal back into the path of honest ignorance, and jog on once more contented indifference.

How fertile in contradictions is this logocracy! Men of different nations, manners, and languages live here in the most perfect harmony; and nothing more common than to see individuals, whose respective governments are at variance, taking each other by the hand and exchanging the offices of friends. Nay, even on the subject of religion, in which, I affect our dearest interests, our earliest opinions and prejudices, some warmths and heart-burnings might be excused; which, even in our enlightened country, so fruitful in difference between man and man—religion occasions no dissension among these people and it has even been asserted, by one of their sages, that believing in one God or twenty Gods “neither breaks a man’s leg nor picks his pocket.” The idolatrous Persian may here bow down before his ever burning fire and prostrate himself towards the glowing—the Chinese may adore his Fo, or his Josh—Egyptian his stork—and the Mussulman practise, molested, the divine precepts of our immortal prophet. Nay, even the atheist, who lies down at night without committing himself to the protection of Heaven, rises in the morning without returning thanks for

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ty—who hath no deity but his own will—whose soil, like the sandy desert, is barren of every flower of hope to throw a solitary bloom over its sterility, whose views extend not beyond the horizon that bounds his cheerless existence—even he is suffered to indulge in his desperate opinions, without exciting any other emotion than pity or contempt. But this cold and tolerating spirit reaches not beyond the pale of religion. Once differ in politics, in mere theories, opinions, and chimeras, the growth of interest, of folly, madness, and deadly warfare ensues—every eye catches fire, every tongue is loaded with reproach, and every heart is filled with gall and bitterness.

At this period several unjustifiable and serious injuries, on the part of the barbarians of the British islands, have given a new impulse to the tongue and the pen, and occasioned a terrible worldly fever. Do not suppose, my friend, that I mean to condemn any temper and dignified expression of resentment for injuries. On the contrary, I love to see a word before the blow, for “in the fulness of the heart the tongue is full of wrath.” But my long experience has convinced me that people, who talk the most about taking satisfaction for affronts, generally content themselves with talking instead of revenging the insult: like the street-men of this country, who, after a prodigious scolding, quietly sit down and fan themselves cool again. It is to return to the rage for talking has now, in consequence of the aggressions I alluded to, increased to a degree far beyond what I have observed heretofore. The gardens of his Highness of Tripoli are fifteen thousand bee-hives, three hundred peacocks, and a prodigious number of parrots and baboons—and yet I declare to thee, Assem, that their buzzing, and squalling, and chattering, is nothing compared to the wild war, and war of words, now raging within the bosom of this logocracy. Politics pervade every city, every village, every temple, every porter-house—the universal question is, “what is the news?” This is the kind of challenge to political debate; and as no two men think exactly alike, 'tis ten to one but, before they finish, all the polite phrases in the language are exhausted by way of giving fire and energy to argument. What renders this talking fever more alarming, is, that the people appear to nauseate the medicine proper for the cure of their disease, and to abandon themselves wilfully to their chattering epidemic.—They alarm each other by direful reports and fearful apprehensions: as I have seen a knot of old wives in a country entertain themselves with stories of ghosts and goblins until their imaginations were in a panic. Every day begets some new tale, big with agitation; and the busy goddess, Rumour, to speak in the poetic language of the Christians, is constantly in motion. She mounts her rattling stage-waggon, and gallops about the country, freighted with a load of “hints,” “informations,” “extracts of letters from respectable gentlemen,” “observations of respectable correspondents,” and “unquestionable authorities,” which her priests, the slang-whangers, retail to their sapient

followers, with all the solemnity and all the authenticity of oracles. For in this country every man adopts some particular slang-whanger as his standard of judgment, and reads every thing he writes, if he reads nothing else; which is doubtless the reason why the people of this logocracy are so marvellously enlightened. True it is, the slang-whangers are sometimes at a loss for food, to supply the insatiable appetite of their disciples; and are not unfrequently reduced to the necessity of manufacturing dishes suited to the taste of the times, to be served up as morning and evening repasts.

Politics is a kind of mental food that is soon digested; it is thrown up again the moment it is swallowed. Let but one of these quidnuncs take in an idea through eye or ear, and it immediately issues out at his mouth—he begins to talk. No sooner therefore is a politician full charged with the rumours I have mentioned, but his tongue is in motion: he sallies forth to give it exercise; and woe to every one he encounters. He is like one charged with electricity; present but a knuckle, and you draw a spark. Now it is a thousand to one that every person he meets is just as highly charged as himself; with the self-same rumours too; and fully as eager to give them vent. The only difference is, that as each goes according to the doctrine of his respective slang-whanger, their views of every subject are diametrically opposite. Here then arises as fair an opportunity for a battle of words as heart could wish; and thou mayest rely upon it, Assem, they do not let it pass unimproved. They sometimes begin with argument, but in process of time, as the tongue waxes wanton, recrimination commences—reproach follows close at its heels—from political abuse they proceed to personal, and thus often is a friendship of years trampled down by this gigantic dwarf of POLITICS—the mongrel issue of groveling ambition and aspiring ignorance!

There would be but little harm indeed in all this, if it ended merely in a broken head—for this might soon be healed, and the scar, if any remained, might serve as a warning against future intemperance: at the worst, the loss of such heads as these would be a gain to the nation. But the evil extends far deeper; it threatens to impair all social intercourse, and even to sever the sacred union of family and kindred. The convivial table is disturbed—the cheerful fire-side is invaded—the smile of social hilarity is chased away—the bond of social love is broken by the everlasting intrusion of this fiend; who lurks in the sparkling bowl, crouches by the fire-side, growls in the friendly circle, infests every avenue to pleasure; and like an incubus, sits scowling on the bosom of society, pressing down and smothering every throb of liberal philanthropy.

But thou wilt perhaps ask, “What can these people dispute about? one would suppose that being all free and equal they would harmonize as brothers, children of the same parent, and equal heirs of the same inheritance.” This in theory is most exquisite, my good friend, but in practice it turns out the very dream of a

madman. Equality, Asem, is one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler—a fellow who thrusts his hand into the pocket of honest industry, or enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness or indolent stupidity. There will always be an inequality among mankind so long as a portion of it is enlightened and industrious, and the rest idle and ignorant. The one will acquire a larger share of wealth, and the attendant comforts, refinements, and luxuries of life, and the influence and power, which those will always possess who have the greatest ability of administering to the necessities of their fellow-creatures. These advantages will inevitably excite envy, and envy will as inevitably beget ill-will:—hence arises that eternal warfare, which the lower orders of society wage against those who have raised themselves by their own merits, or have been raised by the merits of their ancestors, above the common level. In a nation possessed of quick feelings this hostility might engender deadly broils and bloody contentions; but in this nation of quick tongues it merely vents itself in wordy riots; in assassinations of character, and what is termed “murder of the King’s English.”

I cannot help smiling sometimes to see the solicitude with which the people of America (so called from the country having been first discovered by Christopher Columbus) battle about them when any election takes place; as if they had the least concern in the matter, or were to be benefited by an exchange of bashaws!—They really seem ignorant that none, but the bashaws and their dependents, are at all interested in the event; and that the people at large will not find their situation altered in the least. I formerly gave thee an account of an election, which took place under my eye. The result has been, that the people, as some of the slang-whangers say, have obtained a glorious triumph; which, however, is flatly denied by the opposite slang-whangers; who insist that their own party is composed of the true sovereign people, and that the others are all jacobins, Frenchmen, and Irish rebels. I ought to apprise thee, that the last is a term of great reproach here; which, perhaps, thou wouldst not otherwise imagine, considering that it is not many years since this very people were engaged in a revolution, the failure of which would have subjected them to the same ignominious epithet, and a participation in which is now the highest recommendation to public confidence. By Mahomet, but it cannot be denied, that the consistency of this people, like every thing else appertaining to them, is on a prodigious great scale! To return, however, to the event of the election—The people triumphed; and much good has it done them. I, for my part, expected to see wonderful changes, and magical metamorphoses. I expected to see the people all rich, that they would be all gentlemen bashaws, riding in their coaches, emancipated from toil, and revelling in luxurious ease. Wilt thou credit me, Asem, when I declare to thee, that every thing remains exactly in the

state it was before the last wordy campaign? A few noisy retainers, it is true, have crept into office, and a few noisy patriots, on the other side, have been kicked out; otherwise there is not the least difference. The labourer still toils for his daily bread; the beggar still lives on the charity of those who have a charity to bestow; and the only solid satisfaction the multitude have reaped is, that they have got a new governor, or bashaw, whom as usual they will praise, idolize, and exalt for a while; and afterwards, notwithstanding the merits he may possess, they will abuse, calumniate, and pull down.

Such, my dear Asem, is the way in which the people of “the most enlightened country under the sun” are puffed up with mighty conceits: like a certain fish I have seen here, which, having his belly tickled for a short time, will swell to twice his usual size, and become a mere bladder of wind and vanity.

The blessing of a true Mussulman light on the good Asem! Ever while thou livest, be true to the prophet; and rejoice, that, though the boasting political chatterers of this logocracy cast upon thy countrymen the ignominious epithet of slaves, thou live in a country where the people, instead of being at the mercy of a tyrant with a million of heads, have but to submit to the will of a bashaw of only three tails.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

COCKLOFT-HALL.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THOSE who pass their time immured in the smother of the city, amid the rattling of carts, the brawling of the multitude, and the variety of discordant sounds that prey insensibly upon the nerves, and beget weariness of the spirits, can alone understand and feel that expansion of the heart, that physical renovation which a citizen experiences when he steals forth from his dusty prison, to breathe the free air of heaven, and enjoy the clear face of nature. Who that has been led by the side of one of our majestic rivers, at the hour of sun-set, when the wildly romantic scenery around is softened and tinted by the voluptuous mist of evening; when the bold and swelling outlines of the distant mountain seem melting into the glowing horizon, and a rich mantle of refulgence is thrown over the whole expanse of the heavens, but must have felt how abundant is nature in sources of pure enjoyment; how luxuriant in all that can enliven the senses or delight the imagination. The jocund zephyr, full freighted with native fragrance, sues sweetly to the senses; the chirping of the thousand varieties of insects with which our woodlands abound forms a concert of simple melody; even the barking of the farm dog, the lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the strokes of the woodman’s axe from the opposite shore, seem to partake of the softness of the scene, and fall tunefully upon the ear; while the voice of the villager, chanting some rustic ballad, swells from a distance, in the semblance of the very music of harmonious love.

At such time I am conscious of the influence of nature upon the heart. I cast my eyes around, all is bright and beautiful; the sweet tranquillity, the halcyon calm settle upon my soul. No jarring chords vibrate in my bosom; every angry passion is at rest; I am at peace with the whole world, and hail all mankind as friends and brothers—Blissful moments! I recall the careless days of my boyhood, when my existence was happiness, when hope was certainly, this world a paradise, and every woman a mitering angel!—Surely man was designed for a temple of the universe, instead of being pent up in these narrow cages, these dens of strife, disease, and discord. We were created to range the fields, to sport among the groves, to build castles in the air, and have every wish of them realized.

A whole legion of reflections like these insinuated themselves into my mind, and stole me from the influence of the cold realities before me, as I took my accustomed walk, a few weeks since, on the battery. I was watching the splendid mutations of one of our summer skies, which emulated the boasted glories of the Italian sun-set, I all at once discovered that it was time to pack up my portmanteau, bid adieu for a while to my elbow-chair, and in a little time I should be transported from the region of smoke, and noise, and heat, to the enjoyment of a far sweeter prospect and a brighter sky. The next morning I was off full tilt to Cockloft-hall, leaving my man Pompey to follow in his leisure with my baggage. I love to indulge in rapid transitions, which are prompted by the quick impulse of the moment;—'tis the only mode of guarding against that intruding and deadly foe to all parties of pleasure,—anticipation.

Having now made good my retreat, until the black clouds commence, it is but a piece of civility due to my readers, who I trust are, ere this, my friends, to give them a proper introduction to my present residence. I wish to this as much to gratify them as myself; well knowing a reader is always anxious to learn how his author is lodged, whether in a garret or a cellar, a level or a palace. At least an author is generally anxious enough to think so; and an author's vanity ought sometimes to be gratified: poor devil! it is often the only gratification he ever tastes in this world!

Cockloft-hall is the country residence of the family, rather the paternal mansion; which, like the mother country, sends forth whole colonies to people the face of the earth. Pindar whimsically denominates it the honey-hive, and there is at least as much truth as humour in my cousin's epithet;—for many a swarm has been produced. I don't recollect whether I have at any time mentioned to my readers, for I seldom look back upon what I have written, that the fertility of the Cockloft is proverbial. The female members of the family are incredibly fruitful; and to use a favourite phrase of the old Cockloft, who is excessively addicted to backgammon, they seldom fail "to throw doublets every time." I myself have known three or four very industrious young men reduced to great extremities, by

some of these capital breeders. Heaven smiled upon their union, and enriched them with a numerous and hopeful offspring—who eat them out of doors.

But to return to the hall.—It is pleasantly situated on the bank of a pastoral stream; not so near town as to invite an inundation of idle acquaintance, who come to lounge away an afternoon, nor so distant as to render it an absolute deed of charity or friendship to perform the journey. It is one of the oldest habitations in the country, and was built by my cousin Christopher's grandfather, who was also mine by the mother's side, in his latter days, to form, as the old gentleman expressed himself, "a snug retreat, where he meant to sit himself down in his old days and be comfortable for the rest of his life." He was at this time a few years over fourscore; but this was a common saying of his, with which he usually closed his airy speculations. One would have thought, from the long vista of years through which he contemplated many of his projects, that the good man had forgotten that the age of the patriarchs had long since gone by, and calculated upon living a century longer at least. He was for a considerable time in doubt, on the question of roofing his house with shingles or slate.—Shingles would not last above thirty years, but then they were much cheaper than slates. He settled the matter by a kind of compromise, and determined to build with shingles first; "and when they are worn out," said the old gentleman, triumphantly, "'twill be time enough to replace them with more durable materials." But his contemplated improvements surpassed every thing; and scarcely had he a roof over his head, when he discovered a thousand things to be arranged before he could "sit down comfortably." In the first place, every tree and bush on the place was cut down or grubbed up by the roots, because they were not placed to his mind; and a vast quantity of oaks, chestnuts, and elms, set out in clumps and rows, and labyrinths, which, he observed, in about five-and-twenty or thirty years at most, would yield a very tolerable shade, and moreover would shut out all the surrounding country; for he was determined, he said, to have all his views on his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect. This, my learned readers will perceive, was something very like the idea of Lorenzo de Medici, who gave as a reason for preferring one of his seats above all the others, "that all the ground within view of it was his own." Now, whether my grandfather ever heard of the Medici, is more than I can say; I rather think, however, from the characteristic originality of the Cocklofts, that it was a whim-wham of his own begetting. Another old notion of the old gentleman was to blow up a large bed of rocks for the purpose of having a fish-pond, although the river ran at about one hundred yards distance from the house, and was well stored with fish;—but there was nothing, he said, like having things to one's self. So at it he went with all the ardour of a projector, who has just hit upon some splendid and useless whim-wham. As he proceeded, his views enlarged; he would have a

summer-house built on the margin of the fish-pond; he would have it surrounded with elms and willows; and he would have a cellar dug under it, for some incomprehensible purpose, which remains a secret to this day. "In a few years," he observed, "it would be a delightful piece of wood and water, where he might ramble on a summer's noon, smoke his pipe, and enjoy himself in his old days:—thrice honest old soul!—he died of an apoplexy in his ninetieth year, just as he had begun to blow up the fish-pond.

Let no one ridicule the whim-whams of my grandfather. If—and of this there is no doubt, for wise men have said it—if life be but a dream, happy is he who can make the most of the illusion.

Since my grandfather's death, the hall has passed through the hands of a succession of true old cavaliers, like himself, who gloried in observing the golden rules of hospitality; which, according to the Cockloft principle, consist in giving a guest the freedom of the house, cramming him with beef and pudding, and, if possible, laying him under the table with prime Port, Claret, and Madeira. The mansion appears to have been consecrated to the jolly god, and abounds with monuments sacred to conviviality. Every chest of drawers, clothes-press, and cabinet, is decorated with enormous china punch-bowls, which Mrs Cockloft has paraded with much ostentation, particularly in her favourite red damask bed-chamber; and in which a projector might find room to practise his experiments on fleets, diving-bells, and sub-marine boats.

I have before mentioned cousin Christopher's profound veneration for antique furniture; in consequence of which the old hall is furnished in much the same style with the house in town. Old-fashioned bedsteads, with high testers; massy clothes-presses, standing most majestically on eagles' claws, and ornamented with a profusion of shining brass handles, clasps and hinges; and around the grand parlour are solemnly arranged a set of high-backed, leather-bottomed, massy, mahogany chairs, that always remind me of the formal long-waisted belles, who flourished in stays and buckram, about the time they were in fashion.

If I may judge from their height, it was not the fashion for gentlemen in those days to loll over the back of a lady's chair, and whisper in her ear what might be as well spoken aloud;—at least they must have been Patagonians to have effected it. Will Wizard declares that he saw a little fat German gallant attempt once to whisper Miss Barbara Cockloft in this manner, but being unluckily caught by the chin, he dangled and kicked about for half a minute, before he could find terra firma;—but Will is much addicted to hyperbole, by reason of his having been a great traveller.

But what the Cocklofts more especially pride themselves upon is the possession of several family portraits, which exhibit as honest a set of square, portly, well fed gentlemen, and gentlewomen, as ever grew and flourished under the pencil of a Dutch painter. Old Christopher, who is a complete genealogist, has a story to tell of each; and dilates with

copious eloquence on the great services of the general in large sleeves, during the old French war; and the piety of the lady in blue velvet, who so attentively peruses her book, and was once celebrated for a beautiful arm; but much as I reverence my illustrious ancestors, I find little to admire in their biographies, except my cousin's memory; which is most proudly retentive of every uninteresting particular.

My allotted chamber in the hall is the same that occupied in days of yore by my honoured uncle. The room exhibits many memorials which recall my remembrance the solid excellence and amiable eccentricities of that gallant old lad. Over the mantelpiece hangs the portrait of a young lady dressed in a flaring, long-waisted, blue silk gown; be-flowelled and be-furbelowed, and be-cuffed, in a most abundant manner. She holds in one hand a book, which she very complaisantly neglects, to turn and smile on the spectator; in the other a flower, which I hope, for the honour of dame Nature, was the sole production of the painter's imagination; and a little behind her something tied to a blue riband; but whether a pig-dog, a monkey, or a pigeon, must be left to the judgment of future commentators.—This little dame, tradition says, was my uncle John's third flame; and he would infallibly have run away with her, could he have persuaded her into the measure; but at that time ladies were not quite so easily run away with. Columbine; and my uncle, failing in the point, had a lucky thought, and with great gallantry ran off with her picture; which he conveyed in triumph to the loft-hall, and hung up in his bed-chamber as a monument of his enterprising spirit. The old gentleman prided himself mightily on his chivalric manoeuvres, always chuckled, and pulled up his stock when he contemplated the picture, and never related the exploit without winding up—"I might, indeed, have carried off the original, had I chose to dangle a little longer after her chariot wheels;—for, to do the goddess justice, I believe she had a liking for me; but I always scorned to coax, my boy—always,—'twas my way. My uncle John was of a happy temperament;—I would give half I am worth for his talent at self-complacation.

The Miss Cocklofts have made several spirited attempts to introduce modern furniture into the hall; but with very indifferent success. Modern style has always been an object of great annoyance to him, and Christopher, and is ever treated by him with sovereign contempt, as an upstart intruder. It is a common observation of his, that your old-fashioned substantial furniture bespeaks the respectability of our ancestors, and indicates that the family has been used to hold up its head for more than the present generation; whereas the fragile appendages of modern style seem emblems of mushroom gentility; and, to his mind, predict that the family dignity will moulder away and vanish with its transient finery. The same whim makes him averse to having his house surrounded with poplars; which he stigmatizes as mere

ria, just fit to ornament modern gentry, and which they decorate. In veneration for antiquity, he has the dust brushed off from the old-fashioned testers, and I once saw Jeremy's knocking up, with his tennis-balls, the latter days of my grandfather's peculiar affection, which leans against a house supports it, I believe, a question held sacred by the ancient and reared in broken his neck by this is one of his favourite believe, that if the gentleman would could be a great piece were ceased bearing, my tempest robs it of the, from the lamentations, that he had contemplated it in a humour.—"Together, and together shall we both our heads may, holding bones may, the dust of the tree I believe, he says, that it rejects the hall; and that nature, as if to welcome, are our tenderness, the old tree had obstructed Barbara's window, order the gardener to get the old man's name, and it. "What," cherry-tree in its, the gray locks of you, do my readers say, they are welcome to resume it again. I believe spirits, and will of them. Full of amusement, and have own? Who is the does to linger round the haunt of his boyhood, his head waxed green, on the friends, and his heart—mingled to all his feelings, not relish these enjoyments, they have been so soiled, as to be incapable of enjoying those resources that survive

arts, just fit to ornament the shingle palaces of modern gentry, and characteristic of the establishments they decorate. Indeed, so far does he carry veneration for antique trumpery, that he can scarcely see the dust brushed from its resting-place on the fashionless testers, or a gray-bearded spider disengaged from his ancient inheritance, without groaning; and I once saw him in a transport of passion, Jeremy's knocking down a mouldering martinet, with his tennis-ball, which had been set up in the latter days of my grandfather. Another object of his peculiar affection is an old English cherry-tree, which leans against a corner of the hall; and whether the house supports it, or it supports the house, would I believe, a question of some difficulty to decide. It is held sacred by friend Christopher because he himself and reared it himself, and had once well broken his neck by a fall from one of its branches. This is one of his favourite stories; and there is reason to believe, that if the tree were out of the way, the gentleman would forget the whole affair: which would be a great pity. The old tree has long ceased bearing, and is exceedingly infirm;—every tempest robs it of a limb; and one would suppose, from the lamentations of my friend on such occasions, that he had lost one of his own. He often contemplates it in a half-melancholy, half-moralizing manner.—“Together,” he says, “have we flourished, and together shall we wither away:—a few years, and both our heads will be laid low; and perhaps my mouldering bones may, one day or other, mingle with the dust of the tree I have planted.” He often fantasizes, he says, that it rejoices to see him when he revisits the hall; and that its leaves assume a brighter verdure, as if to welcome his arrival. How whimsical are our tenderest feelings assailed! At one time the old tree had obtruded a withered branch before Barbara's window, and she desired her father to order the gardener to saw it off. I shall never forget the old man's answer, and the look that accompanied it. “What,” cried he, “lop off the limbs of my cherry-tree in its old age?—why do you not cut the gray locks of your poor old father?”

Do my readers yawn at this long family detail? They are welcome to throw down our work, and never resume it again. I have no care for such ungrated spirits, and will not throw away a thought on those of them. Full often have I contributed to their amusement, and have I not a right for once to consult my own? Who is there that does not fondly turn at times to linger round those scenes which were once the haunt of his boyhood, ere his heart grew weary and his head waxed gray; and to dwell with fond affection on the friends who have twined themselves round his heart—mingled in all his enjoyments—contributed to all his felicities? If there be any who do not relish these enjoyments, let them despair—who they have been so soiled in their intercourse with the world as to be incapable of tasting some of the purest pleasures that survive the period of youth.

To such as have not yet lost the rural feeling, I address this simple family picture; and in honest sincerity of heart I invite them to turn aside from bustle, care, and toil, to tarry with me for a season in the hospitable mansion of the Cocklofts.

I was really apprehensive, on reading the following effusion of Will Wizard, that he still retained that pestilent hankering after puns of which we lately convicted him. He, however, declares that he is fully authorized by the example of the most popular critics and wits of the present age, whose manner and matter he has closely, and he flatters himself successfully, copied in the subsequent essay.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

THE uncommon healthiness of the season, occasioned, as several learned physicians assure me, by the prevalence of the influenza, has encouraged the chieftain of our dramatic corps to marshal his forces, and commence the campaign at a much earlier day than usual. He has been induced to take the field thus suddenly, I am told, by the invasion of certain foreign marauders, who pitched their tents at Vauxhall Garden during the warm months, and taking advantage of his army being disbanded and dispersed in summer-quarters, committed sad depredations upon the borders of his territories—carrying off a considerable portion of his winter harvest, and murdering some of his most distinguished characters.

It is true these hardy invaders have been reduced to great extremity by the late heavy rains, which injured and destroyed much of their camp equipage, besides spoiling the best part of their wardrobe. Two cities, a triumphal car, and a new moon for Cinderella, together with the barber's boy who was employed every night to powder it and make it shine white, have been entirely washed away; and the sea has become very wet and mouldy—insomuch that great apprehensions are entertained that it will never be dry enough for use. Add to this, the noble county Paris had the misfortune to tear his corduroy breeches in the scuffle with Romeo, by reason of the tomb being very wet, which occasioned him to slip; and he and his noble rival possessing but one poor pair of satin ones between them, were reduced to considerable shifts to keep up the dignity of their respective houses. In spite of these disadvantages and untoward circumstances, they have continued to enact most intrepidly—performing with much ease and confidence, inasmuch as they were seldom pestered with an audience to criticise and put them out of countenance. It is rumoured that the last heavy shower has absolutely dissolved the company, and that our manager has nothing further to apprehend from that quarter.

The theatre opened on Wednesday last with great eclat, as we critics say, and almost vied in brilliancy with that of my superb friend Consequa in Canton; where the castles were all ivory, the sea mother-of-

pearl, the skies gold and silver leaf, and the outside of the boxes inlaid with scallop shell-work. Those who want a better description of the theatre may as well go and see it, and then they can judge for themselves. For the gratification of a highly respectable class of readers, who love to see every thing on paper, I had indeed prepared a circumstantial and truly incomprehensible account of it, such as your traveller always fills his book with, and which I defy the most intelligent architect, even the great Sir Christopher Wren, to understand. I had jumbled cornices, and pilasters, and pillars, and capitals, and triglyphs, and modules, and plinths, and volutes, and perspectives, and fore-shortenings, helter-skelter; and had set all the orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, etc. together by the ears, in order to work out a satisfactory description; but the manager having sent me a polite note, requesting that I would not take off the sharp edge, as he whimsically expresses it, of public curiosity, thereby diminishing the receipts of his house, I have willingly consented to oblige him, and have left my description at the office of our publisher, where any person may see it, provided he applies at a proper hour.

I cannot refrain here from giving vent to the satisfaction I received from the excellent performances of the different actors, one and all; and particularly the gentlemen who shifted the scenes, who acquitted themselves throughout with great celerity, dignity, pathos, and effect. Nor must I pass over the peculiar merits of my friend JONX, who gallanted off the chairs and tables in the most dignified and circumspect manner. Indeed I have had frequent occasion to applaud the correctness with which this gentleman fulfils the parts allotted to him, and consider him as one of the best general performers in the company. My friend, the Cockney, found considerable fault with the manner in which John shoved a huge rock from behind the scenes, maintaining that he should have put his left foot forward and pushed it with his right hand, that being the method practised by his contemporaries of the royal theatres, and universally approved by their best critics. He also took exceptions to John's coat, which he pronounced too short by a foot at least—particularly when he turned his back to the company. But I look upon these objections in the same light as new readings, and insist that John shall be allowed to manœuvre his chairs and tables, shove his rocks, and wear his skirts in that style which his genius best affects. My hopes in the rising merit of this favourite actor daily increase; and I would hint to the manager the propriety of giving him a benefit, advertising in the usual style of play-bills, as a "springe to catch woodcocks," that between the play and farce John will *make a bow*—for that night only!

I am told that no pains have been spared to make the exhibitions of this season as splendid as possible. Several expert rat-catchers have been sent into different parts of the country to catch white mice for the grand pantomime of Cinderella. A nest-full of little

squab Cupids have been taken in the neighbourhood of Communipaw: they are as yet but half fledged of the true Holland breed, and it is hoped will be to fly about by the middle of October—otherwise they will be suspended about the stage by the wand, like little alligators in an apothecary's shop; the pantomime must positively be performed by the time. Great pains and expense have been incurred in the importation of one of the most portly pantomimes in New-England, and the public may be assured there is now one on board a vessel from New-Hampshire, which will contain Cinderella's coach and six with perfect ease, were the white mice even ten times as large as they are.

Also several barrels of hail, rain, brimstone, and gunpowder, are in store for melo-drames—of which a number are to be played off this winter. It is furthermore whispered me that the great thunderer has been new braced, and an expert performer that instrument engaged, who will thunder in plain English, so as to be understood by the most illiterate hearer. This will be infinitely preferable to the miserable Italian thunderer, employed last winter by the Ciceri, who performed in such an unnatural and unlandish tongue, that none but the scholars of Signor Da Ponte could understand him. It will be a further gratification to the patriotic audience to know that the present thunderer is a fellow-countryman, he is at Dunderbergh among the echoes of the highland, and that he thunders with peculiar emphasis and pompous enunciation, in the true style of a fourth July orator.

In addition to all these additions, the manager has provided an entire new snow-storm—the very quantity of which will be sufficient to draw a shawl over one's naked bosom in the theatre. The snow is perfectly fresh, having been manufactured last August.

N. B. The outside of the theatre has been ornamented with a new chimney!!

NO. XV.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1807.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

THE brisk north-westers, which prevailed not only since, had a powerful effect in arresting the progress of belles, beaux, and wild pigeons in their fashionable northern tour, and turning them back to the more balmy region of the south. Among the rest, I was encountered, full butt, by a blast which set my teeth chattering, just as I doubled one of the frozen bluffs of the Mohawk mountains, in my route to Niagara; and facing about incontinently, I forthwith scudded before the wind, and a few days since I arrived at my old quarters in New-York. My care on returning from so long an absence was to visit the worthy family of the Cocklofts, whom I had long safe burrowed in their country mansion. On enquiring for my highly-respected coadjutor, Lang-

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learned, with great concern, that he had relapsed
 to one of his eccentric fits of the spleen, ever since
 the era of a turtle dinner given by old Cockloft to
 some of the neighbouring squires; wherein the old
 gentleman had achieved a glorious victory, in laying
 the most Launcelot fairly under the table. Langstaff,
 though fond of the social board, and cheerful glass,
 abominates any excess, and has an invincible
 aversion to getting mellow; considering it a wilful
 outrage on the sanctity of imperial mind, a senseless
 waste of the body, and an unpardonable, because a
 voluntary, prostration of both mental and personal
 dignity. I have heard him moralize on the subject,
 in a style that would have done honour to Michael
 Passio himself; but I believe, if the truth were known,
 his antipathy rather arises from his having, as the
 case is, but a weak head, and nerves so extremely
 sensitive, that he is sure to suffer severely from a
 headache; and will groan and make resolutions against it
 a week afterwards. He therefore took this waggish
 exploit of old Christopher's, and the consequent
 buzzing which he underwent, in high dudgeon; had
 himself aloof from company for a fortnight, and appeared
 only meditating some deep plan of retaliation upon
 the mischievous old irony. He had, however, for
 the last day or two, shown some symptoms of conva-
 escence; had listened, without more than half a dozen
 fits of impatience, to one of Christopher's un-
 reasonable long stories—and even was seen to smile,
 the one hundred and thirtieth time, at a venerable
 originally borrowed from Joe Miller, but which,
 in dint of long occupancy, and frequent repetition,
 the old gentleman now firmly believes happened to
 himself somewhere in New-England.

As I am well acquainted with Launcelot's haunts, I
 found him out. He was loling on his favourite
 bench, rudely constructed at the foot of an old tree,
 which is full of fantastical twists, and with its spread-
 ing branches forms a canopy of luxuriant foliage.
 The tree is a kind of chronicle of the short reigns of
 uncle John's mistresses; and its trunk is sorely
 adorned with carvings of true lover's knots, hearts,
 initials, names, and inscriptions!—frail memorials of
 the variety of the fair dames who captivated the wan-
 dering fancy of that old cavalier in the days of his
 youthful romance. Launcelot holds this tree in par-
 ticular regard, as he does every thing else connected
 with the memory of his good uncle John. He was
 sitting, in one of his usual brown studies, against
 the trunk, and gazing pensively upon the river that
 flowed just by, washing the drooping branches of the
 heart willows that fringed its bank. My appearance
 surprised him:—he grasped my hand with his usual
 warmth, and with a tremulous but close pressure,
 which spoke that his heart entered into the saluta-
 tions—such as friendship, not form, dictated, he
 seemed to relapse into his former flow of thought, and
 resume the chain of ideas my appearance had broken
 in a moment.

“I was reflecting,” said he, “my dear Anthony,
 upon some observations I made in our last number;
 and considering whether the sight of objects once dear
 to the affections, or of scenes where we have passed
 different happy periods of early life, really occasions
 most enjoyment or most regret. Renewing our ac-
 quaintance with well-known but long-separated ob-
 jects revives, it is true, the recollection of former
 pleasures, and touches the tenderest feelings of the
 heart; as the flavour of a delicious beverage will re-
 main upon the palate long after the cup has parted
 from the lips. But, on the other hand, my friend,
 these same objects are too apt to awaken us to a keener
 recollection of what we were when they once delight-
 ed us; and to provoke a mortifying and melancholy
 contrast with what we are at present. They act, in a
 manner, as mile-stones of existence, showing us how
 far we have travelled in the journey of life;—how
 much of our weary but fascinating pilgrimage is ac-
 complished. I look round me, and my eye fondly re-
 cognises the fields I once sported over, the river in
 which I once swam, and the orchard I intrepidly rob-
 bed in the halcyon days of boyhood. The fields are
 still green, the river still rolls unaltered and undim-
 inished, and the orchard is still flourishing and fruit-
 ful;—it is I only am changed. The thoughtless flow
 of mad-cap spirits that nothing could depress;—the
 elasticity of nerve that enabled me to bound over the
 field, to stem the stream, and climb the tree; the
 ‘sunshine of the breast’ that beamed an illusive charm
 over every object, and created a paradise around me!
 —where are they?—the thievish lapse of years has
 stolen them away, and left in return nothing but gray
 hairs, and a repining spirit.” My friend Launcelot
 concluded his harangue with a sigh, and as I saw he
 was still under the influence of a whole legion of the
 blues, and just on the point of sinking into one of his
 whimsical and unreasonable fits of melancholy abstrac-
 tion, I proposed a walk:—he consented, and slipped
 his left arm in mine; and waving in the other a
 gold-headed thorn cane, bequeathed him by his uncle
 John, we slowly rambled along the margin of the river.

Langstaff, though possessing great vivacity of tem-
 per, is most wofully subject to these “thick-coming
 fancies;” and I do not know a man whose animal
 spirits do insult him with more jiltings, and coquet-
 ries, and slippery tricks. In these moods he is often
 visited by a whim-wham which he indulges in common
 with the Cocklofts. It is that of looking back with
 regret, conjuring up the phantoms of good old times,
 and decking them in imaginary finery, with the spoils
 of his fancy: like a good widow lady, regretting the
 loss of the “poor dear man,” for whom, while living,
 she cared not a rush. I have seen him and Pindar,
 and old Cockloft, amuse themselves over a bottle with
 their youthful days, until, by the time they had be-
 come what is termed merry, they were the most mi-
 serable beings in existence. In a similar humour was
 Launcelot at present, and I knew the only way was
 to let him moralize himself out of it.

Our ramble was soon interrupted by the appearance of a personage of no little importance at Cockloft-hall:—for, to let my readers into a family secret, friend Christopher is notoriously hen-pecked by an old negro, who has whitened on the place, and is his master, amanac, and counsellor. My readers, if haply they have sojourned in the country, and become conversant in rural manners, must have observed, that there is scarce a little hamlet but has one of these old weather-beaten wisecracks of negroes, who ranks among the great characters of the place. He is always resorted to as an oracle to resolve any question about the weather, fishing, shooting, farming, and horse-doctoring; and on such occasions will slouch his remnant of a hat on one side, fold his arms, roll his white eyes, and examine the sky, with a look as knowing as Peter Pindar's magpie when peeping into a marrow-bone. Such a sage curmudgeon is old Cæsar, who acts as friend Cockloft's prime minister or grand vizier; assumes, when abroad, his master's style and title; to wit, 'Squire Cockloft; and is, in effect, absolute lord and ruler of the soil.

As he passed us, he pulled off his hat with an air of something more than respect;—it partook, I thought, of affection. "There, now, is another memento of the kind I have been noticing," said Launcelot; "Cæsar was a bosom friend and chosen playmate of cousin Pindar and myself, when we were boys. Never were we so happy as when, stealing away on a holiday to the hall, we ranged about the fields with honest Cæsar. He was particularly adroit in making our quail-traps and fishing rods; was always the ring-leader in the schemes of frolicsome mischief perpetrated by the urchins of the neighbourhood; considered himself on an equality with the best of us; and many a hard battle have I had with him, about a division of the spoils of an orchard, or the title to a bird's nest. Many a summer evening do I remember, when, huddled together on the steps of the hall door, Cæsar, with his stories of ghosts, goblins, and witches, would put us all in a panic, and people every lane, and church-yard, and solitary wood, with imaginary beings. In process of time, he became the constant attendant and Man Friday of cousin Pindar, whenever he went sparking among the rosy country girls of the neighbouring farms; and brought up the rear at every rustic dance, when he would mingle in the sable group that always thronged the door of merriment; and it was enough to put to the rout a host of splenetic inns to see his mouth gradually dilate from ear to ear, with pride and exultation, at seeing how neatly Master Pindar footed it over the floor. Cæsar was likewise the chosen confidant and special agent of Pindar in all his love affairs, until, as his evil stars would have it, on being entrusted with the delivery of a poetic billet-doux to one of his patron's sweethearts, he took an unlucky notion to send it to his own sable dulcinea; who, not being able to read it, took it to her mistress;—and so the whole affair was blown. Pindar was universally roasted, and Cæsar discharged for ever from his confidence.

"Poor Cæsar!—he has now grown old, like his

young masters, but he still remembers old times; and will, now and then, remind me of them as he lights me to my room, and lingers a little while to bid me a good night.—Believe me, my dear Evergreen, the honest simple old creature has a warm corner in my heart; I don't see, for my part, why a body may not like a negro as well as a white man!"

By the time these biographical anecdotes were ended, we had reached the stable, into which we voluntarily strolled, and found Cæsar busily employed in rubbing down the horses—an office he would not entrust to any body else; having contracted an affection for every beast in the stable, from their high descendants of the old race of animals, his youthful contemporaries. Cæsar was very particular in giving us their pedigrees, together with a panegyric on the swiftness, bottom, blood, and spirit of their sire. From these he digressed into a variety of anecdotes, in which Launcelot bore a conspicuous part, and in which the old negro dwelt with all the garrulity of age. Honest Langstaff stood leaning with his arm over the back of his favourite steed, old Kilddeer; and I could perceive he listened to Cæsar's simple details with that fond attention with which a feeling heart will hang over narratives of boyish days. His eye sparkled with animation, a glow of youthful fire stole across his pale visage;—he nodded with smiling approbation at every sentence—chuckled at every exploit; laughed heartily at the story of his once having smoked out a country singing-school with brimstone and assafœtida; and slipping a piece of money into old Cæsar's hand to buy himself a new tobacco-pipe, he seized me by the arm, and hurried out of the stable brimful of good-nature. "Tis a pestilent old rogue for talking, my dear fellow," cried he; "but you may not find fault with him, the creature means well." I knew, at the very moment that he made this apology, honest Cæsar could not have given him half the satisfaction had he talked like a Cicero or a Solomon.

Launcelot returned to the house with me in the most possible humour:—the whole family, who in their love and honour him from their very souls, were delighted to see the sunbeams once more play in his countenance. Every one seemed to vie who should talk the most, tell the longest stories, and be most agreeable; and Will Wizard, who had accompanied me in my visit, declared, as he lighted his cigar, which had gone out forty times in the course of one of his oriental tales, that he had not passed so pleasant an evening since his birth-night ball of the beauteous empress of Hayti.

ON GREATNESS.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

[The following essay was written by my friend Langstaff, in the paroxysms of his splenetic complaint; and, for aught I may have been effectual in restoring him to good humour, the mental discharge of the kind has a remarkable tendency towards sweetening the temper.—and Launcelot is at this moment one of the best-natured men in existence.—A. Evergreen.]

WE have more than once, in the course of my work, been most jocosely familiar with great

pages; and, in truth, may, respect, and for most particular fr the mortification of intimacy of the chely choice in o rounspert in avoid characters; particul n, chevaliers of i rld in general is p understood by th t as the latter has n fined, and as we rders to the exten mprehension, it ma ow what we under First, therefore, let ys plural) premise stness;—one conf ability of the soul;— rndered by the n arities. The former eady contemplated ll take this opportu enlighten readers m are held in ignor culation of false coin e themselves from t is a fictitious valu ice, as bankers give of paper; thereby y more than its i its peculiar coin, at hich will, for the country where the b-created great ma e New-England has proportion to the d d, a great man is h r-gaws on his coat, d servants in his re table; in France, h rish his heels; above estably the greatest eror is absent. Th can trace his anc country our great r pedigree until it b e concise; our grea t at crawling, and gging and winding e may seem a para e, with great good- id to look beyond th e writings; and oft on, and poignant an eath. It is for the h t, who have no ot nob, that I shall tr w him in his asce

ages; and, in truth, treated them with as little ceremony, respect, and consideration, as if they had been our most particular friends. Now, we would not suffer the mortification of having our readers suspect us of the intimacy of the kind; assuring them we are extremely choice in our intimates, and uncommonly respectful in avoiding connexions with all doubtful characters; particularly pimps, bailiffs, lottery-brokers, chevaliers of industry, and great men. The world in general is pretty well aware of what is to be understood by the former classes of delinquents; but as the latter has never, I believe, been specifically named, and as we are determined to instruct our readers to the extent of our abilities, and their limited comprehension, it may not be amiss here to let them know what we understand by a great man.

First, therefore, let us (editors and kings are always plural) premise, that there are two kinds of greatness;—one conferred by Heaven—the exalted ability of the soul;—the other, a spurious distinction, generated by the mob, and lavished upon its favorites. The former of these distinctions we have already contemplated with reverence; the latter, we will take this opportunity to strip naked before our enlightened readers; so that if by chance any of them are held in ignominious thralldom by this base circulation of false coin, they may forthwith enaunciate themselves from such inglorious delusion.

It is a fictitious value given to individuals by public opinion, as bankers give an impression to a worthless piece of paper; thereby gaining it a currency for infinitely more than its intrinsic value. Every nation has its peculiar coin, and peculiar great men; neither of which will, for the most part, pass current out of the country where they are stamped. Your true home-created great man is like a note of one of the New-England banks, and his value depreciates in proportion to the distance from home. In England, a great man is he who has most ribands and gawgs on his coat, most horses to his carriage, most servants in his retinue, or most toad-eaters at table; in France, he who can most dexterously brush his heels above his head—Duport is most indubitably the greatest man in France!—when the emperor is absent. The greatest man in China is he who can trace his ancestry up to the moon; and in every country our great men may generally hunt down their pedigree until it burrow in the dirt like a rabbit. Be concise; our great men are those who are most expert at crawling, and have the happiest facility in begging and winding themselves along in the dirt. It may seem a paradox to many of my readers, but, with great good-nature be it hinted, are too stupid to look beyond the mere surface of our invulnerable writings; and often pass over the knowing allusion, and poignant meaning, that is slyly couching in their teeth. It is for the benefit of such helpless ignorants, who have no other creed but the opinion of the mob, that I shall trace, as far as it is possible to show him in his ascent from insignificance,—the

rise, progress, and completion of a *little great man*.

In a logocracy, to use the sage Mustapha's phrase, it is not absolutely necessary to the formation of a great man that he should be either wise or valiant, upright or honourable. On the contrary, daily experience shows that these qualities rather impede his preference; inasmuch as they are prone to render him too inflexibly erect, and are directly at variance with that willowy suppleness which enables a man to wind, and twist, through all the nooks and turns, and dark winding passages, that lead to greatness. The grand requisite for climbing the rugged hill of popularity,—the summit of which is the seat of power,—is to be useful. And here once more, for the sake of our readers, who are of course not so wise as ourselves, I must explain what we understand by usefulness. The horse, in his native state, is wild, swift, impetuous, full of majesty, and of a most generous spirit. It is then the animal is noble, exalted, and useless. But entrap him, manacle him, cudgel him, break down his lofty spirit, put the curb into his mouth, the load upon his back, and render him obedient to the bridle and the lash, and he becomes useful. Your jackass is one of the most useful animals in existence. If my readers do not now understand what I mean by usefulness, I give them all up for most absolute nincoms.

To rise in this country a man must first descend. The aspiring politician may be compared to that indefatigable insect, called the tumbler, pronounced by a distinguished personage to be the only industrious animal in Virginia; which buries itself in filth, and works in the dirt, until it forms a little ball, which it rolls laboriously along, like Diogenes his tub; sometimes head, sometimes tail foremost, pilfering from every mud hole, and increasing its ball of greatness by the contributions of the kennel. Just so the candidate for greatness;—he buries himself in the mob; labours in dirt and obscurity, and makes unto himself the rudiments of a popular name from the admiration and praises of the vulgar. His name once started, onward he goes, pushing it before him; collecting new tributes from the dregs and offals of society as he proceeds, until, having gathered together a mighty mass of popularity, he mounts it in triumph; is hoisted into office, and becomes a great man, and a ruler in the land.—All this will be clearly illustrated by a sketch of a worthy of the kind, who sprung up under my eye, and was hatched from the dirt by the broad rays of popularity, which, like the sun, can "breed maggots in a dead dog."

Timothy Dabble was a young man of very promising talents; for he wrote a fair hand, and had thrice won the silver medal at a country academy; he was also an orator, for he talked with emphatic volubility, and could argue a full hour, without taking either side, or advancing a single opinion; he had still farther requisites for eloquence; for he made very handsome gestures, had dimples in his cheeks when he smiled, and enunciated most harmoniously through his nose. In short, nature had certainly marked him

out for a great man; for though he was not tall, yet he added at least half an inch to his stature by elevating his head, and assumed an amazing expression of dignity by turning up his nose and curling his nostrils in a style of conscious superiority. Convinced by these unequivocal appearances, Dabble's friends, one and all, declared that he was undoubtedly born to be a great man, and it would be his own fault if he were not one. Dabble was tickled with an opinion which coincided so happily with his own,—for vanity, in a confidential whisper, had given him the like intimation; and he revered the judgment of his friends because they thought so highly of himself;—accordingly he set out with a determination to become a great man, and to start in the scrub-race for honour and renown. How to attain the desired prize was however the question. He knew, by a kind of instinctive feeling, which seems peculiar to groveling minds, that honour, and its better part—profit, would never seek him out; that they would never knock at his door and crave admittance; but must be courted, and toiled after, and earned. He therefore strutted forth into the highways, the market-places, and the assemblies of the people; ranted like a true cockerel orator about virtue, patriotism, and liberty, and equality, and himself. Full many a political windmill did he battle with; and full many a time did he talk himself out of breath, and his hearers out of their patience. But Dabble found to his vast astonishment, that there was not a notorious political pimp at a ward meeting but could out-talk him;—and what was still more mortifying, there was not a notorious political pimp but was more noticed and caressed than himself. The reason was simple enough; while he harangued about principles, the others ranted about men; where he reprobated a political error, they blasted a political character.—They were, consequently, the most useful; for the great object of our political disputes is not who shall have the honour of emancipating the community from the leading-strings of delusion, but who shall have the profit of holding the strings and leading the community by the nose.

Dabble was likewise very loud in his professions of integrity, incorruptibility, and disinterestedness; words, which, from being filtered and refined through news-papers, and election hand-bills, have lost their original signification; and in the political dictionary are synonymous with empty pockets, itching palms, and interested ambition. He, in addition to all this, declared that he would support none but honest men; but unluckily, as but few of these offered themselves to be supported, Dabble's services were seldom required. He pledged himself never to engage in party schemes, or party politics, but to stand up solely for the broad interests of his country.—So he stood alone; and what is the same thing, he stood still; for, in this country, he who does not side with either party is like a body in a vacuum, and must for ever remain motionless.

Dabble was immeasurably surprised that a man so

honest, so disinterested, and so sagacious withal, as one too who had the good of his country so much at heart, should thus remain unnoticed and unappreciated. A little worldly advice, whispered in his ear by a shrewd old politician, at once explained the whole mystery. "He who would become great," said he, "must serve an apprenticeship to greatness; and this may be done, not by regular gradation, like the master of a vessel, who commences by being scrub and cabin-boy. He must begin in the train of great men, echo all their sentiments, become their toad-eater and parasite,—laugh at their jokes; and above all, endeavour to make them laugh:—if you only make a great man laugh once, and then, your fortune is made. Look about you, youngster, and you will not see a single little man of the day but has his herd of retainers, who, at his heels, come at his whistle, worry whomever he points at, and think themselves fully rewarded by snapping up the crumbs that fall from his table. To be a man of patriotism and virtue, and incorruptibility!—no, no, man! they are the very qualities that scare men from patronage, and keep patronage at a distance. You must, as well attempt to entice crows with red rags as a man with gunpowder. Lay all these scarecrow virtues aside, and let this be your maxim, that a candidate for political eminence is like a dried herring; he never comes luminous until he is corrupt."

Dabble caught with avidity at these congenial maxims, and turned into his predestined channel of action with the force and rapidity of a stream which has for a while been restrained from its natural course. He became what nature had fitted him to be;—his tone softened down from arrogant self-sufficiency to the whine of fawning solicitation. He mingled in the gatherings of the sovereign people; assumed a patriotic slovenliness of dress, argued most logically in those who were of his own opinion; and slandered with all the malice of impotence, exalted characters whose orbit he despaired ever to approach:—just as that scoundrel midnight thief, the owl, hoots at the blessed light of the sun, whose glorious lustre he dares never contemplate. He likewise applied himself to discharge the honourable duties of a partisan; he poached about for private slanders, and ribald anecdotes; he folded hand-bills—he even wrote one or two himself, which he carried about in his pocket to read to every body; he became a secretary at ward meetings; set his hand to divers resolutions of party import, and even once went so far as to make a speech in which he proved that patriotism was a virtue; and that the reigning bashaw was a great man;—and thus was a free country, and he himself an arrant and incontestable buzzard!

Dabble was now very frequent and devout in his visits to those temples of politics, popularity, and smoke, the ward porter-houses; those true depositories of equality, where all ranks, ages, and talents, are brought down to the level of rude familiarity.—'Twas here his talents expanded, and his genius swelled up into proper size; like the toad, which shrinking from heat

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No. XVI.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1867.

STYLE AT BALLSTON.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

NOTWITHSTANDING Evergreen has never been a broad, nor had his understanding enlightened, nor his views enlarged by that marvellous sharpener of the wits, a salt-water voyage, yet he is tolerably shrewd and correct, in the limited sphere of his observations, and now and then astounds me with a right pithy remark, which would do no discredit even to a man who had made the grand tour.

In several late conversations at Cockloft-hall, he has amused us exceedingly by detailing sundry particulars concerning that notorious slaughter-house of time, Ballston Springs, where he spent a considerable part of the last summer. The following is a summary of his observations.

Pleasure has passed through a variety of significations at Ballston. It originally meant nothing more than a relief from pain and sickness; and the patient who had journeyed many a weary mile to the Springs, with a heavy heart and emaciated form, called it pleasure when he threw by his crutches, and danced away from them with renovated spirits, and limbs jocund with vigour. In process of time pleasure underwent a refinement, and appeared in the likeness of a sober unceremonious country-dance, to the flute of an amateur, or the three-stringed fiddle of an itinerant country musician. Still every thing bespoke that happy holiday which the spirits ever enjoy, when emancipated from the shackles of formality, ceremony, and modern politeness. Things went on cheerily, and Ballston was pronounced a charming humdrum careless place of resort, where every one was at his ease, and might follow unmolested the bent of his humour—provided his wife was not there; when, lo! all on a sudden, Style made its baneful appearance in the semblance of a gig and tandem, a pair of leather breeches, a liveried footman, and a cockney! Since that fatal era, pleasure has taken an entire new signification, and at present means nothing but STYLE.

The worthy, fashionable, dashing, good-for-nothing people of every state, who had rather suffer the martyrdom of a crowd than endure the monotony of their own homes, and the stupid company of their own thoughts, flock to the Springs; not to enjoy the pleasures of society, nor benefit by the qualities of the waters, but to exhibit their equipages and wardrobes, and to excite the admiration, or, what is much more satisfactory, the envy of their fashionable competitors. This of course awakens a spirit of noble emulation between the eastern, middle, and southern states; and every lady hereupon finding herself charged in a manner with the whole weight of her country's dignity and style, dresses and dashes and sparkles, without mercy, at her competitors from other parts of the

and jocund sunshine, finds his congenial home
 caves and dungeons, and there nourishes his venom,
 and bloats his deformity. 'Twas here he revelled
 with the multitude in their debauches on patriotism
 and porter; and it became an even chance whether
 Dabble would turn out a great man or a great drunk-
 ard.—But Dabble in all this kept steadily in his eye the
 only deity he ever worshipped—his interest. Having
 by this familiarity ingratiated himself with the mob,
 he became wonderfully potent and industrious at elec-
 tions; knew all the dens and cellars of profligacy and
 temperance; brought more negroes to the polls, and
 drew to a greater certainty where votes could be
 bought for beer, than any of his contemporaries. His
 exertions in the cause, his persevering industry, his
 ungrading compliance, his unresisting humility, his
 headfast dependence, at length caught the attention of
 the leaders of the party; who was pleased to
 observe that Dabble was a very useful fellow, who
 would go all lengths. From that moment his fortune
 was made;—he was hand and glove with orators
 and slang-whangers; basked in the sunshine of great
 men's smiles, and had the honour, sundry times, of
 shaking hands with dignitaries—during elections.
 I will not fatigue myself with tracing this cater-
 lar in his slimy progress from worm to butterfly;
 suffice it that Dabble bowed, and fawned, and sneaked,
 and smirked, and libelled, until one would have thought
 perseverance itself would have settled down into des-
 pair. There was no knowing how long he might have
 lingered at a distance from his hopes, had he not luckily
 been tarred and feathered for some electioneering
 manoeuvre.—This was the making of him! Let not
 my readers stare—tarring and feathering here is equal
 to pillory and cropped ears in England; and either of
 these kinds of martyrdom will ensure a patriot the
 sympathy and support of his faction. His partisans,
 even he had his partisans, took his case into consid-
 eration—he had been kicked and cuffed, and disgrac-
 ed, and dishonoured in the cause—he had licked the
 dust at the feet of the mob—he was a faithful drudge,
 and how to anger, of invincible patience, of incessant as-
 sidity—a thorough-going tool, who could be curbed,
 and spurred, and directed at pleasure.—In short, he
 had all the important qualifications for a little great
 man, and he was accordingly ushered into office amid
 the acclamations of the party. The leading men com-
 mended his usefulness, the multitude his republican
 simplicity, and the slang-whangers vouched for his pa-
 triotism. Since his elevation he has discovered indis-
 putable signs of having been destined for a great man.
 His nose has acquired an additional elevation of several
 degrees, so that now he appears to have bidden adieu
 to this world, and to have set his thoughts altogether
 on things above; and he has swelled and inflated him-
 self to such a degree, that his friends are under ap-
 prehensions that he will one day or other explode and
 blow up like a torpedo.

Union. This kind of rivalry naturally requires a vast deal of preparation and prodigious quantities of supplies. A sober citizen's wife will exhaust half a dozen milliners' shops, and sometimes starve her family a whole season, to enable herself to make the Springs' campaign in style. She repairs to the seat of war with a mighty force of trunks and bandboxes, like so many ammunition-chests, filled with caps, hats, gowns, ribands, shawls, and all the various artillery of fashionable warfare. The lady of a southern planter will lay out the whole annual produce of a rice plantation in silver and gold muslins, lace veils, and new liveries, carry a hoghead of tobacco on her head, and trail a bale of Sea Island cotton at her heels; while a lady of Boston or Salem will wrap herself up in the net proceeds of a cargo of whale oil, and tie on her hat with a quintal of cod-fish.

The planters' ladies, however, have generally the advantage in this contest; for, as it is an incontestable fact, that whoever comes from the West or East Indies, or Georgia, or the Carolinas, or in fact any warm climate, is immensely rich, it cannot be expected that a simple cit of the north can cope with them in style. The planter, therefore, who drives four horses abroad and a thousand negroes at home, and who flourishes up to the Springs followed by half a score of black-armours, in gorgeous liveries, is unquestionably superior to the northern merchant, who plods on in a carriage and pair; which being nothing more than is quite necessary, has no claim whatever to style. He, however, has his consolation in feeling superior to the honest cit, who dashes about in a simple gig—he in return sneers at the country squire, who jogs along with his scrubby long-eared pony and saddle-bags; and the squire, by way of taking satisfaction, would make no scruple to run over the unobtrusive pedestrian, were it not that the last, being the most independent of the whole, might chance to break his head by way of retort.

The great misfortune is, that this style is supported at such an expense as sometimes encroaches on the pocket, and to occasion very awkward embarrassments to the tyro of fashion. Among a number of instances, Evergreen mentions the fate of a dashing blade from the south, who made his *entrée* with a tandem and two outriders, by the aid of which he attracted the attention of all the ladies, and caused a coolness between several young couples who, it was thought before his arrival, had a considerable kindness for each other. In the course of a fortnight his tandem disappeared!—the class of good folk, who seem to have nothing to do in this world but pry into other people's affairs, began to stare! in a little time longer an outrider was missing!—this increased the alarm, and it was consequently whispered that he had eaten the horses and drank the negro.—N. B. Southern gentlemen are very apt to do this on an emergency.—Serious apprehensions were entertained about the fate of the remaining servant, which were soon verified by his actually vanishing; and in “one

little month” the dashing Carolinian modestly hid his departure in the stage coach—universally regretted by the friends who had generously relieved him from his cumbrous load of style.

Evergreen, in the course of his detail, gave melancholy accounts of a famine which raged with great violence at the Springs. Whether this was owing to the appetites of the company, or to the scarcity which prevailed at the inns, he did not seem inclined to say; but he declares that he was for several days in imminent danger of starvation, owing to his being a little too dilatory in his attendance at the dinner-table. He relates a number of “moving accidents,” which befell many of the company in the zeal to get a good seat at dinner; on which occasion a kind of scrub-race always took place, wherein a vast deal of jockeying and unfair play was shown, and variety of squabbles and unseemly altercations were incurred. But when arrived at the scene of action, was truly an awful sight to behold the confusion, and to hear the tumultuous uproar of voices crying out some for one thing, some for another, to the tune of the accompaniment of knives and forks, rattling with the energy of hungry impatience.—The feast of the Centaurs and the Lapithe was nothing when compared with a dinner at the Great House. At one time an old gentleman, whose natural irascibility was little sharpened by the gout, had scalded his throat by gobbling down a bowl of hot soup in a vast hurry in order to secure the first fruits of a roasted partridge before he was snapped up by some hungry rival, when just as he was whetting his knife and fork, preparatory for a descent on the promised land, he had the mortification to see it transferred, bodily, to the plate of a peevish little damsel who was taking the water for debility and loss of appetite. This was a great reach for the patience of old Crusty; he thrust his fork into the partridge, whipt it into his dish, and cutting off a wing of it—“Permit me, Miss, to hold you,” cried he, presenting the morsel—then growling to himself, as he dispatched the remainder, “Ourselves what should such a little chalky-faced puppet do with a whole partridge!”—At another time a mighty swart disposed old dowager, who loomed magnificently at the table, had a sauce-boat launched upon the capacious lap of a silver-sprigged muslin gown, by the manœuvring of a little politic Frenchman, who was dexterously attempting to make a lodgment under the covered way of a chicken-pie:—human nature could not bear it!—the lady bounced round, and with one box on the ear, drove the luckless wight to utter annihilation.

But these little cross accidents are amply compensated by the great variety of amusements which abound at this charming resort of beauty and fashion.—In the morning the company, each like a jolly bacchanalian with glass in hand, sally forth to the Springs; where the gentlemen, who wish to make themselves agreeable, have an opportunity of dipping themselves in the good opinion of the ladies; and it is truly delectable

to see with what this ingratiating gaze to behold the on this occasion appetite for breakfast present when a young and off, in the spare twenty tumblers and Anthony whether was not greatly affected of this doctrine of evaporation, for fear of bringing the most notorious were continually ho several gentlemen in this female pleasure.

After breakfast, everyone take a ride into the and romantic fences, pine-flats, the scramble up the like the abodes of other sand-hills wa again. Others long ladies insist upon Springs, or go any the borders of a alf along like an ale-poles as they frolic, eam, and listening that croak upon is, some play the fi latter being the nston.

These, together with a religious deal of sleep a variety of pleasures at a moderate lassitude and, and listless idleness in that dozing in. Now and then er-and-ague, or some happen to throw a general felicity; but es that Ballston was of air, good wine, company, and good hum place in the world, to Cove, Dismal S cutta.

The British reader will find this essay, as its title implies, a fashionable watering place.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUR KELI KHAN,

To Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

[The following letter from the sage Mustapha has cost us more trouble to decipher and render into tolerable English, than any hitherto published. It was full of blots and erasures, particularly the latter part, which we have no doubt was penned in a moment of great wrath and indignation. Mustapha has often a rambling mode of writing, and his thoughts take such unaccountable turns, that it is difficult to tell one moment where he will lead you the next. This is particularly obvious in the commencement of his letters, which seldom bear much analogy to the subsequent parts;—he sets off with a flourish, like a dramatic hero,—assumes an air of great pomposity, and struts up to his subject mounted most loftily on stilts.—*L. Langstaff.*]

AMONG the variety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one, my dear Asem, which I scarcely know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind, or from a refined species of vanity and egotism. It is that singular, although almost universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention, when we shall long since have ceased to be susceptible either of its praise or censure. Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave;—sometimes, indeed, an anxious hope or trembling fear will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon, and expatiate in boundless futurity; but it is only this active love of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition, in the applause or gratitude of future ages.—Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe existence, ambition is forever struggling to soar beyond them;—to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the inevitable oblivion in which every thing else that concerns us must be involved. It is this, my friend, which prompts the patriot to his most heroic achievements; which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the productions of the painter and the statuary.

For this the monarch rears the lofty column; the laurelled conqueror claims the triumphal arch; while the obscure individual, who has moved in a humbler sphere, asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave, and bear to the next generation this important truth, that he was born, died—and was buried. It was this passion which once erected the vast Nubian piles, whose ruins we have so often regarded with wonder, as the shades of evening.—It emblem of oblivion—gradually stole over and enveloped them in darkness.—It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of Saracenic magnificence, which nod in mouldering desolation, as the blast sweeps over our deserted plains.—How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while, and contemplated, in awful admiration, the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around—such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is

to see with what grace and adroitness they perform this ingratiating feat. Anthony says that it is amazing to behold the quantity of water the ladies drink on this occasion, for the purpose of getting an appetite for breakfast. He assures me he has been present when a young lady, of unparalleled delicacy, set off, in the space of a minute or two, one-and-twenty tumblers and a wine-glass full. On my asking Anthony whether the solicitude of the by-standers was not greatly awakened as to what might be the effects of this debauch, he replied, that the ladies at Ballston had become such great sticklers for the doctrine of evaporation, that no gentleman ever ventured to remonstrate against this excessive drinking, for fear of bringing his philosophy into contempt. The most notorious water-drinkers, in particular, were continually holding forth on the surprising sickness with which the Ballston waters evaporated; and several gentlemen, who had the hardihood to question this female philosophy, were held in high displeasure.

After breakfast, every one chooses his amusement. Some take a ride into the pine woods, and enjoy the varied and romantic scenery of burnt trees, post and rail fences, pine-flats, potatoe patches, and log huts; others scramble up the surrounding sand-hills, that look like the abodes of a gigantic race of ants; take a tramp at other sand-hills beyond them; and then—come home again. Others who are romantic, and sundry young ladies insist upon being so whenever they visit the Springs, or go any where into the country, stroll along the borders of a little swampy brook that drags itself along like an alexandrine, and that so lazily, as to make a single murmur;—watching the little ripples as they frolic, right slipantly, in the muddy stream, and listening to the inspiring melody of the rills that croak upon its borders. Some play at billiards, some play the fiddle, and some—play the fool; the latter being the most prevalent amusement at Ballston.

These, together with abundance of dancing, and a prodigious deal of sleeping of afternoons, make up the variety of pleasures at the Springs.—A delicious life of moderate lassitude and fatigue; of laborious dissipation, and listless idleness; of sleepless nights, and days spent in that dozing insensibility which ever succeeds them. Now and then, indeed, the influenza, the fever-and-ague, or some such pale-faced intruder, may happen to throw a momentary damp on the general felicity; but on the whole, Evergreen declares that Ballston wants only six things; to wit—good air, good wine, good living, good beds, good company, and good humour, to be the most enchanted place in the world;—excepting Botany Bay, Musquito Cove, Dismal Swamp, and the Black Hole at Ballston.

The British reader will have felt himself quite at home in the detail of this essay, as its satire is just as applicable to the society of fashionable watering places as to the notables of Ballston.

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hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementoes of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert—had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were mingled with their native dust—all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate had long since faded from remembrance: history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality.—Alas! alas! said I to myself, how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are reposed! He who imagines he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown, indulges in deluding visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk—the triumphal arch—the swelling dome—shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion shall often pass away before their own duration is accomplished.

Yet this passion for fame, however ridiculous in the eye of the philosopher, deserves respect and consideration, from having been the source of so many illustrious actions; and hence it has been the practice, in all enlightened governments, to perpetuate, by monuments, the memory of great men, as a testimony of respect for the illustrious dead, and to awaken in the bosoms of posterity an emulation to merit the same honourable distinction. The people of the American logocracy, who pride themselves upon improving on every precept or example of ancient or modern governments, have discovered a new mode of exciting this love of glory—a mode by which they do honour to their great men, even in their life-time.

Thou must have observed by this time, that they manage every thing in a manner peculiar to themselves; and doubtless in the best possible manner, seeing they have denominated themselves “the most enlightened people under the sun.” Thou wilt therefore, perhaps, be curious to know how they contrive to honour the name of a living patriot, and what unheard-of monument they erect in memory of his achievements. By the flery beard of the mighty Barbarossa, but I can scarcely preserve the sobriety of a true disciple of Mahomet while I tell thee!—Wilt thou not smile, O mussulman of invincible gravity, to learn that they honour their great men by eating, and that the only trophy erected to their exploits is a public dinner! But, trust me, Asem, even in this measure, whimsical as it may seem, the philosophic and considerate spirit of this people is admirably displayed. Wisely concluding, that when the hero is dead he becomes insensible to the voice of fame, the song of adulation, or the splendid trophy, they have determined that he shall enjoy his quantum of celebrity while living, and revel in the full enjoyment of a nine days’ immortality. The barbarous nations of antiquity immolated human victims to the memory of their lamented dead, but the enlightened

Americans offer up whole hecatombs of geese and calves, and oceans of wine, in honour of the illustrious living; and the patriot has the felicity of hearing from every quarter the vast exploits in gluttony and revelling that have been celebrated to the glory of his name.

No sooner does a citizen signalize himself in a conspicuous manner in the service of his country, than all the gormandizers assemble, and discharge their national debt of gratitude—by giving him a dinner, not that he really receives all the luxuries provided on this occasion—no, my friend, it is ten chances to one that the great man does not taste a morsel from the table, and is, perhaps, five hundred miles distant, and, to let thee into a melancholy fact, a patriot, under this economic government, may be often in want of a dinner, while dozens are devoured in his praise. Neither are these repasts spread out for the hungry and necessitous, who might otherwise be filled with food and gladness, and inspired to shout forth the illustrious name, which had been the means of their enjoyment—far from this, Asem, it is the rich who indulge in the banquet: those who pay for the dainties are alone privileged to enjoy them; so that while opening their purses in honour of the patriot, they, at the same time, fulfil a great maxim, which in this country comprehends all the rules of prudence, and all the duties a man owes to himself—namely, getting the worth of their money.

In process of time this mode of testifying public applause has been found so marvellously agreeable that they extend it to events as well as characters, and eat in triumph at the news of a treaty—at the anniversary of any grand national era, or at the gaining of that splendid victory of the tongue—an election. Nay, so far do they carry it, that certain days are set apart, when the guzzlers, the gormandizers, and the wine-bibbers meet together to celebrate a grand intemperance, in memory of some great event; and every man, in the zeal of patriotism, gets devoutly drunk—“as the act directs.” Then, my friend, mayest thou behold the sublime spectacle of love of country, elevating itself from a sentiment into an appetite, whetted to the quick with the cheering prospect of tables loaded with the fat things of the land. On this occasion every man is anxious to fall to work, cramming himself in honour of the day, and risk a surfeit in the glorious cause. Some, I have been told, actually fast for four-and-twenty hours preceding, that they may be enabled to do greater honour to the feast; but certainly, if eating and drinking are patriotic rites, who eats and drinks most, and proves himself the greatest glutton, is, undoubtedly, the most distinguished patriot. Such, at any rate, seems to be the opinion here; and they act up to it so rigidly, that the time it is dark, every kennel in the neighbourhood teems with illustrious members of the sovereign people, wallowing in their congenial element of merriment and mire.

These patriotic feasts, or rather national merriment

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riotic, these monumental dinners;—how furiously
flame of patriotism blazes forth, how suddenly
vanquish armies, subjugate whole countries, and

exterminate nations in a bumper,—thou wouldst more than ever admire the force of that omnipotent weapon the tongue. At these moments every coward becomes a hero, every ragamuffin an invincible warrior; and the most zealous votaries of peace and quiet forget, for a while, their cherished maxims, and join in the furious attack. Toast succeeds toast;—kings, emperors, bashaws, are like chaff before the tempest. The inspired patriot vanquishes fleets with a single gun-boat, and swallows down navies at a draught; until, overpowered with victory and wine, he sinks upon the field of battle, dead drunk in his country's cause. Sword of the puissant Khalid! what a display of valour is here! the sons of Afric are hardy, brave, and enterprising, but they can achieve nothing like this.

Happy would it be if this mania for toasting extended no farther than to the expression of national resentment. Though we might smile at the impotent vapouring and windy hyperbole, by which it is distinguished, yet we would excuse it, as the unguarded overflowings of a heart glowing with national injuries, and indignant at the insults offered to its country. But alas, my friend, private resentment, individual hatred, and the illiberal spirit of party, are let loose on these festive occasions. Even the names of individuals, of unoffending fellow-citizens, are sometimes dragged forth to undergo the slanders and execrations of a distempered herd of revellers.—"Head of Mahomet!—how vindictive, how insatiably vindictive must be that spirit, which can drug the mantling bowl with gall and bitterness, and indulge an angry passion in the moment of rejoicing!—"Wine," says their poet, "is like sunshine to the heart, which under its generous influence expands with good-will, and becomes the very temple of philanthropy." Strange, that in a temple consecrated to such a divinity there should remain a secret corner, polluted by the lurkings of malice and revenge; strange, that in the full flow of social enjoyment these votaries of pleasure can turn aside to call down curses on the head of a fellow-creature.—Despicable souls! ye are unworthy of being citizens of this "most enlightened country under the sun:" rather herd with the murderous savages who prowl the mountains of Thibesti; who stain their midnight orgies with the blood of the innocent wanderer, and drink their infernal potations from the skulls of the victims they have massacred.

And yet, trust me, Asem, this spirit of vindictive

Note, by William Wizzard, Esq.

It would seem that in this sentence the sage Mustapha had reference to a patriotic dinner, celebrated last fourth of July, by some gentlemen of Baltimore, when they righteously drank perdition to an unoffending individual, and really thought "they had done the state some service." This amiable custom of "calling and drinking damnation" to others, is not confined, in any party, for a month or two after the fourth of July, the different newspapers file off their columns of patriotic toasts against each other, and take a pride in showing how brilliantly their partisans can vilify public characters in their cups—"they do but jest—poison in jest," as Hamlet says.

cowardice is not owing to any inherent depravity of soul; for, on other occasions, I have had ample proof that this nation is mild and merciful, brave and magnanimous.—Neither is it owing to any defect in their political or religious precepts. The principles inculcated by their rulers on all occasions breathe a spirit of universal philanthropy; and as to their religion, much as I am devoted to the Koran of our divine prophet, still I cannot but acknowledge with admiration the mild forbearance, the amiable benevolence, the sublime morality bequeathed them by the founder of their faith. Thou rememberest the doctrines of the mild Nazarene, who preached peace and goodwill to all mankind; who when he was reviled, reviled not again; who blessed those who cursed him, and prayed for those who spitefully used and persecuted him! What then can give rise to this uncharitable, this inhuman custom among the disciples of a master so gentle and forgiving?—It is that fiend Politics, Asem,—that baneful fiend, which bewilders every brain, and poisons every social feeling; which intrudes itself at the festive banquet, and like the detestable harpy pollutes the very viands of the table; which prompts the assassin to launch his poisoned arrows from behind the social board; and which renders the bottle, that boasted promoter of good fellowship and hilarity, an infernal engine charged with direful combustion.

Oh, Asem! Asem! how does my heart sicken when I contemplate these cowardly barbarities; let me, therefore, if possible, withdraw my attention from them for ever. My feelings have borne me from my subject; and from the monuments of ancient greatness, I have wandered to those of modern degradation. My warmest wishes remain with thee, thou most illustrious of slave-drivers; mayest thou ever be sensible of the mercies of our great prophet, who, in compassion to human imbecility, has prohibited his disciples from the use of the deluding beverage of the grape;—that enemy to reason—that promoter of defamation—that auxiliary of *politics*.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.*

No. XVII.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1807.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WHEN a man is quietly journeying downwards into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, and begins to contemplate in a shortened perspective the end of his pilgrimage, he becomes more solicitous than ever that the remainder of his wayfaring should be smooth and pleasant; and that the evening of his life, like the evening of a summer's day, should fade

* In this letter of the sage Mustapha, there are some fine moral reflections: the satirical portion of it is, likewise, excellent, and we need scarcely add, is susceptible of more extensive application than to the usages of the republic.—*EDTL*.

away in mild uninterrupted serenity. If haply heart has escaped uninjured through the dangers of a seductive world, it may then administer to the pleasures of his felicities, and its chords vibrate more music for the trials they have sustained:—like the wind which yields a melody sweet in proportion to its violence.

To a mind thus temperately harmonized, thus matured and mellowed by a long lapse of years, there is something truly congenial in the quiet enjoyment of our early autumn in the tranquillity of the country. There is a sober and chastened air of gaiety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to the old man; and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it seems as if the elements were taking a last farewell of each other, each parting with a melancholy smile:—like a couple of old friends, who, having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter with a kind of prophetic fear that they are never to meet again.

It is either my good fortune or mishap to be less susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere; and I can feel in the morning, before I open my window, whether the wind be easterly. It will not therefore, I presume, be considered an extravagant instance of vain glory, when I assert, that there are few men who can discriminate more accurately in the different varieties of damps, fogs, Scotch mists, and northern storms, than myself. To the great discredit of philosophy I confess, I seldom fail to anathematize and excommunicate the weather, when it sports rudely with my sensitive system; but then I also endeavour to atone therefore, by eulogizing it as deserving of approbation. And as most of my readers, simple folk, make but one distinction, to wit, between sunshine and shadow, and sunshine—living in most honest ignorance of the various nice shades which distinguish one fine day from another—I take the trouble, from time to time, of letting them into some of the secrets of nature. So will they be the better enabled to enjoy her beauties, with the zest of connoisseurs, and derive also as much information from my pages as from the other-wise lore of the almanac.

Much of my recreation, since I retreated to the sequestered hill, has consisted in making little excursions through the neighbourhood! which abounds in the variety of the romantic, and luxuriant landscape that generally characterizes the scenery in the vicinity of our residence. There is not an eminence within a circuit of ten miles but commands an extensive range of diverse and enchanting prospect.

Often have I rambled to the summit of some favourite hill, and thence, with feelings sweetly transported, as the lucid expanse of the heavens that canopied me, have noted the slow and almost imperceptible changes that mark the waning year. There are many features peculiar to our autumn, and which give it an individual character. The "green and yellow melancholy" that first steals over the landscape—the mild and serene serenity of the weather, and the transparent purity

atmosphere, speaking to the heart,—it is the success of a fantastical woods assume, which, like the crimson and scarlet, is a sickly broken-hearted resolution; or that elated age, proceeding in the spirits, but from the mind. We might say, that the garb of nature, falling leaf, which, as the autumn seems to announce, is a winter that is sometimes seen a thrifty vigour for a brief season, as recalled to my mind, as I have contemplated the cheerfulness; and which, while it is of jocular spirits, will be decay. In a little time disappears—the wide expanse of the landscape steals along, borrowed from the woodlands.—The woodland tribes that are scattered in its solitude and silence, the plaintive whistle of the squirrel, or the rustling of the leaf, which, rushing against the rocks of the mountains, sighs through the grove, and sends a year.

to one who, like myself, is conscious of the difference between the seasons, the which connects the one of the year. Often, in the form, and genial lustre, which invigorates us in the most imperceptible hazes, all the asperities of the subject a character of help comparing it with the spring of youth, the seasons having gone, and the light, and high lustre, and down the nature luxuriance in generous and disinterested thoughtless extravagance; nor the law feverish in its enjoyment, abundance.—I of the past—that which those will have loved the bounteous of their spring and indulgence.

atmosphere, speak not merely to the senses but heart,—it is the season of liberal emotions. To succeeds a fantastic gaiety, a motley dress, which woods assume, where green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson and scarlet, are whimsically blended together.—A sickly splendour this!—like the wild broken-hearted gaiety that sometimes precedes resolution; or that childish sportiveness of superannuated age, proceeding, not from a vigorous flow of animal spirits, but from the decay and imbecility of mind. We might, perhaps, be deceived by this airy garb of nature, were it not for the rustling of falling leaf, which, breaking on the stillness of the air, seems to announce, in prophetic whispers, the early winter that is approaching. When I have sometimes seen a thrifty young oak, changing its hue of sturdy vigour for a bright but transient glow of red, as recalled to my mind the treacherous bloom that had mantled the cheek of a friend who is now no more; and which, while it seemed to promise a long and jocund life, was the sure precursor of premature decay. In a little while, and this ostentatious colour disappears—the close of autumn leaves but a wide expanse of dusky brown, save where some leaf steals along, bordered with little strips of green.—The woodland echoes no more to the carols of feathered tribes that sported in the leafy covert, his solitude and silence are uninterrupted except the plaintive whistle of the quail, the barking of the squirrel, or the still more melancholy wailing of the woodpecker, which, rushing and swelling through the hollows of the mountains, sighs through the leafless branches of the grove, and seems to mourn the desolation of the year.

To one who, like myself, is fond of drawing comparisons between the different divisions of life and of the seasons, there will appear a striking analogy which connects the feelings of the aged with the feelings of the young. Often as I contemplate the mild, calm, and genial lustre with which the sun cheers and invigorates us in the month of October; and the soft imperceptible haze which, without obscuring, veils all the asperities of the landscape, and gives to the subject a character of stillness and repose; I cannot help comparing it with that portion of existence, in the spring of youthful hope and the summer of passions having gone by, reason assumes an unobscured sway, and lights us on with bright, but unobscured lustre, adown the hill of life. There is a full and mature luxuriance in the fields that fills the bosom of generous and disinterested content. It is not the thoughtless extravagance of spring, prodigal only of its resources; nor the languid voluptuousness of summer, feverish in its enjoyments, and teeming only with unproductive abundance.—It is that certain fruition of the harvest of the past—that prospect of comfortable re-creation which those will be sure to enjoy, who have loved the bounteous smiles of heaven, nor wasted the genial warmth of spring and summer in empty trifling or indulgence.

Cousin Pindar, who is my constant companion in these expeditions, and who still possesses much of the fire and energy of youthful sentiment, and a buxom hilarity of the spirits, often indeed draws me from these half-melancholy reveries, and makes me feel young again by the enthusiasm with which he contemplates, and the animation with which he eulogizes, the beauties of nature displayed before him. His enthusiastic disposition never allows him to enjoy things by halves, and his feelings are continually breaking out in notes of admiration, and ejaculations that sober reason might perhaps deem extravagant. But for my part, when I see a hale hearty old man, who has jostled through the rough path of the world, without having worn away the fine edge of his feelings, or blunted his sensibility to natural and moral beauty, I compare him to the evergreen of the forest, whose colours, instead of fading at the approach of winter, seem to assume additional lustre when contrasted with the surrounding desolation. Such a man is my friend Pindar;—yet sometimes, and particularly at the approach of evening, even he will fall in with my humour; but he soon recovers his natural tone of spirits; and, mounting on the elasticity of his mind, like Gaiety on the eagle's wing, he soars to the ethereal regions of sunshine and fancy.

One afternoon we had strolled to the top of a high hill in the neighbourhood of the Hall, which commands an almost boundless prospect; and as the shadows began to lengthen around us, and the distant mountains to fade into mists, my cousin was seized with a moralizing fit. "It seems to me," said he, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder, "that there is just at this season, and this hour, a sympathy between us and the world we are now contemplating. The evening is stealing upon nature as well as upon us;—the shadows of the opening day have given place to those of its close; and the only difference is, that in the morning they were before us, now they are behind; and that the first vanished in the splendours of noon-day, the latter will be lost in the oblivion of night.—Our 'May of life,' my dear Launce, has for ever fled; our summer is over and gone:—but," continued he, suddenly recovering himself and slapping me gaily on the shoulder,—“but why should we repine?—What though the capricious zephyrs of spring, the heats and hurricanes of summer, have given place to the sober sunshine of autumn—and though the woods begin to assume the dappled livery of decay!—yet the prevailing colour is still green—gay, sprightly green.

“Let us then comfort ourselves with this reflection; that though the shades of the morning have given place to those of the evening,—though the spring is past, the summer over, and the autumn come,—still you and I go on our way rejoicing;—and while, like the lofty mountains of our Southern America, our heads are covered with snow, still, like them, we feel the genial warmth of spring and summer playing upon our bosoms.”

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

In the description which I gave some time since of Cockloft-hall, I totally forgot to make honourable mention of the library, which I confess was a most inexcusable oversight; for in truth it would bear a comparison, in point of usefulness and eccentricity, with the motley collection of the renowned hero of La Mancha.

It was chiefly gathered together by my grandfather; who spared neither pains nor expense to procure specimens of the oldest, most quaint, and insufferable books in the whole compass of English, Scotch, and Irish literature. There is a tradition in the family, that the old gentleman once gave a grand entertainment in consequence of having got possession of a copy of a philippic, by Archbishop Anselm, against the unseemly luxury of long-toed shoes, as worn by the courtiers in the time of William Rufus; which he purchased of an honest brickmaker in the neighbourhood, for a little less than forty times its value. He had undoubtedly a singular reverence for old authors, and his highest eulogium on his library was, that it consisted of books not to be met with in any other collection; and as the phrase is, entirely out of print. The reason of which was, I suppose, that they were not worthy of being reprinted.

Cousin Christopher preserves these relics with great care, and has added considerably to the collection; for with the Hall he has inherited almost all the whimsicalities of its former possessor. He cherishes a reverential regard for ponderous tomes of Greek and Latin; though he knows about as much of these languages as a young Bachelor of Arts does a year or two after leaving College. A worm-eaten work in eight or ten volumes he compares to an old family, more respectable for its antiquity than its splendour;—a lumbering folio he considers as a duke; a sturdy quarto, as an earl; and a row of gilded duodecimos, as so many gallant knights of the garter. But as to modern works of literature, they are thrust into trunks and drawers, as intruding upstarts, and regarded with as much contempt as mushroom nobility in England; who, having risen to grandeur merely by their talents and services, are regarded as utterly unworthy to mingle their blood with those noble currents that can be traced without a single contamination through a long line of, perhaps, useless and profligate ancestors, up to William the Bastard's cook, or butler, or groom, or some one of Rollo's freebooters.

Will Wizard, whose studies are of a whimsical complexion, takes great delight in ransacking the library; and has been, during his late sojournings at the Hall, very constant and devout in his visits to this receptacle of obsolete learning. He seemed particularly tickled with the contents of the great mahogany chest of drawers mentioned in the beginning of this work. This venerable piece of architecture has frowned, in sullen majesty, from a corner of the library, time out of mind; and is filled with musty manuscripts, some

in my grandfather's hand-writing, and others evidently written long before his day.

It was a sight worthy of a man's seeing, to behold Will, with his outlandish phiz, poring over old scraps that would puzzle a whole society of antiquarians expound, and diving into receptacles of trumpery which, for a century past, had been undisturbed mortal hand. He would sit for whole hours, with phlegmatic patience unknown in these degenerate days, except, peradventure, among the High Dutch Commentators, prying into the quaint obscurity of musty parchments, until his whole face seemed converted into a folio leaf of black-letter; and occasionally, when the whimsical meaning of an obscure passage flashed on his mind, his countenance would curl up into an expression of Gothic risibility, not unlike the physiognomy of a cabbage leaf shrivelling before a hot fire.

At such times there was no getting Will to join our walks, or take any part in our usual recreations; he hardly gave us an Oriental tale in a week, and would smoke so inveterately, that no one else dared enter the library under pain of suffocation. This was more especially the case when he encountered a knotty piece of writing; and he honestly confessed me that one worm-eaten manuscript, written in pestilent crabbed hand, had cost him a box of the Spanish cigars before he could make it out; and that all, it was not worth a tobacco stalk. Such is the fate of my knowing associate; only let him get fairly in track of any odd out-of-the-way whim-wham, away he goes, whip and cut, until he either runs his game, or runs himself out of breath.—I never saw my life met with a man who rode his hobby-horse more intolerably hard than Wizard.

One of his favourite occupations for some time has been the hunting of black-letter, which he has in high regard; and he often hints that learning has been on the decline ever since the introduction of Roman alphabet. An old book, printed three hundred years ago, is a treasure; and a ragged scrap about one half unintelligible, fills him with rapture. Oh! with what enthusiasm will he dwell on the discovery of the Pandects of Justinian, and Livy's history! and when he relates the pious exertions of the Medici, in recovering the lost treasures of Greek Roman literature, his eye brightens, and his face assumes all the splendour of an illuminated manuscript.

Will had vegetated for a considerable time in perfect tranquillity among dust and cobwebs, when one morning as we were gathered on the piazza, listening with exemplary patience to one of cousin Christopher's long stories about the revolutionary war, we were suddenly electrified by an explosion of laughter in the library.—My readers, unless peradventure they have heard honest Will laugh, can form no idea of the prodigious uproar he makes. To hear him in the forest you would imagine, that is to say, if you were classical enough, that the satyrs and the dryads had just discovered a pair of rural lovers in the shade

and were deriding, wither, the blushes of the swain; or if it were to be seen as an autumnal morning something like that. An clap of thunder would is to be seen as recommend Will's la the spleen; and if it with that villainous c they make good n earnestly to get into This outrageous s easily supposed, three of wondering: was pher, who took the slyly stole up to the ain, were fair at the g roar. His face, his appearance!—an in the hands of an e readers must be cont one day or other have describable phiz, in Upon my inquiring, trust an old, rusty into my hand, of wh out of ten, without r This task, however, and, in little more t need a translation e assured me it had being modernised ar in return for the gr not do less than inse me that it is but on which still remains author we have not y back, in my grandfa that it was presented his particular friend formerly lieutenant- Amsterdam; and wh these latter days, it i man ever to do an rly recorded.

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and were deriding, with bursts of obstreperous laughter, the blushes of the nymph and the indignation of the swain; or if it were suddenly, as in the present instance, to break upon the serene and pensive silence of an autumnal morning, it would cause a sensation something like that which arises from hearing a sudden clap of thunder in a summer's day, when not a cloud is to be seen above the horizon. In short, I recommend Will's laugh as a sovereign remedy for the spleen; and if any of our readers are troubled with that villanous complaint, which can hardly be, if they make good use of our works,—I advise them earnestly to get introduced to him forthwith.

This outrageous merriment of Will's, as may be easily supposed, threw the whole family into a violent fit of wondering: we all, with the exception of Christopher, who took the interruption in high dudgeon, silently stole up to the library; and bolting in upon him, were fain at the first glance to join in his aspiring roar. His face,—but I despair to give an idea of his appearance!—and until his portrait, which is now in the hands of an eminent artist, is engraved, my readers must be content:—I promise them they shall one day or other have a striking likeness of Will's indescribable phiz, in all its native comeliness.

Upon my inquiring the occasion of his mirth, he thrust an old, rusty, musty, and dusty manuscript into my hand, of which I could not decipher one word out of ten, without more trouble than it was worth. This task, however, he kindly took off my hands; and, in little more than eight-and-forty hours, produced a translation into fair Roman letters; though he assured me it had lost a vast deal of its humour by being modernised and degraded into plain English. In return for the great pains he had taken, I could not do less than insert it in our work. Will informs me that it is but one sheet of a stupendous bundle which still remains uninvestigated;—who was the author we have not yet discovered; but a note on the back, in my grandfather's hand-writing, informs us that it was presented to him as a literary curiosity by his particular friend, the illustrious Rip Van Dam, formerly lieutenant-governor of the colony of New-Amsterdam; and whose fame if it has never reached these latter days, it is only because he was too modest a man ever to do any thing worthy of being particularly recorded.

CHAP. CIX.

Of the Chronicles of the Renowned and Ancient City of Gotham.

How Gotham city conquer'd was,
And how the folk turu'd apes—because. *Link. Fid.*

ALBRIGHT, much about this time it did fall out that the thrice-renowned and delectable city of Gotham did suffer great discomiture, and was reduced to peccolous extremity, by the invasion and assaults of the Hoppingtots. These are a people inhabiting a far distant country, exceedingly pleasaunte and fertile; but they being withal egregiously addicted to migrations

do thence issue forth in mighty swarms, like the Scythians of old, overrunning divers countries, and commonwealths, and committing great devastations wheresoever they do go by their horrible and dreadful feats and prowesses. They are specially noted for being right valorous in all exercises of the leg; and of them it hath been rightly affirmed that no nation in all Christendom, or elsewhere, can cope with them in the adroit, dexterous, and jocund shaking of the heel.

This engaging excellence doth stand unto them a sovereign recommendation, by the which they do insinuate themselves into universal favour and good countenance; and it is a notable fact that, let a Hoppingtot but once introduce a foot into company, and it goeth hardly if he doth not contrive to flourish his whole body in thereafter. The learned Linkum Fidelius, in his famous and unheard-of treatise on man, whom he defineth, with exceeding sagacity, to be a corn-cutting, tooth-drawing animal, is particularly minute and elaborate in treating of the nation of the Hoppingtots; and betrays a little of the Pythagorean in his theory, inasmuch as he accounteth for their being so wonderfully adroit in pedestrian exercises, by supposing that they did originally acquire this unaccountable and unparalleled aptitude for huge and unmatchable feats of the leg, by having heretofore been condemned for their numerous offences against that harmless race of bipeds, or quadrupeds (for herein the sage Linkum appeareth to doubt and waver exceedingly), the frogs, to animate their bodies for the space of one or two generations. He also giveth it as his opinion, that the name of Hoppingtots is manifestly derivative from this transmigration. Be this, however, as it may, the matter, albeit it hath been the subject of controversy among the learned, is but little pertinent to the subject of this history; wherefore shall we treat and consider it as naught.

Now these people being thereto impelled by a superfluity of appetite, and a plentiful deficiency of the wherewithal to satisfy the same, did take thought that the ancient and venerable city of Gotham was, peradventure, possessed of mighty treasures, and did, moreover, abound with all manner of fish and flesh, and eatables, and drinkables, and such like delightsome and wholesome excellencies withal. Whereupon, calling a council of the most active-heeled warriors, they did resolve forthwith to put forth a mighty array, make themselves masters of the same, and revel in the good things of the land. To this were they hoisly stirred up, and wickedly incited, by two redoubtable and renowned warriors, hight Pirouet and Rigadon; yeled in such sort, by reason that they were two mighty, valiant, and invincible little men; utterly famous for the victories of the leg, which they had, on divers illustrious occasions, right gallantly achieved.

These doughty champions did ambitiously and wickedly inflame the minds of their countrymen, with gorgeous descriptions, in the which they did cunningly set forth the marvellous riches and luxuries of Gotham; where Hoppingtots might have garments

for their bodies, shirts to their ruffles, and might riot most merrily every day in the week on beef, pudding, and such like lusty dainties.—They, Pirouet and Rigadoon, did likewise hold out hopes of an easy conquest; forasmuch as the Gothamites were as yet but little versed in the mystery and science of handling the legs; and being, moreover, like unto that notable bully of antiquity, Achilles, most vulnerable to all attacks on the heel, would doubtless surrender at the very first assault.—Whereupon, on the hearing of this inspiring council, the Hoppingtots did set up a prodigious great cry of joy, shook their heels in triumph, and were all impatience to dance on to Gotham and take it by storm.

The cunning Pirouet, and the arch caitiff Rigadoon, knew full well how to profit by this enthusiasm. They forthwith did order every man to arm himself with a certain pestilent little weapon, called a fiddle;—to pack up in his knapsack a pair of silk breeches, the like of ruffles, and cocked hat the form of a half-moon, a bundle of cat-gut—and inasmuch as in marching to Gotham the army might, peradventure, be smitten with scarcity of provisions, they did account it proper that each man should take especial care to carry with him a bunch of right merchantable onions. Having proclaimed these orders by sound of fiddle, they, Pirouet and Rigadoon, did accordingly put their army behind them, and striking up the right jolly and sprightly tune of *Ça Ira*, away they all capered towards the devoted city of Gotham, with a most horrible and appalling chattering of voices.

Of their first appearance before the beleaguered town, and of the various difficulties which did encounter them in their march, this history saith not: being that other matters of more weighty import require to be written. When that the army of the Hoppingtots did peregrinate within sight of Gotham, and the people of the city did behold the villanous and hitherto unseen capers and grimaces which they did make, a most horrible panic was stirred up among the citizens; and the sages of the town fell into great despondency and tribulation, as supposing that these invaders were of the race of the Jig-hees, who did make men into baboons when they achieved a conquest over them. The sages, therefore, called upon all the dancing men and dancing women, and exhorted them, with great vehemency of speech, to make heel against the invaders, and to put themselves upon such gallant defence, such glorious array, and such sturly evolution, elevation, and transposition of the foot, as might incontinently imperter the legs of the Hoppingtots, and produce their complete discomfiture. But so it did happen, by great mischance, that divers light-heeled youth of Gotham, more especially those who are descended from three wise men so renowned of yore, for having most venturesomely voyaged over sea in a bowl, were from time to time captured and inveigled into the camp of the enemy; where, being foolishly cajoled and treated for a season with outlandish disports and pleasaunties, they were sent back to

their friends, entirely changed, degenerated, and turned topsy-turvy; insomuch that they thought themselves of nothing but their heels, always essaying to thrust them into the most manifest point of view;—and, in a word, as might truly be affirmed, did for ever after walk upon their heads outright.

And the Hoppingtots did day by day, and at late hours of the night, wax more and more urgent in their investment of the city. At one time they would, in goodly procession, make an open assault by sound of fiddle in a tremendous contradance;—and anon they would advance by little detachments, and manoeuvre to take the town by figuring in cotillions. But truly their most cunning and devilish craft, and subtilty, was made manifest in their strenuous endeavours to corrupt the garrison, by a most insidious and pestilent dance called the *Waltz*. This, in good truth, was a potent auxiliary; for by it were the heads of the simple Gothamites most villanously turned, their wits sent a wool-gathering, and themselves on the point of surrendering at discretion, even unto the very arms of their invading foemen.

At length the fortifications of the town began to give manifest symptoms of decay; inasmuch as the breastwork of decency was considerably broken down, and the curtain work of propriety blown up. When the cunning caitiff Pirouet beheld the ticklish and jeopardized state of the city—"Now, by my leg," quoth he,—he always swore by his leg, being that it was an exceeding goodlie leg—"Now, by my leg," quoth he, "but this is no great matter of recreation;—I will show these people a pretty, strange, and new war forsooth, presentlie, and will shake the dust off my pumps upon this most obstinate and uncivilized town." Whereupon he ordered, and did command his warriors, one and all, that they should put themselves in readiness, and prepare to carry the town by a *grand ball*. They, in no wise to be daunted, do forthwith, at the word, equip themselves for the assault; and in good faith, truly it was a gracious and glorious sight, a most triumphant and incomparable spectacle, to behold them gallantly arrayed in glossy and shining silk breeches, tied with abundance of riband; with silken hose of the gorgeous colour of the salmon;—right goodlie morocco pumps decorated with clasps or buckles of a most cunninge and secret contrivance, inasmuch as they did of themselves grapple to the shoe without any aid of luke or tongue, marvelously ensembling witchcraft and necromancy. They had, withal, exuberant chiterlings; which puffed out at the neck and bosom, after a most jolly fashion, like unto the beard of an ancient he-turkey; and cocked hats, the which they did carry not on their heads, after the fashion of the Gothamites, but under their arms as a roasted fowl his gizzard.

Thus being equipped, and marshalled, they do attack, assault, batter and belabour the town with might and main; most gallantly displaying the vigour of their legs, and shaking their heels at it most emphatically. And the manner of their attack was in

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No. XVIII.—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1867.

THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THE following story has been handed down by family tradition for more than a century. It is one on which my cousin Christopher dwells with more than usual prolixity; and, being in some measure connected with a personage often quoted in our work, I have thought it worthy of being laid before my readers.

Soon after my grandfather, Mr Lemuel Cockloft, had quietly settled himself at the Hall, and just about the time that the gossips of the neighbourhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic, the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil of curiosity and conjecture—a situation very common to little gossiping villages—by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual.

The object of this solicitude was a little black-looking man, of a foreign aspect, who took possession of an old building, which, having long had the reputation of being haunted, was in a state of ruinous desolation, and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts. He usually wore a high sugar-loaf hat with a narrow brim, and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one—appeared to take no interest in the pleasures or the little broils of the village—nor ever talked, except sometimes to himself in an outlandish tongue. He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under his arm—appeared always to be lost in meditation—and was often met by the peasantry, sometimes watching the dawning of day, sometimes at noon seated under a tree poring over his volume, and sometimes at evening, gazing, with a look of sober tranquillity, at the sun as it gradually sunk below the horizon.

The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously singular in all this; a mystery seemed to hang about the stranger which, with all their sagacity, they could not penetrate; and in the excess of worldly charity they pronounced it a sure sign “that he was no better than he should be;” a phrase innocent enough in itself; but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly every thing that is bad. The young people thought him a gloomy misanthrope, because he never joined in their sports; the old men thought still more hardly of him, because he followed no trade, nor ever seemed ambitious of earning a farthing; and as to the old gossips, baffled by the inflexible taciturnity of the stranger, they unanimously decreed that a man who could not or would not talk was no better than a dumb beast. The little man in black, careless of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that, in a little while, the whole

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sort;—first, they did thunder and gallop forward in a *contre-temps*;—and anon, displayed column in a Cossack dance, a fandango, or a gavot. Whereat the Gothamites, in no wise understanding this unknown system of warfare, marvelled exceedingly, and did open their mouths incontinently, the full distance of bow shot, meaning a cross-bow, in sore dismay and apprehension. Whereupon, saith Rigadoon, flourishing his left leg with great expression of valour, and most magnificent carriage—“My copesmates, for what wait we here; are not the townsmen already won to our favour?—Do not their women and young fellows wave to us from the walls in such sort that, albeit there is some show of defence, yet is it manifestly converted into our interests?” So saying, he made no more ado, but leaping into the air about a right-shot, and crossing his feet six times, after the manner of the Hoppingtots, he gave a short partridge run, and with mighty vigour and swiftness did bolt outright over the walls with a somerset. The whole army of Hoppingtots danced in after their valiant chieftain, with an enormous squeaking of fiddles, and horrid blasting and brattling of horns; insomuch that the dogs did howl in the streets, so hideously were their ears assailed. The Gothamites made some semblance of defence, but their women having been all won over into the interest of the enemy, they were shortly reduced to make most abject submission; and delivered over to the coercion of certain professors of the Hoppingtots, who did put them under most ignominious durance, for the space of a long time, until they had learned to turn out their toes, and flourish their legs after the true manner of their conquerors. And thus, after the manner I have related, was the mighty and puissant city of Gotham circumvented, and taken by a *coup de pied*: or, as it might be rendered, by force of legs.

The conquerors showed no mercy, but did put all ages, sexes, and conditions, to the fiddle and the dance; and in a word, compelled and enforced them to become absolute Hoppingtots. “Habit,” as the ingenious Linkum profoundly affirmeth, “is second nature.” And this original and invaluable observation hath been most aptly proved and illustrated, by the example of the Gothamites, ever since this disastrous and unlucky mischance. In process of time, they have waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers; they do ponder on naught else but how to gallantize it at balls, routs, and fandangoes—insomuch that the like was, in no time or place, ever observed before. They do, moreover, faithfully devote their nights to the jollification of the legs, and their days forsooth to the instruction and jollification of the heel. And to conclude: their young folk, who, whilome, did bestow a modicum of leisure upon the improvement of the head, have of late utterly abandoned this hopeless task, and have quietly, as it were, settled themselves down into mere machines, wound up by a tune, and set in motion by fiddle-stick!

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village was in an uproar; for in little communities of this description, the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling, in all the affairs of each other.

A confidential conference was held one Sunday morning after sermon, at the door of the village church, and the character of the unknown fully investigated. The schoolmaster gave as his opinion that he was the wandering Jew; the sexton was certain that he must be a free-mason from his silence; a third maintained, with great obstinacy, that he was a High German doctor, and that the book which he carried about with him contained the secrets of the black art; but the most prevailing opinion seemed to be that he was a witch—a race of beings at that time abounding in those parts: and a sagacious old matron, from Connecticut, proposed to ascertain the fact by sousing him into a kettle of hot water.

Suspicion, when once afloat, goes with wind and tide, and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black seen by the flashes of lightning, frisking, and curveting in the air upon a broom-stick; and it was always observed, that at those times the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady in particular, who suggested the lumane ordeal of the boiling kettle, lost on one of these occasions a fine brindled cow; which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black. If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master's favourite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lamed and jaded in the morning,—the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair; nor could a high wind howl through the village at night, but the old women shrugged up their shoulders and observed, “the little man in black was in his *tantrums*.” In short he became the bugbear of every house; and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics, as the redoubtable Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself; nor could a housewife of the village sleep in peace, except under the guardianship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

The object of these direful suspicions remained for some time totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary he had occasioned; but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odium of a village is in a great measure outlawed and proscribed, and becomes a mark for injury and insult; particularly if he has not the power or the disposition to recriminate.—The little venomous passions, which in the great world are dissipated and weakened by being widely diffused, act in the narrow limits of a country town with collected vigour, and become rancorous in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action. The little man in black experienced the truth of this: every mischievous urchin returning from school had full liberty to break his windows; and this was considered as a most daring exploit; for in such awe did they stand of him, that the most adventurous schoolboy was never seen to ap-

proach his threshold, and at night would prefer going round by the cross-roads, where a traveller had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the door of his forlorn habitation.

The only living creature that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being was an old turnspit,—the companion of his lonely mansion and his solitary wanderings;—the sharer of his scanty meals, and, sorry am I to say it,—the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive; never known to bark at a horse, to growl at a traveller, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighbourhood. He followed close at his master's heels when he went out, and when he returned stretched himself in the sunbeams at the door, demeaning himself in all things like a civil and well-disposed turnspit. But notwithstanding his exemplary deportment, he fell likewise under the ill repute of the village; as being the familiar of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations. The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhallowed rites, and its harmless tenantry regarded with a detestation which their inoffensive conduct never merited. Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently abused by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them; and his faithful dog, when wantonly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

The movements of this inscrutable being had long been the subject of speculation at Cockloft-hall, but its inmates were full as much given to wondering at their descendants. The patience with which he bore his persecutions particularly surprised them—for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cockloft family. My grandmother, who, it appears, was rather superstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullenness of a wizard, who restrained himself for the present, in hopes of midnight vengeance.—The parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility of a stoic philosopher—my grandfather, who, worthy soul, seldom wandered abroad in search of conclusions, took datum from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgiveness of a Christian. But however different were their opinions as to the character of the stranger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude; and my grandmother, who was at that time nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely pointing the large family bible in the cradle—a sure talisman, in her opinion, against witchcraft and necromancy.

One stormy winter night, when a bleak north-wind moaned about the cottages, and howled around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club preceded by a servant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate abode of the little man in black, he was arrested by the howling of a dog, which, heard in the pauses of a storm, was

ly mournful; and caught the low wailing cry. He stopped between the benevolent and genuine delicacy, fully possessed, to the concerns of his hesitation might be taint of superstitious night for his philanthropic hovel, and pushed no occasion for the lantern, to the core.

On a miserable being and hollow eye-brow; without, lay this helpless terror and wretchedness on the sea-side, and the usual accents of kindness recalled by the charge into which was almost frozen to the call of him;—the tones of his wandering relative to his solitary raised his eyes, and he put forth to speak, but he pointed to a dreadful meaning, which she understood that society, was perishing impulse of humankind for refreshment renovated him; he was about entering the wicked cease from his tale of misery and crimes had stolen from the season; he strength to rise and assist him, in a tone of hope, should I have applied to the world!—The handsome and dangerous Christians, should I have sought to soothe the light of my eyes, had not excited your attention, he seemed deeply afflicted; and at once benefactor's face,

ly mournful; and he fancied now and then that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress. He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity, he fully possessed,—and which forbade him to pry into the concerns of his neighbours. Perhaps, too, his hesitation might have been strengthened by a taint of superstition; for surely, if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious night for his vagaries. At length the old gentleman's philanthropy predominated; he approached the hovel, and pushing open the door,—for poverty is no occasion for locks and keys,—beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the core.

On a miserable bed, with pallid and emaciated visage and hollow eyes; in a room destitute of every convenience; without fire to warm or friend to console him, lay this helpless mortal who had been so long the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the scanty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped softly and hesitatingly to the bed-side, and accosted the forlorn sufferer in unusual accents of kindness. The little man in black seemed recalled by the tones of compassion from the charge into which he had fallen; for, though his heart was almost frozen, there was yet one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him;—the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, recalled back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and gazed;—he put forth his hand, but it was cold; he tried to speak, but the sound died away in his throat;—he pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate! my grandfather understood that the harmless stranger, deserted society, was perishing with hunger!—With the quick impulse of humanity he dispatched the servant to the hall for refreshment. A little warm nourishment renovated him for a short time, but not long; it was evident his pilgrimage was drawing to a close, and he was about entering that peaceful asylum where the wicked cease from troubling."

His tale of misery was short and quickly told;—his ailments had stolen upon him, heightened by the rigors of the season; he had taken to his bed without strength to rise and ask for assistance; "and if I had," said he, in a tone of bitter despondency, "to whom should I have applied? I have no friend that I know in the world!—The villagers avoid me as something wholesome and dangerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have perished without a fellow being to soothe the last moments of existence, and whose eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dog, excited your attention."

He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and at one time, as he looked up into his benefactor's face, a solitary tear was observed to

steal adown the parched furrows of his cheek.—Poor outcast!—it was the last tear he shed; but I warrant it was not the first by millions! My grandfather watched by him all night. Towards morning he gradually declined; and as the rising sun gleamed through the window, he begged to be raised in his bed that he might look at it for the last time. He contemplated it for a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm, and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer. The strange conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather's mind. "He is an idolater!" thought he, "and is worshipping the sun!" He listened a moment, and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion; he was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian. His simple orison being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and taking my grandfather's hand in one of his, and making a motion with the other towards the sun—"I love to contemplate it," said he; "'tis an emblem of the universal benevolence of a true Christian;—and it is the most glorious work of him who is philanthropy itself!" My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises; he had pitied the stranger at first, but now he revered him:—he turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a change; the holy enthusiasm that had lighted up each feature had given place to an expression of mysterious import:—a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal across his gothic visage, and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart. He raised the tattered nightcap that had sunk almost over his eyes, and waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity—"In me," said he, with a laconic solemnity,—"In me you behold the last descendant of the renowned Linkum Fide-lius!" My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for though he had never heard of the illustrious personage thus pompously announced, yet there was a certain black-letter dignity in the name that peculiarly struck his fancy and commanded his respect.

"You have been kind to me," continued the little man in black, after a momentary pause, "and richly will I requite your kindness by making you heir to my treasures! In yonder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I alone am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them—ponder over them, and be wise!" He grew faint with the exertion he had made, and sunk back almost breathless on his pillow. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of his subject, he had raised to my grandfather's arm, slipped from its hold and fell over the side of the bed, and his faithful dog licked it; as if anxious to soothe the last moments of his master, and testify his gratitude to the hand that had so often cherished him. The untaught caresses of the faithful animal were not lost upon his dying master; he raised his languid eyes,—turned them on the dog, then on my grandfather; and having given this silent recommendation—closed them for ever.

The remains of the little man in black, notwith-

standing the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the churchyard of the village; and his spirit, harmless as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied as far as possible with his last request; he conveyed the volumes of Linkum Fidelius to his library;—he pondered over them frequently; but whether he grew wiser, the tradition doth not mention. This much is certain, that his kindness to the poor descendant of Fidelius was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart, and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit; who, transferring his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, became his constant attendant, and was father to a long line of curs that still flourish in the family. And thus was the Cockloft library first enriched by the invaluable folios of the sage Linkum Fidelius.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KERLI KHAN,

To Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness
the Bashaw of Tripoli.

THOUGH I am often disgusted, my good Asem, with the vices and absurdities of the men of this country, yet the women afford me a world of amusement. Their lively prattle is as diverting as the chattering of the red-tailed parrot; nor can the green-headed monkey of Timandi equal them in whim and playfulness. But, notwithstanding these valuable qualifications, I am sorry to observe they are not treated with half the attention bestowed on the before-mentioned animals. These insidels put their parrots in cages and chain their monkeys; but their women, instead of being carefully shut up in harems, are abandoned to the direction of their own reason, and suffered to run about in perfect freedom, like other domestic animals: this comes, Asem, of treating their women as rational beings, and allowing them souls. The consequence of this piteous neglect may easily be imagined;—they have degenerated into all their native wildness, are seldom to be caught at home, and, at an early age, take to the streets and highways, where they rove about in droves, giving almost as much annoyance to the peaceable people as the troops of wild dogs that infest our great cities, or the flights of locusts, that sometimes spread famine and desolation over whole regions of fertility.

This propensity to relapse into pristine wildness, convinces me of the untameable disposition of the sex, who may indeed be partially domesticated by a long course of confinement and restraint, but the moment they are restored to personal freedom, become wild as the young partridge of this country, which, though scarcely half hatched, will take to the fields and run about with the shell upon its back.

Notwithstanding their wildness, however, they are remarkably easy of access, and suffer themselves to be approached, at certain hours of the day, without any symptoms of apprehension; and I have even

happily succeeded in detecting them at their domestic occupations. One of the most important of these consists in thumping vehemently on a kind of musical instrument, and producing a confused, hideous, and indefinable uproar, which they call the description of a battle—a jest, no doubt, for they are wonderfully facetious at times, and make great practice of playing jokes upon strangers. Sometimes they employ themselves in painting little caricatures of landscapes, which in they display their singular drollery in barbarous nature fairly out of countenance—tricking her out of the finery of copper skies, purple rivers, calico red grass, clouds that look like old clothes set ablaze by the tempest, and foxy trees, whose foliage, drooping and curling most fantastically, reminds one of an undressed periwig hanging on a stick in a barber's window. At other times, they employ themselves in acquiring a smattering of languages spoken by natives on the other side of the globe, as they find their own language not sufficiently copious to express their misanthropic ideas. But their most important domestic avocation is to embroider, on satin or muslin, flowers of a non-descript kind, in which the great art is to make them as unlike nature as possible; or to fasten little bits of silver, gold, tinsel, and glass, on long strips of muslin, which they drag after them with much dignity whenever they go abroad—a fine habit like a bird of paradise, being estimated by the length of her tail.

But do not, my friend, fall into the enormous error of supposing that the exercise of these arts is attended with any useful or profitable result: believe me, thou couldst not indulge an idea more unjust and injurious; for it appears to be an established maxim among the women of this country, that a lady forfeits all rank in society the moment she can be convicted of earning a farthing. Their labours, therefore, are directed not towards supplying their household, but in decking their persons, and—generally speaking—souls!—they deck their persons, not so much to please themselves, as to gratify others, particularly strangers. I am confident thou wilt stare at this, my good Asem, accustomed as thou art to our eastern females, who shrink in blushing timidity even from the glance of a lover, and are so chary of their favours, that they seem fearful of lavishing their smiles too profusely even on their husbands. Here, on the contrary, a stranger has the first place in female regard; and far do they carry their hospitality, that I have seen a fine lady slight a dozen tried friends and real admirers, who lived in her smiles and made her happy in their study, merely to allure the vague and wandering glances of a stranger, who viewed her person with indifference, and treated her advances without tempt.—By the whiskers of our sublime bashaw, this is highly flattering to a foreigner! and thou wilt best judge how particularly pleasing to one who likes myself, an ardent admirer of the sex. Far be it from me to condemn this extraordinary manifesta-

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good-will—let their own countrymen look to that. Be not alarmed, I conjure thee, my dear Asem, I should be tempted, by these beautiful barbarians, to break the faith I owe to the three-and-twenty wives, from whom my unhappy destiny has perhaps severed me for ever:—no, Asem, neither the bitter succession of misfortunes that assues me, can shake from my heart the memory of former attachments. I listen with tranquil heart to the strutting and prattling of these fair syrens: their fanciful paintings touch not the tender chord of my affections; and I would still defy their fascinations, though they trailed after them trains as long as the gorgeous trappings which are dragged at the heels of the holy camel of Mecca; nay, even though they pulled the tail of the great beast in our prophet's name, which measured three hundred and forty-nine paces, two miles, three furlongs, and a hand's breadth in longitude.

The dress of these women is, if possible, more eccentric and whimsical than their deportment; and they take an inordinate pride in certain ornaments which are probably derived from their savage progenitors. A woman of this country, dressed out for an exhibition, is loaded with as many ornaments as a Russian slave when brought out for sale. Their heads are tricked out with little bits of horn or shell, into fantastic shapes, and they seem to emulate each other in the number of these singular baubles; the women we have seen in our journeys to Soudan, who cover their heads with the entire shell of a tortoise, and, thus equipped, are the envy of all less fortunate acquaintance. They also decorate their necks and ears with coral, gold chains, and glass beads, and load their fingers with a variety of rings; which, I must confess, I have never perceived that they wear any in their noses—as has been affirmed by many travellers. We have heard much of their painting themselves most hideously, and making use of bear's-grease in great profusion—but this, I so solemnly assure thee, is a mis-statement; civilization, doubt, having gradually extirpated these nauseous practices. It is true, I have seen two or three females who had disguised their features with paint, when it was merely to give a tinge of red to their cheeks, and did not look very frightful; and as to their hair, they rarely use any now, except occasionally a little Grecian oil for their hair, which gives it a glossy, greasy, and, as they think, very comely appearance. The last-mentioned class of females, which I take it for granted, have been but lately caught, still retain strong traits of their savage propensi-

ties. The most flagrant and inexcusable fault, however, which I find in these lovely savages, is the shameless abandoned exposure of their persons. Wilt thou not suspect me of exaggeration when I affirm—wilt thou blush for them, most discreet mussulman, when I declare to thee—that they are so lost to all sense of modesty, as to expose the whole of their

faces from their forehead to the chin, and they even go abroad with their hands uncovered!—Monstrous indelicacy!

But what I am going to disclose will doubtless appear to thee still more incredible. Though I cannot forbear paying a tribute of admiration to the beautiful faces of these fair infidels, yet I must give it as my firm opinion that their persons are preposterously unseemly. In vain did I look around me, on my first landing, for those divine forms of redundant proportions, which answer to the true standard of eastern beauty—not a single fat fair one could I behold among the multitudes that thronged the streets: the females that passed in review before me, tripping sportively along, resembled a procession of shadows, returning to their graves at the crowing of the cock.

This meagreness I first ascribed to their excessive volubility, for I have somewhere seen it advanced by a learned doctor, that the sex were endowed with a peculiar activity of tongue, in order that they might practise talking as a healthful exercise, necessary to their confined and sedentary mode of life. This exercise, it was natural to suppose, would be carried to great excess in a logocracy. "Too true," thought I, "they have converted, what was undoubtedly meant as a beneficent gift, into a noxious habit, that steals the flesh from their bones and the rose from their cheeks—they absolutely talk themselves thin!" Judge then of my surprise when I was assured, not long since, that this meagreness was considered the perfection of personal beauty, and that many a lady starved herself, with all the obstinate perseverance of a pious dervise, into a fine figure! "Nay more," said my informer, "they will often sacrifice their healths in this eager pursuit of skeleton beauty, and drink vinegar, and eat pickles, to keep themselves within the scanty outlines of the fashions."—Faugh! Allah preserve me from such beauties, who contaminate their pure blood with noxious recipes; who impiously sacrifice the best gifts of Heaven to a preposterous and mistaken vanity. Ere long I shall not be surprised to see them scarring their faces like the negroes of Congo, flattening their noses in imitation of the Hottentots, or like the barbarians of Ab-al-Timar, distorting their lips and ears out of all natural dimensions. Since I received this information, I cannot contemplate a fine figure, without thinking of a vinegar cruet; nor look at a dashing belle, without fancying her a pot of pickled cucumbers! What a difference, my friend, between these shades and the plump beauties of Tripoli,—what a contrast between an infidel fair one and my favourite wife, Fatima, whom I bought by the hundred weight, and had trundled home in a wheelbarrow!

But enough for the present; I am promised a faithful account of the arcana of a lady's toilette—a complete initiation into the arts, mysteries, spells, and potions, in short the whole chemical process, by which she reduces herself down to the most fashionable standard of insignificance; together with specimens

of the strait waistcoats, the lacings, the bandages, and the various ingenious instruments with which she puts nature to the rack, and tortures herself into a proper figure to be admired.

Farewell, thou sweetest of slave-drivers! The echoes that repeat to a lover's ear the song of his mistress are not more soothing than tidings from those we love. Let thy answer to my letters be speedy; and never, I pray thee, for a moment, cease to watch over the prosperity of my house, and the welfare of my beloved wives. Let them want for nothing, my friend, but feed them plentifully on honey, boiled rice, and water gruel; so that when I return to the blessed land of my fathers, if that shall ever be! I may find them improved in size and loveliness, and sleek as the graceful elephants that range the green valley of Abimar.

Ever thine,
MUSTAPHA.

NO. XIX.—THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

HAVING returned to town, and once more taken formal possession of my elbow-chair, it behoves me to discard the rural feelings, and the rural sentiments, in which I have for some time past indulged, and devote myself more exclusively to the edification of the town. As I feel at this moment a chivalric spark of gallantry playing around my heart, and one of those dulcet emotions of cordiality, which an old bachelor will sometimes entertain towards the divine sex, I am determined to gratify the sentiment for once, and devote this number exclusively to the ladies. I would not, however, have our fair readers imagine that we wish to flatter ourselves into their good graces; devoutly as we adore them (and what true cavalier does not?) and heartily as we desire to flourish in the mild sunshine of their smiles, yet we scorn to insinuate ourselves into their favour, unless it be as honest friends, sincere well-wishers, and disinterested advisers. If in the course of this number they find us rather prodigal of our encomiums, they will have the modesty to ascribe it to the excess of their own merits; if they find us extremely indulgent to their faults, they will impute it rather to the superabundance of our good-nature than to any servile fear of giving offence.

The following letter of Mustapha falls in exactly with the current of my purpose. As I have before mentioned that his letters are without dates, we are obliged to give them very irregularly, without any regard to chronological order.

The present one appears to have been written not long after his arrival, and antecedent to several already published. It is more in the familiar and colloquial style than the others. Will Wizard declares he has translated it with fidelity, excepting that he has omitted several remarks on the waltz, which the honest mussulman eulogizes with great enthusiasm;

comparing it to certain voluptuous dances of the rem. Will regretted exceedingly that the indelicacy of several of these observations compelled their exclusion, as he wishes to give all possible encouragement to this popular and amiable exhibition.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

To Muley Helim al Raggi, surnamed the agreeable *huffin*, chief mountebank and buffo-dancer to his Highness.

THE numerous letters which I have written to my friend the slave-driver, as well as those to thy kindred the snorer, and which doubtless were read to the honest Muley, have in all probability awakened curiosity to know further particulars concerning the manners of the barbarians who hold me in captivity. I was lately at one of their public ceremonies, which at first, perplexed me exceedingly as to its object, but as the explanations of a friend have let me somewhat into the secret, and as it seems to hear no small allusion to thy profession, a description of it may contribute to thy amusement, if not to thy instruction.

A few days since, just as I had finished my morning walk, and was perfuming my whiskers preparatory to my morning walk, I was waited upon by an inhabitant of this place, a gay young infidel, who has of late cultivated my acquaintance. He presented me with a square bit of painted pasteboard, which, he informed me, would entitle me to admittance to the city assembly. Curious to know the meaning of a privilege which was entirely new to me, I requested an explanation; when my friend informed me that the assembly was a numerous concourse of young people of both sexes, who, on certain occasions, gathered together to dance about a large room with violent gesticulation, and try to out-dress each other. "In short," said he, "if you wish to see the natives in all their glory, there's no place like the city assembly; so you must go there and sport your whiskers." The matter of sporting my whiskers was considered above my apprehension, yet I now began, as I thought to understand him. I had heard of the war-dances of the natives, which are a kind of religious institution, and had little doubt but that this must be a solemnity of the kind. Anxious as I am to contemplate strange people in every situation, I willingly assented to his proposal, and, to be the more at ease, I determined to lay aside my Turkish dress, and appear in plain garments of the fashion of this country, a custom whenever I wish to mingle in a crowd, without exciting the attention of the gaping multitude.

It was long after the shades of night had fallen before my friend appeared to conduct me to the assembly. "These infidels," thought I, "shroud themselves in mystery and seek the aid of gloom and darkness to heighten the solemnity of their pious orgies." Resolving to conduct myself with that decent reserve which every stranger owes to the customs of the country in which he sojourns, I chastised my features into

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pression of sober reverence, and stretched my face to a degree of longitude suitable to the ceremony I was about to witness. Spite of myself, I felt an emotion of awe stealing over my senses as I approached the majestic pile. My imagination pictured something similar to a descent into the cave of Dom-Daniel, where the necromancers of the east are taught their infernal arts. I entered with the same gravity of demeanour that I would have approached the holy temple of Mecca, and bowed my head three times as I passed the threshold.—“Lead of the mighty Imrou!” thought I, on being ushered into a splendid moon, “what a display is here! surely I am transported to the mansions of the Houris, the elysium of the faithful!”—How tame appeared all the descriptions of enchanted palaces in our Arabian poetry! Wherever I turned my eyes, the quick glances of beauty dazzled my vision and ravished my heart: lovely virgins fluttered by me, darting imperial looks of conquest, or beaming such smiles of invitation, as had Gabriel when he beckoned our holy prophet to heaven. Shall I own the weakness of thy friend, good Muley?—while thus gazing on the enchanted scene before me, I for a moment forgot my country, and even the memory of my three-and-twenty wives faded from my heart; my thoughts were bewildered and led astray, by the charms of these bewitching sages, and I sunk, for a while, into that delicious state of mind where the senses, all enchanted, and all striven for mastery, produce an endless variety of tumultuous, yet pleasing emotions. Oh, Muley, never shall I again wonder that an infidel should prove a recreant to the single solitary wife allotted him, when even thy friend, armed with all the precepts of Mahomet, can so easily prove faithless to three-and-twenty!

“Whither have you led me?” said I, at length, to my companion, “and to whom do these beautiful creatures belong? certainly this must be the seraglio of the grand bashaw of the city, and a most happy bashaw must he be, to possess treasures which even his highness of Tripoli cannot parallel.” “Have a care,” cried my companion, “how you talk about seragios, or you’ll have all these gentle nymphs about your ears; for seraglio is a word which, beyond all others, they abhor:—most of them,” continued he, “have no lord and master, but come here to catch me—they’re in the market, as we term it.” “Ha, ha!” said I, exultingly, “then you really have a fair, or slave-market, such as we have in the east, where the faithful are provided with the choicest virgins of Georgia and Circassia?—By our glorious sun of Africa, I should like to select some ten or a dozen wives from so lovely an assemblage! pray what do you suppose they might be bought for?”—

Before I could receive an answer, my attention was attracted by two or three good-looking middle-sized men, who being dressed in black, a colour universally worn in this country by the muftis and dervises, I concluded to be high priests, and was confirmed in my original opinion that this was a religious cere-

mony. These reverend personages are entitled managers, and enjoy unlimited authority in the assemblies, being armed with swords, with which, I am told, they would infallibly put any lady to death who infringed the laws of the temple. They walked round the room with great solemnity, and, with an air of profound importance and mystery, put a little piece of folded paper in each fair hand, which I concluded were religious talismans. One of them dropped on the floor, whereupon I slyly put my foot on it, and, watching an opportunity, picked it up unobserved, and found it to contain some unintelligible words and the mystic number 9. What were its virtues I know not; except that I put it in my pocket, and have hitherto been preserved from my fit of the lumbago, which I generally have about this season of the year, ever since I tumbled into the well of Zim-zim on my pilgrimage to Mecca. I enclose it to thee in this letter, presuming it to be particularly serviceable against the dangers of thy profession.

Shortly after the distribution of these talismans, one of the high priests stalked into the middle of the room with great majesty, and clapped his hands three times: a loud explosion of music succeeded from a number of black, yellow, and white musicians, perched in a kind of cage over the grand entrance. The company were thereupon thrown into great confusion and apparent consternation.—They hurried to and fro about the room, and at length formed themselves into little groups of eight persons, half male and half female;—the music struck into something like harmony, and, in a moment, to my utter astonishment and dismay, they were all seized with what I concluded to be a paroxysm of religious phrensy, tossing about their heads in a ludicrous style from side to side, and indulging in extravagant contortions of figure;—now throwing their heels into the air, and anon whirling round with the velocity of the eastern idolaters, who think they pay a grateful homage to the sun by imitating his motions. I expected every moment to see them fall down in convulsions, foam at the mouth, and shriek with fancied inspiration. As usual the females seemed most fervent in their religious exercises, and performed them with a melancholy expression of feature that was peculiarly touching; but I was highly gratified by the exemplary conduct of several male devotees, who, though their gesticulation would intimate a wild merriment of the feelings, maintained throughout as inflexible a gravity of countenance as so many monkeys of the island of Borneo at their antics.

“And pray,” said I, “who is the divinity that presides in this splendid mosque?”—The divinity! Oh, I understand—you mean the *belle* of the evening; we have a new one every season.—The one at present in fashion is that lady you see yonder, dressed in white, with pink ribbons, and a crowd of adorers around her.” “Truly,” cried I, “this is the pleasantest deity I have encountered in the whole course of my travels;—so familiar, so condescending, and so

merry withal;—why her very worshippers take her by the hand, and whisper in her ear.”—“My good mussulman,” replied my friend with great gravity, “I perceive you are completely in an error concerning the intent of this ceremony. You are now in a place of public amusement, not of public worship;—and the pretty looking young men you see making such violent and grotesque distortions are merely indulging in our favourite amusement of dancing.” “I cry your mercy,” exclaimed I, “these then are the dancing men and women of the town, such as we have in our principal cities, who hire themselves out for the entertainment of the wealthy;—but, pray who pays them for this fatiguing exhibition?”—My friend regarded me for a moment with an air of whimsical perplexity, as if doubtful whether I was in jest or in earnest—“Shlood, man,” cried he, “these are some of our greatest people, our fashionables, who are merely dancing here for amusement.” *Dancing for amusement!* think of that, Muley!—thou, whose greatest pleasure is to chew opium, smoke tobacco, loll on a couch, and doze thyself into the regions of the Houris!—Dancing for amusement!—shall I never cease having occasion to laugh at the absurdities of these barbarians, who are laborious in their recreations, and indolent only in their hours of business?—Dancing for amusement!—the very idea makes my bones ache, and I never think of it without being obliged to apply my handkerchief to my forehead, and fan myself into some degree of coolness.

“And pray,” said I, when my astonishment had a little subsided, “do these musicians also toil for amusement, or are they confined to their cage, like birds, to sing for the gratification of others? I should think the former was the case, from the animation with which they flourish their elbows.” “Not so,” replied my friend, “they are well paid, which is no more than just, for I assure you they are the most important personages in the room. The fiddler puts the whole assembly in motion, and directs their movements, like the master of a puppet-show, who sets all his pasteboard gentry kicking by a jerk of his fingers.—There now—look at that dapper little gentleman yonder, who appears to be suffering the pangs of dislocation in every limb: he is the most expert puppet in the room, and performs, not so much for his own amusement, as for that of the by-standers.” Just then, the little gentleman, having finished one of his paroxysms of activity, seemed to be looking round for applause from the spectators. Feeling myself really much obliged to him for his exertions, I made him a low bow of thanks, but nobody followed my example, which I thought a singular instance of ingratitude.

Thou wilt perceive, friend Muley, that the dancing of these barbarians is totally different from the science professed by thee in Tripoli; the country, in fact, is afflicted by numerous epideimical diseases, which travel from house to house, from city to city, with the regularity of a caravan. Among these, the most

formidable is this dancing mania, which prevails chiefly throughout the winter. It at first seized on a few people of fashion, and being indulged in moderation, was a cheerful exercise; but in a little time, by quick advances, it infected all classes of the community, and became a raging epidemic. The doctors immediately, as is their usual way, instead of devising a remedy, fell together by the ears, to decide whether it was native or imported, and the sticking for the latter opinion traced it to a cargo of trumpets from France, as they had before hunted down the yellow-fever to a bag of coffee from the West Indies. What makes this disease the more formidable is, that the patients seem infatuated with their malady, abandon themselves to its unbounded ravages, and expose their persons to wintry storms and midnight air, more fatal, in this capricious climate, than the withering Simoom blast of the desert.

I know not whether it is a sight most whimsical or melancholy, to witness a fit of this dancing malady. The lady hops up to the gentleman, who stands at the distance of about three paces, and then capers back again to her place;—the gentleman of course does the same;—then they skip one way, then they jump another;—then they turn their backs to each other;—then they seize each other and shake hands;—then they whirl round, and throw themselves into a thousand grotesque and ridiculous attitudes;—sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, and sometimes on no leg at all:—and this they call exhibiting the graces! By the nineteen thousand capers of the great mountebank of Damascus, but these graces must be something like the crooked-backed dwarf Shabrae, who is sometimes permitted to amuse his Highness by imitating the tricks of a monkey. These fits continue at short intervals from four to five hours, till at last the lady is led off, faint, languid, exhausted, and panting, to her carriage;—rattles home;—passes a night of feverish restlessness, cold perspirations, and troubled sleep; rises late next morning, if she rises at all; is nervous, petulant, or a prey to languid indifference all day; a mere household spectre, neither giving nor receiving enjoyment; in the evening hurries to another dance; receives an unnatural exhilaration from the lights, the music, the crowd, and the unmeaning bustle;—flutters, sparkles, and blooms for a while, until, the transient delirium being past, the infatuated maid droops and languishes into apathy again;—is again led off to her carriage, and the next morning rises to go through exactly the same joyless routine.

And yet, wilt thou believe it, my dear Raggi, these are rational beings; nay, more, their countrymen would fain persuade me they have souls! Is it not a thousand times to be lamented that beings, endowed with charms that might warm even the frigid heart of a dervise;—with social and endearing powers, that would render them the joy and pride of the harem;—should surrender themselves to a habit of heartless dissipation, which preys imperceptibly on the roses of

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BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus. Hor.Now is the time for wine and myrthful sportes.
For dance, and song, and disportes of syche sortes.
Lusk. Fid.

cheek; which robs the eye of its lustre, the cheek
its dimpled smile, the spirits of their cheerful hi-
nity, and the limbs of their elastic vigour :—which
carries them off in the spring-time of existence; or, if
they survive, yields to the arms of a youthful bride-
room a frame wrecked in the storms of dissipation,
and struggling with premature infirmity. Alas,
why! may I not ascribe to this cause the number
of little old women I meet with in this country, from
the age of eighteen to eight-and-twenty?

In sauntering down the room, my attention was
attracted by a smoky painting, which, on nearer exa-
mination, I found consisted of two female figures
surrounding a bust with a wreath of laurel. "This, I
suppose," cried I, "was some famous dancer in his
time?"—"O, no," replied my friend, "he was only
general."—"Good; but then he must have been
great at a cotillon, or expert at a fiddlestick—or why
his memorial here?"—"Quite the contrary," an-
swered my companion; "history makes no mention of
any ever having flourished a fiddle-stick, or figured in
a single dance. You have, no doubt, heard of him :
he was the illustrious Washington, the father and
deliverer of his country; and as our nation is remark-
able for gratitude to great men, it always does honour
to their memory, by placing their monuments over
the doors of taverns, or in the corners of dancing-
rooms."

From thence my friend and I strolled into a small
apartment adjoining the grand saloon, where I beheld
a number of grave-looking persons with venerable
grey heads, but without beards, which I thought very
becoming, seated round a table studying hierogly-
phics. I approached them with reverence, as so many
wise, or learned men, endeavouring to expound the
mysteries of Egyptian science. Several of them threw
down money, which I supposed was a reward pro-
posed for some great discovery, when presently one
of them spread his hieroglyphics on the table, ex-
claimed triumphantly, "Two bullets and a bragger!"
and swept all the money into his pocket. He has dis-
covered a key to the hieroglyphics, thought I—happy
 mortal! no doubt his name will be immortalized.
Filling, however, to be satisfied, I looked round on
my companion with an inquiring eye: he understood
me, and informed me, that these were a company of
gamblers, who had met together to win each other's
money and be agreeable. "Is that all?" exclaimed
I—"why then, I pray you, make way, and let me
escape from this temple of abominations; or who
knows but these people, who meet together to toil,
struggle, and fatigue themselves to death, and give it
the name of pleasure—and who win each other's
money by way of being agreeable—may some one of
them take a liking to me, and pick my pocket, or
kick my head in a paroxysm of hearty good-will!"

Thy friend,

MUSTAPHA.

THE winter campaign has opened. Fashion has
summoned her numerous legions at the sound of
trumpet, tambourine, and drum, and all the harmo-
nious minstrelsy of the orchestra, to hasten from the
dull, silent, and insipid glades and groves, where they
have vegetated during the summer; recovering from
the ravages of the last winter's campaign. Our fair
ones have hurried to town, eager to pay their devo-
tions to this tutelary deity, and to make an offering at
her shrine of the few pale and transient roses they
gathered in their healthful retreat. The fiddler rosins
his bow—the card-table devotee is shuffling her pack
—the young lady is industriously spangling muslins—
and the tea-party hero is airing his *chapeau de bras*,
and pea-blossom breeches, to prepare for figuring in
the gay circle of smiles, and graces, and beauty. Now
the fine lady forgets her country friends in the hurry
of fashionable engagements; or receives the simple
intruder, who has foolishly accepted her thousand
pressing invitations, with such politeness, that the poor
soul determines never to come again :—now the gay
buck, who erst figured at Ballston and quaffed the
pure spring, exchanges the sparkling water for still
more sparkling champaign, and deserts the nymph of
the fountain, to enlist under the standard of jolly Bac-
chus. In short, now is the important time of the
year in which to harangue the *bon ton* reader; and
like some ancient hero in front of the battle, to spirit
him up to deeds of noble daring, or still more noble
suffering, in the ranks of fashionable warfare.

Such, indeed, has been my intention; but the num-
ber of cases which have lately come before me, and the
variety of complaints I have received from a crowd of
honest and well-meaning correspondents, call for more
immediate attention. A host of appeals, petitions,
and letters of advice, are now before me; and I believe
the shortest way to satisfy my petitioners, memorial-
ists, and advisers, will be to publish their letters, as
I suspect the object of most of them is merely to get
into print.

TO ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

Sir,

As you appear to have taken to yourself the trouble
of meddling in the concerns of the *beau monde*, I take
the liberty of appealing to you on a subject, which,
though considered merely as a very good joke, has
caused me great vexation and expense. You must
know I pride myself on being very useful to the ladies
—that is, I take boxes for them at the theatre, and
go shopping with them, supply them with bouquets, and
furnish them with novels from the circulating library.
In consequence of these attentions I am become a
great favourite, and there is seldom a party going on

in the city without my having an invitation. The grievance I have to mention is the exchange of hats which takes place on these occasions; for, to speak my mind freely, there are certain young gentlemen who seem to consider fashionable parties as mere places to barter old clothes; and I am informed, that a number of them manage by this great system of exchange to keep their crowns decently covered without their hatter suffering in the least by it.

It was but lately that I went to a private ball with a new hat, and on returning in the latter part of the evening, and asking for it, the scoundrel of a servant, with a broad grin, informed me that the new hats had been dealt out half an hour since, and they were then on the third quality; and I was in the end obliged to borrow a young lady's beaver rather than go home with any of the ragged remnants that were left.

Now I would wish to know if there is no possibility of having these offenders punished by law; and whether it would not be advisable for ladies to mention in their cards of invitation, as a postscript, "Exchanging hats and shawls positively prohibited."—At any rate, I would thank you, Mr Evergreen, to discountenance the thing totally, by publishing in your paper that stealing a hat is no joke.

Your humble servant,
WALTER WITHERS.

My correspondent is informed, that the police have determined to take this matter into consideration, and have set apart Saturday mornings for the cognizance of fashionable larcenies.

MR EVERGREEN,

Sir,—Do you think a married woman may lawfully put her husband right in a story, before strangers, when she knows him to be in the wrong; and can any thing authorize a wife in the exclamation of—"Lord, my dear, how can you say so!"

MARGARET TIMSON.

DEAR ANTHONY,

Going down Broadway this morning in a great hurry, I ran full against an object which at first put me to a prodigious nonplus. Observing it to be dressed in a man's hat, a cloth overcoat, and spatterdashes, I framed my apology accordingly, exclaiming "My dear sir, I ask ten thousand pardons;—I assure you, sir, it was entirely accidental;—pray excuse me, sir, etc." At every one of these excuses, the thing answered me with a downright laugh; at which I was not little surprised, until, on resorting to my pocket-glass, I discovered that it was no other than my old acquaintance Clarinda Trollop. I never was more chagrined in my life; for, being an old bachelor, I like to appear as young as possible, and am always boasting of the goodness of my eyes. I beg of you, Mr Evergreen, if you have any feeling for your contemporaries, to discourage this hermaphrodite mode of dress; for really, if the fashion take, we poor bachelors will be utterly at a loss to distinguish a woman from a man.

Pray let me know your opinion, sir, whether a lady who wears a man's hat and spatterdashes before marriage, may not be apt to usurp some other article of his dress afterwards.

Your humble servant,
RODERIC WORRY.

DEAR MR EVERGREEN,

The other night, at Richard the Third, I sat behind three gentlemen, who talked very loud on the subject of Richard's wooing Lady Ann directly in the face of his crimes against that lady. One of them declared such an unnatural scene would be hooted at in China. Pray, sir, was that Mr Wizard?

SELINA BADGER.

P. S.—The gentleman I allude to had a pocket-glass, and wore his hair fastened behind by a tortoise-shell comb, with two teeth wanting.

MR EVERGREEN,

Sir,—Being a little curious in the affairs of the belle-lettre, I was much interested by the sage Mustapha's remarks, in your last number, concerning the art of manufacturing a modern fine lady. I would beg of you caution your fair readers, however, to be very careful in the management of their machinery, as a deplorable accident happened last assembly, in consequence of the architecture of a lady's figure being sufficiently strong. In the middle of one of the cotillons, the company was suddenly alarmed by a tremendous crash at the lower end of the room; on crowding to the place, discovered that it was a lady's figure which had unfortunately broken down from too great exertion in a pigeon-wing. By great good luck I secured the corset, which I carried home in triumph; and the next morning had it publicly dissected and a lecture read on it at Surgeons' Hall. I have since commenced a dissertation on the subject, in which I shall treat of the superiority of those figures manufactured by steel, stay-tape, and whale-bone, to those formed by Dame Nature. I shall show clearly that the Venus de Medicis has no pretension to beauty of form, as she never wore stays, and her waist is an exact proportion to the rest of her body. I shall inquire into the mysteries of compression, and how tight a figure can be laced without danger of fainting; and whether it would not be advisable for a lady, when dressing for a ball, to be attended by the family physician, as culprits are who are tortured on the rack, to know how much more a figure will endure. I shall prove that ladies have discovered the secret of that notorious juggler, who offered to squeeze himself into a quart bottle; and shall demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every fashionable reader, that there is a degree of heroism in purchasing a preposterously slender waist at the expense of an old age of decrepitude and rheumatics. The dissertation shall be published as soon as finished, and distributed gratis among boarding-school maids, dams, and all worthy matrons who are ambitious

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their daughters should sit straight, move like
 work, and "do credit to their bringing up."
 the mean time, I have hung up the skeleton of the
 set in the museum, beside a dissected weasel and
 stuffed alligator; where it may be inspected by all
 the naturalists who are fond of studying the "hu-
 man form divine."

Yours, etc.

JULIAN COGNOUS.

S.—By accurate calculation I find it is danger-
 for a fine figure, when full dressed, to pronounce
 word of more than three syllables. Fine Figure,
 love, may indulge in a gentle sigh; but a sob is in-
 avoidable. Fine Figure may smile with safety, may
 venture as far as a giggle; but must never risk
 and laugh. Figure must never play the part of a
 fidant; as at a tea-party, some five evenings since,
 young lady, whose unparalleled impalpability of
 was the envy of the drawing-room, burst with
 important secret, and had three ribs of her corset
 exposed on the spot!

MR EVERGREEN,

—I am one of those industrious gemmen who
 work hard to obtain currency in the fashionable
 world. I have gone to great expense in little boots,
 vests, and long breeches: my coat is regularly
 imported from Philadelphia, duly insured
 against all risks, and my boots are smuggled from
 the city street. I have lounged in Broadway with one
 of the most crooked walking-sticks I could procure,
 and have sported a pair of salmon-coloured small-
 shoes, and flame-coloured stockings, at every con-
 vention and ball to which I could purchase admission.
 I have ascertained that I might possibly appear to less
 advantage as a pedestrian, in consequence of my being
 rather short and a little bandy, I have lately hired a
 horse with cropped ears and a cocked tail, on
 which I have joined the cavalcade of pretty gemmen,
 and exhibit bright stirrups every fine morning in
 the city way, and take a canter of two miles per day,
 at the rate of 500 dollars per annum. But, sir, all
 this expense has been laid out in vain, for I can
 not get a partner at an assembly, or an invitation
 to a tea-party. Pray, sir, inform me what more I
 can do to acquire admission into the true stylish circles,
 and whether it would not be advisable to charter a
 carriage for a month, and have my cypher put on it,
 as done by certain dashers of my acquaintance.

Yours to serve,

MALVOLIO DUBSTER.

TEA,

A POEM.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

Mostly recommended to the attention of all Maidens
 of a certain age.

Time, my dear girls, is a knave who in truth
 the fairest of beauties will pilfer their youth;
 by constant attention and wily deceit,
 he is coaxing some grace to retreat;

And like crafty seducer, with subtle approach.
 The farther indulged, will still further encroach.
 Since this "thief of the world" has made off with your bloom,
 And left you some score of stale years in its room—
 Has deprived you of all those gay dreams, that would dance
 In your brains at fifteen, and your bosoms entrance;
 And has forced you almost to renounce in despair
 The hope of a husband's affection and care—
 Since such is the case, and a case rather hard!
 Permit me who holds you in special regard
 To furnish such hints in your loveless estate
 As may shelter your names from detraction and hate.
 Too often our maidens, grown aged I ween,
 Indulge to excess in the workings of spleen;
 And at times, when annoy'd by the slights of mankind,
 Work off their resentment—by speaking their mind:
 Assemble together in snuff-taking clan,
 And hold round the tea-urn a solemn divan:
 A convention of tattling—a tea-party light,
 Which, like meeting of witches, is brew'd up at night:
 Where each matron arrives, fraught with tales of surprise,
 With knowing suspicion and doubtful surmise;
 Like the broomstick-whirl'd hags that appear in Macbeth,
 Each bearing some relic of venom or death,
 "To stir up the toil and to double the trouble,
 That fire may burn, and that caldron may bubble."

When the party commences, all starch'd and all glum.
 They talk of the weather, their corns, or sit num;
 They will tell you of cambric, of ribands, of lace,
 How cheap they were sold—and will name you the place.
 They discourse of their colds, and they hem and they cough,
 And complain of their servants to pass the time off;
 Or list to the tale of some lolling mamma,
 How her ten weeks old baby will laugh and say taa!

But tea, that enlivener of wit and of soul—
 More loquacious by far than the draughts of the bowl,
 Soon unloosens the tongue and enlivens the mind,
 And enlightens their eyes to the faults of mankind.

'Twas thus with the Pythia, who served at the fount
 That flow'd near the far-famed Parnassian mount,
 While the steam was inhaled of the sulphuric spring,
 Her vision expanded, her fancy took wing;
 By its aid she pronounced the oracular will
 That Apollo commanded his sons to fulfil.
 But alas! the sad vestal, performing the rite,
 Appear'd like a demon—terrific to sight.
 Even the priests of Apollo averted their eyes,
 And the temple of Delphi resounded her cries.
 But quitting the nymph of the tripod of yore,
 We return to the dames of the tea-pot once more.

In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they roast,
 And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast;
 Some gentle *faux pas*, or some female mistake,
 Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relished as cake;
 A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust.
 It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first
 With a little affected good-nature, and cry
 "Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I."
 Our young ladies nibble a good name in play,
 As for pastime they nibble a biscuit away:
 While with shrews and surmises, the toothless old dame,
 As she mumbles a crust she will mumble a name,
 And as the fell sisters astonished the Scot,
 In predicting of Banquo's descendants the lot,
 Making shadows of kings, amid flashes of light,
 To appear in array and to frown in his sight,
 So they conjure up spectres all hideous in hue,
 Which, as shades of their neighbours, are past in review.

The wives of our clits of inferior degree
 Will soak up repute in a little bohea;
 The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang
 With which on their neighbours' defects they harangue;
 But the scandal improves, a refinement in wrong!
 As our matrons are richer, and rise to couching,

With hyson—a beverage that's still more refined,
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind,
And by nods, innuendoes, and hints, and what not,
Reputations and tea send together to pot.
While madam in caubrics and laces array'd,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,
Will drink in imperial a friend at a sup,
Or in gunpowder blow them by dozens all up.

Ah me! how I groan when with full swelling sail
Wasted stately along by the favouring gale,
A China ship proudly arrives in our bay,
Displaying her streamers and blazing away!
Oh! more fell to our port is the cargo she bears
Than grenadoes, torpedoes, or warlike affairs:
Each chest is a bombshell thrown into our town,
To shatter repete and bring character down.

Ye Samquas, ye Chingquas, ye Chouquas, so free,
Who discharge on our coast your cursed cargoes of tea,
Oh! think, as ye walk the sad weed from your strand,
Of the plagues and vexations ye deal to our land.
As the upas' dread breath, o'er the plain where it flies,
Empoisons and blasts each green blade that may rise,
So, wherever the leaves of this shrub find their way,
The social affections soon suffer decay.

Ah, ladies, and was it by Heaven design'd
That ye should be merciful, loving, and kind!
Did it form you like angels, and send you below
To prophesy peace—to bid charity flow?
And have ye thus left your primeval estate,
And wander'd so widely—so strangely of late?
Alas! the sad cause I too plainly can see—
These evils have all come upon you through tea!
Cursed weed, that can make our fair spirits resist
The character mild of their mission divine;
That can blot from their bosoms that tenderness true,
Which from female to female for ever is due!
O! how nice is the texture—how fragile the frame
Of that delicate blossom, a female's fair fame!
'Tis the sensitive plant, it recoils from the breath;
And shrinks from the touch as if pregnant with death.
How often, how often, has innocence sigh'd,
Has beauty been reft of its honour—its pride,
Has virtue, though pure as an angel of light,
Been painted as dark as a demon of night,
All offer'd up victims, an *auto da fe*,
At the gloomy sabals—the dark orgies of tea!

If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,
Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
Let me fall I implore in the slang-whanger's claw,
Where the evil is open, and subject to law;
Not nibbled, and mumbled, and put to the rack,
By the sly underminings of tea-party clack:
Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
But spare me! O spare me, a tea-table toasting!

No. XX.—MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1808.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

Extremum hunc mihi concede laborum. *J'byg.*
"Soft you, a word or two before we part."

In this season of festivity, when the gate of time swings open on its hinges, and an honest rosy-faced New-Year comes waddling in, like a jolly fat-sided butler, loaded with good wishes, good humour, and minced pies:—at this joyous era it has been the custom, from time immemorial, in this ancient and respectable city, for periodical writers, from reverend, grave, and potent essayists like ourselves, down to

the humble but industrious editors of magazines, views, and news-papers, to tender their subscribers the compliments of the season; and when they slyly thawed their hearts with a little of the sun do flattery, to conclude by delicately dunning them for their arrears of subscription money. In manner the carriers of news-papers, who undoubtedly belong to the ancient and honourable order of liege do regularly at the commencement of the year send their patrons with abundance of excellent and conveyed in exceeding good poetry, for which aforesaid good-natured patrons are well pleased to give them exactly twenty-five cents. In walking streets I am every day saluted with good wishes from old gray-headed negroes, whom I never recollect have seen before; and it was but a few days ago I was called out to receive the compliments of an old woman, who last spring was employed by Cockloft to whitewash my room and put things in order: a phrase which, if rightly understood, means little else than huddling every thing into holes and corners, so that if I want to find any particular article, in the language of an humble but expressive saying—"looking for a needle in a haystack." Not recognising my visitor, I demanded by what authority she wished me a "Happy New-Year?" Her claim as one of the weakest she could have urged, for her innate and mortal antipathy to this custom of putting things to rights:—so giving the old witch a tureen, I desired her forthwith to mount her broomstick and ride off as fast as possible.

Of all the various ranks of society the bakers due to their immortal honour be it recorded, depart from this practice of making a market of congratulations, and, in addition to always allowing thirteen to a dozen, do with great liberality, instead of drawing the purses of their customers at the New-Year, present them with divers large, fair, spiced cakes; which like the shield of Achilles, or an Egyptian obelisk adorned with figures of a variety of strange animals, that, in their conformation, out-marvel all the wonders of nature.

This honest gray-beard custom of setting apart a certain portion of this good-for-nothing existence to the purposes of cordiality, social merriment, and cheer, is one of the inestimable relics handed down to us from our worthy Dutch ancestors. In perusing one of the manuscripts from my worthy grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers, I find the new year celebrated with great festivity during that golden age of our city, when the reins of government were held by the renowned Rip Van Dan, who always did honour to the season by sending out the old year; money which consisted in plying his guests with pipes, until not one of them was capable of saying "Truly," observes my grandfather, who was the rally of these parties—"Truly, he was a most and magnificent burgomaster! inasmuch as he right lustily arouse it with his friends about the year; roasting huge quantities of turkeys; basting

of magazines, er their subscri and when they bttle of the suraely dunning the money. In s, who undoubt ble order of liter of the year s of excellent adire, for which e well pleased . In walking h good wishes I never recolle a few days ago mpliments of an s employed by and put things understood, me into holes and particular artic expressive sign "stack." Not re what authority ?" Her claim ve urged, for to this custom of the old witch o mount her bole. ety the bakers d recorded, depart t of congratula wing thirteen v instead of draw the New-Year, spiced cakes; v Egyptian obelisk y of strange am t-marvel all the om of setting p nothing existe uerriment, and relics handed d estors. In per worthy grandd lud the new year uring that golden government were n, who always d at the old year; his guests with as capable of s rather, who was he was a most inasmuch as h ed to a deformity; when the women were more of turkeys; bak

nerable minced pies; and smacking the lips of all ladies the which he did meet, with such sturdy emphasis, that the same might have been heard the lance of a stone's throw."—In his days, according to my grand-father, were first invented those notable ones, light new-year-cookies, which originally were pressed on one side with the honest burly countenance of the illustrious Rip; and on the other with that of the Noted St. Nicholas, vulgarly called Santas:—of all the saints in the calendar the most venerated by true Hollanders, and their unsophisticated dependants. These cakes are to this time given on the first of January to all visitors, together with a mass of cherry-bounce, or raspberry-brandy. It is with great regret, however, I observe that the simplicity of this venerable usage has been much violated by modern pretenders to style! and our respectable new-year-cookies, and cherry-bounce, elbowed aside by plum-cake and outlandish liqueurs, in the same manner that our worthy old Dutch families are out-dazzled by modern upstarts, and mushroom Cockneys. In addition to this divine origin of new-year festivities, there is something exquisitely grateful, to a good-natured mind, in seeing every face dressed in smiles; and hearing the oft-repeated salutations that flow spontaneously from the heart to the lips;—in beholding the poor, for once, enjoying the smiles of plenty and forgetting the cares which press hard upon them, in the jovial revelry of the feelings; the young children decked out in their Sunday clothes, and freed from their only cares, the cares of the school, tripping through the streets on errands of pleasure;—and even among negroes, those holiday-loving rogues, gaily arrayed in cast-off finery, collected in jontos corners, displaying their white teeth, and making a welkin ring with bursts of laughter,—loud enough to crack even the icy cheek of old winter. There is something so pleasant in all this, that I confess it would be a real pain to behold the frigid influence of modern style cheating us of this jubilee of the heart, and converting it, as it does every other usage of social intercourse, into an idle and unmeaning ceremony. The annual festival of good-humour:—it comes not in the dead of winter, when nature is without a charm; but in our pleasures are contracted to the fire-side; where every thing that unlocks the icy fetters of the heart, and sets the genial current flowing, should be cherished, as a stray lamb found in the wilderness, and a flower blooming among thorns and briars. Animated by these sentiments, it was with peculiar satisfaction I perceived that the last new-year was celebrated with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It seemed as if the good old times had rolled back again, and that we might with them all the honest, unceremonious intercourse of those golden days, when people were more open and sincere, more moral, and more hospitable than now; when every object carried about it was as if it were the hand of time has stolen away, or as if it were a deformity; when the women were more simple, more domestic, more lovely, and more true;

and when even the sun, like a hearty old blade as he is, shone with a genial lustre unknown in these degenerate days:—In short, those fairy times when I was a mad-cap boy, crowding every enjoyment into the present moment;—making of the past an oblivion,—of the future a heaven; and careless of all that was "over the hills and far away." Only one thing was wanting to make every part of the celebration accord with its ancient simplicity.—The ladies, who, I write it with the most piercing regret, are generally at the head of all domestic innovations, most fastidiously refused that mark of good-will, that chaste and holy salute which was so fashionable in the happy days of Governor Rip and the patriarchs.—Even the Miss Cocklofts, who belong to a family that is the last entrenchment behind which the manners of the good old school have retired, made violent opposition; and whenever a gentleman entered the room, immediately put themselves in a posture of defence:—this Will Wizard, with his usual shrewdness, insists was only to give the visitor a hint that they expected an attack; and declares, he has uniformly observed that the resistance of those ladies, who make the greatest noise and bustle, is most easily overcome. This sad innovation originated with my good aunt Charity, who was as arrant a tabby as ever wore whiskers; and I am not a little afflicted to find that she has found so many followers, even among the young and beautiful.

In compliance with an ancient and venerable custom, sanctioned by time and our ancestors, and more especially by my own inclinations, I will take this opportunity to salute my readers with as many good wishes as I can possibly spare; for in truth I have been so prodigal of late, that I have but few remaining. I should have offered my congratulations sooner; but, to be candid, having made the last new-year's campaign, according to custom, under cousin Christopher, in which I have seen some pretty hard service, my head has been somewhat out of order of late, and my intellects rather cloudy for clear writing. Besides, I may allege as another reason, that I have deferred my greetings until this day, which is exactly one year since we introduced ourselves to the public; and surely periodical writers have the same right of dating from the commencement of their works, that monarchs have from the time of their coronation; or our most puissant republic, from the declaration of its independence.

These good wishes are warmed into more than usual benevolence, by the thought that I am now perhaps addressing my old friends for the last time. That we should thus cut off our work in the very vigour of its existence may excite some little matter of wonder in this enlightened community. Now though we could give a variety of good reasons for so doing, yet it would be an ill-natured act to deprive the public of such an admirable opportunity to indulge in their favourite amusement of conjecturing. Besides, we have ever considered it as beneath persons of our dignity to account for our movements or caprices.

'Thank Heaven, we are not like the unhappy rulers of this enlightened land, accountable to the mob for our actions, or dependent on their smiles for support!—This much, however, we will say, it is not for want of subjects that we stop our career. We are not in the situation of poor Alexander the Great, who wept, as well indeed he might, because there were no more worlds to conquer; for, to do justice to this queer, odd, rantipole city, and this whimsical country, there is matter enough in them to keep our risible muscles and our pens going until doomsday.

Most people, in taking a farewell which may perhaps be for ever, are anxious to part on good terms; and it is usual on such melancholy occasions for even enemies to shake hands, forget their previous quarrels, and bury all former animosities in parting regrets. Now because most people do this, I am determined to act in quite a different way; for as I have lived, so should I wish to die, in my own way, without imitating any person, whatever may be his rank, talents, or reputation. Besides, if I know our trio, we have no enmities to obliterate, no hatchet to bury, and as to all injuries—those we have long since forgiven. At this moment there is not an individual in the world, not even the Pope himself, to whom we have any personal hostility. But if shutting their eyes to the many striking proofs of good-nature displayed through the whole course of this work, there should be any persons so singularly ridiculous as to take offence at our strictures, we heartily forgive their stupidity; earnestly entreating them to desist from all manifestations of ill-humour, lest they should, peradventure, be classed under some one of the denominations of recreants we have felt it our duty to hold up to public ridicule. Even at this moment we feel a glow of parting philanthropy stealing upon us;—a sentiment of cordial good-will towards the numerous host of readers that have jogged on at our heels during the last year; and in justice to ourselves must seriously protest, that if at any time we have treated them a little ungently, it was purely in that spirit of hearty affection with which a schoolmaster drubs an unlucky urchin, or a humane muleteer his recreant animal, at the very moment when his heart is brimful of loving kindness. If this be not considered an ample justification, so much the worse; for in that case I fear we shall remain for ever unjustified:—a most desperate extremity, and worthy of every man's commiseration.

One circumstance, in particular, has tickled us mightily as we jogged along; and that is, the astonishing secrecy with which we have been able to carry on our lucubrations! Fully aware of the profound sagacity of the public of Gotham, and their wonderful faculty of distinguishing a writer by his style, it is with great self-congratulation we find that suspicion has never pointed to us as the authors of *Salmagundi*. Our gray-beard speculations have been most bountifully attributed to sundry smart young gentlemen, who, for aught we know, have no beards at all; and we have often been highly amused, when they were

charged with the sin of writing what their hazy minds never conceived, to see them affect all the blooming modesty and beautiful embarrassment of demure virgin authors.—The profound and penetrating public, having so long been led away from truth and nature by a constant perusal of those delectable histories and romances, from beyond seas, in which human nature is for the most part wickedly mangled and mangled, have never once imagined this work was genuine and most authentic history; that the Cockles were a real family, dwelling in the city;—paying a good deal, entitled to the right of suffrage, and holding several respectable offices in the corporation. A little do they suspect that there is a knot of merry bachelors, seated snugly in the old-fashioned parlour of an old-fashioned Dutch house, with a weather-vane on the top that came from Holland; who amuse themselves of an evening by laughing at their neighbours in an honest way, and who manage to jog on through the streets of our ancient and venerable city, without elbowing or being elbowed by a living soul.

When we first adopted the idea of discontinuing this work, we determined, in order to give the public a fair opportunity for dissection, to declare ourselves one and all, absolutely defunct; for it is one of our rare and invaluable privileges of a periodical writer that by an act of innocent suicide he may lawfully consign himself to the grave, and cheat the world of its posthumous renown. But we abandoned this scheme for many substantial reasons. In the first place, we care but little for the opinion of critics, who we consider a kind of freebooters in the republic of letters who, like deer, goats, and divers other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon the berries and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure, and retarding their progress to maturity. It also occurred to us that the author might lawfully, in all countries, kill himself outright, yet this privilege does not extend to raising himself from the dead, should he be ever so anxious; and all that is left him in such a case is to take the benefit of the metempsychosis act, and reappear under a new name and form.

Far be it, therefore, from us to condemn ourselves to useless embarrassments, should we ever be disposed to resume the guardianship of this learned city of Gotham, and finish this invaluable work, which is yet but half completed. We hereby openly and seriously declare that we are not dead, but intend, please Providence, to live for many years to come, to enjoy life with the genuine relish of honest souls, regardless of riches, honours, and every thing but a good name, among good fellows; and with the full expectation of shuffling off the remnant of existence, in the excellent fashion of that merry Grecian, who was laughing.

TO THE LADIES.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

NEXT to our being a knot of independent old bachelors, there is nothing on which we pride ourselves

more highly than upon our spirit of gallantry, King Arthur, and the like. We cannot have so long been a farewell salutation to the counsels who have led us to the tourney. Like the we crave is the smile of those gentle fair creatures who far excel all the rewards of ambition, suffered infinite perils, from the sly attacks of the overflourings of the world, and faults of the world, meet with these recreants receive no more quarrels.

Had we a spark of honour on a glorious occasion to the public, and ingenious, in matters of gallantry when about to be publicly plead guilty to the crime of robbing and expecting the reward of readers, yet expect. And in this world of crime, who, for a capital crime, do get a confession of their great openness and candour with infinite delicacy.

Still, however, notwithstanding our devotion to the gentle and virtuous occasions, with a degree of true respect for those delusive follies which they are unhappy to be warned them of, and encountering midnight blasts—we have endeavoured to rescue them from the clutches of the world, to restore them to the world, where they were born, before it is too late. The soil most congenial to their growth, and the fostering sunshine of the heavenly sweets are

more highly than upon possessing that true chivalric spirit of gallantry, which distinguished the days of King Arthur, and his valiant knights of the Round-table. We cannot, therefore, leave the lists where we have so long been tilting at folly, without giving a farewell salutation to those noble dames and beauteous damsels who have honoured us with their presence at the tourney. Like true knights, the only recompense we crave is the smile of beauty, and the approbation of those gentle fair ones, whose smile and whose approbation far excel all the trophies of honour, and all the rewards of ambition. True it is that we have suffered infinite perils, in standing forth as their champions, from the sly attacks of sundry arch caitifs, who, in the overflowings of their malignity, have even accused us of entering the lists as defenders of the very vices and faults of the sex.—Would that we could meet with these recreants hand to hand; they should receive no more quarter than giants and enchanters in romance.

Had we a spark of vanity in our natures, here is a glorious occasion to show our skill in refuting these liberal insinuations. But there is something manly, and ingenuous, in making an honest confession of one's offences when about retiring from the world; and so, without any more ado, we doff our helmets, and thus humbly plead guilty to the deadly sin of GOOD-NATURE; hoping and expecting forgiveness from our good-natured readers, yet careless whether they bestow it or not. And in this we do but imitate sundry condemned criminals; who, finding themselves convicted of a capital crime, do generally in their last dying speech make a confession of all their previous offences, with great openness and candour, which confession is always read with infinite delight by all true lovers of biography.

Still, however, notwithstanding our notorious devotion to the gentle sex, we have endeavoured, on divers occasions, with all the polite and becoming delicacy of true respect, to reclaim them from many of those delusive follies and unseemly peccadilloes in which they are unhappily too prone to indulge. We have warned them against the sad consequences of encountering midnight damps and withering wintry blasts—we have endeavoured, with pious hand, to snatch them from the wildering mazes of the waltz, and thus rescuing them from the arms of strangers, to restore them to the bosoms of their friends—to preserve them from the nakedness, the famine, the calweb muslins, the vinegar cruet, the corset, the stay-tape, the buckram, and all the other miseries and racks of a fine figure. But, above all, we have endeavoured to lure them from the mazes of a dissipated world, where they wander about careless of their value, until they lose their original worth; and to restore them, before it is too late, to the sacred asylum of home, the soil most congenial to the opening blossom of female loveliness—where it blooms and expands in safety, in the fostering sunshine of maternal affection, and where its heavenly sweets are best known and appreciated.

Modern philosophers may determine the proper destination of the sex—they may assign to them an extensive and brilliant orbit, in which to revolve, to the delight of the million and the confusion of man's superior intellect; but when on this subject we disclaim philosophy, and appeal to the higher tribunal of the heart—and what heart that has not lost its better feelings would ever seek to repose its happiness on the bosom of one, whose pleasures all lay without the threshold of home—who snatched enjoyment only in the whirlpool of dissipation, and amid the thoughtless and evanescent gaiety of a ball-room? The fair one who is for ever in the career of amusement may for a while dazzle, astonish, and entertain, but we are content with coldly admiring; and fondly turn from glitter and noise, to seek the fire-side of social life, there to confide our dearest and best affections.

Yet some there are, and we delight to mention them, who mingle freely with the world, unsullied by its contaminations; whose brilliant minds, like the stars of the firmament, are destined to shed their light abroad and gladden every beholder with their radiance. To withhold them from the world would be doing it injustice: they are inestimable gems, which were never formed to be shut up in caskets; but to be the pride and ornament of elegant society.

We have endeavoured always to discriminate between a female of this superior order, and the thoughtless votary of pleasure; who destitute of intellectual resources, is servilely dependent on others for every little pittance of enjoyment—who exhibits herself incessantly amid the noise, the giddy frolic, and capricious variety of fashionable assemblages—dissipating her languid affections on a crowd—lavishing her ready smiles with indiscriminate prodigality on the worthy, or the undeserving—and listening, with equal vacuity of mind, to the conversation of the enlightened, the frivolity of the coxcomb, and the flourish of the fiddlestick.

There is a certain artificial polish—a common-place vivacity acquired by perpetually mingling in the *beau monde*; which, in the commerce of the world, supplies the place of natural suavity and good-humour, but is purchased at the expense of all original and sterling traits of character. By a kind of fashionable discipline, the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to emanate with the semblance of friendly welcome—while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness, or good-will. This elegant simulation may be admired as a perfection of art; but the heart is not to be deceived by the superficial illusion. It turns with delight to the timid retiring fair one, whose smile is the smile of nature; whose blush is the soft suffusion of delicate sensibility; and whose affections, unblighted by the chilling effects of dissipation, glow with the tenderness and purity of artless youth. Hers is a singleness of mind, a native innocence of manners, and a sweet timidity, that steal insensibly upon the heart, and lead it a willing captive:—though

venturing occasionally among the fairy haunts of pleasure, she shrinks from the broad glare of notoriety, and seems to seek refuge among her friends even from the admiration of the world.

These observations bring to mind a little allegory in one of the manuscripts of the sage Mustapha, which, being in some measure applicable to the subject of this essay, we transcribe for the benefit of our fair readers.

Among the numerous race of the Bedouins, who people the vast tracts of Arabia Deserta, is a small tribe, remarkable for their habits of solitude and love of independence. They are of a rambling disposition, roving from waste to waste, slaking their thirst at such scanty pools as are found in those cheerless plains, and glorying in the unenvied liberty they enjoy. A youthful Arab of this tribe, a simple son of nature, at length growing weary of his precarious and unsettled mode of life, determined to set out in search of a more permanent abode. "I will seek," said he, "some happy region, some generous clime where the dews of heaven diffuse fertility;—I will find out some unfauling stream; and, forsaking the roving life of my forefathers, will settle on its borders, dispose my mind to gentle pleasures and tranquil enjoyments, and never wander more."

Enchanted with this picture of pastoral felicity, he departed from the tents of his companions; and having journeyed during five days, on the sixth, as the sun was just rising in all the splendours of the east, he lifted up his eyes and beheld extended before him, in smiling luxuriance, the fertile regions of Arabia the Happy. Gently swelling hills, tufted with blooming groves, swept down into luxuriant vales, enamelled with flowers of never-withering beauty. The sun, no longer darting his rays with torrid fervour, beamed with a genial warmth that gladdened and enriched the landscape. A pure and temperate serenity, an air of voluptuous repose, a smile of contented abundance, pervaded the face of nature, and every zephyr breathed a thousand delicious odours. The soul of the youthful wanderer expanded with delight; he raised his eyes to heaven, and almost mingled, with his tribute of gratitude, a sigh of regret that he had lingered so long amid the sterile solitudes of the desert.

With fond impatience he hastened to make choice of a stream where he might fix his habitation, and taste the promised sweets of this land of delight.—But here commenced an unforeseen perplexity; for, though he beheld innumerable streams on every side, yet not one could he find which completely answered his high-raised expectations. One abounded with wild and picturesque beauty, but it was capricious and unsteady in its course; sometimes dashing its angry billows against the rocks, and often raging and overflowing its banks. Another flowed smoothly along, without even a ripple or a murmur; but its current was dull, turbid, and sluggish. A third was pure and transparent, but its waters were of a chilling

coldness, and it had rocks and flints in its bosom. A fourth was dulcet in its tinklings, and graceful in its meanderings;—but it had a cloying sweetness that palled upon the taste; while a fifth possessed a sparkling vivacity and a pungency of flavour, that determined the wanderer from repeating his draught.

The youthful Bedouin began to weary with fruitless trials and repeated disappointments, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a lively brook whose dancing waves glittered in the sunbeams, and whose prattling current communicated an air of bewitching gaiety to the surrounding landscape. The heart of the way-worn traveller beat with expectation; but on regarding it attentively in its course, he found that it constantly avoided the embowering shade; loitering with equal fondness, whether gliding through the rich valley or over the barren sand;—that the fragrant flower, the fruitful shrub, and worthless brambles were alike fostered by its waves, and that its current was often interrupted by unprofitable weeds. With idle ambition it at length expanded itself beyond its proper bounds, and spread into a shallow waste of water, destitute of beauty or utility, and habbling along with uninteresting vivacity and vapid turbulence.

The soul of the desert turned away with a sigh of regret, and pitied a stream which, if content within its natural limits, might have been the pride of the valley, and the object of all his wishes. Pensive, musing, and disappointed, he slowly pursued his now almost hopeless pilgrimage, and had rambled for some time along the margin of a gentle rivulet, before he became sensible of its beauties.—It was a simple pastoral stream, which, shunning the noonday glare, pursued its unobtrusive course through retired and tranquil vales;—now dimpling among flowery banks and tufted shrubbery; now winding among spicy groves, whose aromatic foliage fondly bent down to meet the limpid wave. Sometimes, but not often, it would venture from its covert to stray through a flowery meadow; but quickly, as if fearful of being seen, stole back again into its more congenial shade, and there lingered with sweet delay. Wherever it bent its course, the face of nature brightened into smiles, and a perennial spring reigned upon its borders. The warblers of the woodland delighted to quit their recesses and carol among its bowers; while the turtle-dove, the timid fawn, the soft-eyed gazelle, and all the rural populace, who joy in the sequestered haunts of nature, resorted to its vicinity.—Its pure transparent waters rolled over snow-white sands, and heaven itself was reflected in its tranquil bosom.

The simple Arab threw himself upon its verdant margin;—he tasted the silver tide, and it was like nectar to his lips;—he bounded with transport, for he had found the object of his wayfaring. "Here," cried he, "will I pitch my tent;—here will I pass my days; for pure, O! fair stream, is thy gentle current; beauteous are thy borders, and the grove may be a paradise that is refreshed by thy meanderings!"

Pendent
The work

"How hard it is, better known among Confucius, "for a at this moment, I, all force of this remedy tribulation at he friend Langstaff, to when at the very pond reaping the bright daily hear of shipwrecks; they are trifling pendency, excite but it is not often that mortality slip through meet with such a m be comfort of bewai Next to the embas greatest public anno or work; in consequ my wits, like that of some; and my idea art, or redoubtable way in the mud of things in this world rrupted in the middle interesting part, wh have a conversation b coming out with a se which but was good corsets literally spr some such predicame to protest to you, my readers, by the chop- on the very brink of of the most ingenious precious noddles wer In the first place, inquis, and by consul tion, Apollonius Rhod Webster, and other theories respecting t table country; and p America, so far from Europe denominate old as any country in China, or even the according to the trad already assisted at the our hundred and se I had likewise wr in hieroglyphics di the moon, which h propriety, in a neigh considerable light c orts in that planet— ge which prevail proving it to be the and corroborating t

Pendent opera interrupta. *Virg.*
The work's all aback. *Link. Vid.*

"How hard it is," exclaims the divine Confute, better known among the illiterate by the name of Confucius, "for a man to bite off his own nose!" At this moment, I, William Wizard, Esq. feel the full force of this remark, and cannot but give vent to my tribulation at being obliged, through the whim of my friend Langstaff, to stop short in my literary career, when at the very point of astonishing my country, and reaping the brightest laurels of literature. We daily hear of shipwrecks, of failures, and bankruptcies; they are trifling mishaps which, from their frequency, excite but little astonishment or sympathy; but it is not often that we hear of a man's letting immortality slip through his fingers; and when he does meet with such a misfortune, who would deny him the comfort of bewailing his calamity?

Next to the embargo laid upon our commerce, the greatest public annoyance is the embargo laid upon our work; in consequence of which the produce of my wits, like that of my country, must remain at home; and my ideas, like so many merchantmen in port, or redoubtable frigates in the Potomac, moulder away in the mud of my own brain. I know of few things in this world more annoying than to be interrupted in the middle of a favourite story, at the most interesting part, where one expects to shine; or to have a conversation broken off just when you are about coming out with a score of excellent jokes, not one of which but was good enough to make every line figure in corsets literally split her sides with laughter.—In some such predicament am I placed at present; and I do protest to you, my good-looking and well-beloved readers, by the chop-sticks of the immortal Josh, I was on the very brink of treating you with a full broadside of the most ingenious and instructive essays that your precious noddles were ever bothered with.

In the first place, I had, with infinite labour and pains, and by consulting the divine Plato, Sanchoniaton, Apollonius Rhodius, Sir John Harrington, Noah Webster, and others, fully refuted all those wild theories respecting the first settlement of our venerable country; and proved, beyond contradiction, that America, so far from being, as the writers of upstart Europe denigrate it, the New-World, is at least as old as any country in existence, not excepting Egypt, China, or even the land of the Assiniboils; which, according to the traditions of that ancient people, has already assisted at the funerals of thirteen suns, and four hundred and seventy thousand months!

I had likewise written a long dissertation on certain hieroglyphics discovered on those fragments of the moon, which have lately fallen, with singular propriety, in a neighbouring state, and have thrown considerable light on the state of literature and the arts in that planet—showing that the universal language which prevails there is High Dutch, thereby proving it to be the most ancient and original tongue, and corroborating the opinion of a celebrated poet,

that it is the language in which the serpent tempted our grandmother Eve.

To support the theatric department I had several very judicious critiques, ready written, wherein no quarter was shown either to authors or actors; and I was only waiting to determine at what plays or performances they should be levelled. As to the grand spectacle of Cinderella, which is to be represented this season, I had given it a most unmerciful handling; showing that it was neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce—that the incidents were highly improbable—that the prince played like a perfect harlequin—that the white mice were merely powdered for the occasion—and that the new moon had a most outrageous copper nose.

But my most profound and erudite essay in embryo is an analytical, hypercritical review of these Salmagundi lucubrations; which I had written partly in revenge for the many waggish jokes played off against me by my confederates, and partly for the purpose of saving much invaluable labour to the Zoiluses and Dennises of the age, by detecting and exposing all the similarities, resemblances, synonymes, analogies, coincidences, etc. etc., which occur in this work.

I hold it downright plagiarism for any author to write, or even to think, in the same manner with any other writer that either did, doth, or may exist. It is a sage maxim of law—"Ignorantia neminem excusat"—and the same has been extended to literature: so that if an author shall publish an idea that has been ever hinted by another, it shall be no exculpation for him to plead ignorance of the fact. All, therefore, that I had to do was to take a good pair of spectacles, or a magnifying-glass, and with Salmagundi in hand and a table-full of books before me, to mouse over them alternately, in a corner of Cockloft library; carefully comparing and contrasting all odd, ends, and fragments of sentences. Little did honest Launce suspect, when he sat lounging and scribbling in his elbow-chair, with no other stock to draw upon than his own brain, and no other authority to consult than the sage Linkum!—little did he think that his careless, unstudied effusions would receive such scrupulous investigation.

By laborious researches, and patiently collating words, where sentences and ideas did not correspond, I have detected sundry sly disguises and metamorphoses, of which, I'll be bound, Langstaff himself is ignorant. Thus, for instance—The Little Man in Black is evidently no less a personage than old Goody Blake, or Goody Something, filched from the Spectator, who confessedly filched her from Otway's "wrinkled hag with age grown double." My friend Launce has taken the honest old woman, dressed her up in the cast-off suit worn by Twaits, in Lampedo, and endeavoured to palm the imposture upon the enlightened inhabitants of Gotham.—No further proof of the fact need be given than that Goody Blake was taken for a witch, and the little man in black for a conjuror; and that they both lived in villages, the inhabitants of

which were distinguished by a most respectful abhorrence of hobgoblins and broomsticks :—to be sure the astonishing similarity ends here, but surely that is enough to prove that the little man in black is no other than Goody Blake in the disguise of a white witch.

Thus, also, the sage Mustapha, in mistaking a brag-party for a convention of magi studying hieroglyphics, may pretend to originality of idea and to a familiar acquaintance with the blackletter literati of the east ; but this Tripolitan trick will not pass here.—I refer those who wish to detect his larceny to one of those wholesale jumbles, or hodge-podge collections of science, which, like a tailor's pandemonium, or a giblet pie, are receptacles for scientific fragments of all sorts and sizes. The reader, learned in dictionary studies, will at once perceive I mean an encyclopaedia. There, under the title of magi, Egypt, cards or hieroglyphics, I forget which, will be discovered an idea similar to that of Mustapha, as snugly concealed as truth at the bottom of a well, or the mistletoe, amid the shady branches of an oak :—and it may at any time be drawn from its lurking-place, by those hewers of wood and drawers of water, who labour in the humbler walks of criticism. This is assuredly a most unpardonable error of the sage Mustapha, who had been the captain of a ketch : and of course, as your nautical men are for the most part very learned, ought to have known better. But this is not the only blunder of the grave mussulman, who swears by the head of Amrou, the beard of Barbarossa, and the sword of Khalid, as glibly as our good Christian soldiers anathematize body and soul, or a sailor his eyes and odd limbs. Now I solemnly pledge myself to the world that in all my travels through the east, in Persia, Arabia, China, and Egypt, I never heard man, woman, or child, utter any of those preposterous and new fangled asseverations ; and that so far from swearing by any man's head, it is considered, throughout the east, the greatest insult that can be offered to either the living or dead to meddle in any shape even with his beard.—These are but two or three specimens of the exposures I would have made ; but I should have descended still lower, nor would have spared the most insignificant *and* or *but*, or *nevertheless*, provided I could have found a ditto in the Spec-

tator or the dictionary ; but all these minutiae I leave to the Lilliputian literati of this sagacious community, who are fond of hunting " such small deer," and I earnestly pray they may find full employment for a twelvemonth to come.

But the most outrageous plagiarisms of friends Launcelot are those made on sundry living personages. Thus : Tom Straddle has been evidently stolen from a distinguished Brummagem emigrant, since they both ride on horseback ; Dabble, the little great man, has his origin in a certain aspiring counsellor, who is rising in the world as rapidly as the heaviness of his head will permit ; mine uncle John will bear a tolerable comparison, particularly as it respects the sterling qualities of his heart, with a worthy yeoman of Westchester-country ; and to deck out Aunt Charity, and the amiable Miss Cocklofts, he has rifled the charms of half the ancient vestals in the city. Nay, he has taken unpardonable liberties with my own person !—elevating me on the substantial pedestals of a worthy gentleman from China, and tricking me out with claret coats, tight breeches, and silver-sprigged dickeys, in such sort that I can scarcely recognise my own resemblance—whereas I absolutely declare that I am an exceeding good-looking man, neither too tall nor too short, too old nor too young, with a person indifferently robust, a head rather inclining to be large, an easy swing in my walk, and that I wear my own hair, neither queued, nor cropped, nor turned up, but in a fair, pendulous, oscillating club, tied with a yard of nine-penny black ribbon.

And now, having said all that occurs to me on the present pathetic occasion—having made my speech, written my eulogy, and drawn my portrait—I bid my readers an affectionate farewell : exhorting them to live honestly and soberly—paying their taxes, and reverencing the state, the church, and the corporation—reading diligently the Bible, the almanac, the newspaper, and Salmagundi, which is all the reading an honest citizen has occasion for—and eschewing all spirit of faction, discontent, irreligion, and criticism.

Which is all at present,

From their departed friend,

WILLIAM WIZARD.

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A HISTORY
OF
NEW-YORK,

FROM THE
BEGINNING OF THE WORLD TO THE END OF THE DUTCH DYNASTY.

CONTAINING, AMONG MANY SURPRISING AND CURIOUS MATTERS, THE UNUTTERABLE PONDERINGS OF WALTER THE DOUBTER,
THE DISASTROUS PROJECTS OF WILLIAM THE TESTY, AND THE CHIVALRIC ACHIEVEMENTS OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG,
THE THREE DUTCH GOVERNORS OF NEW-AMSTERDAM:
BEING THE ONLY AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE TIMES THAT EVER HATH BEEN OR EVER WILL BE PUBLISHED.

BY DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

It was some time, if I recollect right, in the early part of the autumn of 1808, that a stranger applied for lodgings at the Independent Columbian Hotel, in Mulberry-street, of which I am landlord. He was a small, brisk-looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. He had a few gray hairs plaited and clubbed behind, and his beard seemed to be of some eight and forty hours' growth. The only piece of finery which he bore about him was a bright pair of square-toed shoe-buckles, and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle-bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was something out of the common run; and my wife, who is a very shrewd body, at once set him down for some eminent country schoolmaster.

As the Independent Columbian Hotel is a very small house, I was a little puzzled at first where to put him; but my wife, who seemed taken with his looks, would needs put him in her best chamber, which is genteelly set off with the trifles of the whole family, done in black, by those two great painters, Jarvis and Wood; and commands a very pleasant view of the new grounds on the Collect, together with the rear of the Poor-house and Bridewell, and the full view of the Hospital; so that it is the cheerfullest room in the whole house.

During the whole time that he stayed with us we found him a very worthy good sort of an old gentleman, though a little queer in his ways. He would keep in his room for days together, and if any of the children cried, or made a noise about his door, he would bounce out in a great passion, with his hands full of papers, and say something about "deranging his ideas;" which made my wife believe sometimes that he was not altogether *compos*. Indeed there was more than one reason to make her think so, for his room was always covered with scraps of paper and old mouldy books, lying about at sixes and sevens, which he would never let any body touch; for he said he had laid them all away in their proper places, so that he might know where to find them; though for that matter, he was half his time

worrying about the house in search of some book or writing which he had carefully put out of the way. I shall never forget what a pother he once made, because my wife cleaned out his room when his back was turned, and put every thing to rights; for he swore he would never be able to get his papers in order again in a twelvemonth. Upon this my wife ventured to ask him, what he did with so many books and papers? and he told her, that he was "seeking for immortality;" which made her think more than ever that the poor old gentleman's head was a little cracked.

He was a very inquisitive body, and when not in his room was continually poking about town, hearing all the news, and prying into every thing that was going on: this was particularly the case about election time, when he did nothing but bustle about from poll to poll, attending all ward-meetings and committee-rooms; though I could never find that he took part with either side of the question. On the contrary, he would come home and rail at both parties with great wrath—and plainly proved one day, to the satisfaction of my wife and three old ladies who were drinking tea with her, that the two parties were like two rogues, each tugging at a skirt of the nation; and that in the end they would tear the very coat off its back, and expose its nakedness. Indeed he was an oracle among the neighbours, who would collect around him to hear him talk of an afternoon, as he smoked his pipe on the bench before the door; and I really believe he would have brought over the whole neighbourhood to his own side of the question, if they could ever have found out what it was.

He was very much given to argue, or, as he called it, *philosophize*, about the most trifling matter, and, to do him justice, I never knew any body that was a match for him, except it was a grave-looking old gentleman who called now and then to see him, and often posed him in an argument. But this is nothing surprising, as I have since found out this stranger is the city librarian, and of course must be a man of great learning; and I have my doubts if he had not some hand in the following history.

As our lodger had been a long time with us, and we had never received any pay, my wife began to be somewhat uneasy, and curious to find out who and what he was. She

accordingly made bold to put the question to his friend, the librarian, who replied in his dry way that he was one of the *litterati*: which she supposed to mean some new party in politics. I scorn to push a lodger for his pay, so I let day after day pass on without dunning the old gentleman for a farthing; but my wife, who always takes these matters on herself, and is, as I said, a shrewd kind of a woman, at last got out of patience, and hinted that she thought it high time "some people should have a sight of some people's money." To which the old gentleman replied, in a mighty touchy manner, that she need not make herself uneasy, for that he had a treasure there (pointing to his saddle-bags) worth her whole house put together. This was the only answer we could ever get from him; and as my wife, by some of those odd ways in which women find out every thing, learnt that he was of very great connexions, being related to the Knickerbockers of Seaghtikoke, and cousin-german to the Congress-man of that name, she did not like to treat him unkindly. What is more, she even offered, merely by way of making things easy, to let him live scot-free, if he would teach the children their letters; and to try her best and get the neighbours to send their children also: but the old gentleman took it in such dudgeon, and seemed so affronted at being taken for a schoolmaster, that she never dared speak on the subject again.

About two months ago, he went out of a morning, with a bundle in his hand—and has never been heard of since. All kinds of inquiries were made after him, but in vain. I wrote to his relations at Seaghtikoke, but they sent for answer, that he had not been there since the year before last, when he had a great dispute with the Congress-man about politics, and left the place in a huff, and they had neither heard nor seen any thing of him from that time to this. I must own I felt very much worried about the poor old gentleman, for I thought something bad must have happened to him, that he should be missing so long, and never return to pay his bill. I therefore advertised him in the newspapers, and though my melancholy advertisement was published by several humane printers, yet I have never been able to learn any thing satisfactory about him.

My wife now said it was high time to take care of ourselves, and see if he had left any thing behind in his room, that would pay us for his board and lodging. We found nothing, however, but some old books and musty writings, and his saddle-bags; which, being opened in the presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn-out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. On looking over this, the librarian told us, he had no doubt it was the treasure which the old gentleman had spoke about; as it proved to be a most excellent and faithful HISTORY OF NEW-YORK, which he advised us by all means to publish: assuring us that it would be so eagerly bought up by a discerning public, that he had no doubt it would be enough to pay our arrears ten times over. Upon this we got a very learned schoolmaster, who teaches our children, to prepare it for the press, which he accordingly has done; and has, moreover, added to it a number of valuable notes of his own.

This, therefore, is a true statement of my reasons for having this work printed, without walling for the consent of the author: and I here declare, that if he ever returns (though I much fear some unhappy accident has befallen him), I stand ready to account with him like a true and honest man. Which is all at present—

From the public's humble servant,

SERN HANDASIDE.

Independent Columbian Hotel,
New-York.

The foregoing account of the author was prefixed to the first edition of this work. Shortly after its publication a letter was received from him, by Mr Handaside, dated at a small Dutch village on the banks of the Hudson, whither he had travelled for the purpose of inspecting certain ancient records. As this was one of those few and happy villages into which newspapers never find their way, it is not matter of surprise that Mr Knickerbocker should never have seen the numerous advertisements that were made concerning him; and that he should learn of the publication of his history by mere accident.

He expressed much concern at its premature appearance, as thereby he was prevented from making several important corrections and alterations; as well as from profiting by many curious hints which he had collected during his travels along the shores of the Tappan Sea, and his sojourn at Haverstraw and Esopus.

Finding that there was no longer any immediate necessity for his return to New-York, he extended his journey up to the residence of his relations at Seaghtikoke. On his way thither, he stopped for some days at Albany, for which he is known to have entertained a great partiality. He found it, however, considerably altered, and was much concerned at the inroads and improvements which the Yankees were making, and the consequent decline of the good Dutch manners. Indeed he was informed that these intruders were making sad innovations in all parts of the state, where they had given great trouble and vexation to the regular Dutch settlers, by the introduction of turpentine and country schoolhouses. It is said also, that Mr Knickerbocker shook his head sorrowfully at noticing the gradual decay of the great Vander Heyden palace: but was highly indignant at finding that the ancient Dutch church, which stood in the middle of the street, had been pulled down since his last visit.

The fame of Mr Knickerbocker's history having reached even to Albany, he received much flattering attention from its worthy burghers, some of whom, however, pointed out two or three very great errors into which he had fallen, particularly that of suspending a lump of sugar over the Albany tea-tables, which, they assured him, had been discontinued for some years past. Several families, moreover, were somewhat piqued that their ancestors had not been mentioned in his work, and showed great jealousy of the neighbours who had been thus distinguished; while the latter, it must be confessed, plumed themselves vastly thereupon; considering these recordings in the light of letters patent of nobility, establishing their claims to ancestry, which, in this republican country, is a matter of no little solicitude and value-glory.

It is also said, that he enjoyed high favour and countenance from the governor, who once asked him to dinner, and was seen two or three times to shake hands with him, when they met in the street; which certainly was going great lengths, considering that they differed in politics. Indeed certain of the governor's confidential friends, to whom he could venture to speak his mind freely on such matters, have assured us that he privately entertained a considerable grudge against our author—nay, he even once went so far as to declare, and that openly too, and at his own table, just after dinner, that "Knickerbocker was a very well-meaning man of an old gentleman, and no fool." From all which it may have been led to suppose, that had our author been of different politics, and written for the newspapers instead of wasting his talents on histories, he might have risen to a post of honour and profit: peradventure to be a volunteer in public, or even a justice in the ten-pound court.

Beside the honours as much caressed by John Cook, who engaged a circulating library and drank Spa water, and Cook a man after the search, and a curious letter, in testimony of the oldest works in his collection of the Hiedelburg's famous account of which, Mr Knickerbocker's second edition.

Having passed some time, the author proceeded to Scotland, he was received with a most loving-kindness, being the first historian almost as great a man as whom, by the by, he had contracted a strong friendship, in spite, however, of their great attention to each other, he became restless and dissatisfied, he had no thoughts, nor any schemes in his mind. This, to a busy man, was a great mortification; and, had he not regular habits, there would have been a great deal to be said, or even a daily see men drawn into the subject. It is true he sometimes thought of his history, and to improve himself, and to rectify some of his errors, he was particularly anxious for its authenticity—yet he had to leave many things to be altered; and even seemed always in doubt as to the worse.

After a residence of some time, he felt a strong desire to return to his native city, but he found it difficult to get into the full enjoyment of his situation. He was contented with petitions, he was not; and, although he was yet had to the end of smart things, that applied to the question; in all ways.

He contracted, moreover, in consequence of his long absence, and authors and printers were applied to by every one, which he gave occasion as so many of the great corporation did to attend as a jurymen, he was so renowned did he about, as formerly, according to the bent of his mind; but several things

Beside the honours and civilities already mentioned, he was much caressed by the literati of Albany; particularly by John Cook, who entertained him very hospitably at his circulating library and reading-room, where they used to drink Spa water, and talk about the ancients. He found Mr Cook a man after his own heart—of great literary research, and a curious collector of books. At parting, the latter, in testimony of friendship, made him a present of the two oldest works in his collection; which were the earliest edition of the Hiedelburgh Catechism, and Adrian Vander Donck's famous account of the New-Netherlands: by the first of which, Mr Knickerbocker profited greatly in this his second edition.

Having passed some time very agreeably at Albany, our author proceeded to Scaghtikoke; where, it is but justice to say, he was received with open arms, and treated with wonderful loving-kindness. He was much looked up to by the family, being the first historian of the name; and was considered almost as great a man as his cousin the Congress-man—with whom, by the by, he became perfectly reconciled, and contracted a strong friendship.

In spite, however, of the kindness of his relations, and their great attention to his comforts, the old gentleman soon became restless and discontented. His history being published, he had no longer any business to occupy his thoughts, nor any scheme to excite his hopes and anticipations. This, to a busy mind like his, was a truly deplorable situation; and, had he not been a man of inflexible morals and regular habits, there would have been great danger of his taking to politics, or drinking—both which pernicious vices we daily see men driven to by mere spleen and idleness. It is true he sometimes employed himself in preparing a second edition of his history, whereby he endeavoured to correct and improve many passages with which he was dissatisfied, and to rectify some mistakes that had crept into it; he was particularly anxious that his work should be noted for its authenticity—which, indeed, is the very life and soul of history. But the glow of composition had departed, he had to leave many places untouched which he would have altered; and even where he did make alterations, he seemed always in doubt whether they were for the better or the worse.

After a residence of some time at Scaghtikoke, he began to feel a strong desire to return to New-York, which he ever regarded with the warmest affection; not merely because it was his native city, but because he really considered it the best city in the whole world. On his return, he entered into the full enjoyment of the advantages of a literary situation. He was continually importuned to write addresses, petitions, hand-bills, and productions of similar sort; and, although he never meddled with the public press, yet had he the credit of writing innumerable essays of smart things, that appeared on all subjects, and all sides of the question; in all which he was clearly detected "by the style."

He contracted, moreover, a considerable debt at the post-office, in consequence of the numerous letters he received from authors and printers solliciting his subscription; and was applied to by every charitable society for yearly donations, which he gave very cheerfully, considering these applications as so many compliments. He was once invited to a great corporation dinner; and was even twice summoned to attend as a jurymen at the court of quarter sessions. Indeed, so renowned did he become, that he could no longer be about, as formerly, in all holes and corners of the city, according to the bent of his humour, unnoticed and unmolested; but several times, when he has been sauntering

the streets, on his usual rambles of observation, equipped with his cane and cocked hat, the little boys at play have been known to cry, "There goes Diedrich!"—at which the old gentleman seemed not a little pleased, looking upon these salutations in the light of the praises of posterity.

In a word, if we take into consideration all these various honours and distinctions, together with an exuberant eulogium passed on him in the Portfolio (with which, we are told, the old gentleman was so much overpowered, that he was sick for two or three days), it must be confessed that few authors have ever lived to receive such illustrious rewards, or have so completely enjoyed in advance their own immortality.

After his return from Scaghtikoke, Mr Knickerbocker took up his residence at a little rural retreat, which the Stuyvesants had granted him on the family domain, in gratitude for his honourable mention of their ancestor. It was pleasantly situated on the borders of one of the salt marshes beyond Corlear's Hook: subject, indeed, to be occasionally overflowed, and much infested, in the summer time, with musquitoes; but otherwise very agreeable, producing abundant crops of salt-grass and bull-rushes.

Here, we are sorry to say, the good old gentleman fell dangerously ill of a fever, occasioned by the neighbouring marshes. When he found his end approaching, he disposed of his worldly affairs, leaving the bulk of his fortune to the New-York Historical Society; his Hiedelburgh Catechism, and Vander Donck's work, to the city library; and his saddle-bags to Mr Handside. He forgave all his enemies,—that is to say, all who bore any enmity towards him; for as to himself, he declared he died in good will with all the world. And, after dictating several kind messages to his relations at Scaghtikoke, as well as to certain of our most substantial Dutch citizens, he expired in the arms of his friend the librarian.

His remains were interred, according to his own request, in St Mark's church-yard, close by the bones of his favourite hero, Peter Stuyvesant; and it is rumoured, that the Historical Society have it in mind to erect a wooden monument to his memory in the Bowling-Green.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"To rescue from oblivion the memory of former incidents, and to render a just tribute of renown to the many great and wonderful transactions of our Dutch progenitors, Diedrich Knickerbocker, a native of the city of New-York, produces this historical essay." Like the great Father of History, whose words I have just quoted, I treat of times long past, over which the twilight of uncertainty had already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend for ever. With great solicitude had I long beheld the early history of this venerable and ancient city gradually slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and day by day dropping piecemeal into the tomb. In a little while, thought I, and those reverend Dutch burghers, who serve as the tottering monuments of good old times, will be gathered to their fathers; their children, engrossed by the empty pleasures or insignificant transactions of the present age, will neglect to treasure up the recollections of the past, and posterity will search in vain for memorials of the days of the Patriarchs. The origin of our city will be buried in eternal oblivion, and even the names and achieve-

ments of Wouter Van Twiller, Wilhelmus Kleff, and Peter Stuyvesant, be enveloped in doubt and fiction, like those of Romulus and Remus, of Charlemagne, King Arthur, Rinaldo, and Godfrey of Bologne.

Determined, therefore, to avert, if possible, this threatened misfortune, I industriously set myself to work, to gather together all the fragments of our infant history which still existed, and, like my revered prototype, Herodotus, where no written records could be found, I have endeavoured to continue the chain of history by well authenticated traditions.

In this arduous undertaking, which has been the whole business of a long and solitary life, it is incredible the number of learned authors I have consulted; and all to but little purpose. Strange as it may seem, though such multitudes of excellent works have been written about this country, there are none extant which give any full and satisfactory account of the early history of New-York, or of its three first Dutch governors. I have, however, gained much valuable and curious matter from an elaborate manuscript written in exceeding pure and classic Low Dutch, excepting a few errors in orthography, which was found in the archives of the Stuyvesant family. Many legends, letters, and other documents, have I likewise gleaned in my researches among the family chests and lumber grounds of our respectable Dutch citizens; and I have gathered a host of well-authenticated traditions from divers excellent old ladies of my acquaintance, who requested that their names might not be mentioned. Nor must I neglect to acknowledge how greatly I have been assisted by that admirable and praiseworthy institution, the New-York Historical Society, to which I here publicly return my sincere acknowledgments.

In the conduct of this inestimable work I have adopted no individual model, but on the contrary have simply contented myself with combining and concentrating the excellencies of the most approved ancient historians. Like Xenophon, I have maintained the utmost impartiality and the strictest adherence to truth throughout my history. I have enriched it, after the manner of Salust, with various characters of ancient worthies, drawn at full length and faithfully coloured. I have seasoned it with profound political speculations like Thucydides, sweetened it with the graces of sentiment like Tacitus, and infused into the whole the dignity, the grandeur, and magnificence of Livy.

I am aware that I shall incur the censure of numerous very learned and judicious critics, for indulging too frequently in the bold excursive manner of my favourite Herodotus. And to be candid, I have found it impossible always to resist the allurements of those pleasing episodes, which, like flowery banks and fragrant bowers, beset the dusty road of the historian, and entice him to turn aside, and refresh himself from his wayfaring. But I trust it will be found that I have always resumed my staff, and addressed myself to my weary journey with renovated spirits, so that both my readers and myself have been benefited by the relaxation.

Indeed, though it has been my constant wish and uniform endeavour to rival Polybius himself, in observing the requisite unity of History, yet the loose and unconnected manner in which many of the facts herein recorded have come to hand rendered such an attempt extremely difficult. This difficulty was likewise increased by one of the grand objects contemplated in my work, which was to trace the rise of sundry customs and institutions in this best of cities, and to compare them, when in the germ of infancy, with what they are in the present old age of knowledge and improvement.

But the chief merit on which I value myself, and found my hopes for future regard, is that faithful veracity with which

I have compiled this invaluable little work; carefully winnowing away the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge.—Had I been anxious to captivate the superficial throng, who skim like swallows over the surface of literature; or had I been anxious to commend my writings to the pampered palates of literary epicures, might have availed myself of the obscurity that overshadows the infant years of our city, to introduce a thousand pleasing fictions. But I have scrupulously discarded many a picturesque and marvellous adventure, whereby the drowsy care of summer-indolence might be enthralled; jealously maintaining that fidelity, gravity, and dignity, which should ever distinguish the historian. “For a writer of this class,” observes an elegant critic, “must sustain the character of a wise man writing for the instruction of posterity, one who has studied to inform himself well, who has pondered his subject with care, and addresses himself to our judgment rather than to our imagination.”

Thrice happy, therefore, is this our renowned city, in having incidents worthy of swelling the theme of history; and doubly thrice happy is it in having such an historian as myself to relate them. For, after all, gentle reader, cities of themselves, and in fact, empires of themselves, are nothing without an historian. It is the patient narrator who records their prosperity as they rise—who blows forth the splendours of their noontide meridian—who prizes their feeble materials as they totter to decay—who gathers together the scattered fragments as they rot—and who piously, at length, collects their ashes into the mausoleum of his work, and rears a monument that will transmit their renown to all succeeding ages.

What has been the fate of many fair cities of antiquity whose nameless ruins enumber the plains of Europe in Asia, and awaken the fruitless inquiry of the traveller—they have sunk into dust and silence—they have perished from remembrance for want of an historian! The philanthropist may weep over their desolation—the poet may wander among their mouldering arches and broken columns, and indulge the visionary flights of his fancy—but, alas! the modern historian, whose pen, like my own, is doomed to confine itself to dull matter of fact, seeks in vain among the oblivious remains for some memorial that may tell the instructive tale of their glory and their ruin.

“Wars, conflagrations, deluges,” says Aristotle, “destroy nations, and with them all their monuments, their discoveries, and their vanities—The torch of science has more than once been extinguished and rekindled—A few individuals, who have escaped by accident, reunite the thread of general history.”

The same sad misfortune which has happened to so many ancient cities will happen again, and from the same cause, to nine-tenths of those which now flourish on the face of the globe. With most of them the time for recording their early history is gone by; their origin, their foundation together with the eventful period of their youth, are for ever buried in the rubbish of years; and the same would have been the case with this fair portion of the earth, if I had not snatched it from obscurity in the very nick of time, at the moment that those matters herein recorded were about entering the wide-spread insatiable maw of oblivion—if I had not dragged them out, as it were, by the very locks, just as the monster's adamantine fangs were closing upon them for ever. And here have I, as before observed, carefully selected, collated, and arranged them, scrip and scrap, “*per unum punctum, gat en gat,*” and commenced in this little work history to serve as a foundation on which other historians may hereafter raise a noble superstructure, swelling

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cess of time, until Knickerbocker's *New-York* may be equally voluminous with Gibbon's *Rome*, or Hume and Pitt's *England*!

and now indulge me for a moment, while I lay down my pen, to skip to some little eminence at the distance of two or three hundred years a-head; and, casting back a bird's eye glance over the waste of years that is to roll between, discern myself—little I!—at this moment the progenitor, prototype, and precursor of them all, posted at the head of this list of literary worthies, with my book under my arm, and my *New-York* on my back, pressing forward, like a gallant commander, to honour and immortality.

Such are the vain-glorious imaginings that will now and then enter into the brain of the author—that irradiate, as it were, with celestial light, his solitary chamber, cheering his weary labours, and animating him to persevere in his labours. And we have freely given utterance to these rhapsodies whenever they have occurred; not, I trust, from an unusual spirit of egotism, but merely that the reader may for once have an idea how an author thinks and feels while he is writing—a kind of knowledge very rare and curious, and much to be desired.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING DIVERS INGENIOUS THEORIES AND PHILOSOPHIC SPECULATIONS, CONCERNING THE CREATION AND POPULATION OF THE WORLD, AS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

CHAPTER I.

Description of the World.

ACCORDING to the best authorities, the world in which we dwell is a huge, opaque, reflecting, inanimitable mass, floating in the ethereal ocean of infinite space. It has the form of an orange, being an oblate spheroid, curiously flattened at opposite parts, for the section of two imaginary poles, which are supposed to penetrate and unite at the centre; thus forming an axis on which the mighty orange turns with a regular diurnal revolution.

The transitions of light and darkness, whence proceed the alternations of day and night, are produced by this diurnal revolution successively presenting the different parts of the earth to the rays of the sun. The latter is, according to the best, that is to say, the latest accounts, a luminous or fiery body, of a prodigious magnitude, from which this world is driven by a centrifugal or repelling power, and to which it is drawn by a centripetal or attractive force; or otherwise called the attraction of gravitation; the combination, or rather the counteraction of these two opposing impulses producing a circular and annual revolution. Hence result the different seasons of the year, viz. spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

This I believe to be the most approved modern theory on the subject—though there be many philosophers who have entertained very different opinions; some of them, too, entitled to much deference on their great antiquity and illustrious characters. Thus it was advanced by some of the ancient sages,

that the earth was an extended plain, supported by vast pillars; and by others, that it rested on the head of a snake, or the back of a huge tortoise—but as they did not provide a resting-place for either the pillars or the tortoise, the whole theory fell to the ground, for want of proper foundation.

The Brahmins assert, that the heavens rest upon the earth, and the sun and moon swim therein like fishes in the water, moving from east to west by day, and gliding along the edge of the horizon to their original stations during the night; while, according to the Pauranicas of India, it is a vast plain, encircled by seven oceans of milk, nectar, and other delicious liquids; that it is studded with seven mountains, and ornamented in the centre by a mountainous rock of burnished gold; and that a great dragon occasionally swallows up the moon, which accounts for the phenomena of lunar eclipses.¹

Beside these, and many other equally sage opinions, we have the profound conjectures of *ABOUL-HASSAN-ALY*, son of *Al Khai*, son of *Aly*, son of *Abderrahman*, son of *Abdallah*, son of *Masoud-el-Hadheli*, who is commonly called *MASOUDI*, and surnamed *Cothbeddin*, but who takes the humble title of *Lahab-ar-rasoul*, which means the companion of the ambassador of God. He has written an universal history, entitled "*Mouroudge-el-dharab*, or the Golden Meadows, and the Mines of Precious Stones."² In this valuable work he has related the history of the world, from the creation down to the moment of writing; which was under the Khaliphate of *Mothi Billah*, in the month *Dgioumadi-el-aoual* of the 356th year of the Hegira or flight of the Prophet. He informs us that the earth is a huge bird, Mecca and Medina constituting the head, Persia and India the right wing, the land of Gog the left wing, and Africa the tail. He informs us, moreover, that an earth has existed before the present, (which he considers as a mere chicken of 7000 years,) that it has undergone divers deluges, and that, according to the opinion of some well-informed Brahmins of his acquaintance, it will be renovated every seventy thousandth hazarouan; each hazarouan consisting of 42,000 years.

These are a few of the many contradictory opinions of philosophers concerning the earth, and we find that the learned have had equal perplexity as to the nature of the sun. Some of the ancient philosophers have affirmed that it is a vast wheel of brilliant fire;³ others that it is merely a mirror or sphere of transparent crystal;⁴ and a third class, at the head of whom stands *Anaxagoras*, maintained that it was nothing but a huge ignited mass of iron or stone—indeed, he declared the heavens to be merely a vault of stone—and that the stars were stones whirled upwards

¹ *Faria y Souza*. *Misc. Lus.* note b. 7.

² *Sir W. Jones*. *Diss. Anth. Ind.* vol. 2.

³ *MSS. Biblioth. Nat. Fr.*

⁴ *Plutarch de Placitis Philosoph.* lib. II. cap. 20.

⁵ *Achill. Tat. Isag.* cap. 19. *Ap. Petav. t. III. p. 81.* *Stob. Eclog. Phys.* lib. I. p. 50. *Plut. de Plac. Phil.*

from the earth, and set on fire by the velocity of its revolutions.* But I give little attention to the doctrines of this philosopher, the people of Athens having fully refuted them, by banishing him from their city; a concise mode of answering unwelcome doctrines, much resorted to in former days. Another sect of philosophers do declare, that certain fiery particles exhale constantly from the earth, which, concentrating in a single point of the firmament by day, constitute the sun, but being scattered and rambling about in the dark at night, collect in various points, and form stars. These are regularly burnt out and extinguished, not unlike to the lamps in our streets, and require a fresh supply of exhalations for the next occasion.†

It is even recorded, that at certain remote and obscure periods, in consequence of a great scarcity of fuel, the sun has been completely burnt out, and sometimes not rekindled for a month at a time:—a most melancholy circumstance, the very idea of which gave vast concern to Heraclitus, that worthy weeping philosopher of antiquity. In addition to these various speculations, it was the opinion of Herschel, that the sun is a magnificent habitable abode; the light it furnishes arising from certain empyreal, luminous, or phosphoric clouds, swimming in its transparent atmosphere.‡

But we will not enter farther at present into the nature of the sun, that being an inquiry not immediately necessary to the development of this history; neither will we embroil ourselves in any more of the endless disputes of philosophers touching the form of this globe, but content ourselves with the theory advanced in the beginning of this chapter, and will proceed to illustrate by experiment the complexity of motion therein ascribed to this our rotatory planet.

Professor Von Poddingcoft (or Puddinghead, as the name may be rendered into English) was long celebrated in the university of Leyden, for profound gravity of deportment, and a talent at going to sleep in the midst of examinations, to the infinite relief of his hopeful students, who thereby worked their way through college with great ease and little study. In the course of one of his lectures, the learned professor, seizing a bucket of water, swung it round his head at arm's length. The impulse with which he threw the vessel from him, being a centrifugal force, the retention of his arm operating as a centripetal power, and the bucket, which was a substitute for the earth, describing a circular orbit round about the globular head and ruby visage of Professor Von Poddingcoft, which formed no bad representation of the sun. All of these particulars were duly explained to the class of gaping students around him. He apprised them,

moreover, that the same principle of gravitation which retained the water in the bucket, retains the ocean from flying from the earth in its rapid revolutions; and he further informed them that, should motion of the earth be suddenly checked, it would incontinently fall into the sun, through the centripetal force of gravitation; a most ruinous event to the planet, and one which would also obscure, though most probably would not extinguish, the solar luminary. An unlucky stripling, one of those vulgar geniuses who seem sent into the world merely to annoy worthy men of the puddinghead order, desirous of ascertaining the correctness of the experiment, suddenly arrested the arm of the professor, just at the moment that the bucket was in its zenith, which immediately descended with astonishing precision upon the philosophic head of the instructor of youth. A hollow sound, an a red-hot hiss, attended the contact; but the theory was in the amplest manner illustrated, for the unfortunate bucket perished in the conflict; but the blazing countenance of Professor Von Poddingcoft emerged from amidst the water glowing fiercer than ever with unutterable indignation; whereupon the students were marvellously excited, departed considerably wiser than before.

It is a mortifying circumstance, which greatly perplexes many a pains-taking philosopher, that nature often refuses to second his most profound and elaborate efforts; so that, after having invented one of the most ingenious and natural theories imaginable, she will have the perverseness to act directly in the teeth of his system, and flatly contradict his most favourite positions. This is a manifest and unmerited grievance, since it throws the censure of the vulgar and unlearned entirely upon the philosopher; whereas the fault is not to be ascribed to his theory, which unquestionably correct, but to the waywardness of Dame Nature, who, with the proverbial fickleness of her sex, is continually indulging in coquetries and caprices, and seems really to take pleasure in violating all philosophic rules, and jilting the most learned and indefatigable of her adorers. Thus it happened with respect to the foregoing satisfactory explanation of the motion of our planet. It appears that the centrifugal force has long since ceased to operate, while its antagonist remains in undiminished potency: the world, therefore, according to the theory as it originally stood, ought, in strict propriety, to tumble from the sun; philosophers were convinced that it would do so, and awaited in anxious impatience the fulfilment of their prognostics. But the untoward planet pertinaciously continued her course, notwithstanding that she had reason, philosophy, and a whole university of learned professors opposed to her conduct. The philosophers took this in very ill part, and it thought they would never have pardoned the slight and affront which they conceived put upon them; the world, had not a good-natured professor kindly officiated as a mediator between the parties, and effected a reconciliation.

* Diogenes Laertius in Anaxag. l. ii. sec. 8. Plat. Apol. t. i. p. 26. Plut. de Plac. Phil. Xenoph. Mem. l. iv. p. 813.

† Aristot. Meteor. l. ii. c. 2. Idem Probl. sec. 43. Stob. Ecl. Phys. l. i. p. 83. Bruck. Hist. Phil. t. i. p. 1134, etc.

‡ Philos. Trans. 1703. p. 72. Idem. 1801. p. 203. Nich. Philos. Journ. l. p. 43.

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finding the world would not accommodate itself to theory, he wisely determined to accommodate the world: he therefore informed his brother philosophers, that the circular motion of the earth and the sun was no sooner engendered by the concurring impulses above described, than it became a circular revolution, independent of the causes which created its origin. His learned brethren readily joined the opinion, being heartily glad of any explanation that would decently extricate them from their embarrassment—and ever since that memorable era the world has been left to take her own course, and to revolve around the sun in such orbit as she thinks proper.

CHAPTER II.

cosmogony, or creation of the World; with a multitude of excellent theories, by which the creation of a world is shown to be such difficult matter as common folk would imagine.

HAVING thus briefly introduced my reader to the world, and given him some idea of its form and situation, he will naturally be curious to know from whence it came, and how it was created. And, indeed, the clearing up of these points is absolutely essential to my history, inasmuch as if this world had been formed, it is more than probable that this owned island, on which is situated the city of New-York, would never have had an existence. The regular course of my history, therefore, requires that I should proceed to notice the cosmogony or formation of this our globe.

And now I give my readers fair warning, that I am about to plunge, for a chapter or two, into as complete a labyrinth as ever historian was perplexed with: therefore, I advise them to take fast hold of their skirts, and keep close at my heels, venturing neither to the right hand nor to the left, lest they get their brains knocked out by some of those hard Greek theories which will be flying about in all directions. I should any of them be too indolent or chicken-hearted to accompany me in this perilous undertaking, they had better take a short cut round, and wait for me at the beginning of some smoother chapter.

Of the creation of the world, we have a thousand contradictory accounts; and though a very satisfactory one is furnished us by divine revelation, yet every philosopher feels himself in honour bound to furnish a better. As an impartial historian, I consider it my duty to notice their several theories, by which mankind have been so exceedingly edified and instructed.

Thus it was the opinion of certain ancient sages, that the earth and the whole system of the universe were the deity himself; a doctrine most strenuously maintained by Zenophanes and the whole tribe of Epicurians, as also by Strabo and the sect of peripatetic philosophers. Pythagoras likewise inculcated the fa-

mous numerical system of the monad, dyad, and triad, and by means of his sacred quaternary, elucidated the formation of the world, the arcana of nature, and the principles both of music and morals.¹ Other sages adhered to the mathematical system of squares and triangles; the cube, the pyramid, and the sphere; the tetrahedron, the octahedron, the icosahedron, and the dodecahedron.² While others advocated the great elementary theory, which refers the construction of our globe and all that it contains to the combinations of four material elements, air, earth, fire, and water; with the assistance of a fifth, an immaterial and vivifying principle.

Nor must I omit to mention the great atomic system taught by old Moschus, before the siege of Troy; revived by Democritus of laughing memory; improved by Epicurus, that king of good fellows, and modernised by the fanciful Descartes. But I decline inquiring, whether the atoms, of which the earth is said to be composed, are eternal or recent; whether they are animate or inanimate; whether, agreeably to the opinion of the atheists, they were fortuitously aggregated, or, as the theists maintain, were arranged by a Supreme Intelligence.³ Whether in fact the earth be an insensate clod, or whether it be animated by a soul;⁴ which opinion was strenuously maintained by a host of philosophers, at the head of whom stands the great Plato, that temperate sage, who threw the cold water of philosophy on the form of sexual intercourse, and inculcated the doctrine of Platonic love—an exquisitely refined intercourse, but much better adapted to the ideal inhabitants of his imaginary island of Atlantis than to the sturdy race, composed of rebellious flesh and blood, which populates the little matter-of-fact island we inhabit.

Besides these systems, we have, moreover, the poetical theogony of old Hesiod, who generated the whole universe in the regular mode of procreation; and the plausible opinion of others, that the earth was hatched from the great egg of night, which floated in chaos, and was cracked by the horns of the celestial bull. To illustrate this last doctrine, Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth,⁵ has favoured us with an accurate drawing and description, both of the form and texture of this mundane egg; which is found to bear a marvellous resemblance to that of a goose. Such of my readers as take a proper interest in the origin of this our planet will be pleased to learn, that the most profound sages of antiquity, among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, and Latins, have alternately assisted at the hatching of this strange bird, and

¹ Aristot. Metaph. lib. I. c. 5. Idem de Cælo, l. II. c. 1. Ronsseau, Mém. sur Musique ancien. p. 39. Plutarque de Plac. Philos. lib. I. cap. 3.

² Tim. Loc. ap. Plato. t. III. p. 00.

³ Aristot. Nat. Auscult. l. II. cap. 6. Aristoph. Metaph. lib. I. cap. 3. Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. I. cap. 10. Justin. Mart. orat. ad gent. p. 20.

⁴ Mosheim in Cudw. lib. I. cap. 4. Tim. de Anim. mund. ap. Plat. lib. III. Mém. de l'Acad. des Belles Lettr. t. XXXII. p. 19 et al.

⁵ Book I. ch. 3.

¹ Aristot. ap. Cic. lib. I. cap. 3.

that their cacklings have been caught, and continued in different tones and inflections, from philosopher to philosopher, unto the present day.

But while briefly noticing long celebrated systems of ancient sages, let me not pass over with neglect those of other philosophers; which, though less universal and renowned, have equal claims to attention, and equal chance for correctness. Thus it is recorded by the Brahmins, in the pages of their inspired Shastah, that the angel Bistnoo, transforming himself into a great boar, plunged into the watery abyss, and brought up the earth on his tusks. Then issued from him a mighty tortoise, and a mighty snake; and Bistnoo placed the snake erect upon the back of the tortoise, and he placed the earth upon the head of the snake.

The negro philosophers of Congo affirm that the world was made by the hands of angels, excepting their own country, which the Supreme Being constructed himself, that it might be supremely excellent. And he took great pains with the inhabitants, and made them very black, and beautiful; and when he had finished the first man, he was well pleased with him, and smoothed him over the face, and hence his nose, and the nose of all his descendants, became flat.

The Mohawk philosophers tell us, that a pregnant woman fell down from heaven, and that a tortoise took her upon its back, because every place was covered with water; and that the woman, sitting upon the tortoise, paddled with her hands in the water, and raked up the earth, whence it finally happened that the earth became higher than the water.

But I forbear to quote a number more of these ancient and outlandish philosophers, whose deplorable ignorance, in despite of all their erudition, compelled them to write in languages which but few of my readers can understand; and I shall proceed briefly to notice a few more intelligible and fashionable theories of their modern successors.

And, first, I shall mention the great Buffon, who conjectures that this globe was originally a globe of liquid fire, scintillated from the body of the sun, by the percussion of a comet, as a spark is generated by the collision of flint and steel. That at first it was surrounded by gross vapours, which, cooling and condensing in process of time, constituted, according to their densities, earth, water, and air; which gradually arranged themselves, according to their respective gravities, round the burning or vitrified mass that formed their centre.

Hutton, on the contrary, supposes that the waters at first were universally paramount; and he terrifies himself with the idea that the earth must be eventually washed away by the force of rain, rivers, and mountain torrents, until it is confounded with the ocean, or, in other words, absolutely dissolves into itself.—Sublime idea! far surpassing that of the tender-hearted damsel of antiquity, who wept herself into a fountain;

* Holwell. Gent. Philosophy.

• Johannes Megapolensis, Jun. Account of Maquaas or Mohawk Indians, 1644.

or the good dame of Narbonne in France, who, by the volubility of tongue unusual in her sex, was deemed to peel five hundred thousand and thirty-nine million of onions, and actually ran out at her eyes, before the hideous task was accomplished.

Whiston, the same ingenious philosopher who handled Ditton in his researches after the longitude, which the mischief-loving Swift discharged on his heads a most savoury stanza,) has distinguished himself by a very admirable theory respecting the earth. He conjectures that it was originally a chaotic mass, which being selected for the abode of man, was moved from its eccentric orbit, and whirled round the sun in its present regular motion; by which change of direction order succeeded to confusion in the arrangement of its component parts. The philosopher adds, that the deluge was produced by an unaccountable salute from the watery tail of another comet, doubtless through sheer envy of its improved condition: thus furnishing a melancholy proof that jealousy may prevail, even among the heavenly bodies, and discord interrupt that celestial harmony of the spheres so melodiously sung by the poets.

But I pass over a variety of excellent theories, among which are those of Burnet, and Woodward, and Whitehurst; regretting extremely that my time will not suffer me to give them the notice they deserve, and shall conclude with that of the renowned Darwin. This learned Theban, who is as much distinguished for rhyme as reason, and for good-natured credulity as serious research, and who has recommended himself wonderfully to the good graces of ladies, by letting them into all the gallantries, amusements, debaucheries, and other topics of scandal of the court of Flora, has fallen upon a theory worthy of his combinatorial imagination. According to his opinion, the mass of chaos took a sudden occasion to explode, like a barrel of gunpowder, and in that act exploded the sun—which in its flight, by a similar convulsion, exploded the earth—which in like guise exploded the moon—and thus, by a concatenation of explosions, the whole solar system was produced, and set most systematically in motion!

By the great variety of theories here alluded to, every one of which, if thoroughly examined, will be found surprisingly consistent in all its parts, my learned readers will perhaps be led to conclude that the creation of a world is not so difficult a task as at first imagined. I have shown at least a score of ingenious methods in which a world could be constructed; and I have no doubt, that had any of the philosophers above quoted the use of a good manufacturing comet, and the philosophical warehouse at his command, he would engage to manufacture a planet as good, or, if you would take his word for it, better than this we inhabit.

And here I cannot help noticing the kindness of Providence, in creating comets for the great relief and bewilderment of philosophers. By their assistance

• Darw. Bot. Garden, Part I. Cant. t. i. 103.

hidden evolutions and transitions are effected in the system of nature than are wrought in a pantomimic exhibition by the wonder-working sword of Harlequin. Should one of our modern sages, in his theoretical flights among the stars, ever find himself lost in the clouds, and in danger of tumbling into the abyss of nonsense and absurdity, he has but to seize a comet by the beard, mount astride of its tail, and away he whirls in triumph, like an enchanter on his hippogriff, or a Connecticut witch on her broomstick, "to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

It is an old and vulgar saying, about a "beggar on horseback," which I would not for the world have applied to these reverend philosophers; but I must confess that some of them, when they are mounted on one of those fiery steeds, are as wild in their curtings as was Phaeton of yore, when he aspired to manage the chariot of Phœbus. One drives his comet at full speed against the sun, and knocks the world out of him with the mighty concussion; another, more moderate, makes his comet a kind of basket of burden, carrying the sun a regular supply of wood and fagots—a third, of more combustible disposition, threatens to throw his comet like a bombshell into the world, and blow it up like a powder magazine; while a fourth, with no great delicacy to this planet and its inhabitants, insinuates that some day another his comet—my modest pen blushes while I write it—shall absolutely turn tail upon our world, and deluge it with water!—Surely, as I have already observed, comets were bountifully provided by Providence for the benefit of philosophers, to assist them in their manufacturing theories.

And now, having adduced several of the most prominent theories that occur to my recollection, I leave it to the judicious readers at full liberty to choose among them. They are all serious speculations of learned men—all differ essentially from each other—and all have the same title to belief. It has ever been the habit of one race of philosophers to demolish the works of their predecessors, and elevate more splendid fancies in their stead, which in their turn are demolished and replaced by the air-castles of a succeeding generation. Thus it would seem that knowledge and genius, of which we make such great parade, consist not in detecting the errors and absurdities of those who have gone before, and devising new errors and absurdities, to be detected by those who are to come after us. Theories are the mighty soap bubbles with which the grown up children of science amuse themselves—while the honest vulgar stand gazing in stupid admiration, and dignify these learned vagaries with the name of wisdom!—Surely Socrates was right in his opinion, that philosophers are but a soberer sort of madmen, busying themselves in things totally incomprehensible, or which, if they could be comprehended, would be found not worthy the trouble of discovery.

For my own part, until the learned have come to an agreement among themselves, I shall content myself

with the account handed down to us by Moses; in which I do but follow the example of our ingenious neighbours of Connecticut, who, at their first settlement, proclaimed that the colony should be governed by the laws of God until they had time to make better.

One thing, however, appears certain—from the unanimous authority of the before-quoted philosophers, supported by the evidence of our own senses, (which, though very apt to deceive us, may be cautiously admitted as additional testimony,) it appears, I say, and I make the assertion deliberately, without fear of contradiction, that this globe really was created, and that it is composed of *land and water*. It further appears that it is curiously divided and parcelled out into continents and islands, among which I boldly declare the renowned ISLAND OF NEW-YORK will be found by any one who seeks for it in its proper place.

CHAPTER III.

How that famous navigator, Noah, was shamefully nick-named; and how he committed an unpardonable oversight in not having four sons. With the great trouble of philosophers caused thereby, and the discovery of America.

NOAH, who is the first seafaring man we read of, beget three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Authors, it is true, are not wanting, who affirm that the patriarch had a number of other children. Thus Berosus makes him father of the gigantic Titans; Metho-dius gives him a son called Jonithus, or Jonicus; and others have mentioned a son, named Thuiscon, from whom descended the Tentons or Teutonic, or in other words the Dutch nation.

I regret exceedingly that the nature of my plan will not permit me to gratify the laudable curiosity of my readers, by investigating minutely the history of the great Noah. Indeed such an undertaking would be attended with more trouble than many people would imagine; for the good old patriarch seems to have been a great traveller in his day, and to have passed under a different name in every country that he visited. The Chaldeans, for instance, give us his story, merely altering his name into Xisuthrus—a trivial alteration, which, to an historian skilled in etymologies, will appear wholly unimportant. It appears likewise that he had exchanged his tarpawling and quadrant among the Chaldeans for the gorgeous insignia of royalty, and appears as a monarch in their annals. The Egyptians celebrate him under the name of Osiris; the Indians as Menu; the Greek and Roman writers confound him with Ogyges, and the Theban with Deucalion and Saturn. But the Chinese, who deservedly rank among the most extensive and authentic historians, inasmuch as they have known the world much longer than any one else, declare that Noah was no other than Foh; and what gives this assertion some air of credibility is, that it is a fact, admitted by the most enlightened

CHAPTER IV.

Showing the great difficulty Philosophers have had in peopling America—and how the Aborigines came to be begotten by accident—to the great relief and satisfaction of the Author.

THE next inquiry at which we arrive in the regular course of our history is to ascertain, if possible, how this country was originally peopled—a point fruitful of incredible embarrassments; for unless we prove that the aborigines did absolutely come from somewhere, it will be immediately asserted in this age of scepticism that they did not come at all; and if they did not come at all, then was this country never peopled—a conclusion perfectly agreeable to the rules of logic, but wholly irreconcilable to every feeling of humanity, inasmuch as it must syllogistically prove fatal to the innumerable aborigines of this populous region.

To avert so dire a sophism, and to rescue from logical annihilation so many millions of fellow-creatures, how many wings of geese have been plundered! what oceans of ink have been benevolently drained! and how many capacious heads of learned historians have been added, and for ever confounded! I pause with reverential awe when I contemplate the ponderous tomes, in different languages, with which they have endeavoured to solve this question, so important to the happiness of society, but so involved in clouds of impenetrable obscurity. Historian after historian has engaged in the endless circle of hypothetical argument, and after leading us a weary chase through octavos, quartos, and folios, has let us out at the end of his work just as wise as we were at the beginning. It was doubtless some philosophical wild goose chase of the kind that made the old poet Macrobius rail in such a passion at curiosity, which he anathematizes most heartily, as, “an irksome agonizing care, a superstitious industry about unprofitable things, an itching humour to see what is not to be seen, and to be doing what signifies nothing when it is done.” But to proceed.

Of the claims of the children of Noah to the original population of this country I shall say nothing, as they have already been touched upon in my last chapter. The claimants next in celebrity are the descendants of Abraham. Thus Christoval Colon (vulgarly called Columbus), when he first discovered the gold mines of Hispaniola, immediately concluded, with a shrewdness that would have done honour to a philosopher, that he had found the ancient Ophir, from whence Solomon procured the gold for embellishing the temple at Jerusalem; nay, Colon even imagined that he saw the remains of furnaces of veritable Hebraic construction, employed in refining the precious ore.

So golden a conjecture, tinctured with such fascinating extravagance, was too tempting not to be immediately snapped at by the gudgeons of learning; and accordingly there were divers profound writers ready to swear to its correctness, and to bring in their usual load of authorities, and wise surmises, withoutal to prop it up. Vetablus and Robertus Stephens

an expedition, which Pliny, the naturalist, informs discovered the Canary Islands; or whether it was settled by a temporary colony from Tyre, as hinted by Aristotle and Seneca. I shall neither inquire whether it was first discovered by the Chinese, as Ptolemy advances; nor by the Norwegians in 4002, under Biorn; nor by Behem, the German navigator, as Mr Otto has endeavoured to prove to the *savants* of the learned city of Philadelphia.

Nor shall I investigate the more modern claims of the Welsh, founded on the voyage of Prince Madoc the eleventh century, who having never returned, has since been wisely concluded that he must have gone to America, and that for a plain reason—if he did not go there, where else could he have gone?—a question which most socratically shuts out all further dispute.

Laying aside, therefore, all the conjectures above mentioned, with a multitude of others, equally satisfactory, I shall take for granted the vulgar opinion, that America was discovered on the 12th of October, 1492, by Christoval Colon, a Genoese, who has been clumsily nicknamed Columbus, but for what reason I cannot discern. Of the voyages and adventures of this Colon, I shall say nothing, seeing that they are already sufficiently known. Nor shall I undertake to prove that this country should have been called Colonia, after his name, that being notoriously self-evident.

Having thus happily got my readers on this side of the Atlantic, I picture them to myself all impatience enter upon the enjoyment of the land of promise, and in full expectation that I will immediately deliver into their possession. But if I do, may I ever forfeit the reputation of a regular-bred historian! No—no—most curious and thrice-learned readers, (for thrice-learned ye are if ye have read all that has gone before, and nine times learned shall ye be, if ye read that which comes after,) we have yet a world of work before us. Think you the first discoverers of this fair quarter of the globe had nothing to do but go on shore and find a country ready laid out and cultivated like a garden, wherein they might revel at their ease? No such thing—they had forests to cut down, underwood to grub up, marshes to drain, and savages to exterminate.

In like manner, I have sundry doubts to clear away, questions to resolve, and paradoxes to explain, before I permit you to range at random; but these difficulties I will overcome, we shall be enabled to jog on right merrily through the rest of our history. Thus my work shall, in a manner, echo the nature of the subject, in the same manner as the sound of poetry has been found by certain shrewd critics to echo the sense of the subject—this being an improvement in history, which I claim the merit of having invented.

declared nothing could be more clear—Arius Montanus, without the least hesitation, asserts that Mexico was the true Ophir, and the Jews the early settlers of the country. While Possevin, Becan, and several other sagacious writers, lug in a *supposed* prophecy of the fourth book of Esdras, which being inserted in the mighty hypothesis, like the keystone of an arch, gives it, in their opinion, perpetual durability.

Scarce, however, have they completed their goodly superstructure, than in trudges a phalanx of opposite authors, with Hans de Laet, the great Dutchman, at their head, and at one blow tumbles the whole fabric about their ears. Hans, in fact, contradicts outright all the Israeliitish claims to the first settlement of this country, attributing all those equivocal symptoms, and traces of Christianity and Judaism, which have been said to be found in divers provinces of the New World, to the Devil, who has always affected to counterfeit the worship of the true Deity. "A remark," says the knowing old Padre D'Acosta, "made by all good authors who have spoken of the religion of nations newly discovered, and founded besides on the authority of the fathers of the church."

Some writers again, among whom it is with great regret I am compelled to mention Lopez de Gomara and Juan de Leri, insinuate that the Canaanites, being driven from the land of promise by the Jews, were seized with such a panic that they fled without looking behind them, until stopping to take breath, they found themselves safe in America. As they brought neither their national language, manners, nor features with them, it is supposed they left them behind in the hurry of their flight—I cannot give my faith to this opinion.

I pass over the supposition of the learned Grotius, who, being both an ambassador and a Dutchman to boot, is entitled to great respect, that North America was peopled by a strolling company of Norwegians, and that Peru was founded by a colony from China—Manco or Mango Capac, the first Incas, being himself a Chinese: nor shall I more than barely mention that father Kircher ascribes the settlement of America to the Egyptians, Rudbeck to the Scandinavians, Charron to the Gauls, Juffredus Petri to a skating party from Friesland, Milius to the Celtæ, Marinocus the Sicilian to the Romans, Le Compte to the Phœnicians, Postel to the Moors, Martin d'Angleria to the Abyssinians; together with the sage surmise of De Laet, that England, Ireland, and the Orcades, may contend for that honour.

Nor will I bestow any more attention or credit to the idea that America is the fairy region of Zipangri, described by that dreaming traveller, Marco Polo, the Venetian; or that it comprises the visionary island of Atlantis, described by Plato. Neither will I stop to investigate the heathenish assertion of Paracelsus, that each hemisphere of the globe was originally furnished with an Adam and Eve: or the more flattering opinion of Dr Romayne, supported by many nameless authorities, that Adam was of the Indian race—or

the startling conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius, and Darwin, so highly honourable to mankind, that the whole human species is accidentally descended from a remarkable family of monkeys!

This last conjecture, I must own, came upon me very suddenly and very ungraciously. I have often beheld the clown in a pantomime, while gazing at stupid wonder at the extravagant gambols of a harlequin, all at once electrified by a sudden stroke of the wooden sword across his shoulders. Little did I think at such times, that it would ever fall to my lot to be treated with equal discourtesy, and that while I was quietly beholding these grave philosophers, contemplating the eccentric transformations of the harlequin pantomime, they would on a sudden turn upon me and my readers, and with one hypothetical flourish metamorphose us into beasts! I determined at that moment not to burn my fingers with any more of their theories, but content myself with detailing the different methods by which they transported the descendants of these ancient and respectable monkeys into this great field of theoretical warfare.

This was done either by migrations by land or by migrations by water. Thus Padre Joseph D'Acosta enumerates three passages by land—first by the north of Europe, secondly by the north of Asia, and thirdly by regions southward of the straits of Magellan. The learned Grotius marches his Norwegians, by a pleasant route, across frozen rivers and arms of the sea through Iceland, Greenland, Estotland, and Narberga: and various writers, among whom are Angleria, De Horn, and Buffon, anxious for the accommodation of these travellers, have fastened the two continents together by a strong chain of deductions—by which means they could pass over dryshod. But should we fail this fail, Pinkerton, that industrious old gentleman who compiles books, and manufactures geographical maps, has constructed a natural bridge of ice, from continent to continent, at the distance of four or five miles from Behring's straits—for which he is entitled to the grateful thanks of all the wandering aborigines who ever did or ever will pass over it.

It is an evil much to be lamented, that none of the worthy writers above quoted could ever comment on his work without immediately declaring hostility against every writer who had treated of the same subject. In this particular, authors may be compared to a certain sagacious bird, which, in building its nest, is sure to pull to pieces the nests of all the birds in its neighbourhood. This unhappy propensity has grievously to impede the progress of sound knowledge. Theories are at best but brittle productions, and when once committed to the stream, they should take care that, like the notable pots which were fellow-voyagers they do not crack each other.

My chief surprise is, that, among the many writers I have noticed, no one has attempted to prove that this country was peopled from the moon—or that the first inhabitants floated hither on islands of ice as white bears cruise about the northern ocean—

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at they were conveyed hither by balloons, as modern aeronauts pass from Dover to Calais—or by witchcraft, Simon Magus posted among the stars—or after the manner of the renowned Scythian Abaris, who, like the New-England witches on full-blooded broomsticks, made most unheard-of journeys on the back of a golden arrow, given him by the Hyperborean Apollo. But there is still one mode left by which this country could have been peopled, which I have reserved for the last, because I consider it worth all the rest:—*by accident!* Speaking of the islands of Solomon, New-Guinea, and New-Holland, the profound father Charlevoix observes, “in fine, all these countries are peopled, and it is possible some have been so *by accident*. Now if it could have happened in that manner, by which it might not have been at the same time, and by the same means, with the other parts of the globe?” This ingenious mode of deducing certain conclusions from possible premises is an improvement in syllogistic logic, and proves the good father superior even to Arimedes, for he can turn the world without any thing resting his lever upon. It is only surpassed by the sterility with which the starchy old Jesuit, in another place, cuts the gordian knot—“Nothing,” says he, “is more easy. The inhabitants of both hemispheres are certainly the descendants of the same father. The common father of mankind received an express order from Heaven to people the world, and accordingly it has been peopled. To bring this about it was necessary to overcome all difficulties in the way, and they have also been overcome!” Pious logician! How does he put all the herd of laborious theorists to the blush, by explaining, in five words, what it has cost ten volumes to prove they knew nothing about! From all the authorities here quoted, and a variety of others which I have consulted, but which are omitted through fear of fatiguing the unlearned reader—I can only draw the following conclusions, which, happily, however, are sufficient for my purpose—First, that this part of the world has actually *been peopled*. (Q. E. D.) to support which we have living proofs in the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabit it.—Secondly, that it has been peopled in five hundred different ways, as proved by a cloud of authors, who, from the positiveness of their assertions, seem to have been eye-witnesses to the fact—Thirdly, that the people of this country had a *variety of fathers*, which, it may not be thought much to their credit by the common run of readers, the less we say on the subject the better. The question therefore, I trust, is for ever rest.

CHAPTER V.

which the Author puts a mighty question to the rout, by the assistance of the Man in the Moon—which not only delivers thousands of people from great embarrassment, but likewise concludes this introductory book.

THE writer of a history may, in some respect, be likened into an adventurous knight, who, having un-

dertaken a perilous enterprize by way of establishing his fame, feels bound in honour and chivalry to turn back for no difficulty nor hardship, and never to shrink or quail, whatever enemy he may encounter. Under this impression I resolutely draw my pen, and fall to, with might and main, at those doughty questions and subtle paradoxes, which, like fiery dragons and bloody giants, beset the entrance to my history, and would fain repulse me from the very threshold. And at this moment a gigantic question has started up, which I must needs take by the beard and utterly subdue, before I can advance another step in my historic undertaking—but I trust this will be the last adversary I shall have to contend with, and that in the next book I shall be enabled to conduct my readers in triumph into the body of my work.

The question which has thus suddenly arisen is, what right had the first discoverers of America to land and take possession of a country, without first gaining the consent of its inhabitants, or yielding them an adequate compensation for their territory?—a question which has withstood many fierce assaults, and has given much distress of mind to multitudes of kind-hearted folk; and, indeed, until it be totally vanquished and put to rest, the worthy people of America can by no means enjoy the soil they inhabit, with clear right and title, and quiet, unsoiled consciences.

The first source of right, by which property is acquired in a country, is DISCOVERY. For as all mankind have an equal right to any thing which has never before been appropriated, so any nation that discovers an uninhabited country, and takes possession thereof, is considered as enjoying full property, and absolute, unquestionable empire therein.

This proposition being admitted, it follows clearly that the Europeans who first visited America were the real discoverers of the same; nothing being necessary to the establishment of this fact but simply to prove that it was totally uninhabited by man. This would at first appear to be a point of some difficulty; for it is well known that this quarter of the world abounded with certain animals that walked erect on two feet, had something of the human countenance, uttered certain unintelligible sounds, very much like language, in short, had a marvellous resemblance to human beings. But the zealous and enlightened fathers, who accompanied the discoverers, for the purpose of promoting the kingdom of heaven, by establishing fat monasteries and bishoprics on earth, soon cleared up this point, greatly to the satisfaction of his holiness the pope, and of all Christian voyagers and discoverers.

They plainly proved, and as there were no Indian writers arose on the other side, the fact was considered as fully admitted and established, that the two-legged race of animals before mentioned were mere cannibals, detestable monsters, and many of them giants—which last description of vagrants have, since the times of Gog, Magog, and Goliath, been consider-

* Grotius. Puffendorf, b. v. c. 4. Vattel, b. i. c. 18, etc.

ed as outlaws, and have received no quarter in either history, chivalry, or song. Indeed, even the philosophic Bacon declared the Americans to be people proscribed by the laws of nature, inasmuch as they had a barbarous custom of sacrificing men and feeding upon man's flesh.

Nor are these all the proofs of their utter barbarism: among many other writers of discernment, Ulloa tells us, "their imbecility is so visible, that one can hardly form an idea of them different from what one has of the brutes. Nothing disturbs the tranquillity of their souls, equally insensible to disasters and to prosperity. Though half naked, they are as contented as a monarch in his most splendid array. Fear makes no impression on them, and respect as little."—All this is furthermore supported by the authority of M. Bouguer. "It is not easy," says he, "to describe the degree of their indiffere[n]ce for wealth and all its advantages. One does not well know what motives to propose to them when one would persuade them to any service. It is vain to offer them money; they answer that they are not hungry." And Vanegas confirms the whole, assuring us that "ambition they have none, and are more desirous of being thought strong than valiant. The objects of ambition with us, honour, fame, reputation, riches, posts, and distinctions, are unknown among them. So that this powerful spring of action, the cause of so much seeming good and real evil in the world, has no power over them. In a world, these unhappy mortals may be compared to children, in whom the development of reason is not completed."

Now all these peculiarities, although in the unenlightened states of Greece they would have entitled their possessors to immortal honour, as having reduced to practice those rigid and abstemious maxims, the mere talking about which acquired certain old Greeks the reputation of sages and philosophers;—yet, were they clearly proved in the present instance to betoken a most abject and brutified nature, totally beneath the human character. But the benevolent fathers, who had undertaken to turn these unhappy savages into dumb beasts by dint of argument, advanced still stronger proofs; for as certain divines of the sixteenth century, and among the rest Lullus, affirm—the Americans go naked, and have no beards!—"They have nothing," says Lullus, "of the reasonable animal, except the mask."—And even that mask was allowed to avail them but little, for it was soon found that they were of a hideous copper complexion—and being of a copper complexion, it was all the same as if they were negroes—and negroes are black, "and black," said the pious fathers, devoutly crossing themselves, "is the colour of the Devil!" Therefore, so far from being able to own property, they had no right even to personal freedom—for liberty is too radiant a deity to inhabit such gloomy temples. All which circumstances plainly convinced the righteous followers of Cortes and Pizarro, that these miscreants had no title to the soil that they infested—that they were a perverse,

illiterate, dumb, beardless, black seed—mere beasts of the forests, and like them should either be subdued or exterminated.

From the foregoing arguments, therefore, and a variety of others equally conclusive, which I forbear to enumerate, it was clearly evident that this quarter of the globe, when first visited by Europeans was a howling wilderness, uninhabited by nothing but wild beasts; and that the trans-atlantic visitors required an incontrovertible property therein, by the right of discovery.

This right being fully established, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by cultivation. "The cultivation of the soil," we are told, "is an obligation imposed by nature on mankind. The world is appointed for the nourishment of its inhabitants: but it would be incapable of doing it, were it uncultivated. Every nation is then obliged by the law of nature to cultivate the ground that has fallen to its share. Those people, like the ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, having fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose to live in rapine, are wanting to themselves, and deserve to be exterminated as savage and pernicious beasts."

Now it is notorious that the savages knew nothing of agriculture, when first discovered by the Europeans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unrighteous life,—rambling from place to place, and prodigally rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nature, without tasking her generosity to yield them any thing more; whereas it has been most unquestionably shown that heaven intended the earth should be ploughed and sown, and manured, and laid out into cities, towns, and farms, and country seats, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which the Indians knew nothing about—therefore they did not improve the talents Providence had bestowed on them—therefore they were careless stewards—therefore they had no right to the soil—therefore they deserved to be exterminated.

It is true the savages might plead that they derived all the benefits from the land which their simple wants required—that they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furnished a sufficient variety for their frugal repasts;—and that as Heaven mercifully designed the earth to form the abode and satisfy the wants of man, so long as those purposes were answered, the will of Heaven was accomplished.—But this only proves how undeserving they were of the blessings around them—they were so much the more savages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in some degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority both in the number and magnitude of his desires, that distinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore the Indians, in not having more wants, were very unreasonable animals; and it was but just that they should make way for the Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one, and therefore

ould turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfil the will of Heaven. Besides—Grotius, and Lauterbach, and Puffendorf, and Grotius, and many wise men beside, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it—nothing but precise demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can establish the possession. Now as the savages (probably from never having read the authors above quoted) had never complied with any of these necessary forms, it plainly followed that they had no right to the soil, but that it was completely at the disposal of the first comers, who had more knowledge, more wants, and more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires than themselves.

In entering upon a newly-discovered, uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property—therefore in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, invading the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of Heaven—therefore they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case,—therefore they were hardened offenders against God and man—therefore they ought to be exterminated.

But a more irresistible right than either that I have mentioned, and one which will be the most readily admitted by my reader, provided he be blessed with jewels of charity and philanthropy, is the right acquired by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were found: not only deficient in the comforts of life, but that is still worse, most piteously and unfortunately and to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their condition than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy and the other comforts of civilization—and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learned to estimate these blessings—they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and cured; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced among them the diseases which they were calculated to cure. By these and a variety of other methods was the condition of these poor savages wonderfully improved; they acquired a thousand wants, of which they had before been ignorant; and as he has most sources of happiness who has most wants to be gratified, they were doubtlessly rendered a much happier race of beings.

But the most important branch of civilization, and which has most strenuously been extolled by the zealous and pious fathers of the Romish Church, is the introduction of the Christian faith. It was truly a sight that might well inspire horror, to behold these savages stumbling among the dark mountains of paganism, and guilty of the most horrible ignorance of

religion. It is true, they neither stole nor defrauded; they were sober, frugal, continent, and faithful to their word; but though they acted right habitually, it was all in vain, unless they acted so from precept. The new-comers therefore used every method to induce them to embrace and practise the true religion—except indeed that of setting them the example.

But notwithstanding all these complicated labours for their good, such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these stubborn wretches, that they ungratefully refused to acknowledge the strangers as their benefactors, and persisted in disbelieving the doctrines they endeavoured to inculcate; most insolently alleging, that from their conduct, the advocates of Christianity did not seem to believe in it themselves. Was not this too much for human patience?—would not one suppose that the benign visitants from Europe, provoked at their incredulity, and discouraged by their stiff-necked obstinacy, would for ever have abandoned their shores, and consigned them to their original ignorance and misery?—But no—so zealous were they to effect the temporal comfort and eternal salvation of these pagan infidels, that they even proceeded from the milder means of persuasion to the more painful and troublesome one of persecution—let loose among them whole troops of fiery monks and furious bloodhounds—purified them by fire and sword, by stake and fagot; in consequence of which indefatigable measures the cause of Christian love and charity was so rapidly advanced, that in a very few years not one fifth of the number of unbelievers existed in South America that were found there at the time of its discovery.

What stronger right need the European settlers advance to the country than this? Have not whole nations of uninformed savages been made acquainted with a thousand imperious wants and indispensable comforts, of which they were before wholly ignorant? Have they not been literally hunted and smoked out of the dens and lurking-places of ignorance and infidelity, and absolutely scourged into the right path? Have not the temporal things, the vain baubles and filthy lucre of this world, which were too apt to engage their worldly and selfish thoughts, been benevolently taken from them? and have they not, instead thereof, been taught to set their affections on things above?—And, finally, to use the words of a reverend Spanish father, in a letter to his superior in Spain—“Can any one have the presumption to say that these savage pagans have yielded any thing more than an inconsiderable recompense to their benefactors; in surrendering to them a little pitiful tract of this dirty sublunary planet, in exchange for a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven!”

Here then are three complete and undeniable sources of right established, any one of which was more than ample to establish a property in the newly-discovered regions of America. Now, so it has happened in certain parts of this delightful quarter of the globe, that the right of discovery has been so stre-

nuously asserted—the influence of cultivation so industriously extended, and the progress of salvation and civilization so zealously prosecuted, that what with their attendant wars, persecutions, oppressions, diseases, and other partial evils that often hang on the skirts of great benefits—the savage aborigines have, somehow or another, been utterly annihilated—and this all at once brings me to a fourth right, which is worth all the others put together—For the original claimants to the soil being all dead and buried, and no one remaining to inherit or dispute the soil, the Spaniards, as the next immediate occupants, entered upon the possession as clearly as the hangman succeeds to the clothes of the malefactor—and as they have Blackstone and all the learned expounders of the law on their side, they may set all actions of ejection at defiance—and this last right may be entitled the **RIGHT BY EXTERMINATION**, or in other words, the **RIGHT BY GUNPOWDER**.

But lest any scruples of conscience should remain on this head, and to settle the question of right for ever, his holiness Pope Alexander VI. issued a bull, by which he generously granted the newly discovered quarter of the globe to the Spaniards and Portuguese; who, thus having law and gospel on their side, and being inflamed with great spiritual zeal, showed the pagan savages neither favour nor affection, but prosecuted the work of discovery, colonization, civilization, and extermination, with ten times more fury than ever.

Thus were the European worthles who first discovered America clearly entitled to the soil; and not only entitled to the soil, but likewise to the eternal thanks of these infidel savages, for having come so far, endured so many perils by sea and land, and taken such unwearied pains, for no other purpose but to improve their forlorn, uncivilized, and heathenish condition—for having made them acquainted with the comforts of life; for having introduced among them the light of religion; and finally—for having hurried them out of the world, to enjoy its reward!

But as argument is never so well understood by us selfish mortals as when it comes home to ourselves, and as I am particularly anxious that this question should be put to rest for ever, I will suppose a parallel case, by way of arousing the candid attention of my readers.

Let us suppose, then, that the inhabitants of the moon, by astonishing advancement in science, and by a profound insight into that lunar philosophy, the mere flickerings of which have of late years dazzled the feeble optics and addled the shallow brains of the good people of our globe—let us suppose, I say, that the inhabitants of the moon, by these means, had arrived at such a command of their *energies*, such an enviable state of *perfectibility*, as to control the elements, and navigate the boundless regions of space. Let us suppose a roving crew of these soaring philosophers, in the course of an aerial voyage of discovery

among the stars, should chance to alight upon the outlandish planet.

And here I beg my readers will not have the charitableness to smile, as is too frequently the case of volatile readers, when perusing the grave speculations of philosophers. I am far from indulging in a sportive vein at present; nor is the supposition I have been making so wild as many may deem it. It has long been a very serious and anxious question with me, and many a time and oft, in the course of my overwhelming cares and contrivances for the welfare and protection of this my native planet, have I been awake whole nights debating in my mind, whether it were most probable we should first discover and civilize the moon, or the moon discover and civilize our globe. Neither would the prodigy of sailing through the air and cruising among the stars be a whit more astonishing and incomprehensible to us than was the European mystery of navigating floating castles through the world of waters, to the simple savages. We have already discovered the art of coasting the aerial shores of our planet, by means of balloons, as the savages had of venturing along their sea coast in canoes; and the disparity between the former of the aerial vehicles of the philosophers from the moon might not be greater than that between the bark canoes of the savages and the mighty ships of their discoverers. I might here pursue an endless chain of similar speculations; but as they would be unimportant to my subject, I abandon them to my reader, particularly if he be a philosopher, as matters not worthy his attentive consideration.

To return then to my supposition—let us suppose aerial visitants I have mentioned possessed of vastly superior knowledge to ourselves; that is to say, possessed of superior knowledge in the art of extermination—riding on hippogriffs—defended with impenetrable armour—armed with concentrated sunbeams, and provided with vast engines, to hurl enormous meteoric stones; in short, let us suppose them, if our vanity will permit the supposition, as superior to us in knowledge, and consequently in power, as the Europeans were to the Indians, when they first discovered them. All this is very possible; it is only our self-sufficiency that makes us think otherwise; and I warrant that poor savages, before they had any knowledge of the white men, armed in all the terrors of glittering armour and tremendous gunpowder, were as perfectly convinced that they themselves were the wisest, the most virtuous, powerful, and perfect of created beings, as we are, at this present moment, the lordly inhabitants of old England, the volatile populace of France, or even the self-satisfied citizens of this most enlightened republic.

Let us suppose, moreover, that the aerial voyagers, finding this planet to be nothing but a howling wilderness, inhabited by us poor savages and wild beasts, shall take formal possession of it, in the name of the most gracious and philosophic excellency the Moon. Finding, however, that their number

the incompetent to hold it in complete subjection, on account of the ferocious barbarity of its inhabitants; they shall take our worthy President, the King of England, the Emperor of Hayti, the mighty Bonaparte, and the great King of Bantam, and returning to their native planet, shall carry them to court, as were the Indian chiefs led about as spectacles in the courts of Europe.

Then making such obeisance as the etiquette of the court requires, they shall address the puissant Man in the Moon, in, as near as I can conjecture, the following terms:

"Most serene and mighty potentate, whose dominions extend as far as eye can reach, who rideth on the Great Bear, useth the sun as a looking-glass, and maintaineth unrivalled control over tides, madmen, and sea crabs. We thy liege subjects have just returned from a voyage of discovery, in the course of which we have landed and taken possession of that secure little dirty planet, which thou beholdest rolling at a distance. The five uncouth monsters, which we have brought into this august presence, were once thy important chiefs among their fellow-savages, who are a race of beings totally destitute of the common attributes of humanity; and differing in every thing from the inhabitants of the moon, inasmuch as they carry their heads upon their shoulders, instead of under their arms—have two eyes instead of one—are utterly destitute of tails, and of a variety of unseemly complexions, particularly of a horrible whiteness—instead of pea green.

"We have moreover found these miserable savages sunk into a state of the utmost ignorance and depravity, every man shamelessly living with his own wife, and rearing his own children, instead of indulging in that community of wives enjoined by the law of nature, as expounded by the philosophers of the moon. In a word, they have scarcely a gleam of true philosophy among them, but are, in fact, utter heretics, soramuses, and barbarians. Taking compassion, therefore, on the sad condition of these sublunary wretches, we have endeavoured, while we remained on their planet, to introduce among them the light of reason, and the comforts of the moon. We have invited them to mouthfuls of moonshine, and draughts of nitrous oxyde, which they swallowed with incredible voracity, particularly the females; and we have likewise endeavoured to instil into them the precepts of lunar philosophy. We have insisted upon their renouncing the contemptible shackles of religion and common sense, and adoring the profound, omnipotent, and all-perfect energy, and the ecstatic, immutable, immovable perfection. But such was the unrelenting obstinacy of these wretched savages, that they persisted in cleaving to their wives, and adhering to their religion, and absolutely set at naught the sublime doctrines of the moon; nay, among other damnable heresies, they even went so far as blasphemously to declare, that this ineffable planet was made of nothing more nor less than green cheese!"

At these words, the great Man in the Moon (being a very profound philosopher) shall fall into a terrible passion, and possessing equal authority over things that do not belong to him as did whilome his holiness the pope, shall forthwith issue a formidable bull, specifying, "That, whereas a certain crew of Lunatics have lately discovered and taken possession of a newly-discovered planet called *the earth*—and that whereas it is inhabited by none but a race of two-legged animals that carry their heads on their shoulders instead of under their arms; cannot talk the lunar language; have two eyes instead of one; are destitute of tails, and of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea green; therefore, and for a variety of other excellent reasons, they are considered incapable of possessing any property in the planet they infest, and the right and title to it are confirmed to its original discoverers. And furthermore, the colonists who are now about to depart to the aforesaid planet are authorized and commanded to use every means to convert these infidel savages from the darkness of Christianity, and make them thorough and absolute lunatics."

In consequence of this benevolent bull, our philosophic benefactors go to work with hearty zeal. They seize upon our fertile territories, scourge us from our rightful possessions, relieve us from our wives, and when we are unreasonable enough to complain, they will turn upon us and say, "Miserable barbarians! ungrateful wretches! have we not come thousands of miles to improve your worthless planet? Have we not fed you with moonshine; have we not intoxicated you with nitrous oxyde; does not our moon give you light every night, and have you the baseness to murmur, when we claim a pitiful return for all these benefits?" But finding that we not only persist in absolute contempt of their reasoning and disbelief in their philosophy, but even go so far as daringly to defend our property, their patience shall be exhausted, and they shall resort to their superior powers of argument; hunt us with hippogriffs, transfix us with concentrated sunbeams, demolish our cities with moon-stones; until, having by main force converted us to the true faith, they shall graciously permit us to exist in the torrid deserts of Arabia, or the frozen regions of Lapland, there to enjoy the blessings of civilization and the charms of lunar philosophy, in much the same manner as the reformed and enlightened savages of this country are kindly suffered to inhabit the inhospitable forests of the north, or the impenetrable wildernesses of South America.

Thus, I hope, I have clearly proved, and strikingly illustrated, the right of the early colonists to the possession of this country, and thus is this gigantic question completely vanquished: so having manfully surmounted all obstacles, and subdued all opposition, what remains but that I should forthwith conduct my readers into the city which we have been so long in a manner besieging?—But hold; before I proceed another step, I must pause to take breath, and recover from the excessive fatigue I have undergone, in pre-

paring to begin this most accurate of histories. And in this I do but imitate the example of a renowned Dutch tumbler of antiquity, who took a start of three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill; but having run himself out of breath by the time he reached the foot, sat himself quietly down for a few moments to blow, and then walked over at his leisure.

BOOK II.

TREATING OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF
NIEUW NEDERLANDTS.

CHAPTER I.

In which are contained divers reasons why a man should not write in a hurry. Also of Master Hendrick Hudson, his discovery of a strange country—and how he was magnificently rewarded by the munificence of their High Mightinesses.

My great grandfather, by the mother's side, Hermanus Van Clattercop, when employed to build the large stone church at Rotterdam, which stands about three hundred yards to your left, after you turn off from the Boomkeys, and which is so conveniently constructed, that all the zealous Christians of Rotterdam prefer sleeping through a sermon there to any other church in the city—my great grandfather, I say, when employed to build that famous church, did in the first place send to Delft for a box of long pipes; then having purchased a new spitting-box and a hundred weight of the best Virginia, he sat himself down, and did nothing for the space of three months but smoke most laboriously. Then did he spend full three months more in trudging on foot, and voyaging in trekschuyt, from Rotterdam to Amsterdam—to Delft—to Haerlem—to Leyden—to the Hague, knocking his head and breaking his pipe against every church in his road. Then did he advance gradually nearer and nearer to Rotterdam, until he came in full sight of the identical spot whereon the church was to be built. Then did he spend three months longer in walking round it and round it, contemplating it, first from one point of view, and then from another—now would he be paddled by it on the canal—now would he peep at it through a telescope from the other side of the Meuse—and now would he take a bird's-eye glance at it from the top of one of those gigantic wind-mills which protect the gates of the city. The good folks of the place were on the tiptoe of expectation and impatience—notwithstanding all the turmoil of my great grandfather, not a symptom of the church was yet to be seen; they even began to fear it would never be brought into the world, but that its great projector would lie down and die in labour of the mighty plan he had conceived. At length, having occupied twelve good months in puffing and paddling, and talking and walking—having travelled over all Holland, and even

taken a peep into France and Germany—having smoked five hundred and ninety-nine pipes, and three hundred weight of the best Virginia tobacco—my great grandfather gathered together all that knowing and industrious class of citizens who prefer attending to any body's business sooner than their own; and having pulled off his coat and five pair of breeches, he advanced sturdily up, and laid the corner stone of the church, in the presence of the whole multitude—just at the commencement of the thirteenth month.

In a similar manner, and with the example of my worthy ancestor full before my eyes, have I proceeded in writing this most authentic history. The honest Rotterdammers no doubt thought my great grandfather was doing nothing at all to the purpose, while he was making such a world of prefatory rubbish about the building of his church—and many of the ingenious inhabitants of this fair city will unquestionably suppose that all the preliminary chapters, with the discovery, population, and final settlement of America, were totally irrelevant and superfluous—and that the main business, the history of New-York is not a jot more advanced than if I had never taken up my pen. Never were wise people more mistaken in their conjectures: in consequence of going to work slowly and deliberately, the church came out of my great grandfather's hands one of the most sumptuous, goodly, and glorious edifices in the known world—excepting that, like our magnificent capitol at Washington, it was begun on so grand a scale that the good folks could not afford to finish more than the wing of it. So likewise, I trust, if ever I am able to finish this work on the plan I have commenced, which, in simple truth, I sometimes have my doubts it will be found that I have pursued the latest rule of my art, as exemplified in the writings of all the great American historians, and wrought a very long history out of a small subject—which, now-a-days, is considered one of the great triumphs of historic skill. To proceed, then, with the thread of my story.

In the ever-memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five-and-twentieth day of March, old style, did that “worthy and irrecoverable discoverer, (as he has justly been called,) Master Henry Hudson,” set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the Half Moon, being employed by the Dutch East India Company to seek a north-west passage to China.

Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson was a seafaring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favour in the eyes of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States General, and also of the honourable West India Company. He was a short, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad nose, which was supposed in those days to have

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He wore a true Andrea Ferrara, tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and his voice sounded not unlike the bratling of a tin trumpet blowing to the number of hard northwesterners which he had swallowed in the course of his seafaring.

Such was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much, and know so little. and I have been as particular in his description for the benefit of modern painters and statuary, that they may represent him as he was; and not, according to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvedere.

As chief mate and favourite companion, the commodore chose Master Robert Juet, of Limehouse in England. By some his name has been spelled *Chewit*, and ascribed to the circumstance of his having been the first man that ever chewed tobacco; but this I believe to be a mere flippancy; more especially as certain of his progeny are living at this day, who write their names Juet. He was an old comrade and early school-mate of the great Hudson, with whom he had been played truant and sailed chip boats in a neighbouring pond, when they were little boys—from whence it is said the commodore first derived his bias towards a seafaring life. Certain it is, that the old people about Limehouse declared Robert Juet to be an unlucky urchin, prone to mischief, that would one day or other come to the gallows.

He grew up, as boys of that kind often grow up, a rabling, heedless varlet, tossed about in all quarters of the world—meeting with more perils and wonders than did Sinbad the Sailor, without growing a whit more wise, prudent, or ill-natured. Under every misfortune, he comforted himself with a quid of tobacco, and the truly philosophic maxim, “it will be all the same thing a hundred years hence.” He was skilled in the art of carving anchors and true lovers' knots on the bulkheads and quarter-railings, and was considered a great wit on board ship, in consequence of his prying pranks on every body around, and now and then even making a wry face at old Hendrick, when his back was turned.

To this universal genius are we indebted for many particulars concerning this voyage; of which he wrote the history, at the request of the commodore, who had unconquerable aversion to writing himself, from being received so many floggings about it when at school. To supply the deficiencies of Master Juet's journal, which is written with true log-book brevity, I have availed myself of divers family traditions, handed down from my great great grandfather, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of cabin-boy.

From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly that I have to admit so noted an expedi-

tion into my work, without making any more of it.

Suffice it to say, the voyage was prosperous and tranquil—the crew being a patient people, much given to slumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the disease of thinking—a malady of the mind, which is the sure breeder of discontent. Hudson had laid in abundance of gin and sour crompt, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew. True it is, some slight dissatisfaction was shown, on two or three occasions, at certain unreasonable conduct of Commodore Hudson. Thus, for instance, he forbore to shorten sail when the wind was light, and the weather serene, which was considered among the most experienced Dutch seamen as certain *weather-breeders*, or prognostics that the weather would change for the worse. He acted, moreover, in direct contradiction to that ancient and sage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in sail at night—put the helm a-port, and turned in—by which precaution they had a good night's rest—were sure of knowing where they were the next morning, and stood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark. He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets and six pair of breeches, under pretence of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in sails, with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch custom at the present day.—All these grievances, though they might ruffle for a moment the constitutional tranquillity of the honest Dutch tars, made but transient impression; they ate hugely, drank profusely, and slept immeasurably, and being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the fourth day of September, entered that majestic bay, which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New-York, and which had never before been visited by any European.

¹ True it is—and I am not ignorant of the fact—that in a certain apocryphal book of voyages, compiled by one Hakluyt, is to be found a letter written to Francis the First, by one Giovanne, or John Verazzani, on which some writers are inclined to found a belief that this delightful bay had been visited nearly a century previous to the voyage of the enterprising Hudson. Now this (albeit it has met with the countenance of certain very judicious and learned men) I hold in utter disbelief, and that for various good and substantial reasons—*First*, Because on strict examination it will be found, that the description given by this Verazzani applies about as well to the bay of New-York as it does to my night-cap.—*Secondly*, Because that this John Verazzani, for whom I already begin to feel a most bitter enmity, is a native of Florence, and every body knows the crafty wiles of these lost Florentines, by which they flitch away the laurels from the brows of the immortal Colon (vulgarily called Columbus,) and bestowed them on their officious townsman, Amerigo Vespucci—and I make no doubt they are equally ready to rob the illustrious Hudson of the credit of discovering this beauteous island, adorned by the city of New-York, and placing it beside their usurped discovery of South America. And, *thirdly*, I award my decision in favour of the pretensions of Hendrick Hudson, inasmuch as his expedition sailed from Holland, being truly and absolutely a Dutch enterprise—and though all the proofs in the world were introduced on the other side, I would set them at naught, as undeserving my atten-

It has been traditionary in our family, that when the great navigator was first blessed with a view of this enchanting island, he was observed, for the first and only time in his life, to exhibit strong symptoms of astonishment and admiration. He is said to have turned to Master Juet, and uttered these remarkable words, while he pointed towards this paradise of the New World—"See! there!"—and thereupon, as was always his way when he was uncommonly pleased, he did puff out such clouds of dense tobacco smoke, that in one minute the vessel was out of sight of land, and Master Juet was fain to wait until the winds dispersed this impenetrable fog.

It was indeed—as my great great grandfather used to say—though in truth I never heard him, for he died, as might be expected, before I was born—"it was indeed a spot on which the eye might have revelled for ever, in ever new and never ending beauties." The island of Mannahata spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their tapering foliage towards the clouds, which were gloriously transparent; and others, loaded with a verdant burthen of clambering vines, bowing their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion the dogwood, the sumach, and the wild brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow-creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop, and bounded into the woods, like a wild deer, to the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who had never heard such a noise or witnessed such a caper in their whole lives.

Of the transactions of our adventurers with the savages, and how the latter smoked copper pipes and ate dried currants; how they brought great store of tobacco and oysters; how they shot one of the ship's crew, and how he was buried, I shall say nothing, being that I consider them unimportant to my history. After tarrying a few days in the bay, in order to refresh themselves after their sea-faring, our voyagers weighed anchor, to explore a mighty river which emptied into the bay. This river, it is said, was known among the savages by the name of the *Shatemuck*; though we are assured in an excellent little treatise. If these three reasons be not sufficient to satisfy every burgher of this ancient city—all I can say is they are degenerate descendants from their venerable Dutch ancestors, and totally unworthy the trouble of convincing. Thus, therefore, the title of Hendrick Hudson to his renowned discovery is fully vindicated.

history published in 1674, by John Josselyn, Genl. that it was called the *Mohegan*, and Master Richard Blome, who wrote some time afterwards, asserts the same—so that I very much incline in favour of the opinion of these two honest gentlemen. Be this as it may, up this river did the adventurous Hendrick proceed, little doubting but it would turn out to be a much-looked-for passage to China!

The journal goes on to make mention of divers interviews between the crew and the natives, in the voyage up the river; but as they would be impertinent to my history, I shall pass over them in silence, except the following dry joke, played off by the commodore and his school-fellow Robert Juet, which does such vast credit to their experimental philosophy that I cannot refrain from inserting it. "Our master and his mate determined to try some of the chief men of the country, whether they had any treachery in them. So they took them down into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vite, that they were all merrie; and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly, as any of our country women would do in a strange place. In the end, one of them was drunke, which had been aboarde of our ship all the time that we had bene there, and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it."

Having satisfied himself by this ingenious experiment, that the natives were an honest, social race of jolly roysters, who had no objection to a drinking bout, and were very merry in their cups, the old commodore chuckled hugely to himself, and thrusting a double quid of tobacco in his cheek, directed Master Juet to have it carefully recorded, for the satisfaction of the natural philosophers of the university of Leyden, which done, he proceeded on his voyage, with great self-complacency. After sailing, however, above hundred miles up the river, he found the water world around him begin to grow more shallow and confined, the current more rapid, and perfectly fresh—phenomena not uncommon in the ascent of rivers, but which puzzled the honest Dutchmen prodigiously. A consultation was therefore called, and having deliberated full six hours, they were brought to a determination by the ship's running aground—whereupon they unanimously concluded that there was but little chance of getting to China in this direction. A boat, however, was dispatched to explore higher up the river, which, on its return, confirmed the opinion. Upon this the ship was warped off and put about with great difficulty, being, like most of her sex, exceedingly hard to govern; and the adventurous Hudson called to the account of my great great grandfather returned down the river—with a prodigious fleet of his car!

Being satisfied that there was little likelihood of getting to China, unless, like the blind man, he

* This river is likewise laid down in Ogilby's map as *Mahatuck*—Noordt—Montagne and Mauritus river.

* Juet's Journ. Purch. PII.

turned from whence he set out, and took a fresh start, forthwith recrossed the sea to Holland, where he was received with great welcome by the honourable East India Company, who were very much rejoiced to see him come back safe—with their ship; and at a large and respectable meeting of the first merchants and burgomasters of Amsterdam it was unanimously determined, that as a munificent reward for the eminent services he had performed, and the important discovery he had made, the great river Mohegan should be called after his name! and it continues to be called Hudson-river unto this very day.

CHAPTER II.

Containing an account of a mighty Ark which floated, under the protection of St Nicholas, from Holland to Gibbet Island—the descent of the strange Animals therefrom—a great victory, and a description of the ancient village of Communipaw.

THE delectable accounts given by the great Hudson, and Master Juet, of the country they had discovered, excited not a little talk and speculation among the good people of Holland. Letters-patent were granted by government to an association of merchants, called the West India Company, for the exclusive trade on Hudson-river, on which they erected a trading-house called Fort Aurania, or Orange, from whence did spring the great city of Albany. But I forbear to dwell on the various commercial and colonizing enterprises which took place; among which was that of the ingenious Adrian Block, who discovered and gave a name to Block Island, since famous for its cheese—I shall barely confine myself to that which gave birth to this renowned city.

It was some three or four years after the return of the immortal Hendrick, that a crew of honest Low Dutch colonists set sail from the city of Amsterdam for the shores of America. It is an irreparable loss to history, and a great proof of the darkness of the age and the lamentable neglect of the noble art of book-making, since so industriously cultivated by our sailing sea-captains and learned supercargoes, that an expedition so interesting and important in its results should be passed over in utter silence. To my great great grandfather am I again indebted for the few facts I am enabled to give concerning it—he having once more embarked for this country, with a full determination, as he said, of ending his days here—of begetting a race of Knickerbockers, that should be to be great men in the land.

The ship in which these illustrious adventurers set sail was called the *Goede Vrouw*, or good woman, in compliment to the wife of the President of the West India Company, who was allowed by every body (except her husband) to be a sweet-tempered lady—when in liquor. It was in truth a most gallant vessel, of the most approved Dutch construction, and made by the ablest ship-carpenters of Amsterdam, who, it is well known, always model their ships after the fair

forms of their countrywomen. Accordingly, it had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern-post to the taffarel. Like the beauteous model, who was declared to be the greatest *belle* in Amsterdam, it was full in the bows, with a pair of enormous cat-heads, a copper bottom, and withal a most prodigious poop!

The architect, who was somewhat of a religious man, far from decorating the ship with pagan idols, such as Jupiter, Neptune, or Hercules, (which heathenish abominations, I have no doubt, occasion the misfortunes and shipwreck of many a noble vessel,) he, I say, on the contrary, did laudably erect for a head a goodly image of St Nicholas, equipped with a low, broad-brimmed hat, a huge pair of Flemish trunk-hose, and a pipe that reached to the end of the bowsprit. Thus gallantly furnished, the staunch ship floated sideways, like a majestic goose, out of the harbour of the great city of Amsterdam, and all the bells, that were not otherwise engaged, rang a triple bob-major on the joyful occasion.

My great great grandfather remarks that the voyage was uncommonly prosperous, for, being under the especial care of the ever-revered St Nicholas, the *Goede Vrouw* seemed to be endowed with qualities unknown to common vessels. Thus she made as much lee-way as head-way, could get along very nearly as fast with the wind a-head as when it was a-poop—and was particularly great in a calm; in consequence of which singular advantages, she made out to accomplish her voyage in a very few months, and came to anchor at the mouth of the Hudson, a little to the east of Gibbet Island.

Here, lifting up their eyes, they beheld, on what is at present called the Jersey shore, a small Indian village, pleasantly embowered in a grove of spreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach, gazing in stupid admiration at the *Goede Vrouw*. A boat was immediately dispatched to enter into a treaty with them, and, approaching the shore, hailed them through a trumpet in the most friendly terms; but so horridly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncounted sound of the Low Dutch language, that they one and all took to their heels, and scampered over the Bergen hills; nor did they stop until they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes on the other side, where they all miserably perished to a man—and their bones being collected, and decently covered by the Tammany Society of that day, formed that singular mound called RATTLE-SNAKE-HILL, which rises out of the centre of the salt marshes, a little to the east of the Newark Causeway.

Animated by this unlooked-for victory, our valiant heroes sprang ashore in triumph, took possession of the soil as conquerors in the name of their High Mightinesses the Lords States-General; and, marching fearlessly forward, carried the village of COMMUNIPAW by storm, notwithstanding that it was vigorously defended by some half a score of old squaws and poppooses.

On looking about them they were so transported with the excellencies of the place, that they had very little doubt the blessed St Nicholas had guided them thither, as the very spot whereon to settle their colony. The softness of the soil was wonderfully adapted to the driving of piles; the swamps and marshes around them afforded ample opportunities for the constructing of dikes and dams; the shallowness of the shore was peculiarly favourable to the building of docks—in a word, this spot abounded with all the requisites for the foundation of a great Dutch city. On making a faithful report, therefore, to the crew of the *Goede Vrouw*, they one and all determined that this was the destined end of their voyage. Accordingly they descended from the *Goede Vrouw*, men, women, and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themselves into a thriving settlement, which they called by the Indian name **COMMUNIPAW**.

As all the world is doubtless perfectly acquainted with *Commnipaw*, it may seem somewhat superfluous, to treat of it in the present work; but my readers will please to recollect that, notwithstanding it is my chief desire to satisfy the present age, yet I write likewise for posterity, and have to consult the understanding and curiosity of some half a score of centuries yet to come; by which time perhaps, were it not for this invaluable history, the great *Commnipaw*, like *Babylon*, *Carthage*, *Nineveh*, and other great cities, might be perfectly extinct—sunk and forgotten in its own mud—its inhabitants turned into oysters,¹ and even its situation a fertile subject of learned controversy and hard-headed investigation among indefatigable historians. Let me then piously rescue from oblivion the humble relics of a place, which was the egg from whence was hatched the mighty city of *New-York*!

Commnipaw is at present but a small village, pleasantly situated, among rural scenery, on that beautiful part of the *Jersey* shore which was known in ancient legends by the name of *Pavonia*,² and commands a grand prospect of the superb bay of *New-York*. It is within but half an hour's sail of the latter place, provided you have a fair wind, and may be distinctly seen from the city. Nay, it is a well-known fact, which I can testify from my own experience, that on a clear still summer evening you may hear, from the battery of *New-York*, the obstreperous peals of broad-mouthed laughter of the Dutch negroes at *Commnipaw*, who, like most other negroes, are famous for their risible powers. This is peculiarly the case on Sunday evenings, when, it is remarked by an ingenious and observant philosopher, who has made great discoveries in the neighbourhood of this city, that they always laugh loudest—which he attributes to the circumstance of their having their holiday-clothes on.

¹ Men by inaction degenerate into oysters.—*Kalmes*.

² *Pavonia*, in the ancient maps, is given to a tract of country extending from about *Hoboken* to *Amboy*.

These negroes, in fact, like the monks in the ages, engross all the knowledge of the place, being infinitely more adventurous and more knowing than their masters, carry on all the foreign trade; making frequent voyages to town in canoes loaded with oysters, butter-milk, and cabbages. They are great astrologers, predicting the different changes of weather almost as accurately as an almanac—they are moreover exquisite performers on three-stringed lutes: in whistling they almost boast the far-powers of *Orpheus's* lyre, for not a horse or an ox in the place, when at the plough or before the waggon, will budge a foot until he hears the well-known whistle of his black driver and companion. And for their amazing skill at casting up accounts upon their fingers, they are regarded with as much veneration as the disciples of *Pythagoras* of yore, when initiated into the sacred quaternary of numbers.

As to the honest burghers of *Commnipaw*, the wise men and sound philosophers, they never look beyond their pipes, nor trouble their heads about the affairs out of their immediate neighbourhood; so that they live in profound and enviable ignorance of all the troubles, anxieties, and revolutions, of this distracted planet. I am even told that many among them do not believe that *Holland*, of which they have heard so much from tradition, is situated somewhere on *Long-Island*—that *Spiking-devil* and the *Narrows* at the two ends of the world—that the country is still under the dominion of their High Mightinesses, and that the city of *New-York* still goes by the name of *Nieuw Amsterdam*. They meet every Saturday afternoon, at the only tavern in the place, which bears as a sign a square-headed likeness of the *Prince of Orange*, where they smoke a silent pipe, by way of promoting social conviviality, and invariably drink a mug of cider to the success of *Admiral Van Tromp*, who they imagine is still sweeping the British channel with a broom at his mast-head.

Commnipaw, in short, is one of the numerous little villages in the vicinity of this most beautiful of cities, which are so many strong holds and fastnesses, whether the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers have retreated, and where they are cherished with devout and scrupulous strictness. The dress of the original settlers is handed down inviolate from father to son—the identical broad-brimmed hat, broad-skirted coat, and broad-bottomed breeches, continue from generation to generation; and several gigantic knee-buckles of massy silver are still in wear, that make a gallant display in the days of the patriarchs of *Commnipaw*. The language likewise continues unaltered by barbarous innovations; and so critically correct is the village schoolmaster in his dialect, that his reading of a *Low Dutch* psalm has much the same effect on the nerves as the filing of a handsaw.

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CHAPTER III.

which is set forth the true art of making a bargain—together with the miraculous escape of a great Metropolis in a fog—and the biography of certain Heroes of Communipaw.

HAVING, in the trifling digression which concluded the last chapter, discharged the filial duty which the city of New-York owed the Communipaw, as being another settlement; and having given a faithful picture of it as it stands at present, I return with a nothing sentiment of self-approbation, to dwell upon early history. The crew of the Goede Vrouw being reinforced by fresh importations from Holland, the settlement went jollily on, increasing in magnificence and prosperity. The neighbouring Indians in a short time became accustomed to the uncouth sound of the Dutch language, and an intercourse gradually took place between them and the new-comers. The Indians were much given to long talks, and the Dutch long silence—in this particular, therefore, they accommodated each other completely. The chiefs would make long speeches about the big bull, the Great Spirit; to which the others would listen very attentively, smoke their pipes, and utter *yah, mynheer*—whereat the poor savages were prodigiously delighted. They instructed the new-comers in the best art of curing and smoking tobacco; while the latter, in return, made them drunk with rum from the Hollands—and then taught them the art of making bargains.

A brisk trade for furs was soon opened: the Dutch dealers were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing it as an inviolable table of *avoirdupois*, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. True, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight; but let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in the scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam—whereat was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw!

This is a singular fact—but I have it direct from my great grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh-master, on account of the uncommon lightness of his foot.

The Dutch possessions in this part of the globe began now to assume a very thriving appearance, and were comprehended under the general title of *Nieuw-Nederlands*, on account, as the sage Vander Donck observes, of their great resemblance to the Dutch Netherlands—which indeed was truly remarkable, excepting that the former were rugged and mountainous, and the latter level and marshy. About this time the tranquillity of the Dutch colonists was doomed to suffer a temporary interruption. In 1614, Captain Sir Samuel Argal, sailing under a commission from Dale, governor of Virginia, visited the Dutch settlements on Hudson-river, and demanded their

submission to the English crown and Virginian dominion. To this arrogant demand, as they were in no condition to resist it, they submitted for the time, like discreet and reasonable men.

It does not appear that the valiant Argal molested the settlement of Communipaw: on the contrary, I am told that when his vessel first hove in sight, the worthy burghers were seized with such a panic, that they fell to smoking their pipes with astonishing vehemence; insomuch that they quickly raised a cloud, which combining with the surrounding woods and marshes, completely enveloped and concealed their beloved village, and overhung the fair regions of Pannonia—So that the terrible Captain Argal passed on, totally unsuspecting that a sturdy little Dutch settlement lay snugly couched in the mud, under cover of all this pestilent vapour. In commemoration of this fortunate escape, the worthy inhabitants have continued to smoke, almost without intermission, unto this very day; which is said to be the cause of the remarkable fog that often hangs over Communipaw of a clear afternoon.

Upon the departure of the enemy our magnanimous ancestors took full six months to recover their wind, having been exceedingly discomposed by the consternation and hurry of affairs. They then called a council of safety to smoke over the state of the province. After six months more of mature deliberation, during which nearly five hundred words were spoken, and almost as much tobacco was smoked as would have served a certain modern general through a whole winter's campaign of hard drinking, it was determined to fit out an armament of canoes, and dispatch them on a voyage of discovery; to search if peradventure some more sure and formidable position might not be found, where the colony would be less subject to vexatious visitations.

This perilous enterprise was entrusted to the superintendance of Mynheers Oloffte Van Kortlandt, Abraham Hardenbroeck, Jacobus Van Zandt, and Winant Ten Broeck—four indubitably great men, but of whose history, although I have made diligent inquiry, I can learn but little, previous to their leaving Holland. Nor need this occasion much surprise; for adventurers, like prophets, though they make great noise abroad, have seldom much celebrity in their own countries; but this much is certain, that the overflowings and off-scourings of a country are invariably composed of the richest parts of the soil. And here I cannot help remarking how convenient it would be to many of our great men and great families of doubtful origin, could they have the privilege of the heroes of yore, who, whenever their origin was involved in obscurity, modestly announced themselves descended from a god—and who never visited a foreign country but what they told some cock-and-bull stories about their being kings and princes at home. This venal trespass on the truth, though it has occasionally been played off by some pseudo-marquis, baronet, and other illustrious foreigner, in our

land of good-natured credulity, has been completely disencumbered in this sceptical, matter-of-fact age—and I even question whether any tender virgin, who was accidentally and unaccountably enriched with a bantling, would save her character at parlour fire-sides and evening tea-parties by ascribing the phenomenon to a swan, a shower of gold, or a river-gold.

Thus being denied the benefit of mythology and classic fable, I should have been completely at a loss as to the early biography of my heroes, had not a gleam of light been thrown upon their origin from their names.

By this simple means have I been enabled to gather some particulars concerning the adventurers in question. Van Kortlandt, for instance, was one of those peripatetic philosophers, who tax Providence for a livelihood, and, like Diogenes, enjoy a free and unincumbered estate in sunshine. He was usually arrayed in garments suitable to his fortune, being curiously fringed and fangled by the hand of time; and was helmeted with an old fragment of a hat, which had acquired the shape of a sugar-loaf; and so far did he carry his contempt for the adventitious distinction of dress, that it is said the remnant of a shirt, which covered his back, and dangled like a pocket-handkerchief out of a hole in his breeches, was never washed, except by the bountiful showers of heaven. In this garb was he usually to be seen, sunning himself at noon-day, with a herd of philosophers of the same sect, on the side of the great canal of Amsterdam. Like your nobility of Europe, he took his name of Kortlandt (or lack land) from his landed estate, which lay somewhere in Terra Incognita.

Of the next of our worthies, might I have had the benefit of mythological assistance, the want of which I have just lamented, I should have made honourable mention, as boasting equally illustrious pedigree with the proudest hero of antiquity. His name was Van Zandt, which being freely translated, signifies, *from the dirt*, meaning, beyond a doubt, that like Triptolemus, Themis, the Cyclops, and the Titans, he sprang from Dame Terra, or the earth! This supposition is strongly corroborated by his size, for it is well known that all the progeny of mother earth were of a gigantic stature; and Van Zandt, we are told, was a tall raw-boned man, above six feet high—with an astonishingly hard head. Nor is this origin of the illustrious Van Zandt a whit more improbable or repugnant to belief than what is related and universally admitted of certain of our greatest, or rather richest men; who, we are told with the utmost gravity, did originally spring from a dunghill!

Of the third hero but a faint description has reached to this time, which mentions that he was a sturdy, obstinate, burly, bustling little man; and from being usually equipped with an old pair of buckskins, was familiarly dubbed Harden Broeck, or *Tough Breeches*.

Ten Broeck completed this junto of adventurers. It is a singular but ludicrous fact, which, were I not

scrupulous in recording the whole truth, I should most be tempted to pass over in silence, as incompatible with the gravity and dignity of history, that the worthy gentleman should likewise have been named from the most whimsical part of his dress. In fact, the small-clothes seems to have been a very important garment in the eyes of our venerated ancestors, owing in all probability to its really being the largest article of raiment among them. The name of Ten Broeck, or Tin Broeck, is indifferently translated into Ten Breeches and Tin Breeches—the latter Dutch commentators incline to the former opinion, and ascribe it to his being the first who introduced into the settlement the ancient Dutch fashion of wearing ten pair of breeches. But the most elegant and ingenious writers on the subject declare in favour of Tin, or rather Thin Breeches; from whence they infer that he was a poor, but merry rogue, whose pigligaskins were none of the soundest, and who was the identical author of that truly philosophical stanza—

“ Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and *thin pair of breeches*
Will go through the world, my brave boys!”

Such was the gallant junto chosen to conduct the voyage into unknown realms, and the whole was put under the superintending care and direction of Oloffe Van Kortlandt, who was held in great reverence among the sages of Communipaw, for the variety and darkness of his knowledge. Having, as I before observed, passed a great part of his life in the open air among the peripatetic philosophers of Amsterdam, he had become amazingly well acquainted with the prospect of the heavens, and could as accurately determine when a storm was brewing, or a squall rising, as a dutiful husband can foresee, from the brow of his spouse, when a tempest is gathering about his ears. He was moreover a great seer of ghosts and goblins, and a firm believer in omens; but what especially recommended him to public confidence was his marvellous talent at dreaming, for there never was any thing of consequence happened at Communipaw but what he declared he had previously dreamt it; being one of those infallible prophets, who always predict events after they have come to pass.

This supernatural gift was as highly valued among the burghers of Pavia as it was among the enlightened nations of antiquity. The wise Ulysses was more indebted to his sleeping than his waking moments for all his subtle achievements, and seldom undertook any great exploit without first soundly sleeping upon it; and the same may truly be said of the good Van Kortlandt, who was thence aptly denominated Oloffe the Dreamer.

This cautious commander having chosen the persons that should accompany him in the proposed expedition, exhorted them to repair to their homes, take a good night's rest, settle all family affairs, and obey their wills, before departing on this voyage into

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CHAPTER IV.

How the Heroes of Communipaw voyaged to Hell-Gate, and how they were received there.

AND now the rosy blush of morn began to mantle in the east, and soon the rising sun, emerging from amidst golden and purple clouds, shed his blithesome rays on the tin weathercocks of Communipaw. It was that delicious season of the year when nature, breaking from the chilling thraldom of old winter, like a blooming damsel from the tyranny of a sordid old father, drew herself, blushing with ten thousand charms, to the arms of youthful spring. Every tufted copse and blooming grove resounded with the notes of hyemeneal love. The very insects, as they sipped the dew that gemmed the tender grass of the meadows, and in the joyous epithalamium—the virgin bnd mildly put forth its blushes, “the voice of the turtle was heard in the land,” and the heart of man dissolved away in tenderness. Oh! sweet Theocritus! and I thine oaten reed, wherewith thou erst didst arm the gay Sicilian plains—Or oh! gentle Bion! thy pastoral pipe, wherein the happy swains of the Eubian isle so much delighted, then might I attempt singing, in soft Bucolic or negligent Idyllium, the rural beauties of the scene—but having nothing, save this diled goose-quill, wherewith to wing my flight, I must fain resign all poetic disportings of the fancy, and pursue my narrative in humble prose; comforting myself with the hope, that though it may not steal so freely upon the imagination of my reader, yet may commend itself with virgin modesty to his better judgment, clothed in the chaste and simple garb of truth.

No sooner did the first rays of cheerful Phœbus dart into the windows of Communipaw than the little element was all in motion. Forth issued from his stle the sage Van Kortlandt, and seizing a conch shell, blew a far-resounding blast, that soon summoned all his lusty followers. Then did they trudge resolutely down to the water-side, escorted by a multitude of relatives and friends, who all went down, as the common phrase expresses it, “to see them off.” and this shows the antiquity of those long family processions, often scen in our city, composed of all ages, sizes and sexes, laden with bundles and band-boxes, escorting some bevy of country cousins, about to depart for home in a market-boat.

The good Oloffte bestowed his forces in a squadron of three canoes, and hoisted his flag on board a little Dutch boat, shaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly been the jolly-boat of the Goede Vrouw.

And now, all being embarked, they bade farewell to the gazing throng upon the beach, who continued shouting after them, even when out of hearing, wishing them a happy voyage, advising them to take good care of themselves, not to get drowned—with an abundance of such-like sage and invaluable cautions, generally given by landsmen to such as go down to the sea in ships, and adventure upon the deep waters. In the mean while the voyagers cheerily urged their course along the crystal bosom of the bay, and soon left behind them the green shores of ancient PAVONIA.

And first they touched at two small islands which lie nearly opposite Communipaw, and which are said to have been brought into existence about the time of the great irruption of the Hudson, when it broke through the Highlands and made its way to the ocean. For in this tremendous uproar of the waters, we are told that many huge fragments of rock and land were rent from the mountains and swept down by this runaway river for sixty or seventy miles; where some of them ran aground on the shoals just opposite Communipaw, and formed the identical islands in question, while others drifted out to sea, and were never heard of more! A sufficient proof of the fact is, that the rock which forms the bases of these islands is exactly similar to that of the Highlands; and moreover one of our philosophers, who has diligently compared the agreement of their respective surfaces, has even gone so far as to assure me, in confidence, that Gibbet Island was originally nothing more nor less than a wart on Anthony's nose.*

Leaving these wonderful little isles, they next coasted by Governor's Island, since terrible from its frowning fortress and grinning batteries. They would by no means, however, land upon this island, since they doubted much it might be the abode of demons and spirits, which in those days did greatly abound throughout this savage and pagan country.

Just at this time a shoal of jolly porpoises came rolling and tumbling by, turning up their sleek sides to the sun, and spouting up the briny element in sparkling showers. No sooner did the sage Oloffte mark this than he was greatly rejoiced. “This,” exclaimed he, “if I mistake not, augurs well—the porpoise is a fat, well-conditioned fish—a burgo-master among fishes—his looks betoken ease, plenty, and prosperity—I do greatly admire this round fat fish, and doubt not but this is a happy omen of the success of our undertaking.” So saying, he directed his

* It is a matter long since established by certain of our philosophers, that is to say, having been often advanced, and never contradicted, it has grown to be pretty nigh equal to a settled fact, that the Hudson was originally a lake, dammed up by the mountains of the Highlands. In process of time, however, becoming very mighty and obstreperous, and the mountains waxing pury, dropsical, and weak in the back, by reason of their extreme old age, it suddenly rose upon them, and after a violent struggle effected its escape. This is said to have come to pass in very remote time, probably before that rivers had lost the art of rumbling up hill. The foregoing is a theory in which I do not pretend to be skilled, notwithstanding that I do fully give it my belief.

2 A promontory in the Highlands.

squadron to steer in the track of these alderman fishes.

Turning, therefore, directly to the left, they swept up the strait, vulgarly called the East River. And here the rapid tide which courses through this strait, seizing on the gallant tub in which Commodore Van Kortlandt had embarked, hurried it forward with a velocity unparalleled in a Dutch boat navigated by Dutchmen; insomuch that the good commodore, who had all his life long been accustomed only to the drowsy navigation of canals, was more than ever convinced that they were in the hands of some supernatural power, and that the jolly porpoises were towing them to some fair haven that was to fulfil all their wishes and expectations.

Thus borne away by the resistless current, they doubled that boisterous point of land, since called Corlear's Hook; and leaving to the right the rich winding cove of the Wallabout, they drifted into a magnificent expanse of water, surrounded by pleasant shores, whose verdure was exceedingly refreshing to the eye. While the voyagers were looking around them, on what they conceived to be a serene and sunny lake, they beheld at a distance a crew of painted savages, busily employed in fishing, who seemed more like the geni of this romantic region—their slender canoe lightly balanced like a feather on the undulating surface of the bay.

At sight of these the hearts of the heroes of Commanipaw were not a little troubled. But as good fortune would have it, at the bow of the commodore's boat was stationed a very valiant man, named Hendrick Kip (which being interpreted means *chicken*, a name given him in token of his courage). No sooner did he behold these varlet heathens than he trembled with excessive valour, and although a good half mile distant, he seized a musketoon that lay at hand, and turning away his head, fired it most intrepidly in the face of the blessed sun. The blundering weapon recoiled, and gave the valiant Kip an ignominious kick, that laid him prostrate with uplifted heels in the bottom of the boat. But such was the effect of this tremendous fire, that the wild men of the woods, struck with consternation, seized hastily upon their paddles, and shot away into one of the deep inlets of the Long Island shore.

This signal victory gave new spirits to the hardy voyagers, and in honour of the achievement they gave the name of the valiant Kip to the surrounding bay, and it has continued to be called KIP'S BAY from that time to the present. The heart of the good Van Kortlandt—who, having no land of his own, was a great admirer of other people's—expanded at the sumptuous prospect of rich unsettled country around him, and falling into a delicious reverie, he straightway began to riot in the possession of vast meadows of salt marsh and interminable patches of cabbages. From this delectable vision he was all at once awakened by the sudden turning of the tide,

* Properly spelt *hoeck* (i. e. a point of land).

which would soon have hurried him from this land of promise, had not the discreet navigator given signal to steer for shore; where they accordingly landed, harled by the rocky heights of Bellevue—that happy retreat, where our jolly aldermen eat for the good of the city, and fatten the turtle that are sacrificed at civic solemnities.

Here, seated on the green sward, by the side of a small stream that ran sparkling among the grass, they refreshed themselves after the toils of the seas, by feasting lustily on the ample stores which they had provided for this perilous voyage. Thus having fortified their deliberative powers, they fell into an earnest consultation what was further to be done. This was the first council-dinner ever eaten at Bellevue by Christian burghers, and here, as tradition relates, did originate the great family feud between the Hardenbroecks and the Tenbroecks, which afterwards had a singular influence on the building of the city. The sturdy Hardenbroeck, whose eyes had been wondrously delighted with the salt marshes that spread their reeking bosoms along the coast, at the bottom of Kip's Bay, counselled by all means to turn thither, and found the intended city. This was strenuously opposed by the unbending Ten Broeck, and many testy arguments passed between them. The particulars of this controversy have not reached us, which is ever to be lamented; this much is certain, that the sage Oloffte put an end to the dispute by determining to explore still farther in the north, which the mysterious porpoises had so clearly pointed out—whereupon the sturdy Tough Breeces abandoned the expedition, took possession of a neighbouring hill, and in a fit of great wrath peopled all the tract of country, which has continued to be inhabited by the Hardenbroecks unto this very day.

By this time the jolly Phœbus, like some wantonurchin sporting on the side of a green hill, began to roll down the declivity of the heavens; and now, the tide having once more turned in their favour, the resolute Pavonians again committed themselves to his discretion, and coasting along the western shores, were borne towards the straits of Blackwell's land.

And here the capricious wanderings of the current occasioned not a little marvel and perplexity to the illustrious mariners. Now would they be caught by the wanton eddies, and, sweeping round a juncture point, would wind deep into some romantic little cove, that indented the fair island of Manna-hat now were they hurried narrowly by the very basimpending rocks, mantled with the flaunting grapevine, and crowned with groves that threw a broad shade on the waves beneath; and anon they were borne away into the mid-channel, and wafted along with a rapidity that very much discomposed the good Van Kortlandt, who, as he saw the land swiftly receding on either side, began exceedingly to dread that terra firma was giving them the slip.

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creation seemed to bloom around. No signs of human thrift appeared to check the delicious wildness of nature, who here revelled in all her luxuriant variety. Those hills now bristled, like the fretful porcupine, with rows of poplars, (vain upstart plants! minions of wealth and fashion!) were then adorned with the vigorous natives of the soil; the lordly oak, the generous chestnut, the graceful elm—while here and there the slip-tree reared his majestic head, the giant of the forest.—Where now are seen the gay retreats of luxury—villas half buried in twilight-bowers, whence the amorous flute oft breathes the sighings of some shy swain—there the fish-hawk built his solitary nest, in some dry tree that overlooked his watery domain. The timid deer fed undisturbed along those shores now hallowed by the lover's moonlight walk, and pointed by the slender foot of beauty; and a savage solitude extended over those happy regions, where now are reared the stately towers of the Joneses, the Chamberhornes, and the Rhinelanders.

Thus gliding in silent wonder through these new and unknown scenes, the gallant squadron of Pavonia swept by the foot of a promontory, that strutted forth boldly into the waves and seemed to frown upon them as they brawled against its base. This is the bluff well known to modern mariners by the name of Gracie's Point, from the fair castle, which, like an elephant, it carries upon its back. And here broke upon their view a wild and varied prospect, where land and water were beautifully intermingled, as though they had combined to heighten and set off each other's charms. To the right lay the sedgy point of Blackwell's Island, dressed in the fresh garniture of living green—beyond it stretched the pleasant coast of Sandwich, and the small harbour well known by the name of Hallett's cove—a place infamous in latter days, by reason of its being the haunt of pirates who swept these seas, robbing orchards and water-melon patches, and insulting gentlemen-navigators, when dragging in their pleasure-boats. To the left a deep bay, or rather creek, gracefully receded between shores fringed with forests, and forming a kind of vista, through which were beheld the sylvan regions of Harlem, Morrissania, and East-Chester. Here they reposed with delight on a richly-wooded country, diversified by tufted knolls, shadowy intervals, and waving lines of upland, swelling above each other; while over the whole the purple mists of spring diffused a hue of soft voluptuousness.

Just before them the grand course of the stream making a sudden bend, wound among embowered promontories and shores of emerald verdure, that seemed to melt into the wave. A character of gentleness and mild fertility prevailed around. The sun had just descended, and the thin haze of twilight, like a transparent veil drawn over the bosom of virgin beauty, heightened the charms which it half concealed.

Ah! witching scenes of fowl delusion! Ah! hapless voyagers, gazing with simple wonder on these Cir-

cean shores! Such, alas! are they, poor easy souls, who listen to the seductions of a wicked world—treacherous are its smiles! fatal its caresses! He who yields to its enticements launches upon a whelming tide, and trusts his feeble bark among the dimpling eddies of a whirlpool! And thus it fared with the worthies of Pavonia, who, little mistrusting the guileful scene before them, drifted quietly on, until they were aroused by an uncommon tossing and agitation of their vessels. For now the late dimpling current began to brawl around them, and the waves to boil and foam with horrific fury. Awakened as if from a dream, the astonished Oloffe bawled aloud to put about—but his words were lost amid the roaring of the waters. And now ensued a scene of direful consternation—at one time they were borne with dreadful velocity among tumultuous breakers, at another hurried down boisterous rapids. Now they were nearly dashed upon the Hen and Chickens; (infamous rocks!—more voracious than Scylla and her whelps) and anon they seemed sinking into yawning gulfs, that threatened to entomb them beneath the waves. All the elements combined to produce a hideous confusion. The waters raged—the winds howled—and as they were hurried along, several of the astonished mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the neighbouring shores driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt was drawn into the vortex of that tremendous whirlpool called the Pot, where it was whirled about in giddy mazes, until the senses of the good commander and his crew were overpowered by the horror of the scene and the strangeness of the revolution.

How the gallant squadron of Pavonia was snatched from the jaws of this modern Charybdis has never been truly made known, for so many survived to tell the tale, and, what is still more wonderful, told it in so many different ways, that there has ever prevailed a great variety of opinions on the subject.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came to their senses they found themselves stranded on the Long Island shore. The worthy commodore, indeed, used to relate many and wonderful stories of his adventures in this time of peril; how that he saw spectres flying in the air, and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his hand into the Pot when they were whirled around, and found the water scalding hot, and beheld several uncouth-looking beings seated on rocks and skimming it with huge ladles—but particularly he declared with great exultation, that he saw the losel porpoises, which had betrayed them into this peril, some broiling on the Gridiron, and others hissing in the Fryingpan!

These, however, were considered by many as mere phantasies of the commodore's imagination, while he lay in a trance; especially as he was known to be given to dreaming; and the truth of them has never been clearly ascertained. It is certain, however, that to the accounts of Oloffe and his followers may be traced the various traditions handed down of this

marvellous strait—as how the devil has been seen there, sitting astride of the Hog's Back and playing on the fiddle—how he broils fish there before a storm; and many other stories, in which we must be cautious of putting too much faith. In consequence of all these terrific circumstances, the Pavonian commander gave this pass the name of *Helle-gat*, or, as it has been interpreted, *Hell-gate*; which it continues to bear at the present day.

CHAPTER V.

How the Heroes of Communipaw returned somewhat wiser than they went—and how the sage Oloffo dreamed a dream—and the dream that he dreamed.

THE darkness of night had closed upon this disastrous day, and a doleful night was it to the shipwrecked Pavonians, whose ears were incessantly assailed with the raging of the elements, and the howling of the hobgoblins that infested this perfidious strait. But when the morning dawned, the horrors of the preceding evening had passed away; rapids, breakers, and whirlpools had disappeared; the stream again ran smooth and dimpling, and having changed its tide, rolled gently back towards the quarter where lay their much-regretted home.

The woe-begone heroes of Communipaw eyed each other with rueful countenances; their squadron had been totally dispersed by the late disaster. Some were cast upon the western shore, where, headed by one Ruleff Hopper, they took possession of all the country lying about the six mile-stone; which is held by the Hoppers at this present writing.

The Waldrons were driven by stress of weather to a distant coast, where, having with them a jug of genuine Hollands, they were enabled to conciliate the savages, setting up a kind of tavern; from whence, it is said, did spring the fair town of Haerlem, in which their descendants have ever since continued to be reputable publicans. As to the Suydams, they were thrown upon the Long-Island coast, and may still be found in those parts. But the most singular luck attended the great Ten Broeck, who, falling overboard, was miraculously preserved from sinking by the multitude of his nether garments. Thus buoyed up, he floated on the waves, like a merman,

¹ This is a narrow strait in the Sound, at the distance of six miles above New-York. It is dangerous to shipping, unless under the care of skilful pilots, by reason of numerous rocks, shelves, and whirlpools. These have received sundry appellations, such as the Gridiron, Fryngpan, Hog's Back, Pot, &c. and are very violent and turbulent at certain times of tide. Certain wise men who instruct these modern days have softened the above characteristic name into *Hurl-gate*, which means nothing. I leave them to give their own etymology. The name as given by our author is supported by the map in Vander Donck's history, published in 1636—by Ogilvie's History of America, 1671—as also by a journal still extant, written in the 16th century, and to be found in Hazard's State Papers. And an old MS. written in French, speaking of various alterations in names about this city, observes "De *Helle-gat*, tron d'Enfer, ils ont fait *Hell-gate*, Porte d'Enfer."

until he landed safely on a rock, where he was found the next morning busily drying his many breeches in the sunshine.

I forbear to treat of the long consultation of our adventurers—how they determined that it would do to found a city in this diabolical neighbourhood—and how at length, with fear and trembling, they ventured once more upon the briny element, and steered their course back for Communipaw. Suffice it, in simple brevity, to say, that after toiling through the scenes of their yesterday's voyage, they at length opened the southern point of Manna-hat and gained a distant view of their beloved Communipaw.

And here they were opposed by an obstinate elder that resisted all the efforts of the exhausted mariners. Weary and dispirited, they could no longer make head against the power of the tide, or rather, as some will have it, of old Neptune, who, anxious to guide them to a spot, whereon should be founded his stronghold in this western world, sent half a score of potent billows, that rolled the tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt high and dry on the shores of Manna-hat.

Having thus in a manner been guided by supernatural power to this delightful island, their first care was to light a fire at the foot of a large tree, that stood upon the point at present called the Battery. Then gathering together great store of oysters which abounded on the shore, and emptying the contents of their wallets, they prepared and made a sumptuous council repast. The worthy Van Kortlandt was observed to be particularly zealous in his devotion to the trencher; for having the cares of the expedition especially committed to his care, he deemed it incumbent on him to eat profoundly for the public good. In proportion as he filled himself to the very brim with the dainty viands before him, did the heart of this excellent burgher rise up towards his throat, until he seemed crammed and almost choked with greasy eating and good-nature. And at such times it is when a man's heart is in his throat, that he may truly be said to speak from it, and his speeches abound with kindness and good fellowship. Thus the worthy Oloffo having swallowed the last possible morsel, washed it down with a fervent potation, felt his heart yearning, and his whole frame in a manner dilated with unbounded benevolence. Every thing around him seemed excellent and delightful; and, laying his hands on each side of his capacious periphery, he rolling his half-closed eyes around on the beautiful diversity of land and water before him, he exclaimed in a fat half smothered voice, "What a charming prospect!" The words died away in his throat—seemed to ponder on the fair scene for a moment—his eyelids heavily closed over their orbs—his head drooped upon his bosom—he slowly sunk upon green turf, and a deep sleep stole gradually upon him.

And the sage Oloffo dreamed a dream—and lo, the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of

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es, in that self same waggon wherein he brings yearly presents to children; and he came and depended hard by where the heroes of Communipaw made their late repast. And the shrewd Van Kortlandt knew him by his broad hat, his long pipe, and the resemblance which he bore to the figure on the bow of the Goede Vrouw. And he lit his pipe the fire, and sat himself down and smoked; and he smoked, the smoke from his pipe ascended into the air, and spread like a cloud over his head. And Oloff bethought him, and he hastened and climbed to the top of one of the tallest trees, and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country— as he considered it more attentively, he fancied that the great volume of smoke assumed a variety of trevelling forms, where in dim obscurity he saw shadowed out palaces and domes and lofty spires, all which lasted but a moment, and then faded away, till the whole rolled off, and nothing but the green woods were left. And when St Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twisted it in his hatband, and laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortlandt a very significant look; then mounting his waggon, he returned over the tree tops and disappeared.

And Van Kortlandt awoke from his sleep greatly distressed, and he aroused his companions, and related to them his dream; and interpreted it, that it was the will of St Nicholas that they should settle down and build the city here: and that the smoke of the pipe was a type how vast should be the extent of the city; inasmuch as the volumes of its smoke should read over a wide extent of country. And they all with one voice assented to this interpretation, excepting Mynheer Ten Broeck, who declared the meaning to be, that it should be a city wherein a little fire could occasion a great smoke, or in other words, a very vapouring little city—both which interpretations were strangely come to pass!

The great object of their perilous expedition, therefore, being thus happily accomplished, the voyagers returned merrily to Communipaw, where they were received with great rejoicings. And here, calling a general meeting of the wise men and the dignitaries of Pavonia, they related the whole history of their voyage, and the dream of Oloff Van Kortlandt. And the people lifted up their voices and blessed the good St Nicholas, and from that time forth the sage Van Kortlandt was held in more honour than ever, for his great talent at dreaming, and was pronounced a most useful citizen and a right good man—when he was asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing an attempt at etymology—and of the founding of the great City of New-Amsterdam.

The original name of the island wherein the squadron of Communipaw was thus propitiously thrown

is a matter of some dispute, and has already undergone considerable vitiation—a melancholy proof of the instability of all sublunary things, and the vanity of all our hopes of lasting fame; for who can expect his name will live to posterity, when even the names of mighty islands are thus soon lost in contradiction and uncertainty!

The name most current at the present day, and which is likewise countenanced by the great historian Vander Donck, is MANHATTAN; which is said to have originated in a custom among the Squaws, in the early settlement, of wearing men's hats, as is still done among many tribes. "Hence," as we are told by an old governor who was somewhat of a wag, and flourished almost a century since, and had paid a visit to the wits of Philadelphia, "Hence arose the appellation of man-hat-on, first given to the Indians, and afterwards to the island"—a stupid joke!—but well enough for a governor.

Among the more venerable sources of information on this subject, is that valuable history of the American possessions, written by Master Richard Blome in 1687, wherein it is called Manhadaes and Manahanent; nor must I forget the excellent little book, full of precious matter, of that authentic historian John Josselyn, Gent. who expressly calls it Manadaes.

Another etymology still more ancient, and sanctioned by the countenance of our ever-to-be-lamented Dutch ancestors, is that found in certain letters still extant, which passed between the early governors and their neighbouring powers, wherein it is called indifferently Monhattoes—Munhatos and Manhattoes, which are evidently unimportant variations of the same name; for our wise forefathers set little store by those niceties either in orthography or orthoepy, which form the sole study and ambition of many learned men and women of this hypercritical age. This last name is said to be derived from the great Indian spirit Manetho; who was supposed to make this island his favourite abode, on account of its uncommon delights. For the Indian traditions affirm that the bay was once a trans lucid lake, filled with silver and golden fish, in the midst of which lay this beautiful island, covered with every variety of fruits and flowers: but that the sudden irruption of the Hudson laid waste these blissful scenes, and Manetho took his flight beyond the great waters of Ontario.

These, however, are fabulous legends, to which very cautious credence must be given; and although I am willing to admit the last quoted orthography of the name as very suitable for prose, yet is there another one founded on still more ancient and indisputable authority, which I particularly delight in, seeing that it is at once poetical, melodious, and significant—and this is recorded in the before-mentioned voyage of the great Hudson, written by Master Juet; who clearly and correctly calls it MANNA-HIATA—that is to say, the island of Manna, or in other words—the land flowing with milk and honey!"

* Vid. Hazard's Col. Stat. Pap.

It having been solemnly resolved that the seat of empire should be transferred from the green shores of PAVONIA to this delectable island, a vast multitude embarked, and migrated across the mouth of the HUDSON, under the guidance of Oloffte the Dreamer, who was appointed protector or patron to the new settlement.

And here let me bear testimony to the matchless honesty and magnanimity of our worthy forefathers, who purchased the soil of the native Indians before erecting a single roof; a circumstance singular and almost incredible in the annals of discovery and colonization.

The first settlement was made on the southwest point of the island, on the very spot where the good St Nicholas had appeared in the dream. Here they built a mighty and impregnable fort and trading-house, called FORT AMSTERDAM, which stood on that eminence at present occupied by the custom-house, with the open space now called the bowling-green in front.

Around this potent fortress was soon seen a numerous progeny of little Dutch houses, with tiled roofs, all which seemed most lovingly to nestle under its walls, like a brood of half-fledged chickens sheltered under the wings of the mother hen. The whole was surrounded by an inclosure of strong palisades, to guard against any sudden irruption of the savages, who wandered in hordes about the swamps and forests that extended over those tracts of country at present called Broadway, Wall-street, William-street, and Pearl-street.

No sooner was the colony once planted than it took root, and thrived amazingly; for it would seem that this thrice-favoured island is like a munificent dung-hill, where every foreign weed finds kindly nourishment, and soon shoots up and expands to greatness.

And now the infant settlement having advanced in age and stature, it was thought high time it should receive an honest Christian name, and it was accordingly called NEW-AMSTERDAM. It is true there were some advocates for the original Indian name, and many of the best writers of the province did long continue to call it by the title of "The Manhattoes;" but this was discountenanced by the authorities, as being heathenish and savage. Besides, it was considered an excellent and praiseworthy measure to name it after a great city of the old world; as by that means it was induced to emulate the greatness and renown of its namesake—in the manner that little snivelling urchins are called after great statesmen, saints, and worthies, and renowned generals of yore, upon which they all industriously copy their examples, and come to be very mighty men in their day and generation.

The thriving state of the settlement, and the rapid increase of houses, gradually awakened the good Oloffte from a deep lethargy, into which he had fallen after the building of the fort. He now began to think it was time some plan should be devised, on which

the increasing town should be built. Summoned therefore, his counsellors and coadjutors together, they took pipe in mouth, and forthwith sunk into a very sound deliberation on the subject.

At the very outset of the business an unexpected difference of opinion arose, and I mention it with sorrowing, as being the first altercation on record of the councils of New-Amsterdam. It was a breach forth of the grudge and heart-burning that had existed between those two eminent burghers, Mynheer Tenbroeck and Hardenbroeck, ever since their unhappy altercation on the coast of Bellevue. The good Hardenbroeck had waxed very wealthy and powerful, from his domains, which embraced the whole chain of Apulean mountains that stretched along the gulf of Kip's Bay, and from part of which his descendants have been expelled in latter ages, by the powerful clans of the Joneses and the Schermers.

An ingenious plan for the city was offered by Mynheer Tenbroeck, who proposed that it should be laid out and intersected by canals, after the manner of most admired cities in Holland. To this Mynheer Hardenbroeck was diametrically opposed, suggesting in place thereof, that they should run out docks and wharfs, by means of piles, driven into the bottom of the river, on which the town should be built. In these means, said he triumphantly, shall we rescue considerable space of territory from these inimical rivers, and build a city that shall rival Amsterdam, Venice, or any amphibious city in Europe. To this proposition, Ten Broeck (or Ten Breeches) replied with a look of as much scorn as he could possibly assume. He cast the utmost censure upon the plan of his antagonist, as being preposterous, and against the very order of things, as he would leave to every man in Holland. "For what," said he, "is a town without canals?—it is like a body without veins and arteries, and must perish for want of a free circulation of the vital fluid."—Tough Breeches, on the contrary, retorted with a sarcasm upon his antagonist, who was somewhat of an arid, dry-boned habit: he remarked that as to the circulation of the blood being necessary to existence, Mynheer Ten Breeches was a living contradiction to his own assertion; for every body knew there had not a drop of blood circulated through a wind-dried carcass for good ten years, and yet that was not a greater busy body in the whole colony. Personalities have seldom much effect in making converts in argument—nor have I ever seen a man convinced of error by being convicted of deformity. At least such was not the case at present. Ten Breeches was very acrimonious in reply, and Tough Breeches who was a sturdy little man, and never gave up the last word, rejoined with increasing spirit.—Ten Breeches had the advantage of the greatest volubility in argument called obstinacy.—Ten Breeches was therefore, the most mettle, but Tough Breeches had the best bottom—so that though Ten Breeches made

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 ments, yet Tough Breeches hung on most resolutely
 the last. They parted, therefore, as is usual in
 arguments where both parties are in the right,
 without coming to any conclusion—but they hated
 each other most heartily for ever after, and a simi-
 lar breach with that between the houses of Capulet

Montague did ensue between the families of Teu-
 ches and Tough Breeches.

I would not fatigue my reader with these dull mat-
 ters of fact, but that my duty as a faithful historian
 requires that I should be particular—and in truth, as
 we now treating of the critical period, when our city,
 a young twig, first received the twists and turns
 that have since contributed to give it the present pic-
 turesque irregularity for which it is celebrated, I can-
 not be too minute in detailing their first causes.

After the unhappy altercation I have just mentioned,
 it is not found that any thing further was said on the
 subject worthy of being recorded. The council, con-
 sisting of the largest and oldest heads in the commu-
 nity, met regularly once a week, to ponder on this mo-
 stous subject. But either they were deterred by
 the war of words they had witnessed, or they were
 generally averse to the exercise of the tongue, and
 consequent exercise of the brains—certain it is,
 that most profound silence was maintained—the ques-
 tion as usual lay on the table—the members quietly
 smoked their pipes, making but few laws, without
 enforcing any, and in the mean time the affairs
 of the settlement went on—as it pleased God.

As most of the council were but little skilled in the
 mystery of combining pot-hooks and hangers, they
 determined most judiciously not to puzzle either them-
 selves or posterity with voluminous records. The
 secretary, however, kept the minutes of the council
 with tolerable precision, in a large vellum folio, fast-
 ened with massy brass clasps: the journal of each
 sitting consisted but of two lines, stating in Dutch,
 “the council sat this day, and smoked twelve
 pipes, on the affairs of the colony.” By which it ap-
 pears that the first settlers did not regulate their time
 by hours, but pipes, in the same manner as they mea-
 sure distances in Holland at this very time; an ad-
 mirably exact measurement, as a pipe in the mouth
 of a true-born Dutchman is never liable to those acci-
 dents and irregularities that are continually putting
 clocks out of order.

In this manner did the profound council of NEW-
 AMSTERDAM smoke, and doze, and ponder, from week
 to week, month to month, and year to year, in what
 manner they should construct their infant settlement
 meanwhile, the town took care of itself, and like a
 silly brat which is suffered to run about wild, un-
 checked by clouts and bandages, and other abomina-
 tions by which your notable nurses and sage old wo-
 man scribble and disfigure the children of men, increased
 rapidly in strength and magnitude, that before the
 first burgomasters had determined upon a plan, it

was too late to put it in execution—whereupon they
 wisely abandoned the subject altogether.

CHAPTER VII.

How the city of New-Amsterdam waxed great, under the protec-
 tion of Oloffte the Dreamer.

THERE is something exceedingly delusive in thus
 looking back, through the long vista of departed years,
 and catching a glimpse of the fairy realms of antiquity
 that lie beyond. Like some godly landscape melt-
 ing into distance, they receive a thousand charms
 from their very obscurity, and the fancy delights to
 fill up their outlines with graces and excellencies of
 its own creation. Thus beam on my imagination
 those happier days of our city, when as yet New-Am-
 sterdam was a mere pastoral town, shrouded in groves
 of sycamore and willows, and surrounded by trackless
 forests and wide-spreading waters, that seemed to
 shut out all the cares and vanities of a wicked world.

In those days did this embryo city present the rare
 and noble spectacle of a community governed without
 laws; and thus being left to its own course, and the
 fostering care of Providence, increased as rapidly as
 though it had been burthened with a dozen panniers
 full of those sage laws that are usually heaped on the
 backs of young cities—in order to make them grow.
 And in this particular I greatly admire the wisdom
 and sound knowledge of human nature, displayed by
 the sage Oloffte the Dreamer, and his fellow-legislators.
 For my part I have not so bad an opinion of mankind
 as many of my brother philosophers. I do not think
 poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship
 as they would make it out to be; and as far as I have
 observed, I am fully satisfied that man, if left to him-
 self, would about as regularly go right as wrong.
 It is only this eternally sound in his ears that it is his
 duty to go right, that makes him go the very reverse.
 The noble independence of his nature revolts at this
 intolerable tyranny of law, and the perpetual inter-
 ference of officious morality, which is ever besetting his
 path with finger-posts and directions to “keep to the
 right, as the law directs;” and like a spirited urchin,
 he turns directly contrary, and gallops through mud
 and mire, over hedges and ditches, merely to show
 that he is a lad of spirit, and out of his leading-strings.
 And these opinions are amply substantiated by what
 I have above said of our worthy ancestors; who never
 being be-preached and be-lectured, and guided and
 governed by statutes and laws and by-laws, as are
 their more enlightened descendants, did one and all
 demean themselves honestly and peaceably, out of pure
 ignorance, or, in other words—because they knew no
 better.

Nor must I omit to record one of the earliest mea-
 sures of this infant settlement, inasmuch as it shows
 the piety of our forefathers, and that, like good Chris-
 tians, they were always ready to serve God, after
 they had first served themselves. Thus, having

quietly settled themselves down, and provided for their own comfort, they bethought themselves of testifying their gratitude to the great and good St Nicholas, for his protecting care, in guiding them to this delectable abode. To this end they built a fair and goodly chapel within the fort, which they consecrated to his name; whereupon he immediately took the town of New-Amsterdam under his peculiar patronage, and he has ever since been, and I devoutly hope will ever be, the tutelary saint of this excellent city.

I am moreover told that there is a little legendary book, somewhere extant, written in Low Dutch, which says, that the image of this renowned saint, which whilome graced the bowsprit of the *Goede Vrouw*, was elevated in front of this chapel, in the very centre of what in modern days is called the *Bowling-Green*. And the legend further treats of divers miracles wrought by the mighty pipe, which the saint held in his mouth; a whiff of which was a sovereign cure for an indigestion—an invaluable relic in this colony of brave trenchermen. As, however, in spite of the most diligent search, I cannot lay my hands upon this little book, I must confess that I entertain considerable doubt on the subject.

Thus benignly fostered by the good St Nicholas, the burghers of New-Amsterdam beheld their settlement increase in magnitude and population, and soon become the metropolis of divers settlements, and an extensive territory. Already had the disastrous pride of colonies and dependencies, those banes of a sound-hearted empire, entered into their imaginations; and Fort Aurania on the Hudson, Fort Nassau on the Delaware, and Fort Goed Hoop on the Connecticut-river, seemed to be the darling offspring of the venerable council. Thus prosperously, to all appearance, did the province of New-Netherlands advance in power; and the early history of its metropolis presents a fair page, un sullied by crime or calamity.

Hordes of painted savages still lurked about the tangled forests and rich bottoms of the unsettled part of the island—the hunter pitched his rude bower of skins and bark beside the rills that ran through the cool and shady glens, while here and there might be seen on some sunny knoll, a group of Indian wigwams, whose smoke arose above the neighbouring trees, and floated in the transparent atmosphere. By degrees a mutual good-will had grown up between these wandering beings and the burghers of New-Amsterdam. Our benevolent forefathers endeavoured as much as possible to ameliorate their situation, by

The province, about this time, extended on the north to Fort Aurania, or Orange (now the city of Albany), situated about 160 miles up the Hudson-river. Indeed the province claimed quite to the river St Lawrence; but this claim was not much insisted on at the time, as the country beyond Fort Aurania was a perfect wilderness. On the south, the province reached to Fort Nassau, on the south river, since called the Delaware—and on the east it extended to the *Varshe* (or fresh) river, now the Connecticut. On this last frontier was likewise erected a fort or trading-house, much about the spot where at present is situated the pleasant town of Hartford. This was called Fort Goed Hoop (or Good Hope), and was intended as well for the purpose of trade as of defence.

giving them gin, rum, and glass beads, in exchange for their peltries; for it seems the kind-hearted Dutchmen had conceived a great friendship for their savage neighbours, on account of their being pleasant to trade with and little skilled in the art of making bargain.

Now and then a crew of these half human sons of the forest would make their appearance in the streets of New-Amsterdam, fantastically painted, and decorated with beads and flaunting feathers, sauntering about with an air of listless indifference—sometimes in the market-place instructing the little Dutch boys in the use of the bow and arrow—at other times, inflamed with liquor, swaggering and whooping and yelling about the town like so many fiends, to the great dismay of all the good wives, who would hasten their children into the house, fasten the doors, and throw water upon the enemy from the garret windows. It is worthy of mention here, that our forefathers were very particular in holding up these wild men as excellent domestic examples—and for reason that may be gathered from the history of master Oubly, who tells us, that “for the least offence the husband soundly beats his wife and turns her out of doors, and marries another, insomuch that some of them have every year a new wife.” Whether this awful example had any influence or not, history does not mention; but it is certain that our grandmothers were miracles of fidelity and obedience.

True it is, that the good understanding between our ancestors and their savage neighbours was liable to occasional interruptions, and I have heard my grandmother, who was a very wise old woman, as well versed in the history of these parts, tell a story, of a winter's evening, about a battle between the New-Amsterdammers and the Indians, which was known by the name of the *Peach War*, which took place near a peach orchard, in a glen, which for a long while went by the name of *Murderer's Valley*.

The legend of this sylvan war was long current among the nurses, old wives, and other ancient dwellers of the place; but time and improvement had almost obliterated both the tradition and the scene; for what was once the blood-stained valley, now in the centre of this populous city, and known by the name of *Dey-street*.

The accumulating wealth and consequence of New-Amsterdam and its dependencies at length awakened the tender solicitude of the mother country; and finding it a thriving and opulent colony, and that it promised to yield great profit and no trouble, she once became wonderfully anxious about its safety, and began to load it with tokens of regard, in the same manner that your knowing people are sure to overwhelm rich relations with their affection and obliging kindness.

The usual marks of protection shown by the mother country to wealthy colonies were forthwith manifested—the first care always being to send rulers

a new settlement, to be sent from it as it was appointed by our Lord 1624. He was appointed Governor of the Netherlands, under the High Mightinesses of the United Netherlands Company.

This renowned old man in the merry month in all the year, once up the transparent thrush, and a thrush, to take the woods to rook the luxurious little blossoms of the meadows, persuaded the who were skilled in the was to be a hap

But as it would be the first Dutch Governor of New-Netherlands to the end of a chapter, of my history, the dignity in the

WHICH IS RECORDED

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the renowned Wouter V likewise his unutterable moonhoven and Barent the public thereof.

GRIEVOUS and very task of the feeling of his native land recorder of calamities watered with his tears, prosperous and blissful the reflection that it now not whether it is the simplicity of foolishness of heart in me; but I candidly of the happier days of about a deep dejection hand do I withdraw the modest merit are rise to my men the mighty shades such are my feelings of the Knicke in the chamber with fathers, shrouded in

new settlement, with orders to squeeze as much revenue from it as it will yield. Accordingly, in the year of our Lord 1629, Mynheer WOUTER VAN TWILLER was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw-Nederlands, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States-General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New-Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when Dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament—when the robin thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover-blossoms of the meadows—all which happy coincidences persuaded the old dames of New-Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

But as it would be derogatory to the consequence of the first Dutch governor of the great province of Nieuw-Nederlands to be thus scurvily introduced at the end of a chapter, I will put an end to this second book of my history, that I may usher him in with becoming dignity in the beginning of my next.

BOOK III.

WHICH IS RECORDED THE GOLDEN REIGN OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

CHAPTER I.

The renowned Wouter Van Twiller, his unparalleled virtues—his likewise his unutterable wisdom in the law case of Wandje Schoothoven and Barent Bleecker—and the great admiration of the public thereat.

GRIEVOUS and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian, who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page watered with his tears—nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh and reflection that it has passed away for ever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love of the simplicity of former times, or to that certain bitterness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back to the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without a deep dejection of the spirits. With faltering hand I withdraw the curtain of oblivion that veils the modest merit of our ancestors, and as their virtues rise to my mental vision, humble myself beneath the mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they re-

present. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the steady march of existence—whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped forever!

These, say I to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas! have long since mouldered in that tomb, towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence—their countenances to assume the animation of life—their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, Jess Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortune—a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land—blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children; but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes, where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs—on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which never more will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata!

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magi *træov* in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all sage magistrates and rulers.

His surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijffer*, which in English means *Doubter*; a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn, that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every subject on so comprehensive a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it; so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice—one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vapour-

ing, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts—by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented by a discerning world with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing—and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that “he had his doubts about the matter”—which in process of time gained him the character of a man slow of belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back bone, just between the shoulders. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labour of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a robustions beer-barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his fullfed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours; and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know

whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak hewn from the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by the experienced Timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre he swung a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasper and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the powerful Barbary powers.—In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects—at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds which his admirers declared were merely the noise of a conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the commission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the colouring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; yea, so true and benevolent was his reign, that I do not hesitate throughout the whole of it a single instance of an offender being brought to punishment—a most remarkable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal firmness, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been solemnly installed in office, and while he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New-Am-

sterdam, who complained much as he framed a settlement of accounts in favour of the miller, as I have already said; he was like a writing-writer—writing writings—or, as the Dutch say, Hoving listened to Wandle Schoonhoven, who shovelled a spoonful of soup—either as a sign of comprehension of the matter, or as a sign of constable; and pulling out a jack-knife, displayed a summons, according to the summary process, as was the seal of authority among the true law officers, written in a large hand, which puzzled any but a learned decipherer to understand. The sage Wouter, and having pointed to the countess, who had been introduced into a very great room without saying a word, sat beside his nose, and with the air of a man who had an idea by the tail of his mouth, puffed for some time with marvellous gusto—that, having carefully perused the books, it was as heavy as a stone, and as heavy as a stone, in the opinion of the countess, who was fully balanced—then he took a receipt, and Barthelemy—and the constable, his decision being made, and general joy throughout the province, the people immediately followed, and equitable measures, and its happiest effect was to place throughout the province the office of constable, who was not one of the best, but for many years, and dwelling on this tract, it was one of the most important, and well known magistrates; but because of the history of the reign, he was ever known throughout the whole course of his

CHAPTER II.

Containing some account of the grand council of New-Amsterdam; as also divers especial good philosophical reasons why an alderman should be fat—with other particulars touching the state of the province.

IN treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen, who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, hen-pecked beings in the community: doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside.—Set up, like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whipster and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority, vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains, lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which it is well known is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station—squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff—five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen, and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, sub-devils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeesters; in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day; it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters; to hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation-dinners; and to discharge such other little offices of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted entirely, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen—who actually died of suffocation in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of Burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public

man, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he fraudulently refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favour of the said Wandie. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multi-lingual writings—or to being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandie Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth—either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story—he called unto him his attendant; and pulling out of his breeches-pocket a large jack-knife, dispatched it after the defendant a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun Alrasheed among the true believers. The two parties being presented before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would puzzle any but a High Dutch commentator, or learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks, to understand. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted the number of leaves, fell straightly into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a new idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced—that, having carefully counted the leaves, and compared the books, it was found that one was just as light and as heavy as the other—therefore it was the opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced—therefore Wandie should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandie a receipt—and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision being straightway made known, diffused a general joy throughout New-Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. The happiest effect was, that not another law-suit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I think it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates; but because it was a remarkable event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the first time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

kitchen—being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junketings, and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burglars of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men, in a small way—who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the alms-house, and the bridewell—that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty—that shall give to their beck a hound-like pack of catch-poles and bum-bailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down!—My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catch-poles, bum-bailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all sound thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study—For as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, “there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their physical constitution—between their habits and the structure of their bodies.” Thus we see, that a lean, spare, diminutive body, is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind—either the mind wears down the body by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe, that your well-fed, robustious burghers, are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls—one, immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and

regulate the body—a second, consisting of the irascible passions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart—a third, mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind? His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the head-chamber, are usually half closed, that its sensations may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant passions, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its roaring and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighbourhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest—whereupon a host of honest good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain peacefully peeping out of the loop-holes of the heart, find this Cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, break out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol and down the diaphragm—disposing their possessors to laughter, good humour, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow-mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this maxim, think but very little, they are the less likely to quarrel and wrangle about favourite opinions—and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne, conscious of this, and, therefore, (a pitiful measure for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his capitularies, that no judge should hold a court of justice except in the morning, on an empty stomach: a maxim which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed, that the aldermen, the best fed men in the community; feasting luxuriously on the fat thungs of the land, and gorging so heartily on oysters and turtles, that in process of time they acquire the activity of the snail, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, that they have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, that the rational and irrational, that their transactions are verbal for unvarying monotony—and the profane laws, which they enact in their dozing moments, and the labours of digestion, are quietly suffered to rest as dead letters, and never enforced when awake. A word, your fair round-bellied burgomaster, the full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house-door,

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ays at home, and always at hand to watch over its
ty—but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate
the office, as has now and then been done, I would
soon put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race-
horse to drag an ox-waggon.

The burgomasters, then, as I have already men-
tioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the sche-
nics, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend
upon them, and help them eat; but the latter, in the
course of time, when they had been fed and fattened
to sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain,
came very eligible candidates for the burgomasters'
chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a
porker eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in
a goodly, blue-nosed, skimmed-milk, New-England
cheese.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that
took place between the renowned Wouter and these
his worthy compeers, unless it be those of some of
the modern corporations. They would sit for hours
talking and dozing over public affairs, without speak-
ing a word to interrupt that perfect stillness, so ne-
cessary to deep reflection.—Under their sober sway,
the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually
emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibit-
ing that mingled appearance of town and country cus-
tomary in new cities, and which at this day may be
traced in the city of Washington; that immense
metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on
the coast.

It was a pleasing sight in those times to behold the
chief burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the
bench at the door of his white-washed house, under
the shade of some gigantic sycamore or over-hanging
elm. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry
afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and lis-
tening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his
geese, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunt-
ing of his swine; that combination of farm-yard me-
lody, which may truly be said to have a silver sound,
inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable
marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the
streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea
of the different appearance they presented in the pri-
mitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multi-
tudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages
in fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the
heart-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were
unknown in the settlement of New-Amsterdam. The
mass grew quietly in the highways—the bleating
deep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant
meads, where now the Broadway loungers take their
evening stroll—the cunning fox or ravenous wolf
stalked in the woods, where now are to be seen the
gangs of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money-
lenders—and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about
the fields, where now the great Tammany wigwag
and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the
strangings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality
of rank and property prevail, equally removed from
the arrogance of wealth and the servility and heart-
burnings of repining poverty—and what in my mind
is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony
among friends, a happy equality of intellect was like-
wise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of
New-Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one
mould, and to be those honest, blunt minds, which,
like certain manufactures, are made by the gross, and
considered as exceedingly good for common use.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are ge-
nerally preferred for public employ, and especially
promoted to city honours; your keen intellects, like
razors, being considered too sharp for common ser-
vice. I know that it is usual to rail at the unequal dis-
tribution of riches, as the great source of jealousies,
broils, and heart-breakings; whereas, for my part, I
verily believe it to be the sad inequality of intellect,
that embroils communities more than any thing else;
and I have remarked that your knowing people, who
are so much wiser than any body else, are eternally
keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New-Am-
sterdam, nothing of the kind was known within its
walls—the very words of learning, education, taste,
and talents, were unheard of—a bright genius was an
animal unknown, and a blue-stocking lady would have
been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog
or a fiery dragon. No man, in fact, seemed to know
more than his neighbour; nor any man to know more
than an honest man ought to know, who has nobody's
business to mind but his own; the parson and the
council clerk were the only men that could read in the
community, and the sage Van Twiller always signed
his name with a cross.

Thrice-happy and ever-to-be-envied little burgh!
existing in all the security of harmless insignificance;
unnoticed and unenvied by the world; without ambi-
tion, without vain-glory, without riches, and all their
train of carking cares—and as of yore, in the better
days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on
earth and bless his rural habitations, so we are told,
in the sylvan days of New-Amsterdam, the good St
Nicholas would often make his appearance, in his be-
loved city, of a holiday afternoon; riding jollily among
the tree tops, or over the roofs of the houses, now and
then drawing forth magnificent presents from his
breeches pockets, and dropping them down the chim-
neys of his favourites. Whereas in these degenerate
days of iron and brass he never shows us the light of
his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in
the year, when he rattles down the chimneys of the
descendants of the patriarchs; but confines his presents
merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of
the parents.

Such are the comfortable and thriving effects of a
fat government. The province of the New-Nether-
lands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranqui-
lity that wealth could never purchase. There were
neither public commotions, nor private quarrels; nei-

ther parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neither persecutions, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were there counsellors, attorneys, catch-poles, nor hangmen. Every man attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbour. In those days nobody meddled with concerns above his comprehension; nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others—but in a word, every respectable citizen ate when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed, when the sun set, and the fowls went to roost, whether he were sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New-Amsterdam made a point of enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace—this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favourite Dutch maxim, that “more than enough constitutes a feast.” Every thing therefore went on exactly as it should do, and, in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, “the profoundest tranquillity and repose reigned throughout the province.”

CHAPTER III.

How the town of New-Amsterdam arose out of mud, and came to be marvellously polished and polite—together with a picture of the manners of our great grandfathers.

MANIFOLD are the tastes and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell, and foam, with untried valour, like a barrel of new cider, or a train-band captain fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and revelling in gunpowder and carnage. Others, who are of a less martial, but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvellous, will dwell with wondrous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hair-breadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrations, that do just amble along the boundary line of possibility.—A third class, who, not to speak slightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times as they do over the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the other catalogues of hideous crimes, which like cayenne in cookery, do give

a pungency and flavour to the dull detail of history while a fourth class, of more philosophical habits, pore over the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human mind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners, effected by the progress of knowledge, and the vicissitudes of events, the influence of situation.

If the three first classes find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of William Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for a while, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them, that as soon as I can possibly light upon anything horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall be hard but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being premised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, if possible, women after my own heart: grave, philosophical, and investigating; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hauling a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first developement of the newly-hatched colony, and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller, or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New-Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like so many pains-taking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labours. They will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, gable windows, and tiled roof; from the tangled thickets to the luxuriant cabbage-garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a benevolent government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry. The sage council, as has been mentioned in the preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon a plan for the building of their city, the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge; and as they went to and from pasture, trod blished paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses: which is the cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinth, which distinguish certain streets of New-York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and abutted on the street,—as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date

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erection was curiously designated by iron figures the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, mounted so many different ways, that every man could give a wind to his mind;—the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost admiration of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, or years' days, the festival of St Nicholas, or some other great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily furnished with such religious zeal, that it was oft-times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be splashing in water—insomuch that an historian of the city gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen used to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and one of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a-week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly with their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, and flanking it with fine white sand, which was carefully stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, and scrubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have a numerous household assembled about the fire, would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which

float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together: the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New-England witches—grisly ghosts—horses without heads—and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six; unless in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or *oly-koeks*—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the be-

verage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, *yah, Mynheer, or yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing further particulars of the Golden Age, and what constituted a fine Lady and Gentleman in the days of Walter the Doubter.

IN this dulcet period of my history, when the beautiful island of Manna-hata presented a scene, the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write.

Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon tranquillity, the honesty, and gray-beard customs society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of a was scrupulously pomatumed back from their heads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarcely reaching below the knee; but then they made up the number, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen's small-clothes: and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days, in which every man staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pocket—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patch-work into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady Wouter Van Twiller had occasion once to empty his right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories; the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinners. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable, foot; set off with a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex has in all ages, shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or to gratify an innocent love-flattery.

From the sketch here given, it will be seen that good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball-room. Nor were they the less admired by gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object—

ominous damsel, declared by a Lord to be radiant as a blown cabbage. A lover could time; whereas the room enough of which I parts of the gentlemen of the ladies served for physiologists but there was a sense, which, no doubt, entertained gallants. The days her only fond of petticoats and dress as is a Kamscha, or a Lapland beauty, the ladies, therefore, the powerful attraction of the best rooms in the world, adorned with caricatures and needle-work, an abundance of hours and the proper ostentation of our Dutch gentlemen, in the gay world in the most particular, with their merits would be an expression upon the her drove their carriage yet those gaudy neither did they dancy at the table, a watchmen; for on a disposition to neglect their soul throughout were nine o'clock. Not to gentility at the those offenders at the tranquillity of a unknown in New-made the clothes even the goede might it no disparagement-woolsey galligask but that there were who manifested fire and spirit; waded about docks and line; squandered great hustle-cap and bought cocks, and ran short, who promise abomination of the been unfortunate with a whipping-

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minous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, declared by a Low-Dutch sonneteer of the prope to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady's time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has room enough to accommodate half a dozen—The son of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller—this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the valent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolutely as rich as is a Kamschatka damsel with a store of bearskins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of rein-deer. Ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display the powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; in the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of Dame Nature, in water-courses and needle-work, were always hung round an abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females—a piece of ostentation that still prevails among the princesses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous dansels whose merits they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, that their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their carriages nor sported their tandems, as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of; neither did they distinguish themselves by their proficiency at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen; for our forefathers were of too pious a disposition to need those guardians of the night, who were sent to their souls throughout the town being sound asleep at nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their pretensions to gentility at the expense of their tailors—for they set those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, as unknown in New-Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the *goede vrouw* of Van Twiller himself might it no disparagement to cut out her husband's breeches of fine wooley galligaskins.

But that there were some two or three young fellows who manifested the first dawns of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labour in contempt; who loitered about docks and market-places; loitered in the streets; squandered what little money they could come at in a hustle-cap and chuck-farthing; swore, boxed ears, and raced their neighbours' horses; who, short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, the abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short, by an affair of honour with a whipping-post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons. Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage, and his hair dangled down his back, in a prodigious queue of eel-skin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which *Acis* did sweetly tune in praise of his *Galatea*, but one of true Delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honourable terms.

Such was the happy reign of *Wouter Van Twiller*, celebrated in many a long-forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace—the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted by ribald street-walkers or vagabond boys—those unlucky urchins, who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth the thorns and briars of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach: for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a shield of good linsey-woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull-hides of the invincible *Ajax*?

Ah blissful, and never-to-be-forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again—when *Buttermilk channel* was quite dry at low water—when the *shad* in the *Hudson* were all salmon, and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light, which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!

Happy would it have been for *New-Amsterdam* could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity: but, alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares, and miseries of the world. Let no man congratulate himself, when he beholds the child of his bosom, or the city of his birth, increasing in magnitude and importance—let the history of his own life teach him the dangers of the one, and let this excellent little history of *Manna-hata* convince him of the calamities of the other.

CHAPTER V.

In which the reader is beguiled into a delectable walk, which ends very differently from what it commenced.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four, on a fine afternoon, in the glowing month of September, I took my customary walk upon the Battery, which is at once the pride and bulwark of this ancient and impregnable city of New-York. The ground on which I trod was hallowed by recollections of the past, and as I slowly wandered through the long alley of poplars, which like so many birch brooms standing on end, diffused a melancholy and lugubrious shade, my imagination drew a contrast between the surrounding scenery, and what it was in the classic days of our forefathers. Where the government-house by name, but the custom-house by occupation, proudly reared its brick walls and wooden pillars, there whilome stood the low, but substantial, red-tiled mansion of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. Around it the mighty bulwarks of Fort Amsterdam frowned defiance to every absent foe; but, like many a whiskered warrior and gallant militia captain, confined their martial deeds to frowns alone. The mud breastworks had long been levelled with the earth, and their site converted into the green walls and leafy alleys of the Battery; where the gay apprentice sported his Sunday coat, and the laborious mechanic, relieved from dirt and drudgery, poured his weekly tale of love into the half-averted ear of the sentimental chambermaid. The capacious bay still presented the same expansive sheet of water, studied with islands, sprinkled with fishing-boats, and bounded by shores of picturesque beauty. But the dark forests which once clothed these shores had been violated by the savage hand of cultivation, and their tangled mazes, and impenetrable thickets, had degenerated into teeming orchards and waving fields of grain. Even Governor's Island, once a smiling garden, appertaining to the sovereigns of the province, was now covered with fortifications, inclosing a tremendous block-house—so that this once-peaceful island resembled a fierce little warrior in a big cocked hat, breathing gunpowder and defiance to the world!

For some time did I indulge in this pensive train of thought; contrasting, in sober sadness, the present day with the hallowed years behind the mountains; lamenting the melancholy progress of improvement, and praising the zeal with which our worthy burghers endeavour to preserve the wrecks of venerable customs, prejudices, and errors, from the overwhelming tide of modern innovation—when by degrees my ideas took a different turn, and I insensibly awakened to an enjoyment of the beauties around me.

It was one of those rich autumnal days which Heaven particularly bestows upon the beauteous island of Manna-hata and its vicinity—not a floating cloud obscured the azure firmament—the sun, rolling in glorious splendour through his ethereal course,

seemed to expand his honest Dutch countenance in an unusual expression of benevolence, as he made his evening salutation upon a city, which he deigned to visit with his most bounteous beams—the winds seemed to hold in their breaths in mute attention, lest they should ruffle the tranquillity of the hour—and the waveless bosom of the bay presented a polished mirror, in which nature beheld herself smiled.—The standard of our city, reserved, like choice handkerchief, for days of gala, hung motionless on the flag-staff, which forms the handle of the gigantic churn; and even the tremulous leaves of poplar and the aspen ceased to vibrate to the breeze of heaven. Every thing seemed to acquiesce in the peaceful repose of nature.—The formidable eight-pounders slept in the embrasures of the wooden batteries, seemingly gathering fresh strength to fight the battles of their country on the next fourth of July—the solitary drum on Governor's Island forgot to beat the garrison to their *shovels*—the evening gun had not yet sounded its signal for all the regular, and meaning poultry throughout the country to go to roost; and the fleet of canoes, at anchor between Gibbet Island and Communipaw, slumbered on their rakes, and suffered the innocent oysters to lie on the shore while unmolested in the soft mud of their native beds.—My own feelings sympathized with the contrast of tranquillity, and I should infallibly have dozed had not one of those fragments of benches, which our benevolent magistrates have provided for the benefit of the convalescent loungers, had not the extraordinary convenience of the couch set all repose at defiance.

In the midst of this slumber of the soul, my attention was attracted to a black speck, peering above the western horizon, just in the rear of Bergen steeply ascending, gradually it augments and overhangs the woods of Jersey, Harsimus, and Hoboken, which, like three jockeys, are starting on the course of existence and jostling each other at the commencement of the race. Now it skirts the long shore of ancient Pennsylvania, spreading its wide shadows from the high mountains to the elements at Weehawk quite to the lazaretto and the quarantine, erected by the sagacity of our police, to prevent the embarrassment of commerce—now it climbs the steep and rene vault of heaven, cloud rolling over cloud, shading the orb of day, darkening the vast expanse, bearing thunder and hail and tempest in its bosom. The earth seems agitated at the confusion of the heavens—the late waveless mirror is lashed into furious waves, that roll in hollow murmurs to the shore—the oyster-boats, which erst sported in the placid bay, are hurrying towards Gibbet Island, now hurry affrighted to the land—the poplar writhes and twists and whistles to the blast—torrents of drenching rain and some hail deluge the Battery walks—the gates are thronged by apprentices, servant-maids, and little French boys, with pocket-handkerchiefs over their hats, screaming from the storm—the late beauteous prospect presents a scene of anarchy and wild uproar, as the old Chaos had resumed his reign, and was hurrying into one vast tumult.

CHAPTER VI.

Faithfully describing the ingenious people of Connecticut and thereabouts—Showing, moreover, the true meaning of liberty of conscience, and a curious device among these sturdy barbarians, to keep up a harmony of intercourse, and promote population.

THAT my readers may the more fully comprehend the extent of the calamity at this very moment impending over the honest, unsuspecting province of Nieuw-Nederlands, and its dubious governor, it is necessary that I should give some account of a horde of strange barbarians bordering upon the eastern frontier.

Now so it came to pass that many years previous to the time of which we are treating, the sage cabinet of England had adopted a certain national creed, a kind of public walk of faith, or rather a religious turnpike, in which every loyal subject was directed to travel to Zion—taking care to pay the *toll-gatherers* by the way.

Albeit, a certain shrewd race of men, being very much given to indulge their own opinions, on all manner of subjects (a propensity exceedingly offensive to your free governments of Europe), did most presumptuously dare to think for themselves in matters of religion, exercising what they considered a natural and unextinguishable right—the liberty of conscience.

As, however, they possessed that ingenious habit of mind which always thinks aloud; which rides cock-a-loop on the tongue, and is for ever galloping into other people's ears, it naturally followed that their liberty of conscience likewise implied *liberty of speech*, which being freely indulged, soon put the country in a hubbub, and aroused the pious indignation of the vigilant fathers of the church.

The usual methods were adopted to reclaim them, that in those days were considered so efficacious in bringing back stray sheep to the fold; that is to say, they were coaxed, they were admonished, they were menaced, they were buffeted—line upon line, precept upon precept, lash upon lash, here a little and there a great deal, were exhausted without mercy, and without success; until at length the worthy pastors of the church, wearied out by their unparalleled stubbornness, were driven, in the excess of their tender mercy, to adopt the Scripture text, and literally “heaped live embers on their heads.”

Nothing, however, could subdue that invincible spirit of independence which has ever distinguished this singular race of people, so that rather than submit to such horrible tyranny, they one and all embarked for the wilderness of America, where they might enjoy, unmolested, the inestimable luxury of talking. No sooner did they land on this loquacious soil, than, as if they had caught the disease from the climate, they all lifted up their voices at once, and for the space of one whole year did keep up such a joyful clamour, that we are told they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighbourhood, and so

back into one vast turmoil the conflicting elements of nature.

Whether I fled from the fury of the storm, or remained boldly at my post, as our gallant train-bands, who march their soldiers through the rain about flinching, are points which I leave to the conjecture of the reader. It is possible he may be a little perplexed also to know the reason why I have introduced this tremendous tempest, to disturb the serenity of my work. On this latter point I will gratuitously instruct his ignorance. The panorama view of Battery was given merely to gratify the reader with a correct description of that celebrated place, and the parts adjacent: secondly the storm was played off, partly to give a little bustle and life to this quiet part of my work, and to keep my drowsy readers from falling asleep, and partly to serve as an introduction to the tempestuous times that are about to fall upon the pacific province of Nieuw-Nederlands, and to overhang the slumbrous administration of the now renowned Wouter Van Twiller. It is thus the experienced play-wright puts all the fiddles, the French horns, the kettle-drums, and trumpets of his orchestra in requisition, to usher in one of those horrible brimstone uproars called melo-dramas; and it is in due season he discharges his thunder, his lightning, his sulphur, and saltpetre, preparatory to the rising of a comet, or the murdering of a hero. We will now proceed with our history.

Whatever may be advanced by philosophers to the contrary, I am of opinion, that, as to nations, the old maxim, that “honesty is the best policy,” is a sheer pernicious mistake. It might have answered well enough in the honest times when it was made, but in these degenerate days, if a nation pretends to rely solely upon the justice of its dealings, it will fare as ill as an honest man among thieves, who, unless he have something more than his honesty to depend upon, stands but a poor chance of profiting by the company. Such at least was the case with the lawless government of the New-Netherlands; which, like a worthy unsuspecting old burgher, quietly settled himself down into the city of New-Amsterdam, as it were, in a snug elbow-chair, and fell into a comfortable slumber; while, in the mean time, its cunning neighbours crept in and picked its pockets. Thus may we see the commencement of all the woes of this province, and its magnificent metropolis, to the great and quiet security, or, to speak more accurately, to the unfortunate honesty of its government. But as I have now like to begin an important part of my history towards the end of a chapter; and as my readers, weary of myself, must doubtless be exceedingly fatigued by the long walk we have taken, and the tempest which we have sustained, I hold it meet we shut up the volume, smoke a pipe, and having thus refreshed our spirits, take a fair start in the next chapter.

completely dumb-founded certain fish, which abound on their coast, that they have been called *dumb-fish* ever since.

From this simple circumstance, unimportant as it may seem, did first originate that renowned privilege so loudly boasted of throughout this country—which is so eloquently exercised in newspapers, pamphlets, ward-meetings, pot-house committees, and congressional deliberations—which establishes the right of talking without ideas and without information—of misrepresenting public affairs—of decrying public measures—of aspersing great characters, and destroying little ones; in short, that grand palladium of our country, the *liberty of speech*.

The simple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated these strange folk in utter astonishment, but discovering that they wielded harmless though noisy weapons, and were a lively, ingenious, good-humoured race of men, they became very friendly and sociable, and gave them the name of *Yanokies*, which in the Mais-Tehusaeg (or Massachusetts) language signifies *silent men*—a waggish appellation, since shortened into the familiar epithet of *YANKEES*, which they retain unto the present day.

True it is, and my fidelity as an historian will not allow me to pass it over in silence, that the zeal of these good people to maintain their rights and privileges unimpair'd, did for a while betray them into errors, which it is easier to pardon than defend. Having served a regular apprenticeship in the school of persecution, it behoved them to show that they had become proficient in the art. They accordingly employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging, or hanging, divers heretical papists, quakers, and anabaptists, for daring to abuse the *liberty of conscience*; which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion—*provided* he thought *right*; for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now as they (the majority) were perfectly convinced that *they alone* thought right, it consequently followed, that whoever thought different from them thought wrong—and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire.

Now I'll warrant there are hosts of my readers ready at once to lift up their hands and eyes, with that virtuous indignation with which we always contemplate the faults and errors of our neighbours, and to exclaim at these well-meaning but mistaken people, for inflicting on others the injuries they had suffered themselves—for indulging the preposterous idea of convincing the mind by tormenting the body, and establishing the doctrine of charity and forbearance by intolerant persecution. But, in simple truth, what are we doing at this very day, and in this very enlightened nation, but acting upon the very same

principle, in our political controversies? Have we not within but a few years released ourselves from the shackles of a government which cruelly denied us the privilege of governing ourselves, and using full latitude that invaluable member, the tongue?—are we not at this very moment striving our best to tyrannise over the opinions, tie up the tongues, ruin the fortunes of one another? What are our great political societies but mere political inquisitions—our pot-house committees but little tribunals of denunciation—our newspapers but mere whipping-post and pillories, where unfortunate individuals are pecked with rotten eggs—and our council of appointments but a grand *auto da fe*, where culprits are annually sacrificed for their political heresies?

Where, then, is the difference in principle between our measures and those you are so ready to condemn among the people I am treating of? There is none—the difference is merely circumstantial.—Thus we *denounce*, instead of banishing—we *libel*, instead of scourging—we *turn out of office*, instead of hanging—and where they burned an offender *in propria persona*, we either tar or feather or *burn him in effigy*—this political persecution being, somehow or other, the grand palladium of our liberties, and an incontrovertible proof that this is a *free country*!

But notwithstanding the fervent zeal with which this holy war was prosecuted against the whole race of unbelievers, we do not find that the population of this new colony was in any wise hindered thereby; the contrary, they multiplied to a degree which would be incredible to any man unacquainted with the venellous fecundity of this growing country.

This amazing increase may indeed be partly ascribed to a singular custom prevalent among them, commonly known by the name of *bundling*—a superstitious rite observed by the young people of both sexes, with which they usually terminated their festivities, and which was kept up with religious strictness, and the more bigoted and vulgar part of the community. This ceremony was likewise, in those primitive times, considered as an indispensable preliminary to matrimony; their courtships commencing where they usually finish—by which means they acquired an intimate acquaintance with each other's good qualities before marriage, which has been pronounced by philosophers the sure basis of a happy union. The early did this cunning and ingenious people display shrewdness at making a bargain, which has since distinguished them—and a strict adherence to the good old vulgar maxim about “buying a horse in a poke.”

To this sagacious custom, therefore, do I dare not attribute the unparalleled increase of the yanokie yankee tribe; for it is a certain fact, well authenticated by court records and parish registers, that wherever the practice of bundling prevailed, there was an amazing number of sturdy brats annually added unto the state, without the licence of the law or the benefit of clergy. Neither did the irregularity of the

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orth operate in the least to their disparagement. On the contrary, they grew up a long-sided, raw-boned, hardy race of whorson whalers, woodcutters, fishermen, and pellers, and strapping corn-fed wenches; who by their united efforts tended marvellously towards populating those notable tracts of country called Nantucket, Piscataway, and Cape Cod.

CHAPTER VII.

How these singular barbarians the Yanokles turned out to be notorious squatters. How they built air castles, and attempted to imitate the Federlanders in the mystery of bundling.

Is the last chapter I have given a faithful and unprejudiced account of the origin of that singular race of people, inhabiting the country eastward of Nieuw-Federlandts; but I have yet to mention certain peculiar habits which rendered them exceedingly obnoxious to our ever-honoured Dutch ancestors.

The most prominent of these was a certain rambling propensity, with which, like the sons of Ishmael, they seem to have been gifted by heaven, and which continually goads them on to shift their residence from place to place,—so that a Yankee farmer is in constant state of migration; *tarrying* occasionally here and there, clearing lands for other people to enjoy, building houses for others to inhabit, and in manner may be considered the wandering Arab of America.

His first thought, on coming to the years of manhood, is to *settle* himself in the world—which means nothing more nor less than to begin his rambles. To this end he takes unto himself for a wife some buxom country heiress, passing rich in red ribands, glass beads, and mock tortoiseshell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple sweetmeats, and pumpkin pie.

Having thus provided himself, like a pedler, with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on the peregrination. His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in hand, whistles "yankee doodle," and judges off to the woods, confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully upon his own resources, as did ever a patriarch of yore when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log hut, clears away a corn-field and potato-catch, and, Providence smiling upon his labours, is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their equality of size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toadstools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublu-

nary enjoyment—*improvement* is his darling passion; and having thus improved his lands, the next care is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge palace of pine boards immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions; but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague.

By the time the outside of this mighty air castle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together—while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of dried apples and peaches. The outside, remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches, to stuff into the broken windows: while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about this aerial palace, and play as many unruly gambols as they did of yore in the cave of old Æolus.

The humble log hut, which whilome nestled this *improving* family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, stands hard by, in ignominious contrast, degraded into a cow-house or pig-sty; and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who abandoned the humble habitation which he had long filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster—where he would no doubt have resided with great style and splendour, the envy and hate of all the pains-taking snails of his neighbourhood, had he not perished with cold, in one corner of his stupendous mansion.

Being thus completely settled, and, to use his own words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation; to read newspapers, talk politics, neglect his own affairs, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful and patriotic citizen; but now it is that his wayward disposition begins again to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement—sells his farm, air castle, petticoat windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands—again to fell trees, again to clear corn-fields, again to build a shingle palace, and again to sell off, and wander.

Such were the people of Connecticut, who bordered upon the eastern frontier of Nieuw-Neiderlandts, and my readers may easily imagine what neighbours this light-hearted but restless tribe must have been to our tranquil progenitors. If they cannot, I would ask them, if they have ever known one of our regular well-organized Dutch families, whom it hath pleased Heaven to afflict with the neighbourhood of a French boarding-house? The honest old burgher cannot take his afternoon's pipe, on the bench before his door,

but he is persecuted with the scraping of fiddles, the chattering of women, and the squalling of children—he cannot sleep at night for the horrible melodies of some amateur, who chooses to serenade the moon, and display his terrible proficiency in *execution* on the clarionet, the hautboy, or some other soft-toned instrument—nor can he leave the street-door open but his house is defiled by the unsavoury visits of a troop of pug dogs, who even sometimes carry their loathsome ravages into the sanctum sanctorum, the parlour.

If my readers have ever witnessed the sufferings of such a family, so situated, they may form some idea how our worthy ancestors were distressed by their mercurial neighbours of Connecticut.

Gangs of these marauders, we are told, penetrated into the New-Netherland settlements, and threw whole villages into consternation by their unparalleled volubility, and their intolerable inquisitiveness—two evil habits hitherto unknown in those parts, or only known to be abhorred; for our ancestors were noted as being men of truly Spartan taciturnity, who neither knew nor cared aught about any body's concerns but their own. Many enormities were committed on the highways, where several unoffending burghers were brought to a stand, and tortured with questions and guesses; which outrages occasioned as much vexation and heart-burning as does the modern right of search on the high seas.

Great jealousy did they likewise stir up by their intermeddlings and successes among the divine sex; for being a race of brisk, comely pleasant-tongued varlets, they soon seduced the affections of the simple damsels, from their ponderous Dutch gallants. Among other hideous customs, they attempted to introduce among them that of *bundling*, which the Dutch lasses of the Netherlands, with that eager passion for novelty and foreign fashions natural to their sex, seemed very well inclined to follow; but that their mothers, being more experienced in the world, and better acquainted with men and things, strenuously discountenanced all such outlandish innovations.

But what chiefly operated to embroil our ancestors with these strange folk was an unwarrantable liberty which they occasionally took of entering in hordes into the territories of the New-Netherlands, and settling themselves down, without leave or licence, to *improve* the land, in the manner I have before noticed. This unceremonious mode of taking possession of *new land* was technically termed *squatting*, and hence is derived the appellation of *squatters*; a name odious in the ears of all great landholders, and which is given to those enterprising worthies, who seize upon land first, and take their chance to make good their title it afterwards.

All these grievances, and many others which were constantly accumulating, tended to form that dark and portentous cloud, which, as I observed in a former chapter, was slowly gathering over the tranquil province of New-Netherlands. The pacific cabinet of

Van Twiller, however, as will be perceived in the sequel, bore them all with a magnanimity that redounded to their immortal credit—becoming by passive endurance inured to this increasing mass of wrongs; like that mighty man of old, who, by dint of carrying about a calf from the time it was born, continued to carry it without difficulty when it had grown to be an ox.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the fort Goed Hoop was fearfully beleaguered—how the renowned Wouter fell into a profound doubt, and how he finally evaporated.

By this time my readers must fully perceive what an arduous task I have undertaken—collecting and collating, with painful minuteness, the chronicles of past times, whose events almost defy the powers of research—exploring a kind of little Herculaneum of history, which had lain buried under the rubbish of years, and almost totally forgotten—raking up the limbs and fragments of disjointed facts, and endeavoring to put them scrupulously together, so as to restore them to their original form and connexion—now laying forth the character of an almost-forgotten hero like a mutilated statue—now deciphering a half-defaced inscription, and now lighting upon a mouldering manuscript, which, after painful study, scarce repays the trouble of perusal.

In such case how much has the reader to depend upon the honour and probity of his author, lest, like a cunning antiquarian, he either impose upon him some spurious fabrication for a precious relic from antiquity—or else dress up the dismembered fragments with such false trappings, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the truth from the fiction with which it is enveloped. This is a grievance which I have more than once had to lament in the course of my wearisome researches among the works of my fellow historians who have strangely disguised and distorted the facts respecting this country, and particularly respecting the great province of New-Netherlands; as will be perceived by any who will take the trouble to compare their romantic effusions, tricked out in the meretricious gauds of fable, with this authentic history.

I have had more vexations of the kind to encounter in those parts of my history which treat of the transactions on the eastern border than in any other, in consequence of the troops of historians who have infested those quarters, and have shown the brave people of Nieuw-Nederlands no mercy in their words. Among the rest, Mr Benjamin Trumbull arrogantly declares, that “the Dutch were always mere impostors.”—Now to this I shall make no other reply than to proceed in the steady narration of my history, which will contain not only proofs that the Dutch had the title and possession in the fair valleys of the Connecticut, and that they were wrongfully dispossessed thereof—but, likewise, that they have been scandalously maltreated ever since, by the misrepresentations

of the crafty Indians. This I shall be guilty of, and a regard to wittingly dishonour, misrepresentations of our forefathers and

It was at an early period to the arrival of the cabinet of New-York about the Connecticut their superintending in the banks of the Goed Hoop, and within their city of Hartford an important post, together with the appointment of commissary Jacobus Van Swaen, Van Curlis—each a class of which were days—who are to be was of a very sort have been an exceeding proportion to his knowledge and the former unexampled appearance upon a little man's legs, construction of body present when he marched upon the identical named Jack the giant-killer he tread, on any soldiers were oftentimes himself under foot.

But notwithstanding the appointment of the commander, the interloping, and taking which the cabinet of hired for profound and audaciously invade the jurisdiction of Fort Good Hope. On beholding this the order proceeded as he ordered. He immediately warrantable encroachment, inspecting more territory of the protest to the with a long of the enemy. and all, to be of the result with a rest not greatly animated, struck sore dismay in Now it came to pass owned Wouter Van Twiller, and come!

ons of the crafty historians of New-England. And in this I shall be guided by a spirit of truth and impartiality, and a regard to immortal fame—for I would not wittingly dishonour my work by a single falsehood, misrepresentation, or prejudice, though it should stain our forefathers the whole country of New-England.

It was at an early period of the province, and previous to the arrival of the renowned Wouter, that the cabinet of Nieuw-Nederlands purchased the rights about the Connecticut, and established, for their superintendence and protection, a fortified post on the banks of the river, which was called Fort Goed Hoop, and was situated hard by the present fair city of Hartford. The command of this important post, together with the rank, title, and appointment of commissary, were given in charge to the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, or, as some historians will have it, Van Curlis—a doughty soldier, of that stouthearted class of which we have such numbers on parade days—who are famous for eating all they kill. He was of a very soldierlike appearance, and would have been an exceeding tall man, had his legs been in proportion to his body; but the latter being long, and the former uncommonly short, it gave him the uncouth appearance of a tall man's body mounted upon a little man's legs. He made up for this turnspit construction of body by throwing his legs to such an extent when he marched, that you would have sworn he had on the identical seven-league boots of the famed Jack the giant-killer: and so astonishingly high did he tread, on any great military occasion, that his soldiers were oft-times alarmed, lest he should trample himself under foot.

But notwithstanding the erection of this fort, and the appointment of this ugly little man of war as a commander, the intrepid Yankees continued those spring interlopings, which I have hinted at in my last chapter; and taking advantage of the character which the cabinet of Wouter Van Twiller soon acquired for profound and phlegmatic tranquillity, did audaciously invade the territories of the Nieuw-Nederlands, and squat themselves down within the very jurisdiction of Fort Goed Hoop.

On beholding this outrage, the long-bodied Van Curlet proceeded as became a prompt and valiant officer. He immediately protested against these unarrantable encroachments, in Low Dutch, by way of inspiring more terror, and forthwith dispatched a copy of the protest to the governor at New-Amsterdam, together with a long and bitter account of the aggressions of the enemy. This done, he ordered his men, one and all, to be of good cheer—shut the gate of the fort, smoked three pipes, went to bed, and awaited the result with a resolute and intrepid tranquillity, that greatly animated his adherents, and no doubt struck sore dismay into the hearts of the enemy.

Now it came to pass, that about this time the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, full of years and honours, and council dinners, had reached that period

of life and faculty which, according to the great Gulliver, entitles a man to admission into the ancient order of Struikbruggs. He employed his time in smoking his Turkish pipe, amid an assemblage of sages, equally enlightened, and nearly as venerable as himself, and who, for their silence, their gravity, their wisdom, and their cautious averseness to coming to any conclusion in business, are only to be equalled by certain profound corporations which I have known in my time. Upon reading the protest of the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, therefore, his excellency fell straightway into one of the deepest doubts that ever he was known to encounter; his capacious head gradually drooped on his chest, he closed his eyes, and inclined his ear to one side, as if listening with great attention to the discussion that was going on in his belly: which all who knew him declared to be the huge court-house or council-chamber of his thoughts; forming to his head what the house of representatives does to the senate. An inarticulate sound, very much resembling a snore, occasionally escaped him—but the nature of this internal cogitation was never known, as he never opened his lips on the subject to man, woman, or child. In the mean time, the protest of Van Curlet lay quietly on the table, where it served to light the pipes of the venerable sages assembled in council; and in the great smoke which they raised, the gallant Jacobus, his protest, and his mighty fort Goed Hoop, were soon as completely beclouded and forgotten, as is a question of emergency swallowed up in the speeches and resolutions of a session of Congress.

There are certain emergencies when your profound legislators and sage deliberative councils are mightily in the way of a nation; and when an ounce of hare-brained decision is worth a pound of sage doubt and cautious discussion. Such, at least, was the case at present; for while the renowned Wouter Van Twiller was daily battling with his doubts, and his resolution growing weaker and weaker in the contest, the enemy pushed farther and farther into his territories, and assumed a most formidable appearance in the neighbourhood of Fort Goed Hoop. Here they founded the mighty town of *Pyquag*, or, as it has since been called, *Weathersfield*, a place which, if we may credit the assertions of that worthy historian, John Josselyn, gent. "hath been infamous by reason of the witches U^oin." And so daring did these men of Pyquag become, that they extended those plantations of onions, for which their town is illustrious, under the very noses of the garrison of Fort Goed Hoop—inso-much that the honest Dutchmen could not look toward that quarter without tears in their eyes.

This crying injustice was regarded with proper indignation by the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet. He absolutely trembled with the violence of his cholera, and the exacerbations of his valour; which seemed to be the more turbulent in their workings, from the length of the body in which they were agitated. He

forthwith proceeded to strengthen his redoubts, heighten his breastworks, deepen his fosse, and fortify his position with a double row of abatis; after which precautions, he dispatched a fresh courier with tremendous accounts of his perilous situation.

The courier chosen to bear these alarming dispatches was a fat, oily little man, as being least liable to be worn out, or to lose leather on the journey; and to insure his speed, he was mounted on the fleetest waggon horse in the garrison, remarkable for his length of limb, largeness of hone, and hardness of trot; and so tall, that the little messenger was obliged to climb on his back by means of his tail and crupper. Such extraordinary speed did he make, that he arrived at Fort Amsterdam in little less than a month, though the distance was full two hundred pipes, or about one hundred and twenty miles.

The extraordinary appearance of this portentous stranger would have thrown the whole town of New-Amsterdam into a quandary had the good people troubled themselves about any thing more than their domestic affairs. With an appearance of great hurry and business, and smoking a short travelling pipe, he proceeded on a long swing trot through the muddy lanes of the metropolis, demolishing whole batches of dirt pies, which the little Dutch children were making in the road; and for which kind of pastry the children of this city have ever been famous. On arriving at the governor's house, he climbed down from his steed in great trepidation; roused the gray-headed door-keeper, old Skaats, who, like his lineal descendant and faithful representative, the venerable crier of our court, was nodding at his post—rattled at the door of the council-chamber, and started the members as they were dozing over a plan for establishing a public market.

At that very moment a gentle grunt, or rather a deep-drawn snore, was heard from the chair of the governor; a whiff of smoke was at the same instant observed to escape from his lips, and a light cloud to ascend from the bowl of his pipe. The council of course supposed him engaged in deep sleep for the good of the community, and according to custom in all such cases established, every man hawled out silence, in order to maintain tranquillity; when, of a sudden, the door flew open, and the little courier straddled into the apartment, eased to the middle in a pair of Messian boots, which he had got into for the sake of expedition. In his right hand he held forth the ominous dispatches, and with his left he grasped firmly the waistband of his galligaskins, which had unfortunately given way, in the exertion of descending from his horse. He stumped resolutely up to the governor, and with more hurry than perspicuity, delivered his message. But fortunately his ill tidings came too late to ruffle the tranquillity of this most tranquil of rulers. His venerable excellency had just breathed and smoked his last—his lungs and his pipe having been exhausted together, and his peaceful soul having escaped in the last whiff that curled from his

tobacco-pipe. In a word, the renowned Walter the Doubter, who had so often slumbered with his contemporaries, now slept with his fathers, and Wilhelmus Kieft governed in his stead.

BOOK IV.

CONTAINING THE CHRONICLES OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.

CHAPTER I.

Showing the nature of history in general; containing furthermore the universal acquirements of William the Testy, and how man may learn so much as to render himself good for nothing.

WHEN the lofty Thucydides is about to enter upon his description of the plague that desolated Athens, one of his modern commentators assures the reader that the history is now going to be exceedingly solemn, serious, and pathetic; and hints, with that air of chuckling gratulation, with which a good dandy draws forth a choice morsel from a euphoard to the gale a favourite, that this plague will give his history a most agreeable variety.

In like manner did my heart leap within me, when I came to the dolorous dilemma of Fort Good Hope, which I at once perceived to be the forerunner of a series of great events and entertaining disasters. Such are the true subjects for the historic pen; for what is history, in fact, but a kind of Newgate calendar, register of the crimes and miseries that man has inflicted on his fellow man? It is a huge libel on human nature, to which we industriously add page after page, volume after volume, as if we were building up a monument to the honour, rather than to the infamy of our species. If we turn over the pages of these chronicles which man has written of himself, what are the characters dignified by the appellation of great, and held up to the admiration of posterity? Tyrants, robbers, conquerors, renowned only for the magnitude of their misdeeds, and the stupendous wrongs and miseries they have inflicted on mankind—warriors who have hired themselves to the trade of blood, not from motives of virtuous patriotism, and to protect the injured and defenceless, but merely to gain the vaunted glory of being adroit and successful in massacring their fellow beings! What are the great events that constitute a glorious era?—The fall of empires—the desolation of happy countries—splendid cities smoking in their ruins—the proudest works of art tumbled in the dust—the shrieks and groans of whole nations ascending unto heaven!

It is thus the historians may be said to thrive on the miseries of mankind, like birds of prey that hover over the field of battle, to fatten on the mighty dead. It was observed by a great projector of inland navigation, that rivers, lakes, and oceans, were ordered to feed canals. In like manner I am tempted to believe, that plots, conspiracies, wars, victories,

and massacres, are ordered for the historian. It is a source of gratification, by studying the wonderful mutual dependence created reciprocally between vicious, and apparent. Thus those swarms generated as useless—maintenance of spiders—evidently made to have been sneaked unobtrusively provided for the historian, while the people are ordered to record the accounts. These, and many similar, are in my mind, as I took the reign of William the Testy, which hitherto, is about to depict the miseries, and to brawling scene. Like a fattened and voracious repose, and before it heaves up, arouses from its slumber. New-Nederlands, which under the prosperous and steadily edged up his successor. The manner in which a state of war; a horse does a drum, but with little progress end foremost. WILHELMUS KIEFT, a senatorial chair (a misy, appellation of form, feature, and renowned predecessor descent, his father the ancient town of told, made very nature and operations which is one reason why ingenious etymology, that is to say, used the hereditary nearly two centuries in hot water, mistakes than any truly did Wilhelmus present, that he had charge of his government by the appellation was a brisk, was dried and withered process of years and burnt up by his

massacres, are ordained by Providence only as food for the historian.

It is a source of great delight to the philosopher, in studying the wonderful economy of nature, to trace the mutual dependencies of things, how they are created reciprocally for each other, and how the most vicious, and apparently unnecessary animal has its uses. Thus those swarms of flies, which are so often regarded as useless vermin, are created for the sustenance of spiders—and spiders, on the other hand, are evidently made to devour flies. So those heroes who have been such scourges to the world were unconsciously provided as themes for the poet and the historian, while the poet and the historian were designed to record the achievements of heroes!

These, and many similar reflections, naturally arose in my mind, as I took up my pen to commence the history of William Kieft: for now the stream of our story, which hitherto has rolled in a tranquil current, is about to depart for ever from its peaceful banks, and to brawl through many a turbulent and aged scene. Like some sleek ox, which, having been fed and fattened in a rich clover-field, lies sunk in careless repose, and will bear repeated taunts and blows, before it heaves its unwieldy limbs, and clumbers arouses from its slumbers; so the province of the New-Nederlands, having long slept and grown fat under the prosperous reign of the Doubter, was suddenly nudged awake under the fidgetting reign of his successor. The reader will now witness the manner in which a peaceful community advances towards a state of war; which it is too apt to approach, as a horse does a drum, with much prancing and padding, but with little progress—and too often with the long end foremost.

WILHELMUS KIEFT, who in 1634 ascended the gubernatorial chair (to borrow a favourite, though empty, appellation of modern phraseologists), was, in form, feature, and character, the very reverse of his renowned predecessor. He was of very respectable descent, his father being Inspector of Windmills in the ancient town of Saardam; and our hero, we are told, made very curious investigations into the nature and operations of those machines when a boy, which is one reason why he afterwards came to be so ingenious a governor. His name, according to the best ingenious etymologists, was a corruption of *strangler*, that is to say, a *strangler* or *scolder*, and expressed the hereditary disposition of his family; which nearly two centuries had kept the windy town of Harlem in hot water, and produced more tartars and mistresses than any ten families in the place—and truly did Wilhelmus Kieft inherit this family inheritance, that he had scarcely been a year in the discharge of his government before he was universally known by the appellation of WILLIAM THE TESTY.

He was a brisk, waspish, little old gentleman, who died and withered away, partly through the natural process of years, and partly from being parched and burnt up by his fiery soul; which blazed like

a vehement rush-light in his bosom, constantly inciting him to most valorous broils, altercations, and misadventures. I have heard it observed by a profound philosopher, that if a woman waxes fat as she grows old, the tenure of her life is precarious; but if haply she withers, she lives for ever—such was the case with William the Testy, who grew tougher in proportion as he dried. He was some such a little Dutchman as we may now and then see stamping briskly about the streets of our city, in a broad-skirted coat, with huge buttons, an old-fashioned cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin. His visage was broad, and his features sharp; his nose turned up with a most petulant curl; his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red—doubtless in consequence of the neighbourhood of two fierce little gray eyes, through which his torrid soul beamed with tropical fervour. The corners of his mouth were curiously modelled into a kind of fret-work, not a little resembling the wrinkled proboscis of an irritable pug dog—in a word, he was one of the most positive, restless, ugly, little men, that ever put himself in a passion about nothing.

Such were the personal endowments of William the Testy, but it was the sterling riches of his mind that raised him to dignity and power. In his youth he had passed with great credit through a celebrated academy at the Hague, noted for manufacturing scholars with a dispatch unequalled, except by certain of our American colleges. Here he skimmed very smartly on the frontiers of several of the sciences, and made so gallant an inroad into the dead languages, as to bring off captive a host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy saws and aphorisms, all which he constantly paraded in conversation and writing, with as much vain-glory as would a triumphant general of yore display the spoils of the countries he had ravaged. He had, moreover, puzzled himself considerably with logic, in which he had advanced so far as to attain a very familiar acquaintance, by name at least, with the whole family of syllogisms and dilemmas; but what he chiefly valued himself on was his knowledge of metaphysics, in which, having once upon a time ventured too deeply, he came well nigh being smothered in a slough of unintelligible learning—a fearful peril, from the effects of which he never perfectly recovered. This, I must confess, was in some measure a misfortune, for he never engaged in argument, of which he was exceedingly fond, but what, between logical deductions and metaphysical jargon, he soon involved himself and his subject in a fog of contradictions and perplexities, and then would get into a mighty passion with his adversary, for not being convinced gratis.

It is in knowledge, as in swimming: he who ostentatiously sports and flounders on the surface makes more noise and splashing, and attracts more attention, than the industrious pearl diver, who plunges in search of treasures to the bottom. The "universal

acquirements" of William Kieft were the subject of great marvel and admiration among his countrymen—he figured about at the Hague with as much vain-glory as does a profound bonze at Pekin, who has mastered half the letters of the Chinese alphabet; and, in a word, was unanimously pronounced an *universal genius*!—I have known many universal geniuses in my time, though, to speak my mind freely, I never knew one who, for the ordinary purposes of life, was worth his weight in straw—but for the purposes of government, a little sound judgment, and plain common sense, is worth all the sparkling genius that ever wrote poetry, or invented theories.

Strange as it may sound, therefore, the *universal acquirements* of Wilhelmus Kieft were very much in his way; and had he been a less learned man, it is possible he would have been a much greater governor. He was exceedingly fond of trying philosophical and political experiments; and having stuffed his head full of scraps and remnants of ancient republics and oligarchies, and aristocracies and monarchies, and the laws of Solon and Lycurgus and Charondas, and the imaginary commonwealth of Plato, and the Pandects of Justinian, and a thousand other fragments of venerable antiquity, he was for ever bent upon introducing some one or other of them into use; so that between one contradictory measure and another, he entangled the government of the little province of Nieuw-Nederlandts in more knots during his administration than half a dozen successors could have untied.

No sooner had this bustling little man been blown by a whiff of fortune into the seat of government than he called together his council, and delivered a very animated speech on the affairs of the province. As every body knows what a glorious opportunity a governor, a president, or even an emperor has, of drubbing his enemies in his speeches, messages, and bulletins, where he has the talk all on his own side, they may be sure the high-mettled William Kieft did not suffer so favourable an occasion to escape him of evincing that gallantry of tongue, common to all able legislators. Before he commenced, it is recorded that he took out his pocket handkerchief, and gave a very sonorous blast of the nose, according to the usual custom of great orators. This, in general, I believe, is intended as a signal trumpet, to call the attention of the auditors; but with William the Testy it boasted a more classic cause, for he had read of the singular expedient of that famous demagogue Caius Gracchus, who, when he harangued the Roman populace, modulated his tones by an oratorical flute or pitch-pipe.

This preparatory symphony being performed, he commenced by expressing a humble sense of his own want of talents—his utter unworthiness of the honour conferred upon him, and his humiliating incapacity to discharge the important duties of his new station—in short, he expressed so contemptible an opinion of himself, that many simple country members

present, ignorant that these were mere words of course, always used on such occasions, were very uneasy, and even felt wroth that he should accept an office for which he was consciously so inadequate.

He then proceeded in a manner highly classic and profoundly erudite, though nothing at all to the purpose, to give a pompous account of all the governments of ancient Greece, and the wars of Rome and Carthage, together with the rise and fall of sundry outlandish empires, about which the assembly knew no more than their great grandchildren yet unborn. Thus having, after the manner of your learned orators, convinced the audience that he was a man of many words and great erudition, he at length came to the less important part of his speech, the situation of the province—and here he soon worked himself into a fearful rage against the Yankees, whom he compared to the Gauls who desolated Rome, and the Goths and Vandals who overran the fairest plains of Europe; nor did he forget to mention, in terms of adequate opprobrium, the insolence with which they had encroached upon the territories of New-Netherlands, and the unparalleled audacity with which they had commenced the town of New-Plymouth, and planted the onion patches of Weathersfield under the very walls of Fort Goed Hoop.

Having thus artfully wrought up his tale of terror to a climax, he assumed a self-satisfied look, and declared, with a nod of knowing import, that he had taken measures to put a final stop to these encroachments—that he had been obliged to have recourse to a dreadful engine of warfare, lately invented, and in its effects, but authorized by direful necessity: in a word, he was resolved to conquer the Yankees—his proclamation!

For this purpose he had prepared a tremendous instrument of the kind, ordering, commanding, and enjoining the intruders aforesaid, forthwith to remove, depart, and withdraw from the districts, regions, and territories aforesaid, under pain of suffering all the penalties, forfeitures, and punishments in such case made and provided. This proclamation, he assured them, would at once exterminate the enemies from the face of the country; and he pledged his word as a governor, that within two months after was published, not one stone should remain on another in any of the towns which they had built.

The council remained silent for some time after he had finished; whether struck dumb with admiration at the brilliancy of his project, or put to sleep by the length of his harangue, the minutes of the meeting do not mention. Suffice it to say, they at length gave a universal grunt of acquiescence, and the proclamation was immediately dispatched with due ceremony having the great seal of the province, which was about the size of a buck-wheat pancake, attached to it by a broad red riband. Governor Kieft, having thus vented his indignation, felt greatly relieved—adjourned the council—put on his cocked hat and corduroy small-clothes, and mounting a tall raw-bow-

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Here, like the good Numa, he reposed from the labors of legislation, taking lessons in government, not from the nymph Egeria, but from the honoured wife of his bosom; who was one of that peculiar kind of females, sent upon earth a little after the flood, as a punishment for the sins of mankind, and commonly known by the appellation of *knowing women*. In the discharge of my duty as an historian obliges me to make known a circumstance which was a great secret at the time, and consequently was not a subject of scandal at more than half the tea-tables in New-Amsterdam, but which, like many other great secrets, has leaked out in the lapse of years—and this was, that Wilhelmus the Testy, though one of the most potent of the men that ever breathed, yet submitted at home to a species of government neither laid down in Aristotle or Plato; in short, it partook of the nature of a pure unmixed tyranny, and is familiarly denominated *pelliccoat government*—An absolute sway, which, though exceedingly common in these modern days, is very rare among the ancients, if we may judge from the rant made about the domestic economy of the wisest Socrates; which is the only ancient case on record.

The great Kieft, however, warded off all the sneers and sarcasms of his particular friends, who are ever ready to joke with a man on sore points of the kind, by alleging that it was a government of his own election, to which he submitted through choice; adding, at the same time, a profound maxim which he had found in an ancient author, that "he who would aspire to *govern* should first learn to *obey*."

CHAPTER II.

which are recorded the sage projects of a ruler of universal genius. The art of fighting by proclamation,—and how that the valiant Jacobus Van Curlet came to be foully dishonoured at Fort Goed Hoop.

NEVER was a more comprehensive, a more expeditious, or, what is still better, a more economical measure devised, than this of defeating the Yankees by proclamation—an expedient, likewise, so humane, so gentle and pacific, there were ten chances to one in favour of its succeeding;—but then there was one chance to ten that it would not succeed:—as the ill-fated Fates would have it, that single chance carried the day! The proclamation was perfect in all its parts, well constructed, well written, well sealed, and well published—all that was wanting to insure its effect was that the Yankees should stand in awe of it; but, provoking to relate, they treated it with the most absolute contempt, applied it to an unseemly purpose, and thus did the first warlike proclamation come to a shameful end—a fate which I am credibly

informed has befallen but too many of its successors.

It was a long time before Wilhelmus Kieft could be persuaded, by the united efforts of all his counselors, that his war measure had failed in producing any effect.—On the contrary, he flew in a passion whenever any one dared to question its efficacy; and swore that, though it was slow in operating, yet when once it began to work, it would soon purge the land of these rapacious intruders. Time, however, that test of all experiments both in philosophy and politics, at length convinced him that his proclamation was abortive; and that notwithstanding he had waited nearly four years, in a state of constant irritation, yet he was still farther off than ever from the object of his wishes. His implacable adversaries in the east became more and more troublesome in their encroachments, and founded the thriving colony of Hartford close upon the skirts of Fort Goed Hoop. They, moreover, commenced the fair settlement of New-Haven (otherwise called the Red Hills), within the domains of their High Mightinesses—while the onion patches of Pyquaag were a continual eye-sore to the garrison of Van Curlet. Upon beholding, therefore, the inefficacy of his measure, the sage Kieft, like many a worthy practitioner of physic, laid the blame, not to the medicine, but to the quantity administered, and resolved to double the dose.

In the year 1638, therefore, that being the fourth year of his reign, he fulminated against them a second proclamation, of heavier metal than the former; written in thundering long sentences, not one word of which was under five syllables. This, in fact, was a kind of non-intercourse bill, prohibiting all commerce and connexion between any and every of the said Yankee intruders, and the said fortified post of Fort Goed Hoop, and ordering, commanding, and advising all his trusty, loyal, and well-beloved subjects, to furnish them with no supplies of gin, gingerbread, or sour crout; to buy none of their pacing horses, measty pork, apple brandy, Yankee rum, cider water, apple sweetmeats, Weathersfield onions, or wooden bowls, but to starve and exterminate them from the face of the land.

Another pause of a twelvemonth ensued, during which the last proclamation received the same attention, and experienced the same fate as the first—at the end of which term, the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet dispatched his annual messenger, with his customary hudget of complaints and entreaties. Whether the regular interval of a year, intervening between the arrival of Van Curlet's couriers, was occasioned by the systematic regularity of his movements, or by the immense distance at which he was stationed from the seat of government, is a matter of uncertainty. Some have ascribed it to the slowness of his messengers, who, as I have before noticed, were chosen from the shortest and fattest of his garrison, as least likely to be worn out on the road; and who, being puffy, short-winded little men, generally travelled fifteen miles a-day, and then laid by a whole week to rest.

All these, however, are matters of conjecture; and I rather think it may be ascribed to the immemorial maxim of this worthy country—and which has ever influenced all its public transactions—not to do things in a hurry.

The gallant Jacobus Van Curlet in his dispatches respectfully represented, that several years had now elapsed since his first application to his late excellency, Wouter Van Twiller; during which interval, his garrison had been reduced nearly one-eighth by the death of two of his most valiant and corpulent soldiers, who had accidentally overeaten themselves on some fat salmon, caught in the Varsche-river. He further stated, that the enemy persisted in their inroads, taking no notice of the fort or its inhabitants; but squatting themselves down, and forming settlements all around it; so that, in a little while, he should find himself enclosed and blockaded by the enemy, and totally at their mercy.

But among the most atrocious of his grievances, I find the following still on record, which may serve to show the bloody-minded outrages of these savage intruders. "In the mean time, they of Hartford have not only usurped and taken in the lands of Connecticut, although unrighteously, and against the lawes of nations, but have hindered our nation in sowing their owne purchased broken up lands, but have also sowed them with corne in the night, which the Netherlanders had broken up and intended to sow: and have beaten the servants of the high and mighty the honored companie, which were labouring upon their master's lands, from their lands, with sticks and plow staves in hostile manner laming, and amongst the rest, struck Ever Duckings a hole in his head, with a stick, soe that the blood ran downe very strongly downe upon his body."

But what is still more atrocious—

"Those of Hartford sold a hogg, that belonged to the honored companie, under pretence that it had eaten of their grounde grass, when they had not any foot of inheritance. They proffered the hogg for 5s. if the commissioners would have given 5s. for damage; which the commissioners denied, because noe man's owne hogg (as men used to say) can trespass upon his owne master's ground."

The receipt of this melancholy intelligence incensed the whole community—there was something in it that spoke to the dull comprehension, and touched the obtuse feelings even of the puissant vulgar, who generally require a kick in the rear to awaken their slumbering dignity. I have known my profound fellow-citizens bear without murmur a thousand essential infringements of their rights, merely because they were not immediately obvious to their senses; but the moment the unlucky Pearce was shot upon our coasts, the whole body politic was in a ferment:

¹ This name is no doubt mis-spelt. In some old Dutch MSS. of the time, we find the name of Evert Duycklingh, who is unquestionably the unfortunate hero above alluded to.

² Haz. Col. Stat. Papers.

so the enlightened Netherlanders, though they had treated the encroachments of their eastern neighbors with but little regard, and left their quill-valiant governor to bear the whole brunt of war with his single pen—yet now every individual felt his head bowed in the broken head of Duckings—and the unhappy fate of their fellow-citizen the hog, being impressed, carried, and sold into captivity, awakened a general sympathy from every bosom.

The governor and council, goaded by the clamors of the multitude, now set themselves earnestly to deliberate upon what was to be done.—Proclamations had at length fallen into temporary disrepute; so were for sending the Yankees a tribute, as we make peace-offerings to the petty Barbary powers, or as the Indians sacrifice to the devil. Others were for buying them out; but this was opposed, as it would be acknowledging their title to the land they had seized. A variety of measures were, as usual in such cases, proposed, discussed, and abandoned; and the council had at last to adopt the means, which, being the most common and obvious, had been knowingly overlooked—for your amazing acute politicians are for ever looking through telescopes, which only enable them to see such objects as are far off, and unattainable; but which incapacitate them to see such things as are in their reach, and obvious to all simple folks, who are content to look with naked eyes Heaven has given them. The profound council, as I have said, in their pursuit of Jack-o'-lanterns, accidentally stumbled on the measure they were in need of; which was to raise a body of troops, and dispatch them to the relief and reinforcement of the garrison. This measure was carried into such prompt operation, that in less than twelve months the whole expedition, consisting of sergeant and twelve men, was ready to march; and was reviewed for that purpose in the public square now known by the name of the Bowling-Green. Just at this juncture the whole community was thrown into consternation by the sudden arrival of the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, who came straggling into town at the head of his crew of tatterdemalions, and bringing the melancholy tidings of his own defeat, and the capture of the redoubtable post of Fort Goed Hoop by the ferocious Yankees.

The fate of this important fortress is an impressive warning to all military commanders. It was neither carried by storm nor famine; no practicable breach was effected by cannon nor mines; no magazines were blown up by red-hot shot; nor were the barracks demolished, nor the garrison destroyed, by the bursting of bomb-shells. In fact, the place was taken by a stratagem no less singular than effectual, and one that can never fail of success, whenever an opportunity occurs of putting it in practice. Happy am I to add, for the credit of our illustrious ancestor that it was a stratagem which, though it impeached the vigilance, yet left the bravery of the intrepid Van Curlet and his garrison perfectly free from reproach.

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It appears that the crafty Yankees, having heard of the regular habits of the garrison, watched a favourable opportunity, and silently introduced themselves to the fort about the middle of a sultry day; when the vigilant defenders, having gorged themselves with a hearty dinner, and smoked out their pipes, were all and all snoring most obstreperously at their posts, the dreaming of so disastrous an occurrence. The enemy most inhumanly seized Jacobus Van Curlet and his sturdy myrmidons by the nape of the neck, and planted them to the gate of the fort, and dismissed them severally, with a kick on the crupper, as Charles Twelfth dismissed the heavy-bottomed Russians for the battle of Narva—only taking care to give a kick to Van Curlet, as a signal mark of distinction. A strong garrison was immediately established in the fort, consisting of twenty long-sided, hard-fisted fellows, with Weathersfield onions stuck in their caps, by way of cockades and feathers—long rusty shingle-pieces for muskets—hasty pulling, dumb fish, and molasses, for stores; and a huge pumpkin hoisted on the end of a pole, as a standard—literary caps not having as yet come into fashion.

CHAPTER III.

Containing the fearful wrath of William the Testy, and the great honour of the New-Amsterdammers, because of the affair of Fort Goed Hoop.—And, moreover, how William the Testy did strongly fortify the city.—Together with the exploits of Stoffel Knickerbock.

LANGUAGE cannot express the prodigious fury into which Wilhelmus Kieft was thrown by this provoking intelligence. For three good hours the rage of this little man was too great for words, or rather the words were too great for him; and he was nearly choked by some dozen huge, mis-shapen, nine-corded Dutch oaths, that crowded all at once into his throat. Having blazed off the first broadside, he kept up a constant firing for three whole days—anathematizing the Yankees, man, woman, and child, body and soul, for a set of dieven, schobbejaken, deugeuten, twist-zoekeren, loozen-schalcken, blaes-kaken, knaken-bedden, and a thousand other names of which, unfortunately for posterity, history does not make mention. Finally, he swore that he would have nothing more to do with such a squatting, bundling, guessing, questioning, swapping, pumpkin-eating, molasses-daubing, shingle-splitting, cider-watering, race-jockeying, notion-peddling crew—that they might stay at Fort Goed Hoop and rot, before he would dirty his hands by attempting to drive them away; in proof of which he ordered the new-raised troops to be marched forthwith into winter-quarters, though it was not as yet quite midsummer. Governor Kieft faithfully kept his word, and his adventures as faithfully kept their post; and thus the glorious river Connecticut, and all the gay valleys through which it rolls, together with the salmon, shad, and

other fish within its waters, fell into the hands of the victorious Yankees, by whom they are held at this very day.

Great despondency seized upon the city of New-Amsterdam, in consequence of these melancholy events. The name of Yankee became as terrible among our good ancestors as was that of Gaul among the ancient Romans; and all the sage old women of the province used it as a hugbear, wherewith to frighten their unruly children into obedience.

The eyes of all the province were now turned upon the governor, to know what he would do for the protection of the common weal, in these days of darkness and peril. Great apprehensions prevailed among the reflecting part of the community, especially the old women, that these terrible warriors of Connecticut, not content with the conquest of Fort Goed Hoop, would incontinently march on to New-Amsterdam and take it by storm—and as these old ladies, through means of the governor's spouse, who, as has been already hinted, was "the better horse," had obtained considerable influence in public affairs, keeping the province under a kind of petticoat government, it was determined that measures should be taken for the effective fortification of the city.

Now it happened that at this time there sojourned in New-Amsterdam one Anthony Van Corlear, a jolly fat Dutch trumpeter, of a pleasant burly visage, famous for his long wind and his huge whiskers, and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument, as to produce an effect upon all within hearing, as though ten thousand bagpipes were singing right lustily in the nose. Him did the illustrious Kieft pick out as the man of all the world most fitted to be the champion of New-Amsterdam, and to garrison its fort; making little doubt but that his instrument would be as effectual and offensive in war as was that of the Paladin Astolpho, or the more classic horn of Alecto. It would have done one's heart good to have seen the governor snapping his fingers and fidgetting with delight, while his sturdy trumpeter strutted up and down the ramparts, fearlessly twanging his trumpet in the face of the whole world, like a thrice-valorous editor daringly insulting all the principalities and powers—on the other side of the Atlantic.

Nor was he content with thus strongly garrisoning the fort, but he likewise added exceedingly to its strength, by furnishing it with a formidable battery of quaker guns—rearing a stupendous flagstaff in the centre, which overtopped the whole city—and, moreover, by building a great windmill on one of the bastions. This last, to be sure, was somewhat of a novelty in the art of fortification; but as I have al-

¹ David Pietreze *De Vries* in his "Reyze naer Nieuw-Nedertlandt onder het year 1640," makes mention of one *Corlear*, a trumpeter in Fort Amsterdam, who gave name to Corlear's Hook, and who was doubtless this same champion described by Mr Knickerbocker.—*Edit.*

² *De Vries* mentions that this windmill stood on the south-east bastion, and it is likewise to be seen, together with the flagstaff, in *Justus Danker's View of New-Amsterdam.*

ready observed, William Kleft was notorious for innovations and experiments, and traditions do affirm that he was much given to mechanical inventions—constructing patent smoke-jacks—carts that went before the horses, and especially erecting windmills, for which machines he had acquired a singular predilection in his native town of Saardam.

All these scientific vagaries of the little governor were cried up with ecstasy by his adherents, as proof of his universal genius—but there were not wanting ill-natured grumblers, who railed at him as employing his mind in frivolous pursuits, and devoting that time to smoke-jacks and windmills, which should have been occupied in the more important concerns of the province. Nay, they even went so far as to hint once or twice that his head was turned by his experiments, and that he really thought to manage his government as he did his mills—by mere wind!—such is the illiberality and slander to which enlightened rulers are ever subject.

Notwithstanding all the measures, therefore, of William the Testy to place the city in a posture of defence, the inhabitants continued in great alarm and despondency. But fortune, who seems always careful, in the very nick of time, to throw a bone for hope to gnaw upon, that the starveling elf may be kept alive, did about this time crown the arms of the province with success in another quarter, and thus cheered the drooping hearts of the forlorn Nederlanders; otherwise there is no knowing to what lengths they might have gone in the excess of their sorrowing—“for grief,” says the profound historian of the seven champions of Christendom, “is companion with despair, and despair a procurer of infamous death!”

Among the numerous inroads of the moss-troopers of Connecticut, which for some time past had occasioned such great tribulation, I should particularly have mentioned a settlement made on the eastern part of Long-Island, at a place which, from the peculiar excellence of its shell-fish, was called Oyster Bay. This was attacking the province in a most sensible part, and occasioned great agitation at New-Amsterdam.

It is an incontrovertible fact, well known to physiologists, that the high road to the affections is through the throat; and this may be accounted for on the same principles which I have already quoted in my strictures on fat aldermen. Nor is the fact unknown to the world at large; and hence do we observe, that the surest way to gain the hearts of the million is to feed them well—and that a man is never so disposed to flatter, to please, and serve another, as when he is feeding at his expense; which is one reason why your rich men, who give frequent dinners, have such abundance of sincere and faithful friends. It is on this principle that our knowing leaders of parties secure the affections of their partisans, by rewarding them bountifully with loaves and fishes; and entrap the suffrages of the greasy mob, by treating them with bull-feasts and roasted oxen. I have known many a

man in this same city acquire considerable importance in society, and usurp a large share of the good will of his enlightened fellow-citizens, when the only thing that could be said in his eulogium was, that “he gave a good dinner, and kept excellent wine.”

Since, then, the heart and the stomach are so nearly allied, it follows conclusively, that what affects the one must sympathetically affect the other. Now is an equally incontrovertible fact, that, of all offerings to the stomach, there is none more grateful than the testaceous marine animal, known commonly by the vulgar name of oyster: and in such great reverence has it ever been held by my gormandizing fellow-citizens, that temples have been dedicated to it, in every out of mind, in every street, lane, and alley, throughout this well-fed city. It is not to be expected, therefore, that the seizing of Oyster Bay, a place abounding with their favourite delicacy, would be tolerated by the inhabitants of New-Amsterdam. An attack upon their honour they might have pardoned; even the massacre of a few citizens might have been passed over in silence; but an outrage that affected the bowels of the great city of New-Amsterdam, and threatened the stomachs of its corpulent burgomasters, was too serious to pass unrevenged.—The whole country was unanimous in opinion, that the intruders should be immediately driven by force of arms from Oyster Bay and its vicinity; and a detachment was accordingly dispatched for the purpose, under the command of one Stoffel Brinkerhoff, or Brinkerhoofd, (i. e. Stoffel the head-breaker,) so called because he was a man of mighty deeds, famous throughout the whole extent of Nieuw-Nederlandts for his skill at quarter-staff; and for size, he would have been a match for Colbrand the Danish champion, slain by Guy of Warwick.

Stoffel Brinkerhoff was a man of few words, but prompt actions—one of your straight-going officers who march directly forward, and do their orders without making any parade. He used no extraordinary speed in his movements, but trudged steadily on, through Nineveh and Babylon, and Jericho, and various other renowned cities of yore, which, by some unaccountable witchcraft of the Yankees, have been strangely transplanted to Long-Island: neither did he tarry at Pusanich, nor at Patchog, nor at the mighty town of Quag; but marched steadfastly forward, until he arrived in the neighbourhood of Oyster Bay.

Here was he encountered by a tumultuous host of valiant warriors, headed by Preserved Fish, and Habbakuk Nutter, and Return Strong, and Zernibel Fisk, and Jonathan Doolittle, and Determined Cock!—at the sound of whose names he verily believed that the whole parliament of Praise God Barebones had been let loose to discomfit him. Finding, however, that this formidable body was composed merely of the “select men” of the settlement, armed with their other weapon but their tongues, and that they had issued forth with no other intent than to meet him in the field of argument—he succeeded in putting them to the rout with little difficulty, and completely bro-

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their settlement. Without waiting to write an account of his victory on the spot, and thus letting the enemy slip through his fingers, while he was securing his own laurels, as a more experienced general would have done, the brave Stoffel thought of nothing but completing his enterprise, and utterly driving the Yankees from the island. This hardy enterprise he performed in much the same manner as he had been accustomed to drive his oxen; for, as the Yankees fled before him, he pulled up his breeches, and trudged gallantly after them, and would infallibly have driven them into the sea, had they not begged for quarter, and agreed to pay tribute.

The news of this achievement was a seasonable tribute to the spirits of the citizens of New-Amsterdam. To gratify them still more, the governor resolved to astonish them with one of those gorgeous spectacles known in the days of classic antiquity, a record of which had been flogged into his memory when a school-boy at the Hague. A grand triumph, therefore, was decreed to Stoffel Brinkerhoff, who made his entrance into town riding on a Narasset pacer; five pumpkins, which, like Roman eagles, had served the enemy for standards, were carried before him—fifty cart-loads of oysters, five hundred bushels of Weathersfield onions, a hundred cart-loads of cod-fish, two hogsheds of molasses, and various other treasures, were exhibited as the spoils and tribute of the Yankees; while three notorious counterfeiters of Manhattan notes were led captive to see the hero's triumph. The procession was accompanied by martial music, from the trumpet of Anthony Van Corlear the champion, accompanied by a band of boys and negroes, performing on the national instruments of rattlebones and clamshells. The citizens devoured the spoils in sheer gladness of heart—every man did honour to the conqueror, by getting stoutly drunk on New-England rum—and the aged Wilhelmus Kieft calling to mind, in a momentary fit of enthusiasm and generosity, that it was customary among the ancients to honour their victorious generals with public statues, passed a grand decree, by which every tavern-keeper was permitted to paint the head of the intrepid Stoffel on his wall!

CHAPTER IV.

Philosophical reflections on the folly of being happy in times of prosperity.—Sundry troubles on the southern frontiers.—How William the Testy had well nigh ruined the province through a public word.—As also the secret expedition of Jan Jansen to Amsterdam, and his astonishing reward.

If we could but get a peep at the tally of Dame Fortune, where, like a notable landlady, she regally chalks up the debtor and creditor accounts of mankind, we should find that, upon the whole, good

This is one of those trivial anachronisms that now and then occur in the course of this otherwise authentic history. How the Manhattan notes be counterfeited, when as yet banks were

and evil are pretty nearly balanced in this world; and that though we may for a long while revel in the very lap of prosperity, the time will at length come when we must ruefully pay off the reckoning. Fortune, in fact, is a pestilent shrew, and withal a most inexorable creditor; for though she may indulge her favourites in long credits, and overwhelm them with her favours, yet sooner or later she brings up her arrears, with the rigour of an experienced publican, and washes out her scores with their tears. "Since," says good old Boetius, "no man can retain her at his pleasure, and since her flight is so deeply lamented, what are her favours but sure prognostications of approaching trouble and calamity!"

There is nothing that more moves my contempt at the stupidity and want of reflection of my fellow men than to behold them rejoicing, and indulging in security and self-confidence, in times of prosperity. To a wise man who is blessed with the light of reason, those are the very moments of anxiety and apprehension; well knowing that, according to the system of things, happiness is at best but transient—and that the higher he is elevated by the capricious breath of fortune, the lower must be his proportionate depression. Whereas he who is overwhelmed by calamity, has the less chance of encountering fresh disasters, as a man at the bottom of a ladder runs very little risk of breaking his neck by tumbling to the top.

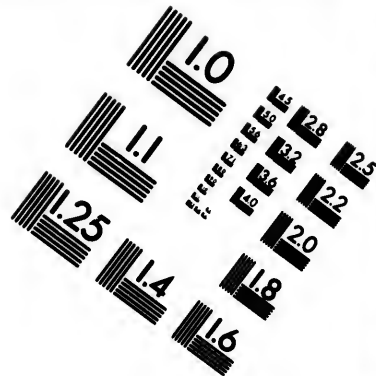
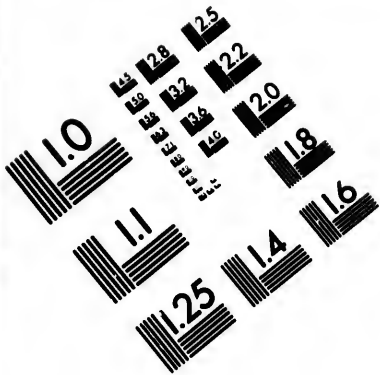
This is the very essence of true wisdom, which consists in knowing when we ought to be miserable, and was discovered much about the same time with that invaluable secret, that "every thing is vanity and vexation of spirit:" in consequence of which maxim, your wise men have ever been the unhappiest of the human race; esteeming it as an infallible mark of genius to be distressed without reason—since any man may be miserable in time of misfortune, but it is the philosopher alone who can discover cause for grief in the very hour of prosperity.

According to the principle I have just advanced, we find that the colony of New-Netherlands, which, under the reign of the renowned Van Twiller, had flourished in such alarming and fatal serenity, is now paying for its former welfare, and discharging the enormous debt of comfort which it contracted. Foes harass it from different quarters; the city of New-Amsterdam, while yet in its infancy, is kept in constant alarm; and its valiant commander, William the Testy, answers the vulgar, but expressive idea, of "a man in a peck of troubles."

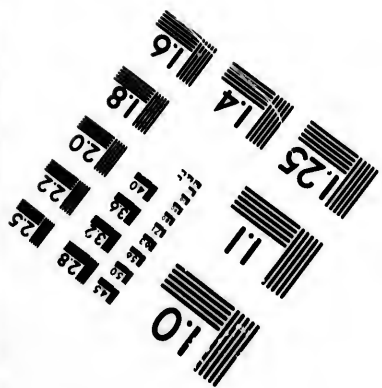
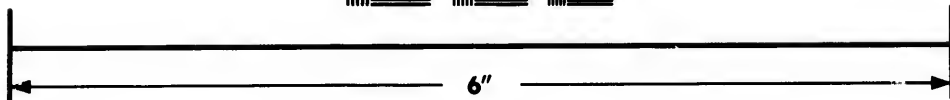
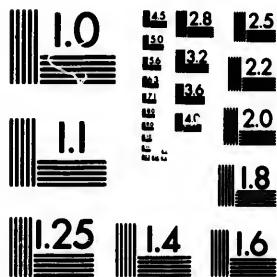
While husily engaged repelling his bitter enemies the Yankees, on one side, we find him suddenly molested in another quarter, and by other assailants. A vagrant colony of Swedes, under the conduct of Peter Minnewits, and professing allegiance to that redoubtable virago, Christina, Queen of Sweden, had settled themselves, and erected a fort on South (or

unknown in this country—and our simple progenitors had not even dreamt of those inexhaustible mines of paper opulence? —Print. Dev.





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Delaware) river—within the boundaries claimed by the government of the New-Netherlands. History is mute as to the particulars of their first landing, and their real pretensions to the soil; and this is the more to be lamented, as this same colony of Swedes will hereafter be found most materially to affect not only the interests of the Netherlanders, but of the world at large!

In whatever manner, therefore, this vagabond colony of Swedes first took possession of the country, it is certain that in 1638 they established a fort, and Minnewits, according to the off-hand usage of his contemporaries, declared himself governor of all the adjacent country, under the name of the province of New-Sweden. No sooner did this reach the ears of the choleric Wilhelmus, than, like a true-spirited chieftain, he broke into a violent rage, and calling together his council, belaboured the Swedes most lustily in the longest speech that had been heard in the colony, since the memorable dispute of Ten Breeches and Tough Breeches. Having thus given vent to the first ebullitions of his indignation, he had resort to his favourite measure of proclamation, and dispatched one, piping hot, in the first year of his reign, informing Peter Minnewits that the whole territory bordering on the South-river had, time out of mind, been in possession of the Dutch colonists, having been "beset with forts, and sealed with their blood."

The latter sanguinary sentence would convey an idea of direful war and bloodshed, were we not relieved by the information that it merely related to a fray, in which some half a dozen Dutchmen had been killed by the Indians, in their benevolent attempts to establish a colony, and promote civilization. By this it will be seen that William Kieft, though a very small man, delighted in big expressions, and was much given to a praiseworthy figure in rhetoric, generally cultivated by your little great men, called hyperbole: a figure which has been found of infinite service among many of his class, and which has helped to swell the grandeur of many a mighty, self-important, but windy chief magistrate. Nor can I resist in this place, from observing how much my beloved country is indebted to this same figure of hyperbole for supporting certain of her greatest characters—statesmen, orators, civilians, and divines; who, by dint of big words, inflated periods, and windy doctrines, are kept afloat on the surface of society, as ignorant swimmers are buoyed up by blown bladders.

The proclamation against Minnewits concluded by ordering the self-dubbed governor, and his gang of Swedish adventurers, immediately to leave the country, under penalty of the high displeasure and inevitable vengeance of the puissant government of the Nieuw-Nederlands. This "strong measure," however, does not seem to have had a whit more effect than its predecessors, which had been thundered against the Yankees—the Swedes resolutely held on

to the territory they had taken possession of—whereupon matters for the present remained in *status quo*.

That Wilhelmus Kieft should put up with this solent obstinacy in the Swedes would appear incompatible with his valorous temperament; but we find that about this time the little man had his hands full, and what with one annoyance and another, was continually on the bounce.

There is a certain description of active legislators who, by shrewd management, contrive always to have a hundred irons on the anvil, every one of which must be immediately attended to; who consequently are ever full of temporary shifts and expedients, patching up the public welfare, and cobbling the national affairs, so as to make nine holes where they mend one—stopping chinks and flaws with whatever comes first to hand, like the Yankees I have mentioned, stuffing old clothes in broken windows. Of this class of statesmen was William the Testy—who had he only been blessed with powers equal to zeal, or his zeal been disciplined by a little discretion, there is very little doubt but he would have numbered the greatest governor of his size on record—the renowned governor of the island of Harataria alone excepted.

The great defect of Wilhelmus Kieft's policy was that though no man could be more ready to step forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was so intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he suffered the enemy to break its head—in other words, he ever precaution for public safety he adopted, he was so intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual. All this was a remote consequence of his education at the Hague; where, having acquired a smattering of knowledge, he never after a great corner of indexes, continually dipping into books, without ever studying to the bottom of any subject; so that he had the seam of all kinds of authors fermenting in his perierianthum. In some of these title-page researches he unluckily stumbled on a grand political *cabalistic word*, which, with customary facility, he immediately incorporated in his great scheme of government, to the irretrievable injury and delusion of the honest province of Nieuw-Nederlands, and the eternal misleading of all experimental rulers.

In vain have I pored over the theurgia of the Chaldeans, the cabala of the Jews, the necromancy of the Arabians, the magic of the Persians, the hocus of the English, the witchcraft of the Yankees, or the pow-wowing of the Indians, to discover where the little man first laid eyes on this terrible word. Not till the Sephir Jetzirah, that famous cabalistic volume ascribed to the patriarch Abraham; nor the page of the Zohar, containing the mysteries of the cabala, recorded by the learned rabbi Simeon Joelhaides, shed any light to my inquiries. Nor am I in the least melted by my painful researches in the Sheu-chorah of Benjamin, the wandering Jew, though enabled Davidus Elm to make a ten days' journey

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only-four hours. Neither can I perceive the slight affinity in the Tetragrammaton, or sacred name of our letters, the profoundest word of the Hebrew alphabet; a mystery sublime, ineffable, and incommutable—and the letters of which Jod-He-Vau-He, having been stolen by the pagans, constituted their name Jao, or Jove. In short, in all my cabalistic, theurgic, necromantic, magical, and astrological searches, from the Tetractys of Pythagoras to the mystic works of Breslaw and Mother Bunch, I have discovered the least vestige of an origin of this word, nor have I discovered any word of sufficient potency to counteract it.

Not to keep my reader in any suspense, the word which had so wonderfully arrested the attention of William the Testy, and which in German characters has a particularly black and ominous aspect, on being translated into the English is no other than *WISDOM*—a talismanic term, which, by constant use and frequent mention, has ceased to be formidable in our eyes, but which has as terrible potency as any in the arcana of necromancy.

When pronounced in a national assembly it has an immediate effect in closing the hearts, beclouding the intellects, drawing the purse-strings, and buttoning the pockets of all philosophic legislators. Nor are its effects on the eyes less wonderful. It produces contraction of the retina, an obscurity of the crystalline lens, a viscosity of the vitreous, and an inspissation of the aqueous humours, an induration of the sclerotic, and a convexity of the cornea; in so much that the organ of vision loses its strength and acuteness, and the unfortunate patient becomes blind, or in plain English, purblind; perceiving only by the amount of immediate expense, without being able to look farther, and regard it in connexion with the ultimate object to be effected. "So that," quote the words of the eloquent Burke, "a bribe of his nose is of greater magnitude than an oak at five hundred yards distance." Such are its instantaneous operations, and the results are still more astonishing. Its magic influence seventy-fours shrink into galleys, frigates into sloops, and sloops into gunboats.

This all-potent word, which served as his touchstone in politics, at once explains the whole system of declamations, protests, empty threats, windmills, pamphlets, and paper war, carried on by Wilhelmus the Testy; and we may trace its operations in an argument which he fitted out in 1642, in a moment of great wrath, consisting of two sloops and thirty men, under the command of Mynheer Jan Jansen Alpendam, as admiral of the fleet, and commander-in-chief of the forces. This formidable expedition, which can only be paralleled by some of the daring enterprises of our infant navy about the bay and up the Sound, was intended to drive the Marylanders from Schuylkill, of which they had recently taken possession, and which was claimed as part of the province of *Nieuw-Nederlands*; for it appears that

at this time our infant colony was in that enviable state, so much coveted by ambitious nations, that is to say, the government had a vast extent of territory, part of which it enjoyed, and the greater part of which it had continually to quarrel about.

Admiral Jan Jansen Alpendam was a man of great mettle and prowess, and no way dismayed at the character of the enemy, who were represented as a gigantic, gunpowder race of men, who lived on hoe cakes and bacon, drank mint juleps and apple toddy, and were exceedingly expert at boxing, biting, gouging, tar and feathering, and a variety of other athletic accomplishments, which they had borrowed from their cousins German and prototypes the Virginians, to whom they have ever borne considerable resemblance. Notwithstanding all these alarming representations, the admiral entered the Schuylkill most undauntedly with his fleet, and arrived without disaster or opposition at the place of destination.

Here he attacked the enemy in a vigorous speech in Low Dutch, which the wary Kieft had previously put in his pocket; wherein he courteously commenced by calling them a pack of lazy, louting, dram-drinking, cock-fighting, horse-racing, slave-driving, tavern-haunting, sabbath-breakings, mulatto-breeding upstarts; and concluded by ordering them to evacuate the country immediately—to which they laconically replied, in plain English, "they'd see him d—d first."

Now this was a reply for which neither Jan Jansen Alpendam nor Wilhelmus Kieft had made any calculation—and finding himself totally unprepared to answer so terrible a rebuff with suitable hostility, he concluded that his wisest course was to return home and report progress. He accordingly sailed back to New-Amsterdam, where he was received with great honours, and considered as a pattern for all commanders, having achieved a most hazardous enterprise at a trifling expense of treasure, and without losing a single man to the state! He was unanimously called the deliverer of his country (an appellation liberally bestowed on all great men); his two sloops, having done their duty, were laid up (or dry docked) in a cove now called the Albany basin, were they quietly rotted in the mud; and, to immortalize his name, they erected, by subscription, a magnificent monument of pine boards on the top of Flatten Barrack Hill, which lasted three whole years, when it fell to pieces, and was burnt for firewood.

CHAPTER V.

How William the Testy enriched the province by a multitude of laws, and came to be the patron of lawyers and burn-battlers. And how the people became exceedingly enlightened and unhappy under his instructions.

AMONG the many wrecks and fragments of exalted wisdom, which have floated down the stream of time, from venerable antiquity, and have been carefully

picked up by those humble, but industrious wights, who ply along the shores of literature, we find the following ordinance of Charondas, the Locrian legislator.—Anxious to preserve the ancient laws of the state from the additions and improvements of profound “country members,” or officious candidates for popularity, he ordained, that whoever proposed a new law should do it with a halter about his neck; so that in case his proposition were rejected, they just hung him up—and there the matter ended.

This salutary institution had such an effect, that for more than two hundred years there was only one trifling alteration in the criminal code,—and the whole race of lawyers starved to death for want of employment. The consequence of this was, that the Locrians being unprotected by an overwhelming load of excellent laws, and undefended by a standing army of pettifoggers and sheriff’s officers, lived very lovingly together, and were such a happy people, that they scarce make any figure throughout the whole Grecian history—for it is well known that none but your unlucky, quarrelsome, rantipole nations make any noise in the world.

Well would it have been for William the Testy, had he haply, in the course of his “universal acquirements,” stumbled upon this precaution of the good Charondas. On the contrary, he conceived that the true policy of a legislator was to multiply laws; and he went to work to secure the property, the persons, and the morals of the people, by surrounding them in a manner with men-traps and spring-guns, and besetting even the sweet sequestered walks of private life with quickset hedges; so that a man could scarcely turn without the risk of encountering some of these pestiferous protectors. Thus was he continually coining petty laws for every petty offence that occurred, until in time they became too numerous to be remembered, and remained, like those of certain modern legislators, mere dead letters—revived occasionally for the purpose of individual oppression, or to entrap ignorant offenders.

Petty courts consequently began to appear, where the law was administered with nearly as much wisdom and impartiality as in those august tribunals, the aldermen’s and justices’ courts of the present day. The plaintiff was generally favoured, as being a customer, and bringing business to the shop; the offences of the rich were discreetly winked at—for fear of hurting the feelings of their friends;—but it could never be laid to the charge of the vigilant burgomasters, that they suffered vice to skulk unpunished under the disgraceful rags of poverty.

About this time may we date the first introduction of capital punishments—a goodly gallows being erected on the water-side, about where Whitehall-stairs are at present, a little to the east of the battery. Hard by also was erected another gibbet of a very strange, uncouth, and unmatchable description, but on which the ingenious William Kieft valued himself not a little, being a punishment entirely of his own invention.

It was for loftiness of altitude not a whit inferior to that of Haman, so renowned in Bible history; but the marvel of the contrivance was, that the culprit, instead of being suspended by the neck, according to the venerable custom, was hoisted by the waistband, and was kept for an hour together dangling and sprawling between heaven and earth—to the infinite entertainment, and doubtless great edification, of the multitude of respectable citizens who usually attend at exhibitions of the kind.

It is incredible how the little governor chuckled beholding caitiff vagrants and sturdy chuggars swinging by the crupper, and cutting antic gambols in the air. He had a thousand pleasantries and mischievous conceits to utter upon these occasions. He called them his dandle-lions—his wild fowl—his high-flying eagles—his spread eagles—his goshawks—his scarecrows—and finally his gallows-birds, which ingenious application, though originally confined to worthless scoundrels, had taken the air in this strange manner, has since grown to be a cant name given to all candidates for legal elevation. This punishment, moreover, if we may credit the assertions of certain grave etymologists, gave the first hint for a kind of harnessing, or strapping, by which our forefathers braced up their multifarious breeches, and which has of late years been revived, and continues to be worn at the present day.

Such were the admirable improvements of William Kieft in criminal law—nor was his civil code less a matter of wonderment; and much does it grieve me that the limits of my work will not suffer me to expatiate on both with the prolixity they deserve. Let me suffice then to say, that in a little while the blessings of innumerable laws became notoriously apparent. It was soon found necessary to have a certain class of men to expound and confound them: divers pettifoggers accordingly made their appearance, and whose protecting care the community was soon to feel together by the ears.

I would not here be thought to insinuate any derogatory to the profession of the law, or to its dignified members. Well am I aware, that we have in this ancient city innumerable worthy gentlemen who bless their souls! have embraced that honourable order, not for the sordid love of filthy lucre, nor for selfish cravings of renown; but through no other motives but a fervent zeal for the correct administration of justice, and a generous and disinterested devotion to the interests of their fellow-citizens. Sooner would I throw this trusty pen into the sea, and cork up my ink-horn for ever, than to fringe even for a nail’s breadth upon the dignity of this truly benevolent class of citizens. On the contrary, I allude solely to that crew of caitiff scoundrels, who, in these latter days of evil, have become so numerous—who infest the skirts of the profession, did the recreant Cornish knights the honourable order of chivalry—who, under its auspices, commit their depredations on society—who thrive by quibbling

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Nothing so soon awakens the malevolent passions as the facility of gratification. The courts of law never be so constantly crowded with petty, frivolous, and disgraceful suits, were it not for the number of pettifogging lawyers that infest them. These, with the passions of the lower and more ignorant classes; who, as if poverty were not a sufficient spur in itself, are always ready to heighten it by bitterness of litigation. They are in law what quacks are in medicine—exciting the malady for the purpose of profiting by the cure, and retarding the cure for the purpose of augmenting the fees. Where the quack destroys the constitution, the other impoverishes the purse; and it may likewise be observed, that as a quack, who has once been under the hands of a physician, is ever after dabbling in drugs, and poisoning himself with infallible remedies; so an ignorant man, who has once meddled with the law under the auspices of one of these empirics, is for ever after employing himself with his neighbours, and impoverishing himself with successful law-suits. My readers excuse this digression, into which I have been involuntarily betrayed; but I could not avoid giving a true and unprejudiced account of an abomination too prevalent in this excellent city, and with the effects of which I am unluckily acquainted to my cost; having been nearly ruined by a law-suit, which was unjustly brought against me—and my ruin having been compounded by another, which was decided in my favour. It has been remarked by the observant writer of the *Sauyvesant* manuscript, that under the administration of *Wilhelmus Kieft* the disposition of the inhabitants of *New-Amsterdam* experienced an essential change, so that they became very meddlesome and contentious. The constant exacerbations of temper which the little governor was thrown by the encroachments on his frontiers, and his unfortunate propensity to experiment and innovation, occasioned him to keep his council in a continual worry—and the result being to the people at large what yeast or leaven is to a batch, they threw the whole community into a ferment—and the people at large being to the governor what the mind is to the body, the unhappy consequences they underwent operated most disastrously on *New-Amsterdam*, inasmuch that in certain of its paroxysms of consternation and perplexity, they presented several of the most crooked, distorted, and abominable streets, lanes, and alleys, with which this metropolis is disgraced.

The worst of the matter was, that just about the time the mob, since called the sovereign people, began, like *Balaam's* ass, to grow more enlightened and to rise from its rider, and exhibited a strange desire of going its own way. This was another effect of the "universal acquisitions" of *William the Testy*. In some of his pestilential researches among the rubbish of antiquity, he was struck with admiration at the institution of public tables among the *Lacedæmonians*,

where they discussed topics of a general and interesting nature—at the schools of the philosophers, where they disputed upon politics and morals—where gray-beards were taught the rudiments of wisdom, and youths learned to become little men, before they were boys.—"There is nothing," said the ingenious *Kieft*, shutting up the book, "there is nothing more essential to the well management of a country than education among the people; the basis of a good government should be laid in the public mind."—Now this was true enough, but it was ever the wayward fate of *William the Testy*, that when he thought right, he was sure to go to work wrong. In the present instance, he could scarcely eat or sleep until he had set on foot brawling debating societies among the simple citizens of *New-Amsterdam*. This was the one thing wanting to complete his confusion. The honest Dutch burghers, though in truth but little given to argument or wordy altercation, yet by dint of meeting often together, fuddling themselves with strong drink, beclouding their brains with tobacco-smoke, and listening to the harangues of some half a dozen oracles, soon became exceedingly wise, and, as is always the case where the mob is politically enlightened, exceedingly discontented. They found out, with wonderful quickness of discernment, the fearful error in which they had indulged, in fancying themselves the happiest people in creation—and were fortunately convinced, that, all circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding, they were a very unhappy, deluded, and consequently ruined people.

In a short time the quidnuncs of *New-Amsterdam* formed themselves into sage junctos of political croakers, who daily met together to groan over political affairs, and make themselves miserable; thronging to these unhappy assemblages with the same eagerness that zealots have in all ages abandoned the milder and more peaceful paths of religion, to crowd to the howling convocations of fanaticism. We are naturally prone to discontent, and avaricious after imaginary causes of lamentation—like lubberly monks, we belabour our own shoulders, and seem to take a vast satisfaction in the music of our own groans. Nor is this said for the sake of paradox; daily experience shows the truth of these observations. It is almost impossible to elevate the spirits of a man groaning under ideal calamities; but nothing is more easy than to render him wretched, though on the pinnacle of felicity; as it is an Herculeanean task to hoist a man to the top of a steeple, though the merest child can topple him off from thence.

In the assemblages I have noticed, the reader will at once perceive the faint germs of those sapient convocations called popular meetings, prevalent at our day. Thither resorted all those idlers and "squires of low degree," who, like rags, hang loose upon the back of society, and are ready to be blown away by every wind of doctrine. Cobblers abandoned their stalls, and hastened thither to give lessons on political economy—blacksmiths left their handicraft, and

suffered their own fires to go out, while they blew the bellows and stirred up the fire of faction; and even tailors, though but the shreds and patches, the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own measures to attend to the measures of government. Nothing was wanting but half a dozen newspapers and patriotic editors to have completed this public illumination, and to have thrown the whole province in an uproar!

I should not forget to mention, that these popular meetings were held at a noted tavern: for houses of that description have always been found the most fostering nurseries of politics; abounding with those genial streams which give strength and sustenance to faction. We are told that the ancient Germans had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance; they first deliberated upon it when drunk, and afterwards reconsidered it when sober. The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike having two minds upon a subject, both determine and act upon it drunk; by which means a world of cold and tedious speculations is dispensed with—and as it is universally allowed, that when a man is drunk he sees double, it follows most conclusively that he sees twice as well as his sober neighbours.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the great Pipe Plot—and of the dolorous perplexities into which William the Testy was thrown, by reason of his having enlightened the multitude.

WILHELMUS KIEFT, as has already been made manifest, was a great legislator upon a small scale. He was of an active, or rather a busy mind; that is to say, his was one of those small, but brisk minds, which make up by bustle and constant motion for the want of great scope and power. He had, when quite a youngling, been impressed with the advice of Solomon, “go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise:” in conformity to which, he had ever been of a restless, ant-like turn, worrying hither and thither, busying himself about little matters, with an air of great importance and anxiety, laying up wisdom by the morsel, and often toiling and puffing at a grain of mustard-seed, under the full conviction that he was moving a mountain.

Thus we are told, that once upon a time, in one of his fits of mental bustle, which he termed deliberation, he framed an unlucky law, to prohibit the universal practice of smoking. This he proved, by mathematical demonstration, to be not merely a heavy tax on the public pocket, but an incredible consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and, of course, a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people. Ill-fated Kieft! had he lived in this enlightened and libel-loving age, and attempted to subvert the inestimable liberty of the press, he could not have struck more closely on the sensibilities of the million.

The populace were in as violent a turmoil as constitutional gravity of their deportment would admit—a mob of factious citizens had even the honour to assemble before the governor's house, who sitting themselves resolutely down, like a besieged army before a fortress, they one and all fell to smouldering with determined perseverance, as though it were their intention to smoke him into terms. The governor William issued out of his mansion like a wasp, and demanded to know the cause of this seditious assemblage, and this lawless fumigation which these sturdy rioters made no other reply to but to loll back phlegmatically in their seats, and away with redoubled fury; whereby they raised a murky cloud, that the little man was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

The governor immediately perceived the object of this unusual tumult, and that it would be impossible to suppress a practice, which, by long indulgence had become a second nature. And here I would mention, partly to explain why I have so often mentioned this practice in my history, that it was inseparably connected with all the affairs, both public and private, of our revered ancestors. The pipe, in fact, was never from the mouth of the true-born New-Yorker. It was his companion in solitude, his relaxation of his gayer hours, his counsellor, his comfort, his joy, his pride; in a word, he seemed to breathe and breathe through his pipe.

When William the Testy bethought himself of these matters, which he certainly did, although a little too late, he came to a compromise with the besieging multitude. The result was, that though he continued to permit the custom of smoking, yet he abolished the fair long pipes which were prevalent in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment; and, in their stead, did introduce little, capacious, short pipes, not more than two or three inches in length; which, he observed, could be kept in one corner of the mouth, or twisted in the hat-band, and would not be in the way of business. By this multitude seemed somewhat appeased, and dispersed to their habitations. Thus ended this alarming insurrection, which was long known by the name of the *Pipe Plot*, and which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did end, like most other plots, seditions, and conspiracies, in mere smoke.

But mark, oh reader! the deplorable consequence that did afterwards result. The smoke of these capacious little pipes, continually ascending in a column about the nose, penetrated into and befogged the brains, and rendered the people that used them as vaporous and testy as their renowned little governor—what is more, from a goodly, burly race of folk, they became, like our worthy Dutch farmers, who smoke short pipes, a lantern-jawed, smoke-dried, leather-skinned race of men.

Nor was this all; for from hence may we date the rise of parties in this province. Certain of the

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healthy and important burghers, adhering to the ancient fashion, formed a kind of aristocracy, which was distinguished by the appellation of the *Long Pipes*; while the poorer orders, submitting to the innovation, which they found to be more convenient in their handicraft employments, and to leave them more liberty of action, were branded with the plebeian name of *Short Pipes*. A third party likewise sprang up, differing from both the other, headed by the descendants of the famous Robert Chevit, the companion of the great Hudson. These entirely discarded the use of pipes, and took to chewing tobacco, and hence they were called *Quids*. It is worthy of notice, that this appellation has since come to be invariably applied to those mongrel or third parties, that will sometimes spring up between two great contending parties, as a child is produced between a horse and an ass.

And here I would remark the great benefit of these party distinctions, by which the people at large are freed from the vast trouble of thinking. Hesiod divides mankind into three classes—those who think for themselves, those who let others think for them, and those who will neither do one nor the other. The second class, however, comprises the great mass of society, and hence is the origin of *party*, by which is meant a large body of people, some few of whom think, and all the rest talk. The former, who are called the leaders, marshal out and discipline the latter, teaching them what they must approve—what they must hoot at—what they must say—whom they must support—but, above all, whom they must hate—for no man can be a right good partisan, unless he be a determined and thorough-going hater.

But when the sovereign people are thus properly broken to the harness, yoked, curbed, and reined, it is delectable to see with what docility and harmony they jog onward through mud and mire, at the will of their drivers, dragging the dirtcars of faction at their heels. How many a patriotic member of congress have I seen, who would never have known how to make up his mind on any question, and might have run a great risk of voting right by mere accident, had he not had others to think for him, and a file leader to vote after!

Thus then the enlightened inhabitants of the Manhattoes, being divided into parties, were enabled to organize dissension, and to oppose and hate one another with accuracy. And now the great business of politics went bravely on; the parties assembling in separate beer-houses, and smoking at each other with implacable animosity, to the great support of the state, and emolument of the tavern-keepers. Some, indeed, who were more zealous than the rest, went farther, and began to bespatter one another with numerous very hard names and scandalous little words, to be found in the Dutch language; every partisan believing religiously that he was serving his country when he traduced the character or impoverished the pocket of a political adversary. But however they might differ between themselves, all parties agreed on one

point, to cavil at and condemn every measure of government, whether right or wrong; for as the governor was by his station independent of their power, and was not elected by their choice, and as he had not decided in favour of either faction, neither of them was interested in his success, nor in the prosperity of the country while under his administration.

“Unhappy William Kieft!” exclaims the sage writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, “doomed to contend with enemies too knowing to be entrapped, and to reign over a people too wise to be governed!” All his expeditions against his enemies were baffled and set at naught, and all his measures for the public safety were cavilled at by the people. Did he propose levying an efficient body of troops for internal defence—the mob, that is to say, those vagabond members of the community who have nothing to lose, immediately took the alarm, vociferated that their interests were in danger—that a standing army was a legion of locusts, preying on society; a rod of iron in the hands of government; and that a government with a military force at its command would inevitably swell into a despotism. Did he, as was but too commonly the case, defer preparation until the moment of emergency, and then hastily collect a handful of undisciplined vagrants—the measure was hooted at, as feeble and inadequate, as trifling with the public dignity and safety, and as lavishing the public funds on impotent enterprises. Did he resort to the economic measure of proclamation—he was laughed at by the Yankees; did he back it by non-intercourse—it was evaded and counteracted by his own subjects. Which ever way he turned himself, he was beleaguered and distracted by petitions of “numerous and respectable meetings,” consisting of some half a dozen brawling pot-house politicians—all of which he read, and, what is worse, all of which he attended to. The consequence was, that, by incessantly changing his measures, he gave none of them a fair trial; and by listening to the clamours of the mob, and endeavouring to do every thing, he, in sober truth, did nothing.

I would not have it supposed, however, that he took all these memorials and interferences good-naturedly, for such an idea would do injustice to his valiant spirit: on the contrary, he never received a piece of advice in the whole course of his life without first getting into a passion with the giver. But I have ever observed that your passionate little men, like small boats with large sails, are the easiest upset or blown out of their course; and this is demonstrated by Governor Kieft, who, though in temperament as hot as an old radish, and with a mind, the territory of which was subjected to perpetual whirlwinds and tornadoes, yet never failed to be carried away by the last piece of advice that was blown into his ear. Lucky was it for him that his power was not dependent upon the greasy multitude, and that as yet the populace did not possess the important privilege of nominating their chief magistrate. They did their best, however, to help along public affairs; pestering their governor incessantly,

by goading him on with harangues and petitions, and then thwarting his fiery spirit with reproaches and memorials, like Sunday jockeys managing an unlucky devil of a hack horse—so that Wilhelmus Kieft may be said to have been kept either on a worry or a hand-gallop throughout the whole of his administration.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing divers fearful accounts of Border wars, and the flagrant outrages of the Moss-troopers of Connecticut—with the rise of the great Amphictyonic council of the east, and the decline of William the Testy.

It was asserted by the wise men of ancient times, who were intimately acquainted with these matters, that at the gate of Jupiter's palace lay two huge tuns, the one filled with blessings, the other with misfortunes—and it verily seems as if the latter had been completely overturned, and left to deluge the unlucky province of Nieuw-Nederlands. Among the many internal and external causes of irritation, the incessant irruptions of the Yankees upon his frontiers were continually adding fuel to the inflammable temper of William the Testy. Numerous accounts of these molestations may still be found among the records of the times; for the commanders on the frontiers were especially careful to evince their vigilance and zeal, by striving who should send home the most frequent and voluminous budgets of complaints, as your faithful servant is eternally running with complaints to the parlour, of the petty squabbles and misdemeanours of the kitchen.

Far be it from me to insinuate, however, that our worthy ancestors indulged in groundless alarms; on the contrary, they were daily suffering a repetition of cruel wrongs, not one of which but was a sufficient reason, according to the maxims of national dignity and honour, for throwing the whole universe into hostility and confusion. From among a multitude of bitter grievances still on record, I select a few of the most atrocious, and leave my readers to judge if our ancestors were not justifiable in getting into a very valiant passion on the occasion.

"24 June, 1641. Some of Hartford have taken a hogg out of the vliet or common, and shut it up out of meer hate or other prejudice, causing it to starve for hunger in the sty!

"26 July. The forementioned English did again drive the Companies' hogs out of the vliet of Sicojoke into Hartford; contending daily with reproaches, blows, beating the people with all disgrace that they could imagine.

"May 20, 1642. The English of Hartford have violently cut loose a horse of the honoured Companies', that stood bound upon the common or vliet.

"May 9, 1643. The Companies' horses pastured upon the Companies' ground were driven away by them of Connecticut or Hartford, and the herdsmen lustily beaten with hatchets and sticks.

"16. Again they sold a young hogg belonging to

the Companie, which pigg had pastured on the Companies' land.—"

Oh ye powers! into what indignation did every one of these outrages throw the philosophic William! Let after letter, protest after protest, proclamation after proclamation, bad Latin, worse English, and hideous low Dutch, were exhausted in vain upon the inexorable Yankees; and the four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet, which, excepting his champion, the sturdy trumpeter Van Corlear, composed the only standing army he had at his command, were never off duty throughout the whole of his administration.—Nor was Antient the trumpeter, a whit behind his patron in fiery zeal; but, like a faithful champion of the public safety, at the arrival of every fresh article of news, he was sent to sound his trumpet from the ramparts, with many disastrous notes, throwing the people into violent alarms, and disturbing their rest at all times and seasons—which caused him to be held in very great regard, the public pampering and rewarding him, as we do brawling editors, for similar services.

I am well aware of the perils that environ me in this part of my history. While raking, with curious hand but pious heart, among the mouldering remains of former days, anxious to draw therefrom the honey of wisdom, I may fare somewhat like that valiant worthy, Samson, who, in meddling with the carcass of a dead lion, drew a swarm of bees about his ears. Thus while narrating the many misdeeds of the Yanokie or Yankee tribe, it is ten chances to one but I offend the morbid sensibilities of certain of their unreasonable descendants, who may fly out and raise such a buzzing about this unlucky head of mine, that shall need the tough hide of an Achilles, or an Orlando Furioso, to protect me from their stings.

Should such be the case, I should deeply and sincerely lament—not my misfortune in giving offence—but the wrong-headed perverseness of an ill-natured generation, in taking offence at any thing I say. That their ancestors did use my ancestors ill is true, and I am very sorry for it. I would with all my heart the fact were otherwise; but as I am recording the sacred events of history, I'd not bate one nail's breadth of the honest truth, though I were sure the whole edition of my work should be bought up and burnt by the common hangman of Connecticut. And in sooth, now that these testy gentlemen have drawn me out, I will make bold to go farther, and observe that this is one of the grand purposes for which we impartial historians are sent into the world—to redress wrongs and render justice on the heads of the guilty. So that though a powerful nation may wrong its neighbours with temporary impunity, yet sooner or later an historian springs up, who wreaks ample chastisement on it in return.

Thus these moss-troopers of the east little thought I'll warrant it, while they were harassing the offensive province of Nieuw-Nederlands, and driving its unhappy governor to his wit's end, that an histo-

should ever arise, and give them their own, with interest. Since then I am but performing my bounden duty as an historian, in avenging the wrongs of my revered ancestors, I shall make no further apology; and indeed, when it is considered that I have these ancient borderers of the east in my power, and at the mercy of my pen, I trust that it will be admitted I conduct myself with great humanity and moderation.

To resume then the course of my history—Appearances to the eastward began now to assume a more amiable aspect than ever—for I would have you to be that hitherto the province had been chiefly molested by its immediate neighbours, the people of Connecticut, particularly of Hartford; which, if we may judge from ancient chronicles, was the strong hold of the sturdy moss-troopers, from whence they sallied forth on their daring incursions, carrying terror and devastation into the barns, the hen-roosts, and pig-sties of our revered ancestors.

Albeit about the year 1643, the people of the east country, inhabiting the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-Plymouth, and New-Haven, gathered together into a mighty conclave, and after buzzing and debating for many days, like a political hive of bees in swarming time, at length settled themselves into a formidable confederation, under the title of the United Colonies of New-England. By this union they pledged themselves to stand by one another in all perils and assaults, and to co-operate in all measures, offensive and defensive, against the surrounding savages, among which were doubtlessly included the honoured ancestors of the Manhattoes; and to give more strength and system to this confederation, a general assembly or grand council was to be annually held, composed of representatives from each of the provinces.

On receiving accounts of this combination, Wilhelmus Kieft was struck with consternation, and, for the first time in his whole life, forgot to bounce, at hearing an unwelcome piece of intelligence—which a venerable historian of the times observes was especially noticed among the politicians of New-Amsterdam. The truth was, on turning over in his mind all that he had read at the Hague, about leagues and combinations, he found that this was an exact imitation of the Amphictyonic council, by which the states of Holland were enabled to attain to such power and supremacy, and the very idea made his heart to quake for the safety of his empire at the Manhattoes.

He strenuously insisted, that the whole object of the confederation was to drive the Nederlanders out of their fair domains; and always flew into a great rage if any one presumed to doubt the probability of the conjecture. Nor was he wholly unwarranted in his suspicion; for at the very first annual meeting of the grand council, held at Boston (which Governor Denham denominated the Delphos of this truly classic age), strong representations were made against the Nederlanders, forasmuch as that in their dealings

with the Indians they carried on a traffic in “guns, powder, and shot—a trade damnable and injurious to the colonists.” Not but what certain of the Connecticut traders did likewise dabble a little in this “damnable traffic”—but then they always sold the Indians such scurvy guns, that they burst at the first discharge—and consequently hurt no one but these pagan savages.

The rise of this potent confederacy was a death-blow to the glory of William the Testy; for from that day forward, it was remarked by many, he never held up his head, but appeared quite crest-fallen. His subsequent reign, therefore, affords but scanty food for the historic pen—we find the grand council continually augmenting in power, and threatening to overwhelm the province of Nieuw-Nederlands; while Wilhelmus Kieft kept constantly fulminating proclamations and protests, like a shrewd sea captain, firing off carronades and swivels, in order to break and disperse a waterspout—but, alas! they had no more effect than if they had been so many blank cartridges.

The last document on record of this learned, philosophic, but unfortunate little potentate, is a long letter to the council of the Amphictyons, wherein, in the bitterness of his heart, he rails at the people of New-Haven, or Red Hills, for their discourteous contempt of his protest, levelled at them for squatting within the province of their High Mightinesses. From this letter, which is a model of epistolary writing, abounding with pithy apophthegms and classic figures, my limits will barely allow me to extract the following recondite passage:—“Certainly when we heare the inhabitants of New-Hartford complayninge of us, we seem to heare *Æsop’s* wolf complayninge of the lamb, or the admonition of the young man, who cryed out to his mother, chiding with her neighbour, ‘Oh Mother, revile her, lest she first take up that practice against you.’ But being taught by precedent passages, we received such an answer to our protest from the inhabitants of New-Haven as we expected: *the Eagle always despiseth the Beetle-fly*; yet notwithstanding we doe undauntedly continue on our purpose of pursuing our own right, by just arms and righteous means, and doe hope without scruple to execute the express commands of our superiours.” To show that this last sentence was not a mere empty menace, he concluded his letter by intrepidly protesting against the whole council, as a horde of *squatters* and interlopers, inasmuch as they held their meeting at New-Haven, or the Red Hills, which he claimed, as being within the province of the New-Netherlands.

Thus end the authenticated chronicles of the reign of William the Testy—for henceforth, in the troubles, the perplexities, and the confusion of the times, he seems to have been totally overlooked, and to have slipped for ever through the fingers of scrupulous his-

1 Haz. Col. State Papers.

2 Vide Haz. Col. State Papers.

tory. Indeed, for some cause or other, which I cannot divine; there appears to have been a combination among historians to sink his very name into oblivion, in consequence of which they have one and all forborne even to speak of his exploits. This shows how important it is for great men to cultivate the favour of the learned, if they are ambitious of honour and renown. "Insult not the dervise," said a wise caliph to his son, "lest thou offend thine historian;" and many a mighty man of the olden time, had he observed so obvious a maxim, might have escaped divers cruel wipes of the pen which have been drawn across his character.

It has been a matter of deep concern to me, that such darkness and obscurity should hang over the latter days of the illustrious Kieft—for he was a mighty and great little man, worthy of being utterly renowned, seeing that he was the first potentate that introduced into this land the art of fighting by proclamation, and defending a country by trumpeters and windmills—an economic and humane mode of warfare, since revived with great applause, and which promises, if it can ever be carried into full effect, to save great trouble and treasure, and spare infinitely more bloodshed than either the discovery of gunpowder or the invention of torpedoes.

It is true, that certain of the early provincial poets, of whom there were great numbers in the Nieuw-Nederlandts, taking advantage of the mysterious exit of William the Testy, have fabled, that like Romulus, he was translated to the skies, and that he forms a very fiery little star, somewhere on the left claw of the crab; while others, equally fanciful, declare that he has experienced a fate similar to that of the good King Arthur; who, we are assured by ancient bards, was carried away to the delicious abodes of fairy land, where he still exists in pristine worth and vigour, and will one day or another return to restore the gallantry, the honour, and the immaculate probity, which prevailed in the glorious days of the Round Table.

All these, however, are but pleasing fantasies, the cobweb visions of those dreaming varlets, the poets, to which I would not have my judicious reader attach any credibility. Neither am I disposed to yield any credit to the assertion of an ancient and rather apocryphal historian, who alleges that the ingenious Wilhelmus was annihilated by the blowing down of one of his windmills—nor to that of a writer of later times, who affirms that he fell a victim to a philosophical experiment, which he had for many years been vainly striving to accomplish; having the misfortune to break his neck from the garret window of the stadhous, in

* The old Welsh bards believed that King Arthur was not dead, but carried away by the fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remain for a time, and then returne againe and reigne in as great authority as ever.—HOLLINGSHEAD.

The Britons suppose that he shall come yet and conquere all Britaigne, for certes this is the prophycye of Mertyn.—He say'd that his deth shall be doubtous; and said soth, for men thereof yet have doute and stullen for ever more—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede.—DE LEEUW. CARON.

an attempt to catch swallows, by sprinkling fresh upon their tails.

The most probable account, and to which I am inclined to give my implicit faith, is contained in a very obscure tradition, which declares, that what was the constant troubles on his frontiers—the incessant schemings and projects going on in his own period—niuni—the memorials, petitions, remonstrances, and sage pieces of advice from divers respectable meetings of the sovereign people—together with the refractory disposition of his council, who were sure to differ from him on every point, and uniformly to be in the wrong—all these, I say, did eternally operate to keep his mind in a kind of furnace heat, until he at length came as completely burnt out as a Dutch family pipe, which has passed through three generations of his smokers. In this manner did the choleric but magnanimous William the Testy undergo a kind of animal combustion, consuming away like a farthing candle—so that when grim death finally snuffed him out, there was scarce left enough of him to bury!

BOOK V.

CONTAINING THE FIRST PART OF THE REIGN OF PETER STUYVESANT, AND HIS TROUBLES WITH THE AMPHICTYONIC COUNCIL.

CHAPTER I.

In which the death of a great man is shown to be no very insoluble matter of sorrow—and how Peter Stuyvesant acquired great name from the uncommon strength of his head.

To a profound philosopher, like myself, who is apt to see clear through a subject, where the penetration of ordinary people extends but half way, there is no fact more simple and manifest than that the death of a great man is a matter of very little importance. Much as we may think of ourselves, and much as we may excite the empty plaudits of the million, it is certain that the greatest among us do actually fill but an exceeding small space in the world; and it is equally certain, that even that small space is quickly supplied when we leave it vacant. "Of what consequence is it," said Pliny, "that individuals appear, or make their exit? the world is a theatre whose scenes and actors are continually changing." Never did philosopher speak more correctly, and I only wonder that so wise a remark could have existed so many ages, and which kind not have laid it more to heart. Sage follows in the footsteps of sage; one hero just steps out of the triumphal car, to make way for the hero who comes after him; and of the proudest monarch it is merely said, that—"he slept with his fathers, and his successor reigned in his stead."

The world, to tell the private truth, cares but little for their loss, and if left to itself would soon forget to grieve; and though a nation has often been figuratively drowned in tears on the death of a great man,

ten chances to one on the occasion, some hungry author, and the poet, of to sustain; who—England, act the part of a nation with sighs, with tears it never dreads a patriotic author is w, and in r, it is more than p, and drinking, sid, ment of the bitter lam, those men of straw, plaintiffs for whom, wers occasions to be, the most glorious and, ated nations might, the rubbish of I, historian take him, omit his name to post, William Kieft wor, while he had the, in hand, I question s, obliged to this auther, dity.

sexit occasioned no c, berdam or its vicinity, er did any stars sh, ens were not shroud, persuade us they hav, of a hero—the ro, ed not into tears, ne, in silent sorrow; an, next night just as lon, he rose, as he ever, in any year, either, le of New-Amsterdan, had been a very busy, er; that he was "th, he was "the nobles, a man, take him for, upon his like again"—, and affectionate spee, the death of all great, er pipes, thought no, vesant succeeded to l, ter Stuyvesant was th, ooter Van Twiller, nt Dutch governors, who preceded him, an, ly called by the old, prone to familiarize, led by any successor, fitted by nature to re, beloved province, h, and unrelenting of, to inextricable confu, say merely that he

ten chances to one if an individual tear has been on the occasion, excepting from the forlorn pen of some hungry author. It is the historian, the biographer, and the poet, who have the whole burden of to sustain; who—kind souls!—like undertakers in England, act the part of chief mourners—who inhale a nation with sighs it never heaved, and deluge with tears it never dreamt of shedding. Thus, while the patriotic author is weeping and howling, in prose, blank verse, and in rhyme, and collecting the drops of public sorrow into his volume, as into a lachrymal glass, it is more than probable his fellow-citizens are laughing and drinking, fiddling and dancing, as utterly ignorant of the bitter lamentations made in their name, than those men of straw, John Doe and Richard Roe, the plaintiffs for whom they are generously pleased to give divers occasions to become sureties.

The most glorious and praiseworthy hero that ever the United Nations might have mouldered into oblivion, the rubbish of his own monument, did not the historian take him into favour, and benevolently permit his name to posterity—and much as the valiant William Kieft worried, and hustled, and turbed, while he had the destinies of a whole colony in his hand, I question seriously whether he will not be obliged to this authentic history for all his future celebrity.

It excited occasioned no convulsion in the city of New-Amsterdam or its vicinity: the earth trembled not, nor did any stars shoot from their spheres—the heavens were not shrouded in black, as poets would persuade us they have been, on the unfortunate death of a hero—the rocks (hard-hearted varlets!) shed not into tears, nor did the trees hang their heads in silent sorrow; and as to the sun, he lay a-bed the next night just as long, and showed as jolly a face as he rose, as he ever did on the same day of the month in any year, either before or since. The good people of New-Amsterdam, one and all, declared that he had been a very busy, active, bustling little governor; that he was “the father of his country”—that he was “the noblest work of God”—that “he was a man, take him for all in all, they ne'er should see upon his like again”—together with sundry other complimentary and affectionate speeches that are regularly said at the death of all great men; after which they smoked their pipes, thought no more about him, and Peter Stuyvesant succeeded to his station.

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, he was also the best, of our great Dutch governors. Wouter having surpassed who preceded him, and Pieter or Piet, as he was usually called by the old Dutch burghers, who were prone to familiarize names, having never been succeeded by any successor. He was in fact the very first fitted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of his beloved province, had not the fates, those most cruel and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters, destined him to inextricable confusion.

It may merely that he was a hero would be doing

him great injustice—he was in truth a combination of heroes—for he was of a sturdy, rawbone make like Ajax the Telamonian, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide) when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud, that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.*

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were oft-times rather unpleasant to his favourites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking-staff.

Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or Aristotle, or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sydney, or Tom Paine, yet did he sometimes manifest a shrewdness and sagacity in his measures, that one would hardly expect from a man who did not know Greek, and had never studied the ancients. True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner—but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws, but then again he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced—and I do not know but justice on the whole was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgeting, like William the Testy; but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought or accepted the advice of others; depending confidently upon his single head, as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to work his way through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth,

* See the histories of Masters Josselyn and Blome.

he wanted no other requisite for a perfect statesman than to think always right, for no one can deny that he always acted as he thought; and if he wanted in correctness, he made up for it in perseverance—an excellent quality! since it is surely more dignified for a ruler to be persevering and consistent in error than wavering and contradictory in endeavouring to do what is right. This much is certain, and it is a maxim worthy the attention of all legislators, both great and small, who stand shaking in the wind, without knowing which way to steer—a ruler who acts according to his own will is sure of pleasing himself, while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others runs a great risk of pleasing nobody. The clock that stands still, and points steadfastly in one direction, is certain of being right twice in the four-and-twenty hours—while others may keep going continually, and continually be going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous virtue escape the discernment of the good people of Nieuw-Nederlands; on the contrary, so high an opinion had they of the independent mind and vigorous intellects of their new governor, that they universally called him *Hard-koppig Piet*, or Peter the Headstrong—a great compliment to his understanding!

If, from all that I have said, thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art very dull at drawing conclusions.

This most excellent governor, whose character I have thus attempted feebly to delineate, commenced his administration on the 29th of May 1647, a remarkably stormy day, distinguished in all the almanacs of the time which have come down to us by the name of *Windy Friday*. As he was very jealous of his personal and official dignity, he was inaugurated into office with great ceremony; the goodly oaken chair of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller being carefully preserved for such occasions, in like manner as the chair and stone were reverentially preserved at Schone, in Scotland, for the coronation of the Caledonian monarchs.

I must not omit to mention, that the tempestuous state of the elements, together with its being that unlucky day of the week termed “hanging day,” did not fail to excite much grave speculation and divers very reasonable apprehensions among the more ancient and enlightened inhabitants; and several of the sager sex, who were reputed to be not a little skilled in the mysteries of astrology and fortune-telling, did declare outright that they were omens of a disastrous administration—an event that came to be lamentably verified, and which proves, beyond dispute, the wisdom of attending to those preternatural intimations furnished by dreams and visions, the flying of birds, falling of stones, and cackling of geese, on which the sages and rulers of ancient times placed such reliance

—or to those shootings of stars, eclipses of the moon, howlings of dogs, and flarings of candles, carefully noted and interpreted by the oracular sibyls of the day; who, in my humble opinion, are the legitimate inheritors and preservers of the ancient science of divination. This much is certain, that Governor Stuyvesant succeeded to the chair of state at a turbulent period; when foes thronged and threatened to invade without; when anarchy and stiff-necked opposition reigned rampant within; when the authority of the High Mightinesses the Lords States-General, then founded on the broad Dutch bottom of unoffending imbecility; though supported by economy, and defended by speeches; protests and proclamations, tottered to its very centre; and when the great city of New-Amsterdam, though fortified by flag-staff trumpeters, and windmills, seemed, like some lady of easy virtue, to lie open to attack, and ready to yield to the first invader.

CHAPTER II.

Showing how Peter the Headstrong bestirred himself against the rats and cobwebs on entering into office; and the perils which he took he was guilty of, in his dealings with the Amphictyons.

THE very first movements of the great Peter, taking the reins of government, displayed the magnanimity of his mind, though they occasioned not a little marvel and uneasiness among the people of the Netherlands. Finding himself constantly interrupted by the opposition, and annoyed by the advice of his council, the members of which had acquired the reasonable habit of thinking and speaking for themselves during the preceding reign, he determined once to put a stop to such grievous abominations. Scarcely, therefore, had he entered upon his authority, than he turned out of office all those meddlesome spirits that composed the factious cabinet of William the Testy; in place of whom he chose for himself counsellors from those fat, somniferous, respectable families, that had flourished and stumbled under the easy reign of Walter the Doubter. These he caused to be furnished with abundant fair long pipes, and to be regaled with frequent corporation dinners, admonishing them to smoke, eat, and sleep, for the good of the nation, while he took the burden of government upon his own shoulders—an arrangement to which they all gave their acquiescence.

Nor did he stop here, but made a hideous among the inventions and expedients of his late predecessor—demolishing his flag-staves and windmills, which, like mighty giants, guarded the parts of New-Amsterdam—pitching to the bottom the whole batteries of quaker guns—rooting up his gallows, where catiff vagabonds were suspended by the waistband—and, in a word, turning topsy-turvy the whole philosophic, economic, and windmill system of the immortal sage of Saardam.

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the honest folk of New-Amsterdam began to quake for the fate of their matchless champion, Anthony the trumpeter, who had acquired prodigious power in the eyes of the women, by means of his tinkers and his trumpet. Him did Peter the Headlong cause to be brought into his presence, and holding him for a moment from head to foot, with a countenance that would have appalled any thing else, he said in a sounder of brass—"Pr'ythee, who and what art thou?" said he. "Sire," replied the other, in a voice dismayed, "for my name, it is Anthony Van Corlear—for my parentage, I am the son of my mother—for my profession, I am champion and garrison of this great city of New-Amsterdam." "I doubt not much," said Peter Stuyvesant, "that thou art a scurvy costard-monger knave:—how didst thou acquire this paramount honour and dignity?" "Sire, sir," replied the other, "like many a great man before me, simply by *sounding my own trumpet*." "Ay, is it so?" quoth the governor; "why let us have a relish of thy art." Whereupon he took his instrument to his lips, and sounded a charge of such a tremendous outset, such a delectable cadence, and such a triumphant cadence, that it was enough to make your heart leap out of your mouth to be within a mile of it. Like as a war-worn soldier, while sporting in peaceful plains, if by chance he hear the strains of martial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts, and paws, and kindles at the sound, so did the heroic soul of the mighty Peter joy to hear the clangour of the trumpet; for of him might be said, what was recorded of the renowned George of England, "there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart than to hear the sound of war, and see the soldiers brandish in their steeled weapons." Casting his eyes more fully, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and finding him to be a jolly, fat, little man, shrewd in discourse, yet of great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway conceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from the troublesome duty of garrisoning, defending, and alarming the city, ever after retained him about his person, as his favourite, confidential envoy, and trusty squire. Instead of disturbing the city with disastrous noises, he was instructed to play so as to delight the governor while at his repasts, as did the minstrels of old in the days of glorious chivalry—and on all public occasions to rejoice the ears of the people with a like melody—thereby keeping alive a noble and martial spirit.

Many other alterations and reformations, both for the better and for the worse, did the governor make, which my time will not serve me to record in particulars; suffice it to say, he soon contrived to let the province feel that he was its master, and that the sovereign people with such tyrannical rigour, that they were all fain to hold their tongues, at home, and attend to their business; insomuch that party feuds and distinctions were almost for-

gotten, and many thriving keepers of taverns and dram-shops were utterly ruined for want of business.

Indeed, the critical state of public affairs at this time demanded the utmost vigilance and promptitude. The formidable council of the Amphictyons, which had caused so much tribulation to the unfortunate Kieft, still continued augmenting its forces, and threatened to link within its union all the mighty principalities and powers of the east. In the very year following the inauguration of Governor Stuyvesant, a grand deputation departed from the City of Providence, (famous for its dusty streets and beautiful women,) in behalf of the puissant plantation of Rhode Island, praying to be admitted into the league.

The following mention is made of this application in certain records of that assemblage of worthies, which are still extant.

"Mr Will Cottington and Captain Partridg of Rhode-Island presented this inewing request to the commissioners in wrighting.—

"Our request and motion is in behalfe of Rhode-Island, that wee the Islanders of Rhode-Island may be rescaued into combination with all the united colonies of New-England in a firme and perpetual league of friendship and amity of offence and defence, mutual adviee and succor upon all just occasions for our mutuall safety and wellfaire, etc.

WILL COTTINGTON,
ALICXSANDER PARTRIDG."

There is certainly something in the very physiognomy of this document that might well inspire apprehension. The name of Alexander, however mis-spelt, has been warlike in every age, and though its fierceness is in some measure softened by being coupled with the gentle cognomen of Partridge, still, like the colour of scarlet, it bears an exceeding great resemblance to the sound of a trumpet. From the style of the letter, moreover, and the soldierlike ignorance of orthography displayed by the noble captain Alicxsander Partridg in spelling his own name, we may picture to ourselves this mighty man of Rhodes, strong in arms, potent in the field, and as great a scholar as though he had been educated among that learned people of Thrace, who, Aristotle assures us, could not count beyond the number four.

But whatever might be the threatening aspect of this famous confederation, Peter Stuyvesant was not a man to be kept in a state of incertitude and vague apprehension; he liked nothing so much as to meet danger face to face, and take it by the beard. Determined, therefore, to put an end to all these petty maraudings on the borders, he wrote two or three categorical letters to the grand council; which, though neither couched in bad Latin, nor yet graced by rhetorical tropes about wolves and lambs, and beetle flies, yet had more effect than all the elaborate epis-

ties, protests, and proclamations of his learned predecessor put together. In consequence of his urgent propositions, the great confederacy of the east agreed to enter into a final adjustment of grievances and settlement of boundaries, to the end that a perpetual and happy peace might take place between the two powers. For this purpose Governor Stuyvesant deputed two ambassadors to negotiate with commissioners from the grand council of the league, and a treaty was solemnly concluded at Hartford. On receiving intelligence of this event, the whole community was in an uproar of exultation. The trumpet of the sturdy Van Corlear sounded all day with joyful clangour from the ramparts of Fort Amsterdam, and at night the city was magnificently illuminated with two hundred and fifty tallow candles; besides a barrel of tar which was burnt before the governor's house, on the cheering aspect of public affairs.

And now my worthy reader is, doubtless, like the great and good Peter, congratulating himself with the idea, that his feelings will no longer be molested by afflicting details of stolen horses, broken heads, impounded hogs, and all the other catalogue of heart-rending cruelties that disgraced these border wars. But if he should indulge in such expectations, it is a proof that he is but little versed in the paradoxical ways of cabinets; to convince him of which, I solicit his serious attention to my next chapter, wherein I will show that Peter Stuyvesant has already committed a great error in politics; and by effecting a peace, has materially hazarded the tranquillity of the province.

CHAPTER III.

Containing divers speculations on war and negotiations—showing that a treaty of peace is a great national evil.

IT was the opinion of that poetical philosopher, Lucretius, that war was the original state of man, whom he described as being primitively a savage beast of prey, engaged in a constant state of hostility with his own species, and that this ferocious spirit was tamed and ameliorated by society. The same opinion has been advocated by Hobbes,¹ nor have there been wanting many other philosophers to admit and defend it.

For my part, though prodigiously fond of these valuable speculations, so complimentary to human nature, yet, in this instance, I am inclined to take the proposition by halves, believing with Horace,² that though war may have been originally the favourite amusement and industrious employment of our progenitors, yet, like many other excellent habits, so far from being ameliorated, it has been cultivated and

¹ Hobbes's Leviathan. Part I. chap. 13.

² Quum prope serunt primis animalia terris.

Mutum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilla propter,

Unguis et pugnibus, dein fustibus, atque ita porro

Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus.

HOB. *Sat. L. 1. S. 5.*

confirmed by refinement and civilization, and increases in exact proportion as we approach toward that state of perfection, which is the *me plus ultra* of modern philosophy.

The first conflict between man and man was the exertion of physical force, unaided by auxiliary weapons—his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace, a broken head the catastrophe of his encounters. A battle of unassisted strength was succeeded by more rugged one of stones and clubs, and war assumed a sanguinary aspect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and his sensibility became more exquisite, he grew rapidly more laborious and experienced in the art of murdering his low beings. He invented a thousand devices to defend and to assault—the helmet, the cuirass, the buckler, the sword, the dart, and the javelin, pared him to elude the wound as well as to launch a blow. Still urging on, in the career of assaulting invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defence and injury:—The Aries, the Scorpion, Balista, and the Catapulta, give a horror and animosity to war, and magnify its glory, by increasing desolation. Still insatiable, though armed with machinery that seemed to reach the limits of destruction, invention, and to yield a power of injury commensurate even with the desires of revenge—still deeper searches must be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal he dives into the bowels of the earth to toil amidst poisonous minerals and dead salts—the sublime discovery of gunpowder blasts upon the world—and finally the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation seems to endow the demigod of war with ubiquity and omnipotence!

This, indeed, is grand!—this increased marks the powers of mind, and bespeaks that divine endowment of reason, which distinguishes man from the animals and our inferiors. The unenlightened brutes content themselves with the native force which Providence has assigned them.—The antelope bull butts with his horns, as did his progenitors before him—the leopard, and the tiger seek only with their claws and their fangs to gratify their sanguinary fury; even the subtle serpent darts the same venomous darts, as did his sire before the first Man alone, blessed with the inventive mind, goes from discovery to discovery—enlarges and multiplies his powers of destruction; arrogates the tremendous weapons of Deity itself, and tasks creation to assist him in murdering his brother worm!

In proportion as the art of war has increased in improvement, has the art of preserving peace advanced in equal ratio; and as we have discovered, in this art of wonders and inventions, that proclamation is the most formidable engine in war, so have we discovered the no less ingenious mode of maintaining peace by perpetual negotiations.

A treaty, or, to speak more correctly, a negotiation, therefore, according to the acceptance of experienced statesmen, learned in these matters, has

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never an attempt to accommodate differences, to ascertain rights, and to establish an equitable exchange of kind offices; but a contest of skill between two powers, which shall overreach and take in the other. It is a cunning endeavour to obtain by peaceful means, and the chicanery of cabinets, those advantages which a nation would otherwise have wrested by force of arms: in the same manner as a conscientious highwayman reforms and becomes a quiet and praiseworthy citizen, contenting himself with cheating his neighbour out of that property he would formerly have seized with open violence.

In fact, the only time when two nations can be said to be in a state of perfect amity is when a negotiation is open, and a treaty pending. Then, when there are stipulations entered into, no bonds to restrain the will, no specific limits to awaken the captious jealousy, no right implanted in our nature; when each party has some advantage to hope and expect from the other, when it is that the two nations are wonderfully gracious and friendly to each other; their ministers proposing the highest mutual regard, exchanging billets-doux, making fine speeches, and indulging in all those polite diplomatic flirtations, coquetries, and fondlings, that do so marvellously tickle the good humour of the respective nations. Thus it may paradoxically be said, that there is never so good an understanding between two nations as when there is a little misunderstanding—and that so long as they are on no terms they are on the best terms in the world!

I do not by any means pretend to claim the merit of having made the above discovery. It has in fact been secretly acted upon by certain enlightened cabinets, and is, together with divers other notable theories, privately copied out of the common-place book of an illustrious gentleman, who has been member of congress, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of heads of departments. To this principle may be ascribed the wonderful ingenuity that has been shown in late years: in protracting and interrupting negotiations.—Hence the cunning measure of appointing an ambassador some political pettifogger skilled in delays, sophisms, and misapprehensions, and dexterous in the art of baffling argument—or some blundering statesman, whose errors and misconstructions may be a plea for refusing to ratify his engagements. And hence too that most notable expedient, so popular with our government, of sending out a brace of ambassadors; between whom, having each an individual will to consult, character to establish, and interest to promote, you may as well look for unanimity and concord as between two lovers with one mistress, two rogues with one bone, or two naked rogues with one pair of breeches. This disagreement therefore is continually breeding delays and impediments, in consequence of which the negotiation goes on swimmingly—inasmuch as there is no prospect of its ever coming to a close. Nothing is lost by these delays and obstacles but time; and in a negotiation, according to the theory I have exposed, all time lost is in reality

so much time gained:—with what delightful paradoxes does modern political economy abound!

Now all that I have here advanced is so notoriously true, that I almost blush to take up the time of my readers with treating of matters which must many a time have stared them in the face. But the proposition to which I would most earnestly call their attention is this, that though a negotiation be the most harmonizing of all national transactions, yet a treaty of peace is a great political evil, and one of the most fruitful sources of war.

I have rarely seen an instance of any special contract between individuals that did not produce jealousies, bickerings, and often downright ruptures between them; nor did I ever know of a treaty between two nations that did not occasion continual misunderstandings. How many worthy country neighbours have I known who, after living in peace and good fellowship for years, have been thrown into a state of distrust, cavilling, and animosity, by some ill-starred agreement about fences, runs of water, and stray cattle! And how many well meaning nations, who would otherwise have remained in the most amicable disposition towards each other, have been brought to swords' points about the infringement or misconstruction of some treaty, which in an evil hour they had concluded, by way of making their amity more sure!

Treaties at best are but complied with so long as interest requires their fulfilment; consequently they are virtually binding on the weaker party only; or, in plain truth, they are not binding at all. No nation will wantonly go to war with another if it has nothing to gain thereby, and therefore needs no treaty to restrain it from violence; and if it have any thing to gain, I much question, from what I have witnessed of the righteous conduct of nations, whether any treaty could be made so strong that it could not thrust the sword through—nay, I would hold ten to one, the treaty itself would be the very source to which resort would be had to find a pretext for hostilities.

Thus, therefore, I conclude—that though it is the best of all policies for a nation to keep up a constant negotiation with its neighbours, yet it is the summit of folly for it ever to be beguiled into a treaty; for then comes on the non-fulfilment and infraction, then remonstrance, then altercation, then retaliation, then recrimination, and finally open war. In a word, negotiation is like courtship, a time of sweet words, gallant speeches, soft looks, and endearing caresses—but the marriage ceremony is the signal for hostilities.

CHAPTER IV.

How Peter Stuyvesant was greatly belted by his adversaries the Moss-troopers—and his conduct thereupon.

If my pains-taking reader be not somewhat perplexed, in the course of the ratiocination of my last chapter, he will doubtless at one glance perceive, that

the great Peter, in concluding a treaty with his eastern neighbours, was guilty of a lamentable error and heterodoxy in politics. To this unlucky agreement may justly be ascribed a world of little infringements, altercations, negotiations, and bickerings, which afterwards took place between that irritable and potentate and the evil-disposed council of Amphictyons. All these did not a little disturb the constitutional serenity of the good burghers of Mamma-hata; but in sooth they were so very pitiful in their nature and effects, that a grave historian, who grudges the time spent in recording any thing less than the fall of empires, and the revolution of worlds, would think them unworthy to be inscribed on his sacred page.

The reader is therefore to take it for granted, though I scorn to waste in the detail that time, which my furrowed brow and trembling hand inform me is invaluable, that all the while the great Peter was occupied in those tremendous and bloody contests that I shall shortly rehearse, there was a continued series of little, dirty, snivelling skirmishes, scourgings, broils, and maraudings made on the eastern frontiers, by the moss-troopers of Connecticut. But like that mirror of chivalry, the sage and valorous Don Quixote, I leave these petty contests for some future Sancho Panza of an historian, while I reserve my prowess and my pen for achievements of higher dignity.

Now did the great Peter conclude that his labours had come to a close in the east, and that he had nothing to do but apply himself to the internal prosperity of his beloved Manhattoes. Though a man of great modesty he could not help boasting that he had at length shut the temple of Janus, and that, were all rulers like a certain person who should be nameless, it would never be opened again. But the exultation of the worthy governor was put to a speedy check; for scarce was the treaty concluded, and hardly was the ink dried on the paper, before the crafty and discourteous council of the league sought a new pretence for realluming the flames of discord.

It seems to be the nature of confederacies, republics, and such like powers, that want the masculine character, to indulge exceedingly in certain feminine panics and suspicions. Like some good lady of delicate and sickly virtue, who is in constant dread of having her vestal purity contaminated or seduced, and who, if a man do but take her by the hand, or look her in the face, is ready to cry out, rape! and ruin!—so these squeamish governments are perpetually on the alarm for the virtue of the country: every manly measure is a violation of the constitution—every monarchy or other masculine government around them is laying snares for their seduction; and they are for ever detecting infernal plots, by which they were to be betrayed, dishonoured, and “brought upon the town.”

If any proof were wanting of the truth of these opinions, I would instance the conduct of a certain republic of our day; who, good dame, has already withstood so many plots and conspiracies against her vir-

tue, and has so often come near being made “better than she should be.” I would notice her constant jealousies of poor old England, who, by her account, has been incessantly trying to sap her honour; though, from my soul, I never could believe the honest old gentleman meant her any rudeness. Whereas, on the contrary, I think I have several times caught her squeezing hands and indulging in certain amorous oglings with that sad fellow Bonaparte—all the world knows to be a great despoiler of nations; to have ruined all the empires in his neighbourhood; and to have debauched every republic that came in his way—but so it is, these rakes seem always to gain singular favour with the ladies.

But I crave pardon of my reader for thus wandering, and will endeavour, in some measure, to apply the foregoing remarks; for in the year 1651 we are told that the great confederacy of the east accused the immaculate Peter—the soul of honour and heart of steel—that by divers gifts and promises he had been secretly endeavouring to instigate the Narraganset (or Narraganset), Mochaque, and Pequot Indians, to surprise and massacre the Yankee settlements. “For as the council slanderously observed, ‘‘the Indians round about for divers hundred miles cercute, seem to have drunke deep of an intoxicating cupp, all from the Manhattoes against the English, whoe has sought their good, both in bodily and spirituall respects.’’

History does not make mention how the great council of the Amphictyons came by this precious plot, whether it was honestly bought at a fair market price or discovered by sheer good fortune—it is certain however, that they examined divers Indians, who swore to the fact, as sturdily as though they had been so many Christian troopers: and to be more sure of their veracity, the sage council previously made every mother’s son of them drunk, remembering an old and trite proverb, which it is not necessary for me to repeat.

Though descended from a family which suffered much injury from the losel Yankees of those times—my great grandfather having had a yoke of oxen and his best pacer stolen, and having received a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose in one of these border wars; and my grandfather, when a very little boy tending pigs, having been kidnapped and severely flogged by a long-sided Connecticut school-master—Yet I should have passed over all these wrongs with forgiveness and oblivion—I could even have suffered them to have broken Evert Ducking’s head; to have kicked the doughty Jacobus Van Curlet and his ragged regiment out of doors; to have carried every boy into captivity, and depopulated every hen-roost of the face of the earth with perfect impunity—but this wanton attack upon one of the most gallant and irreproachable heroes of modern times, is too much even for me to digest; and has overset, with a single puff, the patience of the historian, and the forbearance of the Dutchman.

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Oh reader, it was false! I swear to thee, it was false!—If thou hast any respect to my word—if the degrading character for veracity, which I have endeavoured to maintain throughout this work, has its weight with thee, thou wilt not give thy faith to the tale of slander; for I pledge my honour and my immortal fame to thee, that the gallant Peter Stuyvesant was not only innocent of this foul conspiracy, but would have suffered his right arm or even his wooden leg to consume with slow and everlasting flames, rather than attempt to destroy his enemies in any other way than open, generous warfare—beshrew these catiff scouts, that conspired to sully his honest name by such an imputation!

Peter Stuyvesant, though he perhaps had never heard of a knight errant, yet had as true a heart of chivalry as ever beat at the round table of King Arthur. There was a spirit of native gallantry, a noble and generous hardihood diffused through his rugged manners, which altogether gave unquestionable tokens of an heroic mind. He was, in truth, a hero of chivalry struck off by the hand of nature at a single heat; and though she had taken no further care to polish and refine her workmanship, he stood forth a miracle of her skill.

But not to be figurative (a fault in historic writing which I particularly eschew), the great Peter possessed, in an eminent degree, the seven renowned and noble virtues of knighthood; which, as he had never consulted authors in the disciplining and cultivating of his mind, I verily believe must have been implanted in his heart by Dame Nature herself—where they flourished among his hardy qualities, like so many sweet wild flowers, shooting forth and thriving among the barren rocks. Such was the mind of Peter the headstrong, and if my admiration for it has, on this occasion, transported my style beyond the sober gravity which becomes the laborious scribe of historic events, I can only plead as an apology, that, though the little gray-headed Dutchman, arrived almost at the bottom of the down-hill of life, I still retain some portion of that celestial fire, which sparkles in the eye of youth, when contemplating the virtues and achievements of ancient worthies. Blessed, thrice and nine times blessed, be the good St Nicholas—that I have escaped the influence of that chilling apathy, which so often freezes the sympathies of age; which, like a harsh spirit, sits at the portals of the heart, repulses every genial sentiment, and paralyzing every glow of enthusiasm.

No sooner did this scoundrel imputation on his honour reach the ear of Peter Stuyvesant, than he proceeded in a manner which would have redounded to his credit, even though he had studied for years in the library of Don Quixote. He immediately dispatched his valiant trumpeter and squire, Anthony Van Corlear, with orders to ride night and day, as herald to the Amphictyonic council, reproaching them in terms of noble indignation, for giving ear to the slanders of these invidious intelds against the character of a Christian,

a gentleman, and a soldier—and declaring that, as to the treacherous and bloody plot alleged against him, whoever affirmed it to be true lied in his teeth!—To prove which, he defied the president of the council and all of his compeers, or if they pleased, their puissant champion, Captain Alixander Partridge, that mighty man of Rhodes, to meet him in single combat; where he would trust the vindication of his innocence to the prowess of his arm.

This challenge being delivered with due ceremony, Anthony Van Corlear sounded a trumpet of defiance before the whole council, ending with a most horrid and nasal twang, full in the face of Captain Partridge, who almost jumped out of his skin in an ecstasy of astonishment at the noise. This done, he mounted a tall Flanders mare, which he always rode, and trotted merrily towards the Manhattoes—passing through Hartford, and Pyquag, and Middletown, and all the other border towns—twanging his trumpet like a very devil, so that the sweet valleys and banks of the Connecticut resounded with the warlike melody—and stopping occasionally to eat pumpkin pies, dance at country frolics, and bundle with the beauteous lasses of those parts—whom he rejoiced exceedingly with his soul-stirring instrument.

But the grand council, being composed of considerate men, had no idea of running a tilting with such a fiery hero as the hardy Peter—on the contrary, they sent him an answer, couched in the meekest, and most provoking terms, in which they assured him that his guilt was proved to their perfect satisfaction, by the testimony of divers sober and respectable Indians, and concluding with this truly amiable paragraph—“For youre confidant denials of the Barbarous plot charged will waigh little in balance against such evidence, soe that we must still require and seeke due satisfaction and securitie; so we rest,

Sir,

Youres in wayes of Righteousness, etc.”

I am aware that the above transaction has been differently recorded by certain historians of the east, and elsewhere; who seem to have inherited the bitter enmity of their ancestors to the brave Peter—and much good may their inheritance do them! These declare, that Peter Stuyvesant requested to have the charges against him inquired into by commissioners to be appointed for the purpose; and yet that when such commissioners were appointed, he refused to submit to their examination. In this artful account there is but the semblance of truth—He did, indeed, most gallantly offer, when that he found a deaf ear was turned to his challenge, to submit his conduct to the rigorous inspection of a court of honour—but then he expected to find it an august tribunal, composed of courteous gentlemen, the governors and nobility of the confederate plantations, and of the province of New-Netherlands; where he might be tried by his peers, in a manner worthy of his rank and dignity—Whereas, let me perish, if they did not send to the

Manhattoes two lean-sided hungry pettifoggers, mounted on Narraganset pacers, with saddle-bags under their bottoms, and green satchels under their arms, as though they were about to beat the hoof from one county court to another in search of a law-suit.

The chivalric Peter, as might be expected, took no notice of these cunning varlets; who with professional industry fell to prying and sifting about, in quest of *ex parte* evidence; perplexing divers simple Indians and old women with their cross-questioning, until they contradicted and forswore themselves most horribly. Thus having fulfilled their errand to their own satisfaction, they returned to the grand council with their satchels and saddle-bags stuffed full of villanous rumours, apocryphal stories, and outrageous calumnies,—for all which the great Peter did not care a tobacco-stopper; but, I warrant me, had they attempted to play off the same trick upon William the Testy, he would have treated them both to an aerial gambol on his patent gallows.

The grand council of the east held a solemn meeting on the return of their envoys, and after they had pondered a long time on the situation of affairs, were upon the point of adjourning without being able to agree upon any thing. At this critical moment, a pale, bilious, meddlesome orator took the floor. He was a man who passed for an able politician, because he had made his way to a seat in council by calumniating all his opponents. He was, in fact, one of those worrying, though windy spirits, who evince their patriotism by blowing the bellows of faction, until the whole furnace of politics is red-hot with sparks and cinders: one of those disinterested zealots, who are ready at any time to set the house on fire, so they may boil their pots by the blaze. He saw at once that here was a fit opportunity for striking a blow that should secure his popularity among his constituents, who lived on the borders of Nieuw-Nederlands, and were the greatest poachers in Christendom, excepting the Scotch border nobles. Like a second Peter the Hermit, therefore, he stood forth and preached up a crusade against Peter Stuyvesant, and his devoted city.

He made a speech which lasted six hours, according to the ancient custom in these parts, in which he represented the Dutch as a race of impious heretics, who neither believed in witchcraft nor the sovereign virtues of horse-shoes—who left their country for the lucre of gain, not like themselves, for the *liberty of conscience*—who, in short, were a race of mere cannibals and anthropophagi, inasmuch as they never ate codfish on Saturdays, devoured swine's flesh without molasses, and held pumpkins in utter contempt.

This speech had the desired effect, for the council, being awakened by the sergeant-at-arms, rubbed their eyes, and declared that it was just and politic to declare instant war against these unchristian anti-pumpkinites. But it was necessary that the people at large should first be prepared for this measure, and

for this purpose the arguments of the orator were preached from the pulpit for several Sundays in sequence, and earnestly recommended to the consideration of every good Christian, who professed, as well as practised, the doctrine of meekness, charity, and the forgiveness of injuries. This is the first I hear of the "Drum Ecclesiastic" beating up political recruits in our country; and it proved such signal efficacy, that it has since been called into frequent service throughout our union. A cunning politician is often found sculking under the clerical robe, with an outside all religion, and an inside all rancour. Things spiritual and things temporal strangely jumbled together, like poisons and antidotes on an apothecary's shelf; and instead of a devout sermon, the simple church-going folk have often a political pamphlet thrust down their throats, labelled with pious text from Scripture.

CHAPTER V.

How the New-Amsterdamers became great in arms, and of direful catastrophe of a mighty army—together with Peter Stuyvesant's measures to fortify the city—and how he was original founder of the Battery.

BUT notwithstanding that the grand council, I have already shown, were amazingly discreet in their proceedings respecting the New-Netherlands, and conducted the whole with almost as much science and mystery as does the sage British cabinet, one of its ill-starred *secret expeditions*—yet did the ever-watchful Peter receive as full and accurate information of every movement as does the court of France of all the notable enterprises I have mentioned.—He accordingly set himself to work, to render the machinations of his adversaries abortive.

I know that many will censure the precipitation of this stout-hearted old governor, in that he hurried into the expenses of fortification, without ascertaining whether they were necessary, by prudently waiting until the enemy was at the door. But they should recollect that Peter Stuyvesant had not the benefit of an insight into the modern arcana of politics, and was strangely bigoted to certain obsolete maxims of the old school; among which he firmly believed, that, to render a country respected abroad, it was necessary to make it formidable at home—and that a nation should place its reliance for peace and security not upon its own strength than on the justice or goodwill of its neighbours.—He proceeded, therefore, with diligence, to put the province and metropolis in a strong posture of defence.

Among the few remnants of ingenious invention which remained from the days of William the Testy were those impregnable bulwarks of public safety—militia laws; by which the inhabitants were obliged to turn out twice-a-year, with such military equipments—as it pleased God; and were put under the command of very valiant tailors and man-milliners

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though on ordinary occasions the meekest, pipe-hearted little men in the world, were very decorated at parades and court-martials, when they had hats on their heads and swords by their sides. Under the instructions of these periodical warriors, the gallant train-bands made marvellous proficiency in the mystery of gunpowder. They were taught to march to the right, to wheel to the left, to snap off their firelocks without winking, to turn a corner about any great uproar or irregularity, and to march through sun and rain from one end of the island to the other without flinching—until in the end they became so valorous that they fired off their cartridges, without so much as turning away their heads—could hear the largest field-piece discharged without stopping their ears, or falling into any confusion—and would even go through all the dangers and perils of a summer day's parade, without being their ranks much thinned by desertion!

True it is, the genius of this truly pacific people was so little given to war, that during the intervals which occurred between field-days, they generally managed to forget all the military tuition they had received; so that when they re-appeared on parade, they scarcely knew the butt-end of the musket from the muzzle, and invariably mistook the right shoulder for the left—a mistake which, however, was soon obviated by chalking their left arms. But whatever might be their blunders and awkwardness, the sagacious Kieft declared them to be of but little importance—since, as he judiciously observed, one campaign would be of more instruction to them than a hundred parades; for though two-thirds of them might be food for powder, yet such of the other third as did not run away would become most experienced veterans.

The great Stuyvesant had no particular veneration for the ingenious experiments and institutions of his predecessor, and among other things held the militia system in very considerable contempt, which was often heard to call in joke—for he was sometimes fond of a joke—Governor Kieft's broken reed. However, the present emergency was pressing, he was obliged to avail himself of such means of defence as were next at hand, and accordingly appointed a general inspection and parade of train-bands. O Mars and Bellona, and all ye other powers war both great and small, what a turning out was this!—Here came men without officers, and officers without men—long fowling-pieces and short blunderbusses—muskets of all sorts and sizes, some without barrels, others without locks, others without stocks, many without lock, stock, or barrel—cartridge-boxes, shot-belts, powder-horns, swords, hatchets, bayonet-sneezes, crowbars, and broomsticks, all mingled biggledy-piggledy—like one of our continental armies at the breaking out of the revolution.

This sudden transformation of a pacific community into a band of warriors is doubtless what is meant, in modern days, by "putting a nation in armour," and

"fixing it in an attitude:" in which armour and attitude it makes as martial a figure, and is likely to acquit itself with as much prowess, as the renowned Sancho Panza, when suddenly equipped to defend his Island of Barataria.

The sturdy Peter eyed this ragged regiment with some such rueful aspect as a man would eye the devil; but knowing, like a wise man, that all he had to do was to make the best out of a bad bargain, he determined to give his heroes a seasoning. Having, therefore, drilled them through the manual exercise over and over again, he ordered the files to strike up a quick march, and trudged his sturdy boots backwards and forwards about the streets of New-Amsterdam, and the fields adjacent, until their short legs ached, and their fat sides sweated again. But this was not all; the martial spirit of the old governor caught fire from the sprightly music of the fife, and he resolved to try the mettle of his troops, and give them a taste of the hardships of iron war. To this end he encamped them, as the shades of evening fell, upon a hill formerly called Bunker's hill, at some distance from the town, with a full intention of initiating them into the discipline of camps, and of renewing the next day the toils and perils of the field. But so it came to pass, that in the night there fell a great and heavy rain, which descended in torrents upon the camp, and the mighty army strangely melted away before it; so that when Gaffer Phœbus came to shed his morning beams upon the place, saving Peter Stuyvesant and his trumpeter Van Corlear, scarce one was to be found of all the multitude that had encamped there the night before.

This awful dissolution of his army would have appalled a commander of less nerve than Peter Stuyvesant; but he considered it as a matter of small importance, though he thenceforward regarded the militia system with ten times greater contempt than ever, and took care to provide himself with a good garrison of chosen men, whom he kept in pay, and of whom he boasted, that they at least possessed the quality, indispensable in soldiers, of being water-proof.

The next care of the vigilant Stuyvesant was to strengthen and fortify New-Amsterdam. For this purpose he caused to be built a strong picket fence that reached across the island, from river to river, being intended to protect the city, not merely from the sudden invasions of foreign enemies, but likewise from the incursions of the neighbouring savages.*

Some traditions, it is true, have ascribed the building of this wall to a later period, but they are wholly incorrect, for a memorandum in the Stuyvesant ma-

* In an antique view of New-Amsterdam, taken some years after the above period, is a representation of this wall, which stretched along the course of Wall-street, so called in commemoration of this great bulwark. One gate, called the Land-Poort, opened upon Broadway, hard by where at present stands the Trinity Church; and another, called the Water-Poort, stood about where the Tontine Coffee-house is at present—opening upon Smits Vleye, or, as it is commonly called, Smith Fly, then a marshy valley, with a creek or inlet extending up what we call Maiden-lane.

nuscript, dated towards the middle of the governor's reign, mentions this wall particularly, as a very strong and curious piece of workmanship, and the admiration of all the savages in the neighbourhood. And it mentions, moreover, the alarming circumstance of a drove of stray cows breaking through the grand wall of a dark night; by which the whole community of New-Amsterdam was thrown into a terrible panic.

In addition to this great wall, he cast up several outworks to Fort-Amsterdam, to protect the seaboard, at the point of the Island. These consisted of formidable mud batteries, solidly faced, after the manner of the Dutch ovens common in those days, with clamshells.

These frowning bulwarks, in process of time, came to be pleasantly overrun by a verdant carpet of grass and clover, and their high embankments overshadowed by wide-spreading sycamores, among whose foliage the little birds sported about, rejoicing the ear with their melodious notes. The old burghers would repair of an afternoon to smoke their pipes under the shade of their branches, contemplating the golden sun as he gradually sunk into the west, an emblem of that tranquil end toward which themselves were hastening—while the young men and the damsels of the town would take many a moonlight stroll among these favourite haunts, watching the silver beams of chaste Cynthia tremble along the calm bosom of the bay, or light up the white sail of some gliding bark, and interchanging the honest vows of constant affection. Such was the origin of that renowned walk THE BATTERY, which, though ostensibly devoted to the purposes of war, has ever been consecrated to the sweet delights of peace—The favourite walk of declining age—the healthful resort of the feeble invalid—the Sunday refreshment of the dusty tradesman—the scene of many a boyish gambol—the rendezvous of many a tender assignation—the comfort of the citizen—the ornament of New-York—and the pride of the lovely island of Manna-hata.

CHAPTER VI.

How the people of the east country were suddenly afflicted with a diabolical evil—and their judicious measures for the extirpation thereof.

HAVING thus provided for the temporary security of New-Amsterdam, and guarded it against any sudden surprise, the gallant Peter took a hearty pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers, set the great council of Amphictyons, and their champion, the doughty Alicesander Partridge, at defiance. It is impossible to say, notwithstanding, what might have been the issue of this affair, had not the council been all at once involved in sad perplexity, and as much dissension sown among its members as of yore was stirred up in the camp of the brawling warriors of Greece.

The council of the league, as I have shown in my last chapter, had already announced its hostile deter-

minations, and already was the mighty colony of New Haven and the puissant town of Pyquag, otherwise called Weathersfield—famous for its onions and witches—and the great trading-house of Hartford, and all the other redoubtable border towns, in a prodigious turmoil, furbishing up their rusty fowling-pieces, and shouting aloud for war; by which they anticipated easy conquests and gorgeous spoils from the little Dutch villages. But this joyous brawling was silenced by the conduct of the colony of Massachusetts. Struck with the gallant spirit of the brave old Peter and convinced by the chivalric frankness and heroism of his vindication, they refused to believe guilty of the infamous plot most wrongfully laid at door. With a generosity for which I would give them immortal honour, they declared, that no determination of the grand council of the league should bind the general court of Massachusetts to join in offensive war, which should appear to such general court to be unjust.

This refusal immediately involved the colony of Massachusetts and the other combined colonies in various difficulties and disputes, and would no doubt have produced a dissolution of the confederacy, had the council of Amphictyons, finding that they could not stand alone, if mutilated by the loss of so important a member as Massachusetts, were fain to abandon for the present their hostile machinations against the Manhattoes. Such is the marvellous sense and the puissance of those confederacies, composed of a number of sturdy, self-willed, discordant parties loosely banded together by a puny general government. As it was, however, the warlike town of Connecticut had no cause to deplore this disappointment of their martial ardour; for by my faith—the combined powers of the league might have been too potent in the end for the robust warriors of the Manhattoes—yet in the interim would the gallant Peter and his myrmidons have choked the stomachful heroes of Pyquag with their own omissions, and have given the other little border towns some scouring, that I warrant they would have had stomach to squat on the land or invade the heavens of a New-Netherlander for a century to come.

Indeed there was more than one cause to divert the attention of the good people of the east from their hostile purposes; for just about this time were the towns horribly beleaguered and harassed by the invading prince of darkness, divers of whose liege subjects they detected lurking within their camp, all of whom they incontinently roasted as so many spies and dangerous enemies. Not to speak in parables, we are informed that at this juncture the New-England provinces were exceedingly troubled by multitudes of mischievous witches, who wrought strange devices to beguile and distress the multitude; and notwithstanding mercurious judicious and bloody laws had been enacted against all “solemn conversing or compacting

evil, by way of counteracting the dark crime of witchcraft, in a very alarming degree, yet these were not the first doubts for an instant. What is particularly terrible art, which searches and abstruses the hearts of magicians, alchemists, and other such, who are chiefly confined to the study of ugly old women, and who are generally more brains than brawn.

When once an alarm is given, it is no wonder that they should be ready to be in a hurry to support it—rather than to see it immediately overturned, and the overflowing of the epidemic.—In like manner, a man who is never troubled with the evil, is to be bewitched, and a man that lived in a remote and remote abomination of the law, is not to be unnoticed, and the very indignation of the community—more than any other, had evinced the conversion of the council of the Alicesanders against so deadly a scourge. The very scrutiny took place, who were easily to be seen, and broomsticks, and being able to weep with their left eye.

It is incredible the number of those who were affected, “for every town had Cotton Mather, in the city of New-England—of whose presence, that no reason could be given, ever did question the power of God to do it in any other manner. Indeed, that author of the *Diary of Josselyn, Gent.*

facts on this subject, he, “that began to produce many strange reports of a shallowing of a ship and ground-mast; the ship being vanished of a sudden, and the number of delinquent devices, were the most obstinate. Some, persuasive, and some themselves guilty, and the enter-

devil, by way of conjuration or the like," yet did the dark crime of witchcraft continue to increase to a alarming degree, that would almost transcend belief, were not the fact too well authenticated to be doubted for an instant.

What is particularly worthy of admiration is, that this terrible art, which so long has baffled the painful searches and abstruse studies of philosophers, astrologers, alchemists, theurgists, and other sages, was chiefly confined to the most ignorant, decrepit, and ugly old women in the community, who had scarcely more brains than the broomsticks they rode upon.

When once an alarm is sounded, the public, who are clearly to be in a panic, are not long in want of means to support it—raise but the cry of yellow-fever, and immediately every head-ache, and indigestion, and overflowing of the bile, is pronounced the terrible epidemic.—In like manner in the present instance, whoever was troubled with a cholick or lumbago was held to be bewitched, and woe to any unlucky old woman that lived in his neighbourhood. Such a glaring abomination could not be suffered to remain unnoticed, and it accordingly soon attracted every indignation of the sober and reflective part of the community—inore especially of those, who, before, had evinced so much active benevolence in the conversion of quakers and anabaptists. The annual council of the Amphietyons publicly set their faces against so deadly and dangerous a sin, and a severe scrutiny took place after those nefarious witch-women who were easily detected by devil's pinches, black cats, broomsticks, and the circumstance of their being able to weep three tears, and those out of the left eye.

It is incredible the number of offences that were detected, "for every one of which," says the reverend Cotton Mather, in that excellent work, the History of New-England—"we have such a sufficient evidence, that no reasonable man in this whole country ever did question them; and it will be unreasonable to do it in any other."¹

Indeed, that authentic and judicious historian, John Josselyn, Gent. furnishes us with unquestionable facts on this subject. "There are none," observes he, "that beg in this country, but there be witches too many—bottle-bellied witches and others, that produce many strange apparitions, if you will believe report of a shallop at sea manned with women and of a ship and great red horse standing by the main-mast; the ship being in a small cove to the eastward and vanished of a sudden," etc.

The number of delinquents, however, and their magical devices, were not more remarkable than their obstinacy. Though exhorted in the most plain, persuasive, and affectionate manner, to confess themselves guilty, and be burnt for the good of the nation, and the entertainment of the public, yet did

they most pertinaciously persist in asserting their innocence. Such incredible obstinacy was in itself deserving of immediate punishment, and was sufficient proof, if proof were necessary, that they were in league with the devil, who is perverseness itself. But their judges were just and merciful, and were determined to punish none that were not convicted on the best of testimony; not that they needed any evidence to satisfy their own minds, for, like true and experienced judges, their minds were perfectly made up, and they were thoroughly satisfied of the guilt of the prisoners before they proceeded to try them: but still something was necessary to convince the community at large—to quiet those prying quidnuncs who should come after them—in short, the world must be satisfied. Oh the world—the world!—all the world knows the world of trouble the world is eternally occasioning!—The worthy judges, therefore, were driven to the necessity of sifting, detecting, and making evident as noon-day, matters which were at the commencement all clearly understood and firmly decided upon in their own pericraniums—so that it may truly be said, that the witches were burnt to gratify the populace of the day—but were tried for the satisfaction of the whole world that should come after them!

Finding therefore, that neither exhortation, sound reason, nor friendly entreaty, had any avail on these hardened offenders, they resorted to the more urgent arguments of the torture, and having thus absolutely wrung the truth from their stubborn lips—they condemned them to undergo the roasting due unto the heinous crimes they had confessed. Some even carried their perverseness so far as to expire under the torture, protesting their innocence to the last; but these were looked upon as thoroughly and absolutely possessed by the devil, and the pious by-standers only lamented that they had not lived a little longer, to have perished in the flames.

In the city of Ephesus, we are told that the plague was expelled by stoning a ragged old beggar to death, whom Apollonius pointed out as being the evil spirit that caused it, and who actually showed himself to be a demon, by changing into a shagged dog. In like manner, and by measures equally sagacious, a salutary check was given to this growing evil. The witches were all burnt, banished, or panic-struck, and in a little while there was not an ugly old woman to be found throughout New-England—which is doubtless one reason why all the young women there are so handsome. Those honest folk who had suffered from their incantations gradually recovered, excepting such as had been afflicted with twitches and aches, which, however, assumed the less alarming aspects of rheumatisms, sciatics, and lumbagos—and the good people of New-England, abandoning the study of the occult sciences, turned their attention to the more profitable hocus-pocus of trade, and soon became expert in the legerdemain art of turning a penny. Still, however, a tinge of the old leaven is discernible, even unto this

¹ New-Plymouth record.

² Mather's Hist. New-Eng. B. 6. ch. 7.

day, in their characters—witches occasionally start up among them in different disguises, as physicians, civilians, and divines. The people at large show a keenness, a cleverness, and a profundity of wisdom, that savours strongly of witchcraft—and it has been remarked, that whenever any stones fall from the moon, the greater part of them is sure to tumble into New-England!

CHAPTER VII.

Which records the rise and renown of a valiant commander, showing that a man, like a bladder, may be puffed up to greatness and importance by mere wind.

WHEN treating of these tempestuous times, the unknown writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript breaks out into an apostrophe in praise of the good St Nicholas; to whose protecting care he entirely ascribes the dissensions that broke out in the council of the Amphyctyons, and the direful witchcraft that prevailed in the east country—whereby the hostile machinations against the Nederlanders were for a time frustrated, and his favourite city of New-Amsterdam preserved from imminent peril and deadly warfare. Darkness and superstition hung lowering over the fair valleys of the east; the pleasant banks of the Connecticut no longer echoed with the sounds of rustic gaiety; direful phantoms and portentous apparitions were seen in the air—gliding spectrums haunted every wild brook and dreary glen—strange voices, made by viewless forms, were heard in desert solitudes—and the border towns were so occupied in detecting and punishing the knowing old women that had produced these alarming appearances, that for a while the province of Nieuw-Nederlandts and its inhabitants were totally forgotten.

The great Peter, therefore, finding that nothing was to be immediately apprehended from his eastern neighbours, turned himself about, with a praiseworthy vigilance that ever distinguished him, to put a stop to the insults of the Swedes. These freebooters, my attentive reader will recollect, had begun to be very troublesome towards the latter part of the reign of William the Testy, having set the proclamations of that doughty little governor at naught, and put the intrepid Jan Jansen Alpendam to a perfect nonplus!

Peter Stuyvesant, however, as has already been shown, was a governor of different habits and turn of mind—without more ado he immediately issued orders for raising a corps of troops to be stationed on the southern frontier, under the command of brigadier-general Jacobus Von Poffenburgh. This illustrious warrior had risen to great importance during the reign of Wilhelmus Kieft, and if histories speak true, was second in command to the hapless Van Curler, when he and his ragged regiment were inhumanly kicked out of Fort Good Hope by the Yankees. In consequence of having been in such a “memorable affair,” and of having received more wounds on a

certain honourable part that shall be nameless than any of his comrades, he was ever after considered a hero, who had “seen some service.” Certain it is, he enjoyed the unlimited confidence and friendship of William the Testy, who would sit for hours, and listen with wonder to his gunpowder narratives of surprising victories—which he had never gained, and dreadful battles—from which he had run away.

It was tropically observed by honest old Socra that heaven had infused into some men at their birth a portion of intellectual gold; into others of intellectual silver; while others were bounteously furnished out with abundance of brass and iron:—now of last class was undoubtedly the great general Von Poffenburgh, and from the display he continued to make thereof, I am inclined to think that Dame Nature, who will sometimes be partial, had blessed him with enough of those valuable materials to have filled up a dozen ordinary braziers. But what is most to be admired is, that he contrived to pass off all his brass and copper upon Wilhelmus Kieft, who was no great judge of base coin, as pure and genuine gold. The consequence was, that, upon the resignation of Jacobus Van Curler, who, after the loss of Fort Good Hope, retired like a veteran general, to live under the shade of his laurels, this mighty “copper captain” was promoted to his station. This he filled with great importance, always styling himself “commander-in-chief of the armies of the New-Netherlands;” though to tell the truth, the armies, or rather army, consisted of a handful of hen-stealing, bottle-bruising gamuffins.

Such was the character of the warrior appointed Peter Stuyvesant to defend his southern frontier, that it may it be uninteresting to my reader to have a glimpse of his person. He was not very tall, but notwithstanding a huge, full-bodied man, whose bulk did not so much arise from his being fat, as windy; being so completely inflated with his own importance, that he resembled one of those bags of wind, which Eolus in an incredible fit of generosity, gave to that wandering warrior Ulysses.

His dress comported with his character, for he had almost as much brass and copper without as nature had stored away within: his coat was crossed and slashed, and carbonadoed with stripes of copper lace, and swathed round the body with a crimson sash of the size and texture of a fishing net—doubtless to keep his valiant heart from bursting through his ribs. His head and whiskers were profusely powdered from the midst of which his full-blooded face glowed like a fiery furnace; and his magnanimous soul seemed ready to bounce out at a pair of large glassy bulging eyes, which projected like those of a lobster.

I swear to thee, worthy reader, if report believeth this warrior, I would give all the money in my pocket to have seen him accoutred cap-a-pie, in martial array—booted to the middle—sashed to the chin—collared to the ears—whiskered to the teeth—crowned with an overshadowing cocked hat—and girted with

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upon his jurisdiction.—But Von Poffenburgh had become too well versed in the nature of proclamations and protests, while he served under William the Testy, to be in any-wise daunted by such paper warfare. His fortress being finished, it would have done any man's heart good to behold into what a magnitude he immediately swelled. He would stride in and out a dozen times a day, surveying it in front and in rear, on this side and on that. Then would he dress himself in full regimentals, and strut backwards and forwards, for hours together, on the top of his little rampart—like a vain-glorious cockpigeon vapouring on the top of his coop. In a word, unless my readers have noticed, with curious eye, the petty commander of one of our little, snivelling, military posts, swelling with all the vanity of new regimentals, and the pomposity derived from commanding a handful of tatterdemalions, I despair of giving them any adequate idea of the prodigious dignity of General Von Poffenburgh.

Notwithstanding all the great endowments and transcendent qualities of this renowned general, I must confess he was not exactly the kind of man that the gallant Peter would have chosen to command his troops—but the truth is, that in those days the profession did not abound, as at present, in great military characters; who, like so many Cincinnatuses, people a very little village—marshalling out cabbages instead of soldiers, and signalizing themselves in the corn-field, instead of the field of battle:—who have surrendered the tools of war for the more useful but inglorious arts of peace; and who so blend the laurel with the olive, that you may have a general for a landlord, a colonel for a stage-driver, and your horse shod by a volunteer “captain of volunteers.” The redoubtable General Von Poffenburgh, therefore, was appointed to the command of the new-levied troops, chiefly because there were no competitors for the station, and partly because it would have been a breach of military etiquette to have appointed a younger officer over his head—an injustice which the great Peter would have rather died than have committed.

No sooner did this thrice-valiant copper captain receive marching orders, than he conducted his army gallantly to the southern frontier; through wild woods and savage deserts; over insurmountable mountains, across impassable floods, and through impenetrable forests; subduing a vast tract of uninhabited country, and encountering more perils, according to his own account, than did Xenophon in his far-famed retreat with his ten thousand Grecians. All this accomplished, he established on the South (or Delaware) a redoubtable redoubt, named FORT CASIMIR, in honour of a favourite pair of brimstone-coloured silk-breeches of the governor. As this fort will be found to give rise to very important and interesting events, it may be worth while to notice that it was afterwards called Nieuw-Amstel, and was the original germ of the present flourishing town of NEWCASTLE, an appellation erroneously substituted for New Castle, there neither being nor ever having been a castle, nor any thing of the kind, upon the premises. The Swedes did not suffer tamely this menacing movement of the Nederlanders; on the contrary, Jan Wittz, at that time governor of New-Sweden, issued protest against what he termed an encroachment

“Had you but seen him in this dress
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian Poreumpig,
He frighted all, cats, dogs and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.”

Ballad of Drag. of Want.

It is recorded in the delectable romance of Pierce Forest, that a young knight being dubbed by king Alexander, did incontinently gallop into an adjoining forest, and belabour the trees with such might and main, that the whole court was convinced that he was the most potent and courageous gentleman on the face of the earth. In like manner, the great Von Poffenburgh would ease off that valorous spleen, which, like wind, is so apt to grow unruly in the stomachs of new-made soldiers, impelling them to box-lobby brawls and broken-headed quarrels; for at such times, when he found his martial spirit waxing hot within him, he would prudently sally forth into the fields, and lugging out his trusty sabre, would lay about him most lustily; decapitating cabbages by platoons; hewing down whole phalanxes of sunflowers, which he termed gigantic Swedes; and if peradventure he espied a colony of honest big-bellied pumpkins quietly basking themselves in the sun, “Ah, caitiff Yankees!” would he roar, “have I caught ye at last?” So saying, with one sweep of his sword he would cleave the unhappy vegetables from their chins to their waistbands: by which warlike havoc his cholera being in some sort allayed, he would return to his garrison with a full conviction that he was a very miracle of military prowess.

The next ambition of General Von Poffenburgh was to be thought a strict disciplinarian. Well knowing that discipline is the soul of all military enterprise, he enforced it with the most rigorous precision; obliging every man to turn out his toes, and hold up his head on parade, and prescribing the breadth of their ruffles to all such as had any shirts to their backs. Having one day, in the course of his Bible researches (for the pious Aeneas himself could not exceed him in outward religion), encountered the history of Absalon and his melancholy end, the general, in an evil hour, issued orders for cropping the hair of both officers and men throughout the garrison. Now it came to pass, that among his officers was one Kildernces-

Having one day, in the course of his Bible researches (for the pious Aeneas himself could not exceed him in outward religion), encountered the history of Absalon and his melancholy end, the general, in an evil hour, issued orders for cropping the hair of both officers and men throughout the garrison. Now it came to pass, that among his officers was one Kildernces-

ter—a sturdy veteran, who had cherished through the course of a long life a rugged mop of hair, not a little resembling the shag of a Newfoundland dog, terminating with an immoderate queue like the handle of a frying-pan, and queued so tightly to his head that his eyes and mouth generally stood ajar, and his eyebrows were drawn up to the top of his forehead. It may naturally be supposed that the possessor of so goodly an appendage would resist with abhorrence an order condemning it to the shears. On hearing the general orders, he discharged a tempest of veteran, soldier-like oaths, and dunder and blixums—swore he would break any man's head who attempted to meddle with his tail—queened it stiffer than ever, and whisked it about the garrison as fiercely as the tail of a crocodile.

The eel-skin queue of old Kildermeester became instantly an affair of the utmost importance. The commander-in-chief was too enlightened an officer not to perceive that the discipline of the garrison, the subordination and good order of the armies of the Nieuw-Nederlands, the consequent safety of the whole province, and ultimately the dignity and prosperity of their High Mightinesses the Lords States-General, but above all, the dignity of the great General Von Poffenburgh, all imperiously demanded the docking of that stubborn queue. He therefore determined that old Kildermeester should be publicly shorn of his glories in presence of the whole garrison—the old man as resolutely stood on the defensive—whereupon the general, as became a great man, was highly exasperated, and the offender was arrested and tried by a court-martial for mutiny, desertion, and all the other list of offences noticed in the articles of war, ending with a “videlicet in wearing an eel-skin queue, three feet long, contrary to orders.” Then came on arraignments, and trials, and pleadings; and the whole country was in a ferment about this unfortunate queue. As it is well known that the commander of a distant frontier post has the power of acting pretty much after his own will, there is little doubt but that the veteran would have been hanged or shot at least, had he not luckily fallen ill of a fever, through mere chagrin and mortification—and deserted from all earthly command, with his beloved locks unviolated. His obstinacy remained unshaken to the very last moment, when he directed that he should be carried to his grave with his eel-skin queue sticking out of a hole in his coffin.

This magnanimous affair obtained the general great credit as an excellent disciplinarian; but it is hinted that he was ever after subject to bad dreams, and fearful visitations in the night—when the grisly spectrum of old Kildermeester would stand sentinel by his bed-side, erect as a pump, his enormous queue strutting out like the handle.

BOOK VI.

CONTAINING THE SECOND PART OF THE REIGN OF PETER HEADSTRONG — AND HIS GALLANT ACHIEVEMENTS ON DELAWARE.

CHAPTER I.

In which is exhibited a warlike portrait of the great Peter—how General Von Poffenburgh distinguished himself at Casimir.

HITHERTO, most venerable and courteous reader, have I shown thee the administration of the valiant Stuyvesant, under the mild moonshine of peace, rather the grim tranquillity of awful expectation; now the war-drum rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note, and the rude clashing of hostile arms speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant warrior starts from soft repose, from golden visions, and voluptuous ease, where, in the dulcet, “piping time of peace,” he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more beauty's siren lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows; no more entwines with flowers his shining sword, nor through the live-long lazy summer's day chants forth his lovesick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flatterer, doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel. Of his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved, where wanton roses breathed enervate love, he rears the beaming casque and nodding plume; grasps the bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance; or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed, and buries for deeds of glorious chivalry!

But soft, worthy reader! I would not have you imagine that any *preux chevalier*, thus hideously begirt with iron, existed in the city of New-Amsterdam.—This is but a lofty and gigantic mode, in which our heroic writers always talk of war, thereby to give a noble and imposing aspect; equipping our warriors with bucklers, helms, and lances, and such-like ostentatious and obsolete weapons, the like of which perhaps they had never seen or heard of; in the same manner that a cunning statuary arrays a modern general or an admiral in the accoutrements of a Cæsar or an Alexander. The simple truth then of all this oratorical flourish is this—that the valiant Peter Stuyvesant all of a sudden found it necessary to scourge his trusty blade, which too long had rusted in its scabbard, and prepare himself to undergo those hardy toils of war, in which his mighty soul so much delighted.

Medthinks I at this moment beheld him in my imagination—or rather, I beheld his goodly portrait which still hangs up in the family mansion of the Stuyvesants—arrayed in all the terrors of a true Dutch general. His regimental coat of German blue, gorgeously decorated with a goodly show of large brass buttons, reaching from his waistband to his chin; his voluminous skirts turned up at the corners, and separating gallantly behind, so as to display the seat of

opulous pair of breeches, in a graceful style still in vogue our day, and which our ancient heroes, who were as brave as we are, wore like by a pair of breeches, one out on each side, descending in a rich, shining stock of black, a little but fierce, and fiery air over the public port of Peter, made a sudden halt, plump supporter, with his hands in advance, in order to grasp the right hand grasping upon the pump, spiritedly to the right, and favoured frown together one of the, and soldier-like, was.—Proceed we to a warlike preparation. The encroaching Dutch, or Delaware river, the chronicles of the, these encroachments, his fortitude which, range, had been re-
The Swedes, who v, renders to Christian, when whenever it inte, dered the golden max, dered them to smite, generally smote him or, to them or not. T, among the nume, required to keep the, Kieft in a constan, the unfortunate circ, hundred things to do, with unrelenting venge, at they had now a ch, deal with; and they, chery that threw, and precluded all furth, Printz, the govern, eden, being either, in fact some uncerta, in Rising, a gigantic, rather knock-kn, we served for the mo, was no less rapacio, ally as he was rapac, y little doubt, had, is before, he would, ts who took such, pressed damsels, w, locking them up i

plump pair of brimstone-coloured trunk-breeches of graceful style still prevalent among the warriors of our day, and which is in conformity to the custom of ancient heroes, who scorned to defend themselves with a spear. His face rendered exceeding terrible and horrible by a pair of black mustachios; his hair strutting out on each side in stiffly pomatumed ear-locks, descending in a rat-tail queue below his waist; a shining stock of black leather supporting his chin, and a little but fierce cocked hat, stuck with a gallant and fiery air over his left eye. Such was the heroic port of Peter the Headstrong; and when he made a sudden halt planted himself firmly on his soldierly supporter, with his wooden leg inlaid with silver a pace in advance, in order to strengthen his position, his right hand grasping a gold-headed cane, his left hand resting upon the pommel of his sword, his head dressing spiritedly to the right, with a most appalling and disfavoured frown upon his brow—he presented together one of the most commanding, bitter-looking, and soldier-like figures that ever strutted upon the stage.—Proceed we now to inquire the cause of the warlike preparation.

The encroaching disposition of the Swedes on the north or Delaware river has been duly recorded in the chronicles of the reign of William the Testy, these encroachments having been endured with that heroic fortitude which is the corner-stone of true courage, had been repeated, and wickedly aggravated.

The Swedes, who were of that class of cunning rascals who pretend to Christianity that read the Bible upside down whenever it interferes with their interest, invited the golden maxim, and when their neighbour offered them to smite him on the one cheek, they generally smote him on the other also, whether turned to them or not. Their repeated aggressions had arisen among the numerous sources of vexation that inspired to keep the irritable sensibilities of Wilhelms Kieft in a constant fever; and it was only owing to the unfortunate circumstance, that he had always a hundred things to do at once, that he did not take such unrelenting vengeance as their offences merited. But they had now a chieftain of a different character to deal with; and they were soon guilty of a piece of treachery that threw his honest blood in a ferment, and precluded all further sufferance.

Printz, the governor of the province of New-Nederlen, being either deceased or removed, for of which fact some uncertainty exists, was succeeded by Governor Risingh, a gigantic Swede; and who, had he not been rather knock-kneed and splay-footed, might have served for the model of a Samson or a Hercules. He was no less rapacious than mighty, and withal as crafty as he was rapacious; so that, in fact, there is no little doubt, had he lived some four or five centuries before, he would have been one of those wicked rascals who took such a cruel pleasure in pocketing the distressed damsels, when gadding about the world, and locking them up in enchanted castles, without a

toilet, a change of linen, or any other convenience.—In consequence of which enormities they fell under the high displeasure of chivalry, and all true, loyal, and gallant knights were instructed to attack and slay outright any miscreant they might happen to find above six feet high; which is doubtless one reason why the race of large men is nearly extinct, and the generations of latter ages so exceeding small.

No sooner did Governor Risingh enter upon his office than he immediately cast his eyes upon the important post of Fort Casimir, and formed the righteous resolution of taking it into his possession. The only thing that remained to consider was the mode of carrying his resolution into effect; and here I must do him the justice to say, that he exhibited a humanity rarely to be met with among leaders, and which I have never seen equalled in modern times, excepting among the English, in their glorious affair at Copenhagen. Willing to spare the effusion of blood, and the miseries of open warfare, he benevolently shunned every thing like avowed hostility or regular siege, and resorted to the less glorious but more merciful expedient of treachery.

Under pretence therefore of paying a neighbourly visit to General Von Poffenburgh, at his new post of Fort Casimir, he made requisite preparation, sailed in great state up the Delaware, displayed his flag with the most ceremonious punctilio, and honoured the fortress with a royal salute previous to dropping anchor. The unusual noise awakened a veteran Dutch sentinel, who was napping faithfully at his post, and who, having suffered his match to go out, contrived to return the compliment by discharging his rusty musket with the spark of a pipe, which he borrowed from one of his comrades. The salute indeed would have been answered by the guns of the fort, had they not unfortunately been out of order, and the magazine deficient in ammunition—accidents to which forts have in all ages been liable, and which were the more excusable in the present instance, as Fort Casimir had only been erected about two years, and General Von Poffenburgh, its mighty commander, had been fully occupied with matters of much greater importance.

Risingh, highly satisfied with this courteous reply to his salute, treated the fort to a second, for he well knew its commander was marvellously delighted with these little ceremonials, which he considered as so many acts of homage paid unto his greatness. He then landed in great state, attended by a suite of thirty men—a prodigious and vain-glorious retinue for a petty governor of a petty settlement in those days of primitive simplicity; and to the full as great an army as generally swells the pomp and marches in the rear of our frontier commanders at the present day.

The number in fact might have awakened suspicion, had not the mind of the great Von Poffenburgh been so completely engrossed with an all-pervading idea of himself, that he had not room to admit a

thought besides. In fact, he considered the concourse of Risingh's followers as a compliment to himself—so apt are great men to stand between themselves and the sun, and completely eclipse the truth by their own shadow.

It may readily be imagined how much General Von Poffenburgh was flattered by a visit from so august a personage: his only embarrassment was how he should receive him in such a manner as to appear to the greatest advantage, and make the most advantageous impression. The main-guard was ordered immediately to turn out, and the arms and regimentals (of which the garrison possessed full half a dozen suits) were equally distributed among the soldiers. One tall lank fellow appeared in a coat intended for a small man, the skirts of which reached a little below his waist, the buttons were between his shoulders, and the sleeves half way to his wrists, so that his hands looked like a couple of huge spades—and the coat not being large enough to meet in front, was linked together by loops made of a pair of red worsted garters. Another had an old cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and decorated with a bunch of cocks' tails—a third had a pair of rusty gaiters hanging about his heels—while a fourth, who was short and duck-legged, was equipped in a huge pair of the general's cast-off breeches, which he held up with one hand, while he grasped his firelock with the other. The rest were accoutred in similar style, excepting three graceless ragamuffins, who had no shirts, and but a pair and a half of breeches between them, wherefore they were sent to the black-hole, to keep them out of view. There is nothing in which the talents of a prudent commander are more completely testified than in thus setting matters off to the greatest advantage; and it is for this reason that our frontier posts at the present day (that of Niagara for example) display their best suit of regimentals on the back of the sentinel who stands in sight of travellers.

His men being thus gallantly arrayed—those who lacked muskets shouldering spades and pickaxes, and every man being ordered to tuck in his shirt-tail and pull up his brogues, General Von Poffenburgh first took a sturdy draught of foaming ale, which, like the magnanimous More of More-hall, was his invariable practice on all great occasions—which done, he put himself at their head, ordered the pine-planks, which served as a drawbridge, to be laid down, and issued forth from his castle, like a mighty giant, just refreshed with wine. But when the two heroes met, then began a scene of warlike parade and chivalric courtesy that beggars all description. Risingh, who, as I before hinted, was a shrewd, cunning politician, and had grown gray much before his time, in consequence of his craftiness, saw at one glance the ruling passion of

the great Von Poffenburgh, and humoured him in his valorous fantasies.

Their detachments were accordingly drawn up front of each other; they carried arms and they presented arms; they gave the standing salute and they passed salute—they rolled their drums, they finished their fifes, and they waved their colours. They faced to the left, and they faced to the right and they faced to the right about—they wheeled backward, and they wheeled forward, and they wheeled backward, and they wheeled forward into echelon—they marched and they countermarched, by grand divisions, by single divisions, and by sub-divisions—by platoons, by sections, and by files—in quick time, in slow time, and in no time at all, for, having gone through all the evolutions of the great armies; including the eighteen manoeuvres of Dundas; having exhausted all that they could recollect or imagine of military tactics, including some strange and irregular evolutions, the like of which were never seen before nor since, excepting among certain of our newly-raised militia, the two commanders and their respective troops came at length to a dead halt, completely exhausted by the toils of war—Never did two valiant train-band captains, two buskined theatric heroes, in the renowned comedies of Pizarro, Tom Thumb, or any other heroic and fighting tragedy, marshal their gallows-looking duck-legged, heavy-heeled myrmidons with more grace and self-admiration.

These military compliments being finished, General Von Poffenburgh escorted his illustrious visitor, in great ceremony, into the fort; attended him through out the fortifications; showed him the horn-work, crown-works, half-moons, and various other outworks, or rather the places where they ought to be erected, and where they might be erected if he pleased; plainly demonstrating that it was a place of “great capability,” and though at present but a little redoubt, that it evidently was a formidable fortress, in every respect. This survey over, he next had the whole garrison put under arms, exercised, and reviewed; and concluded by ordering the three Bridewell birds to be hauled out of the black-hole, brought up to the halberds, and soundly flogged, for the amusement of his visitor, and to convince him that he was a great disciplinarian.

The cunning Risingh, while he pretended to be struck dumb outright with the puissance of the great Von Poffenburgh, took silent note of the incompetency of his garrison, of which he gave a hint to his trusty followers, who tipped each other the wink, and laughed most obstreperously—in their sleeves.

The inspection, review, and flogging being concluded, the party adjourned to the table; for among his other great qualities, the general was remarkably addicted to huge carousals, and in one afternoon campaign would leave more dead men on the field than he ever did in the whole course of his military career. Many bulletins of these bloodless victories do still remain on record; and the whole province was once thrown in amaze by the return of one of the

“As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua vitæ.”

Dragon of 17 Ant.

campaigns; wherein it was stated, that though, like Captain Bobadil, he had only twenty men to back him, yet in the short space of six months he had conquered and utterly annihilated sixty oxen, ninety one hundred sheep, ten thousand cabbages, one hundred bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty barrels of small beer, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pipes, seventy-eight pounds of sugar, and forty bars of iron, besides sundry small arms, game, poultry, and garden-stuff:—an achievement unparalleled since the days of Pantagruel and his all-devouring army, and which showed that it was necessary to let belli-potent Von Poffenburgh have his garrison loose in an enemy's country, and in the while they would breed a famine, and starve the inhabitants.

Sooner, therefore, had the general received intimation of the visit of Governor Risingh, than he ordered a great dinner to be prepared; and privately sent out a detachment of his most experienced veterans, to rob all the hen-roosts in the neighbourhood, to lay the pigsties under contribution;—a service to which they had been long inured, and which they discharged with such zeal and promptitude, that the dinner table groaned under the weight of their spoils.

I wish, with all my heart, my readers could see the banquet of Von Poffenburgh, as he presided at the head of the banquet; it was a sight worth beholding:—as he sat, in his greatest glory, surrounded by his officers, like that famous wine-bibber, Alexander, whose thirsty virtues he did most ably imitate—telling astounding stories of his hair-breadth adventures and heroic exploits; at which, though all his auditors swore them to be incontinent lies and outrageous gasconades, yet did they cast up their eyes in admiration, and utter many interjections of astonishment. He could the general pronounce any thing that bore the remotest semblance to a joke, but the stout Risingh would strike his brawny fist upon the table till his glass rattled again, throw himself back in the chair, utter gigantic peals of laughter, and swear that horribly it was the best joke he ever heard in his life.—Thus all was rout and revelry and hideous dissipation within Fort Casimir, and so lustily did Von Poffenburgh ply the bottle, that in less than four short hours he made himself and his whole garrison, who had sedulously emulated the deeds of their chieftain, as drunk, with singing songs, quaffing bumpers, and drinking patriotic toasts, none of which but was reckoned as a Welsh pedigree or a plea in chancery. No sooner did things come to this pass, than the cunning Risingh and his Swedes, who had cunningly kept themselves sober, rose on their entertainers, tied them by the neck and heels, and took formal possession of the fort, and all its dependencies, in the name of Christina of Sweden: administering at the same time an oath of allegiance to all the Dutch soldiers who could be made sober enough to swallow it. Risingh then put the fortifications in order, appointed

his discreet and vigilant friend Suen Scutz, a tall, wind-dried, water-drinking Swede, to the command, and departed, bearing with him this truly amiable garrison and its puissant commander; who, when brought to himself by a sound drubbling, bore no little resemblance to a “deboned fish,” or bloated sea-monster, caught upon dry land.

The transportation of the garrison was done to prevent the transmission of intelligence to New-Amsterdam; for much as the cunning Risingh exulted in his stratagem, yet did he dread the vengeance of the sturdy Peter Stuyvesant; whose name spread as much terror in the neighbourhood as did whilom that of the unconquerable Scanderberg among his scurvy enemies the Turks.

CHAPTER II.

Showing how profound secrets are often brought to light; with the proceedings of Peter the Headstrong when he heard of the misfortunes of General Von Poffenburgh.

WHOEVER first described common fame, or rumour, as belonging to the sager sex, was a very owl for shrewdness. She has in truth certain feminine qualities to an astonishing degree; particularly that benevolent anxiety to take care of the affairs of others, which keeps her continually hunting after secrets, and gadding about proclaiming them. Whatever is done openly and in the face of the world, she takes but transient notice of; but whenever a transaction is done in a corner, and attempted to be shrouded in mystery, then her goddess-ship is at her wits' end to find it out, and takes a most mischievous and lady-like pleasure in publishing it to the world.

It is this truly feminine propensity that induces her continually to be prying into cabinets of princes, listening at the key-holes of senate-chambers, and peering through chinks and crannies, when our worthy congress are sitting with closed doors, deliberating between a dozen excellent modes of ruining the nation. It is this which makes her so baneful to all wary statesmen and intriguing commanders—such a stumbling-block to private negotiations and secret expeditions; which she often betrays by means and instruments which never would have been thought of by any but a female head.

Thus it was in the case of the affair of Fort Casimir. No doubt the cunning Risingh imagined, that by securing the garrison he should for a long time prevent the history of its fate from reaching the ears of the gallant Stuyvesant; but his exploit was blown to the world when he least expected; and by one of the last beings he would ever have suspected of enlisting as trumpeter to the wide mouthed deity.

This was one Dirk Schuiler (or Skulker), a kind of hanger-on to the garrison, who seemed to belong to nobody, and in a manner to be self-outlawed. He was one of those vagabond cosmopolites who shark about the world, as if they had no right or business in it, and who infest the skirts of society like poachers

and interlopers. Every garrison and country village has one or more scape-goats of this kind, whose life is a kind of enigma, whose existence is without motive, who comes from the Lord knows where, who lives the Lord knows how, and who seems created for no other earthly purpose but to keep up the ancient and honourable order of idleness.—This vagrant philosopher was supposed to have some Indian blood in his veins, which was manifested by a certain Indian complexion and cast of countenance; but more especially by his propensities and habits. He was a tall, lank fellow swift of foot, and long-winded. He was generally equipped in a half Indian dress, with belt, leggings, and moccasins. His hair hung in straight gallows locks about his ears, and added not a little to his sharking demeanour. It is an old remark, that persons of Indian mixture are half civilized, half savage, and half devil—a third half being expressly provided for their particular convenience. It is for similar reasons, and probably with equal truth, that the back-wood-men of Kentucky are styled half man, half horse, and half alligator, by the settlers on the Mississippi, and held accordingly in great respect and abhorrence.

The above character may have presented itself to the garrison as applicable to Dirk Schuiler, whom they familiarly dubbed Gallows Dirk. Certain it is, he acknowledged allegiance to no one—was an utter enemy to work, holding it in no manner of estimation—but lounged about the fort, depending upon chance for a subsistence, getting drunk whenever he could get liquor, and stealing whatever he could lay his hands on. Every day or two he was sure to get a sound rib-roasting for some of his misdemeanours; which, however, as it broke no bones, he made very light of, and scrupled not to repeat the offence whenever another opportunity presented. Sometimes, in consequence of some flagrant villany, he would abscond from the garrison, and be absent for a month at a time; skulking about the woods and swamps, with a long fowling-piece on his shoulder, lying in ambush for game—or squatting himself down on the edge of a pond catching fish for hours together, and bearing no little resemblance to that notable bird of the crane family, ycleped the Mudpoker. When he thought his crimes had been forgotten or forgiven, he would sneak back to the fort with a bundle of skins, or a load of poultry, which, perchance, he had stolen, and would exchange them for liquor, with which having well soaked his carcass, he would lie in the sun and enjoy all the luxurious indolence of that swinish philosopher Diogenes. He was the terror of all the farm-yards in the country, into which he made fearful inroads; and sometimes he would make his sudden appearance in the garrison at day-break, with the whole neighbourhood at his heels; like the scoundrel thief of a fox, detected in his maraudings and hunted to his hole. Such was this Dirk Schuiler; and from the total indifference he showed to the world and its concerns, and from his truly Indian stoicism

and taciturnity, no one would ever have dreamt that he would have been the publisher of the treachery Risingh.

When the carousal was going on, which proved fatal to the brave Von Poffenburgh and his watch-garrison, Dirk skulked about from room to room, being a kind of privileged vagrant, or useless hound, whom nobody noticed. But though a fellow of few words, yet, like your taciturn people, his eyes and ears were always open, and in the course of his prying he overheard the whole plot of the Swedes. Dirk immediately settled in his own mind how he should turn the matter to his own advantage. He played the perfect jack-of-both-sides—that is to say, he made a prize of every thing that came in his reach, robbed both parties, stuck the copper-bound coat of arms of the puissant Von Poffenburgh on his heels, whipped a huge pair of Risingh's jack-boots under his arms, and took to his heels, just before the catastrophe and confusion at the garrison.

Finding himself completely dislodged from his haunt in this quarter, he directed his flight toward his native place, New-Amsterdam, from whence he had formerly been obliged to abscond precipitately in consequence of misfortune in business—that is to say, having been detected in the act of sheep-stealing. After wandering many days in the woods, through swamps, fording brooks, swimming various rivers, and encountering a world of hardships, he would have killed any other being but an Indian back-wood-man, or the devil, he at length arrived half famished, and lank as a starved weasel, at Oromunipaw, where he stole a canoe, and paddled to New-Amsterdam. Immediately on landing, he repaired to Governor Stuyvesant, and in more than he had ever spoken before in the whole course of his life, gave an account of the disastrous affair.

On receiving these direful tidings, the valiant Risingh started from his seat—dashed the pipe he was smoking against the back of the chimney—thrust a prodigious quid of tobacco into his left cheek—pulled down his galligaskins, and strode up and down the room humming, as was customary with him when in a passion, a hideous north-west ditty. But, as I have before shown, he was not a man to vent his spleen in vapouring. His first measure, after the paroxysm of wrath had subsided, was to stump up stairs to a wooden chest, which served as his armoury, whence he drew forth that identical suit of regimentals described in the preceding chapter. In these tentuous habiliments he arrayed himself, like Achilles in the armour of Vulcan, maintaining all the while an appalling silence, knitting his brows, and drawing his breath through his clinched teeth. Being handsomely equipped, he strode down into the parlour and jerked down his trusty sword from over the fire-place, which it was usually suspended; but before he girded it to his thigh, he drew it from its scabbard, and as his hand coursed along the rusty blade, a grim smile stole over his iron visage—It was the first smile that had

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Thus armed at all points, with grisly war depicted on each feature, his very cocked hat assuming an air of uncommon defiance, he instantly put himself upon his feet, and dispatched Anthony Van Corlear hither and thither, this way and that way, through all the busy streets and crooked lanes of the city, summoning by sound of trumpet his trusty peers to assemble at an instant council.—This done, by way of expelling the idlers, according to the custom of people in a hurry, he kept in continual bustle, shifting from chair to chair, popping his head out of every window, and jumping up and down stairs with his wooden leg in such brisk and incessant motion, that, as we are informed by an authentic historian of the times, the continual clatter bore no small resemblance to the noise of a cooper hooping a flour-barrel.

A summons so peremptory, and from a man of the governor's mettle, was not to be trifled with: the peers forthwith repaired to the council-chamber, seated themselves with the utmost tranquillity, and lighting their long pipes, gazed with unruffled composure on his excellency and his regimentals; being, as all councillors should be, not easily flustered, nor taken by surprise. The governor, looking around for a moment with a lofty and soldierlike air, and resting one foot on the pommel of his sword, and flinging the other forth in a free and spirited manner, addressed them in a short but soul-stirring harangue.

"I am extremely sorry that I have not the advantages of Livy, Thucydides, Plutarch, and others of my predecessors, who were furnished, as I am told, with the speeches of all their heroes, taken down in short and by the most accurate stenographers of the time; whereby they were enabled wonderfully to enrich their histories, and delight their readers with sublime strains of eloquence. Not having such important auxiliaries, I cannot possibly pronounce what was the tenor of Governor Stuyvesant's speech. I am bold, however, to say, from the tenor of his character, that he did not wrap his rugged subject in silks and ermine, and other sickly trickeries of phrase; but spoke like a man of nerve and vigour, who scorned to sink in words from those dangers which he stood ready to encounter in very deed. This much is certain, that he concluded by announcing his determination to lead on his troops in person, and rout these stard-monger Swedes from their usurped quarters at Fort Casimir. To this hardy resolution, such of the council as were awake gave their usual signal of concurrence; and as to the rest, who had fallen asleep about the middle of the harangue (their "usual custom the afternoon"), they made not the least objection. And now was seen in the fair city of New-Amsterdam a prodigious bustle and preparation for iron war. Recruiting parties marched hither and thither, filling lustily upon all the scrubs, the runagates, and meridionalions of the Manhattoes and its vicinity,

who had any ambition of six-pence a day, and immortal fame into the bargain, to enlist in the cause of glory:—for I would have you note that your warlike heroes who trudge in the rear of conquerors are generally of that illustrious class of gentlemen, who are equal candidates for the army or the bridewell—the halberds or the whipping-post—for whom Dame Fortune has cast an even die, whether they shall make their exit by the sword or the halter—and whose deaths shall, at all events, be a lofty example to their countrymen.

But notwithstanding all this martial rout and iritation, the ranks of honour were but scantily supplied; so averse were the peaceful burghers of New-Amsterdam from enlisting in foreign broils, or stirring beyond that home, which rounded all their earthly ideas. Upon beholding this, the great Peter, whose noble heart was all on fire with war and sweet revenge, determined to wait no longer for the tardy assistance of these oily citizens, but to muster up his merry men of the Hudson, who, brought up among woods, and wilds, and savage beasts, like our yeomen of Kentucky, delighted in nothing so much as desperate adventures and perilous expeditions through the wilderness. Thus resolving, he ordered his trusty squire Anthony Van Corlear to have his state galley prepared and duly victualled; which being performed, he attended public service at the great church of St Nicholas, like a true and pious governor; and then leaving peremptory orders with his council to have the chivalry of the Manhattoes marshalled out and appointed against his return, departed upon his recruiting voyage, up the waters of the Hudson.

CHAPTER III.

Containing Peter Stuyvesant's voyage up the Hudson, and the wonders and delights of that renowned river.

Now did the soft breezes of the south steal sweetly over the face of nature, tempering the panting heats of summer into genial and prolific warmth; when that miracle of hardihood and chivalric virtue, the dauntless Peter Stuyvesant, spread his canvass to the wind, and departed from the fair island of Manna-hata. The galley in which he embarked was sumptuously adorned with pendants and streamers of gorgeous dyes, which fluttered gaily in the wind, or drooped their ends into the bosom of the stream. The bow and poop of this majestic vessel were gallantly bedight, after the rarest Dutch fashion, with figures of little puffy Cupids with periwigs on their heads, and bearing in their hands garlands of flowers, the like of which are not to be found in any book of botany; being the matchless flowers which flourished in the golden age, and exist no longer, unless it be in the imaginations of ingenious carvers of wood and discolourers of canvass.

Thus rarely decorated, in style befitting the puis-

sant potentate of the Manhattoes, did the galley of Peter Stuyvesant launch forth upon the bosom of the lordly Hudson, which, as it rolled its broad waves to the ocean, seemed to pause for a while and swell with pride, as if conscious of the illustrious burthen it sustained.

But trust me, gentlefolk, far other was the scene presented to the contemplation of the crew from that which may be witnessed at this degenerate day. Wildness and savage majesty reigned on the borders of this mighty river—the band of cultivation had not as yet laid low the dark forest, and tamed the features of the landscape—nor had the frequent sail of commerce broken in upon the profound and awful solitude of ages. Here and there might be seen a rude wigwam perched among the cliffs of the mountains, with its curling column of smoke mounting in the transparent atmosphere—but so loftily situated that the whoopings of the savage children, gamboling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almost as faintly on the ear as do the notes of the lark, when lost in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then, from the beetling brow of some precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the splendid pageant as it passed below; and then, tossing his antlers in the air, would bound away into the thickets of the forest.

Through such scenes did the stately vessel of Peter Stuyvesant pass. Now did they skirt the bases of the rocky heights of Jersey, which spring up like everlasting walls, reaching from the waves unto the heavens, and were fashioned, if tradition may be believed, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Manetho, to protect his favourite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Now did they career it gaily across the vast expanse of Tappan Bay, whose wide extended shores present a variety of delectable scenery—here the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees advancing into the bay—there the long woodland slope, sweeping up from the shore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice—while at a distance a long waving line of rocky heights threw their gigantic shades across the water. Now would they pass where some modest little interval, opening among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating as it were for protection into the embraces of the neighbouring mountains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; the velvet-tufted lawn—the bushy copse—the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh and vivid verdure—on whose banks was situated some little Indian village, or peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter.

The different periods of the revolving day seemed each, with cunning magic, to diffuse a different charm over the scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriously from the east, blazing from the summits of the hills, and sparkling the landscape with a thousand dewy gems; while along the borders of the river were seen heavy masses of mist, which, like midnight catiffs, disturbed at his approach, made a sluggish

retreat, rolling in sullen reluctance up the mountains. At such times all was brightness, and life, and gaiety—the atmosphere was of an indescribable purity and transparency—the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening breezes wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But when the sun sunk amid a flood of glory in the west, mantling the heavens and the earth with a thousand gorgeous dyes—then all was calm, and silent, and magnificent. The late swelling sail hung lifelessly against the mast—the seaman, with folded arms, leaned against the shrouds, lost in that involuntary musing which the sober grandeur of nature commands in the rudest of her children. The vast bosom of the Hudson was like an unruffled mirror, reflecting the golden splendour of the heavens; excepting that now and then the bark canoe would steal across its surface, filled with painted savages, whose gay feathers glared brightly as perchance a lingering ray of the setting sun glanced upon them from the western mountains.

But when the hour of twilight spread its magic mists around, then did the face of nature assume a thousand fugitive charms, which to the worthy beholder that seeks enjoyment in the glorious works of Maker are inexpressibly captivating. The melancholy light that prevailed just served to tinge with illusive colours the softened features of the scenery. The deceived but delighted eye sought vainly to discern in the broad masses of shade, the separating line between the land and water; or to distinguish the fading objects that seemed sinking into chaos. Now did the busy fancy supply the feebleness of vision, producing with industrious craft a fairy creation of her own. Under her plastic wand the barren mountains frowned upon the watery waste, in the semblance of lofty towers, and high embattled castles—trees assumed the direful forms of mighty giants, and the inaccessible summits of the mountains seemed peopled with a thousand shadowy beings.

Now broke forth from the shores the notes of innumerable variety of insects, which filled the air with a strange but not inharmonious concert—wherever and anon was heard the melancholy plaint of the Whip-poor-will, who, perched on some lone tree, wearied the ear of night with his incessant moanings. The mind, soothed into a hallowed melancholy, listened with pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each sound that vaguely echoed from the shore—and then startled perchance by the whoop of some straggling savage or by the dreary howl of a wolf stealing forth upon his nightly prowlings.

Thus happily did they pursue their course, until they entered upon those awful defiles denominated the HIGHLANDS, where it would seem that the gigantic Titans had erst waged their impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs, and hurling vast masses of rock in wild confusion. But in sooth very different is the history of these cloud-capt mountains.—These in ancient days, before the Hudson poured its waters from the lakes, formed one vast prison, within whose rocks

from the omnipotent spirits who repine in adamant chains, and are punished by ponderous age.—At length they career towards the ocean, rolling its tide over the ruins.

Still, however, do they abode; and these are the causes that cause the terrible solitude of these awful solitudes, and the clamours when they are of their repose.—At length they career towards the ocean, rolling its tide over the ruins.

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the omnipotent Manetho confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control. Here, bound in adamant chains, or jammed in rifted pines, or crushed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for many an age.—At length the conquering Hudson, in its career towards the ocean, burst open their prison-house, rolling its tide triumphantly through the stupendous ruins.

Still, however, do many of them lurk about their abodes; and these it is, according to venerable legends, that cause the echoes which resound through these awful solitudes; which are nothing but their very clamours when any noise disturbs the profoundness of their repose.—For when the elements are agitated by tempest, when the winds are up and the thunder rolls, then horrible is the yelling and howling of these troubled spirits, making the mountains to rattle yellow with their hideous uproar; for at such times they said that they think the great Manetho is returning once more to plunge them in gloomy caverns, and renew their intolerable captivity.

But all these fair and glorious scenes were lost upon the gallant Stuyvesant; naught occupied his mind but thoughts of iron war, and proud anticipations of hardy deeds of arms. Neither did his honest crew trouble their heads with any romantic speculations of the kind. The pilot at the helm quietly smoked his pipe, thinking of nothing either past, present, or to come—those of his comrades who were not industriously snoring under the hatches were listening with open mouths to Anthony Van Corlear; who, seated on the windward side, was relating to them the marvellous history of these myriads of fire-flies, that sparkled like gems and twinkled upon the dusky robe of night. These, according to tradition, were originally a race of pestilent impetuous beldames, who peopled these parts long before the memory of man; being of that abominated race emphatically called *brimstones*; and who for their innumerable sins against the children of men, and to punish an awful warning to the beauteous sex, were doomed to infest the earth in the shape of these threatening and terrible little bugs; enduring the internal agonies of that fire, which they formerly carried in their hearts and breathed forth in their words; but now are sentenced to bear about for ever—in their

And now am I going to tell a fact, which I doubt whether my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they are they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history—for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known then that the nose of Anthony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of snow; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who use it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating

it in the glassy wave below.—Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendour from behind a high bluff of the highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! This huge monster being with infinite labour hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavour, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone—and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people.*

When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Anthony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighbourhood—and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time.

But hold: whither am I wandering? By the mass, if I attempt to accompany the good Peter Stuyvesant on this voyage, I shall never make an end; for never was there a voyage so fraught with marvellous incidents, nor a river so abounding with transcendent beauties, worthy of being severally recorded. Even now I have it on the point of my pen to relate how his crew were most horribly frightened, on going on shore above the highlands, by a gang of merry roistering devils, frisking and curvetting on a flat rock, which projected into the river—and which is called the *Duyvel's Dans-Kamer* to this very day—But no! Diedrich Knickerbocker—it becomes thee not to idle thus in thy historic wayfaring.

Recollect that while dwelling with the fond garrulity of age over these fairy scenes, endeared to thee by the recollections of thy youth, and the charms of a thousand legendary tales which beguiled the simple ear of thy childhood; recollect that thou art trifling with those fleeting moments which should be devoted to loftier themes.—Is not Time—relentless Time! shaking, with palsied hand, his almost exhausted hour-glass before thee?—hasten then to pursue thy weary task, lest the last sands be run ere thou hast finished thy history of the Manhattoes.

Let us then commit the dauntless Peter, his brave galley, and his loyal crew, to the protection of the blessed St Nicholas; who, I have no doubt, will prosper him in his voyage, while we await his return at the great city of New-Amsterdam.

* The learned Hans Megapolensis, treating of the country about Albany, in a letter which was written some time after the settlement thereof, says, "There is in the river great plenty of sturgeon, which we Christians do not make use of, but the Indians eat them greedily."

CHAPTER IV.

Describing the powerful army that assembled at the city of New-Amsterdam—together, with the interview between Peter the Headstrong and General Von Poffenburgh, and Peter's sentiments touching unfortunate great men.

WHILE thus the enterprising Peter was coasting, with flowing sail, up the shores of the lordly Hudson, and arousing all the phlegmatic little Dutch settlements upon its borders, a great and puissant concourse of warriors was assembling at the city of New-Amsterdam. And here that invaluable fragment of antiquity, the Stuyvesant manuscript, is more than commonly particular; by which means I am enabled to record the illustrious host that encamped itself in the public square in front of the fort, at present denominated the Bowling Green.

In the centre, then, was pitched the tent of the men of battle of the Manhattoes, who being the inmates of the metropolis, composed the life-guards of the governor. These were commanded by the valiant Stoffel Brinkerhoof, who whilom had acquired such immortal fame at Oyster Bay,—they displayed as a standard a beaver rampant on a field of orange; being the arms of the province, and denoting the persevering industry and the amphibious origin of the Nederlanders.¹

On their right hand might be seen the vassals of that renowned Mynher, Michael Paw,² who lorded it over the fair regions of ancient PAVONIA, and the lands away south, even unto the Navesink mountains,³ and was moreover patroon of Gibbet-Island. His standard was borne by his trusty squire, Cornelius Van Vorst; consisting of a huge oyster recumbent upon a sea-green field; being the armorial bearings of his favourite metropolis, Communipaw. He brought to the camp a stout force of warriors, heavily armed, being each clad in ten pair of linsey-woolsey breeches, and overshadowed by broad-brimmed beavers, with short pipes twisted in their hatbands. These were the men who vegetated in the mud along the shores of PAVONIA; being of the race of genuine copperheads, and were fabled to have sprung from oysters.

At a little distance was encamped the tribe of warriors who came from the neighbourhood of Hell-Gate. These were commanded by the Sny Dams, and the Van Dams, incontinent hard swearers, as their names betoken—they were terrible looking fellows, clad in broad-skirted gabardines, of that curious co-

¹ This was likewise the great seal of the New-Netherlands, as may still be seen in ancient records.

² Besides what is related in the Stuyvesant MS. I have found mention made of this illustrious patroon in another manuscript, which says "De Heer (or the squire) Michael Paw, a Dutch subject, about 10th Aug. 1630, by deed purchased Staten-Island. N.B. The same Michael Paw had what the Dutch call a colonie at PAVONIA, on the Jersey shore, opposite New-York, and his overseer in 1630 was named Cornis. Van Vorst—a person of the same name in 1709, owned Pawles Hook, and a large farm at PAVONIA, and is a lineal descendant from Van Vorst."

³ So called from the Navesink tribe of Indians that inhabited these parts—at present they are erroneously denominated the Neversink, or Neversink mountains.

loured cloth called thunder and lightning—and bore as a standard three Devil's darning needles, rolled in a flame-coloured field.

Hard by was the tent of the men of battle from the marshy borders of the Waale-Boght: and the count thereabouts—these were of a sour aspect, by reason that they lived on crabs, which abound in these parts. They were the first institutors of that honourable order of knighthood, called *Fly market shirks*, and if tradition speak true, did likewise introduce the far-famed step in dancing, called "double trouble." They were commanded by the fearless Jacobus Varra Vang, and had, moreover, a jolly band of Breuckelen: ferry men, who performed a brave concerto on conch shells.

But I refrain from pursuing this minute description, which goes on to describe the warriors of Bloomen dael, and Wee-hawk, and Hoboken, and sundry other places, well known in history and song—now do the notes of martial music alarm the people of New-Amsterdam, sounding afar from beyond the walls of the city. But this alarm was in a little while relieved, for lo, from the midst of a vast cloud of darkness they recognised the brimstone-coloured breeches and splendid silver leg of Peter Stuyvesant, glaring in the sunbeams; and beheld him approaching at the head of a formidable army, which he had mustered along the banks of the Hudson. And here the excellent anonymous writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript breaks out into a brave and glorious description of the force as they defiled through the principal gate of the city that stood by the head of Wall-street.

First of all came the Van Bummels, who inhabited the pleasant borders of the Bronx: these were the fat men, wearing exceeding large trunk-breeches, and were renowned for feats of the trencher—they were the first inventors of suppawn or mush and milk.—Close in their rear marched the Van Vlotens, Kaats-kill, horrible quaffers of new cider, and arrogant braggarts in their liquor.—After them came the Van Pelts, of Groodt Esopus, dexterous horsemen, mounted upon goodly switch-tailed steeds of the Esopus breed—these were mighty hunters of minks and musk rats, whence came the word *Peltry*.—Then the Van Nests, of Kinderhoeck, valiant robbers of bird-nests, as their name denotes; to these, if reports may be believed, are we indebted for the invention of buck-jacks, or buck-wheat cakes.—Then the Van Illegible bottoms, of Wapping's creek; these came armed with ferules and birchen rods, being a race of schoolmasters who first discovered the marvellous sympathy between the seat of honour and the seat of intellect—and of the shortest way to get knowledge into the head was to hammer it into the bottom.—Then the Van Crooked of Anthony's Nose, who carried their liquor in round little pottles, by reason they could not pour out of their canteens, having such rare long noses.

¹ Since corrupted into the *Wallabout*; the bay where the Navy-Yard is situated.

² Now spelt Brooklyn.

then the Gardenier: distinguished by man water-melon patches, and the like; and pigs' tails; these were a congress-man of the Sing-Sing, and a jew's harp; these were the great song of St. of Sleepy Hollow of publicans, who were of conjuring a quack when the Van Kortlandt the Croton, and were being much spoken of long bow.—Then Kakiat, who were the left foot; they were waters of racoons by tinkles, of Haerlem, running of horses; they were the eyes at once.—Last the great town of S. comes upon the House could be blown away mesay, from *Kuticke* indicating thereby that; but, in truth, it and *Boeken*, book were great noddors or descend the writer. Such was the legion in at the grand Stuyvesant manuscript those names I omit to hasten to matter would surpass the joy carried Peter as he returned, and he determined justification of his murder scoundrel Swedes. But before I hasten to the end of the faithful history, let me know Von Poffenburgh, chief of the armies of the inherent unchangeable scarcely did the remarkable discomfiture and scurvy rumours where, therein it was insurmountable under-stander; that he had been fully communicating with others hints about "se which deadly charges I think they deserve. Certain it is, that the order by the most veh

and put every man out of the ranks of honour who dared to doubt his integrity. Moreover, on returning to New-Amsterdam, he paraded up and down the streets with a crew of hard swearers at his heels—sturdy bottle companions, whom he gorged and fattened, and who were ready to bolster him through all the courts of justice—Heroes of his own kidney, fierce-whiskered, broad-shouldered, colbrand-looking swaggerers—not one of whom but looked as though he could eat up an ox, and pick his teeth with the horns. These life-guard men quarrelled all his quarrels, were ready to fight all his battles, and scowled at every man that turned up his nose at the general, as though they would devour him alive. Their conversation was interspersed with oaths like minute-guns, and every bombastic rodomontado was rounded off by a thundering execration, like a patriotic toast honoured with a discharge of artillery.

All these valorous vapourings had a considerable effect in convincing certain profound sages, who began to think the general a hero of unmatched loftiness and magnanimity of soul; particularly as he was continually protesting on *the honour of a soldier*—a marvelously high-sounding asseveration. Nay, one of the members of the council went so far as to propose they should immortalize him by an imperishable statue of plaster of Paris.

But the vigilant Peter the Headstrong was no thus to be deceived. Sending privately for the commander-in-chief of all the armies, and having heard all his story, garnished with the customary pious oaths, protestations, and ejaculations—"Harkee, comrade," cried he, "though by your own account you are the most brave, upright, and honourable man in the whole province, yet do you lie under the misfortune of being damnably traduced, and immeasurably despised. Now, though it is certainly hard to punish a man for his misfortunes, and though it is very possible you are totally innocent of the crimes laid to your charge, yet as Heaven, doubtless for some wise purpose, sees fit at present to withhold all proofs of your innocence, far be it from me to counteract its sovereign will. Beside, I cannot consent to venture my armies with a commander whom they despise, nor to trust the welfare of my people to a champion whom they distrust. Retire therefore, my friend, from the irksome toils and cares of public life, with this comforting reflection—that if guilty, you are but enjoying your just reward—and if innocent, you are not the first great and good man who has most wrongfully been slandered and maltreated in this wicked world—doubtless to be better treated in a better world, where there shall be neither error, calumny, nor persecution.—In the mean time let me never see your face again, for I have a horrible antipathy to the countenances of unfortunate great men like yourself."

Certain it is, that the general vindicated his character by the most vehement oaths and protestations,

then the Gardeniers, of Hudson and thereabouts, distinguished by many triumphant feats, such as robbing water-melon patches, smoking rabbits out of their holes, and the like; and by being great lovers of roast-pigs' tails; these were the ancestors of the renowned congress-man of that name.—Then the Van Hoens, of Sing-Sing, great choristers and players upon the jew's harp; these marched two and two, singing the great song of St Nicholas.—Then the Couenhovens, of Sleepy Hollow; these gave birth to a jolly race of publicans, who first discovered the magic artifice of conjuring a quart of wine into a pint bottle.—Then the Van Kortlandts, who lived on the wild banks of the Croton, and were great killers of wild ducks, being much spoken of for their skill in shooting with the long bow.—Then the Van Bunschotens, of Nyack and Kakiat, who were the first that did ever kick with the left foot; they were gallant bush-whackers and slayers of racoons by moonlight.—Then the Van Winkles, of Haerlem, potent suckers of eggs, and noted for running of horses, and sucking up of scores at games; they were the first that ever winked with both eyes at once.—Lastly came the KNICKERBOCKERS, of the great town of Scaghtikoke, where the folk lay down upon the houses in windy weather, lest they should be blown away. These derive their name, as some say, from *Kutcher*, to shake, and *Beker*, a goblet, alluding thereby that they were sturdy toss-pots of wine; but, in truth, it was derived from *Kutcher*, to read, and *Boeken*, books; plainly meaning that they were great noddors or dozers over books—from them did descend the writer of this history.

Such was the legion of sturdy bush-beaters that were bred in at the grand gate of New-Amsterdam; the pleasant manuscript indeed speaks of many more, whose names I omit to mention, seeing that it behoves me to hasten to matters of greater moment. Nothing could surpass the joy and martial pride of the lion-hearted Peter as he reviewed this mighty host of warriors, and he determined no longer to defer the gratification of his much-wished-for revenge, upon the scoundrel Swedes at Fort Casimir.

But before I hasten to record those unmatched adventures, which will be found in the sequel of this faithful history, let me pause to notice the fate of Jacobus Von Poffenburgh, the discomfited commander-in-chief of the armies of the New-Netherlands. Such is the inherent uncharitableness of human nature, that scarcely did the news become public of his deplorable discomfiture at Fort Casimir, than a thousand scurvy rumours were set afloat in New-Amsterdam, wherein it was insinuated, that he had in reality treacherously understood with the Swedish commander; that he had long been in the practice of privately communicating with the Swedes; together with others hints about "secret service money."—To all which deadly charges I do not give a jot more credit than I think they deserve.

Certain it is, that the general vindicated his character by the most vehement oaths and protestations,

CHAPTER V.

In which the Author discourses very ingeniously of himself—
After which is to be found much interesting history about Peter
the Headstrong and his followers.

As my readers and myself are about entering on as many perils as ever a confederacy of meddling knights-errant wilfully ran their heads into, it is meet that, like those hardy adventurers, we should join hands, bury all differences, and swear to stand by one another, in weal or woe, to the end of the enterprise. My readers must doubtless perceive how completely I have altered my tone and deportment since we first set out together. I warrant they then thought me a crabbed, cynical, impertinent little son of a Dutchman; for I scarcely ever gave them a civil word, nor so much as touched my beaver, when I had occasion to address them. But as we jogged along together in the high road of my history, I gradually began to relax, to grow more courteous, and occasionally to enter into familiar discourse, until at length I came to conceive a most social, companionable kind of regard for them. This is just my way—I am always a little cold and reserved at first, particularly to people whom I neither know nor care for, and am only to be completely won by long intimacy.

Besides, why should I have been sociable to the crowd of how-d'y-e-do acquaintances that flocked round me at my first appearance! Many were merely attracted by a new face; and having stared me full in the title-page, walked off without saying a word; while others lingered yawningly through the preface, and, having gratified their short-lived curiosity, soon dropped off one by one. But, more especially to try their mettle, I had recourse to an expedient, similar to one which we are told was used by that peerless flower of chivalry, King Arthur; who, before he admitted any knight to his intimacy, first required that he should show himself superior to danger or hardships, by encountering unheard-of mishaps, slaying some dozen giants, vanquishing wicked enchanters, not to say a word of dwarfs, hippogriffs, and fiery dragons. On a similar principle did I cunningly lead my readers, at the first sally, into two or three knotty chapters, where they were most wofully belaboured and buffeted, by a host of pagan philosophers and infidel writers. Though naturally a very grave man, yet could I scarce refrain from smiling outright at seeing the utter confusion and dismay of my valiant cavaliers. Some dropped down dead (asleep) on the field; others threw down my book in the middle of the first chapter, took to their heels, and never ceased scampering until they had fairly run it out of sight; when they stopped to take breath, to tell their friends what troubles they had undergone, and to warn all others from venturing on so thankless an expedition. Every page thinned my ranks more and more; and of the vast multitude that first set out, but a comparatively few made shift to survive, in exceedingly battered condition, through the five introductory chapters.

What, then! would you have had me take sunshine, faint-hearted recreants to my bosom at first acquaintance? No—no; I reserved my friendship for those whodeserved it, for those who undauntedly bore me company, in despite of difficulties, dangers and fatigues. And now, as to those who adhere to me at present, I take them affectionately by the hand.—Worthy and thrice-beloved readers! brave and well-tried comrades! who have faithfully followed my footsteps through all my wanderings—I salute you from my heart—I pledge myself to stand by you to the last; and to conduct you (so Heaven speed the trusty weapon which I now hold between my fingers) triumphantly to the end of this our stupendous undertaking.

But, hark! while we are thus talking, the city of New-Amsterdam is in a bustle. The host of warriors encamped in the Bowling-Green are striking the tents; the brazen trumpet of Anthony Van Corb makes the welkin to resound with portentous clangour—the drums beat—the standards of the Manhattan of Hell-gate, and of Michael Paw, wave proudly in the air. And now behold where the mariners are busily employed, hoisting the sails of yon topsail schooner, and those clump-built sloops, which are waft the army of the Nederlanders to gather immortal honours on the Delaware!

The entire population of the city, man, woman and child, turned out to behold the chivalry of New-Amsterdam, as it paraded the streets previous to embarkation. Many a handkerchief was waved out the windows; many a fair nose was blown in melodious sorrow on the mournful occasion. The grief of the fair dames and beauteous damsels of Gramma could not have been more vociferous on the banishment of the gallant tribe of Abencerrages, than that of the kind-hearted fair ones of New-Amsterdam on the departure of their intrepid warriors. Even lovesick maiden fondly crammed the pockets of her hero with gingerbread and dough-nuts—many a copper ring was exchanged, and crooked six-pence broken, in pledge of eternal constancy—and they remain extant to this day some love-verses written that occasion, sufficiently crabbed and incomprehensible to confound the whole universe.

But it was a moving sight to see the buxom lass how they hung about the doughty Anthony Van Corlear—for he was a jolly, rosy-faced, lusty bachelor fond of his joke, and withal a desperate rogue among the women. Fain would they have kept him to comfort them while the army was away; but besides what I have said of him, it is no more than justice to add, that he was a kind-hearted soul, noted for his benevolent attentions in comforting disconsolate widows during the absence of their husbands—and this made him to be very much regarded by the honest burghers of the city. But nothing could keep the valiant Anthony from following the heels of the old government whom he loved as he did his very soul—so embracing all the young vrouws, and giving every one of the

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had good teeth and rosy lips a dozen hearty
 he departed loaded with their kind wishes.
 for was the departure of the gallant Peter among
 the least causes of public distress. Though the old
 governor was by no means indulgent to the follies and
 forwardness of his subjects, yet somehow or other he
 became strangely popular among the people.
 There is something so captivating in personal bravery,
 with the common mass of mankind, it takes the
 of most other merits. The simple folk of New-
 Amsterdam looked upon Peter Stuyvesant as a pro-
 of valour. His wooden leg, that trophy of his
 martial encounters, was regarded with reverence and
 veneration. Every old burgher had a budget of mi-
 raculous stories to tell about the exploits of Hard-
 bopping Piet, wherewith he regaled his children of a
 winter night; and on which he dwelt with as
 much delight and exaggeration, as do our honest
 country yeomen on the hardy adventures of old Gene-
 ral Putnam (or, as he is familiarly termed, *Old Put*)
 during our glorious revolution—Not an individual but
 believed the old governor was a match for Bel-
 shazzar himself; and there was even a story told, with
 much mystery, and under the rose, of his having shot
 the devil with a silver bullet one dark stormy night,
 when he was sailing in a canoe through Hell-gate—But
 I do not record as being an absolute fact. Perish
 the man who would let fall a drop to discolour the
 stream of history!

Certain it is, not an old woman in New-Amsterdam
 considered Peter Stuyvesant as a tower of strength,
 and rested satisfied that the public welfare was se-
 cure, so long as he was in the city. It is not sur-
 prising, then, that they looked upon his departure as
 a great affliction. With heavy hearts they dragged
 the heels of his troop, as they marched down to the
 side to embark. The governor from the stern
 of his schooner gave a short but truly patriarchal ad-
 dress to his citizens, wherein he recommended them
 to comport like loyal and peaceable subjects—to go to
 church regularly on Sundays, and to mind their busi-
 ness all the week besides—That the women should
 be faithful and affectionate to their husbands—looking
 to nobody's concerns but their own: eschewing
 gossipings, and morning gaddings—and carrying
 long tongues and long petticoats. That the men
 should abstain from intermeddling in public concerns,
 and leaving the cares of government to the officers ap-
 pointed to support them—staying at home, like good
 husbands, making money for themselves, and getting
 their children for the benefit of their country. That the
 shopmasters should look well to the public interest
 and not oppress the poor nor indulging the rich—
 but tasking the security to devise new laws, but
 fully enforcing those which were already made
 without bending their attention to prevent evil than
 to punish it; ever recollecting that civil magistrates
 should consider themselves more as guardians of public
 morals than rat-catchers employed to entrap public de-
 linquents. Finally, he exhorted them, one and all,

high and low, rich and poor, to conduct themselves
as well as they could, assuring them that if they faith-
 fully and conscientiously complied with this golden
 rule, there was no danger but that they would all
 conduct themselves well enough—This done, he gave
 them a paternal benediction; the sturdy Anthony
 sounded a most loving farewell with his trumpet, the
 jolly crews put up a shout of triumph, and the invin-
 cible armada swept off proudly down the bay.

The good people of New-Amsterdam crowded
 down to the battery—that blest resort, from whence
 so many a tender prayer has been wafted, so many a
 fair hand waved, so many a tearful look been cast by
 love-sick damsel, after the lessening bark, hearing
 her adventurous swain to distant climes!—Here the
 populace watched with straining eyes the gallant
 squadron, as it slowly floated down the bay, and
 when the intervening land at the Narrows shut it
 from their sight, gradually dispersed with silent
 tongues and downcast countenances.

A heavy gloom hung over the late bustling city—
 the honest burghers smoked their pipes in profound
 thoughtfulness, casting many a wistful look to the
 weathercock on the church of St Nicholas; and all
 the old women, having no longer the presence of Pe-
 ter Stuyvesant to hearten them, gathered their chil-
 dren home, and barricaded the doors and windows
 every evening at sundown.

In the mean while the armada of the sturdy Peter
 proceeded prosperously on its voyage, and after en-
 counter about as many storms, and water-spouts,
 and whales, and other horrors and phenomena, as
 generally befall adventurous landsmen in perilous
 voyages of the kind; and after undergoing a severe
 scouring from that deplorable and unpitied malady
 called sea-sickness, the whole squadron arrived safely
 in the Delaware.

Without so much as dropping anchor and giving
 his wearied ships time to breathe, after labouring so
 long in the ocean, the intrepid Peter pursued his
 course up the Delaware, and made a sudden appear-
 ance before Fort Casimir. Having summoned the
 astonished garrison by a terrific blast from the trum-
 pet of the long-winded Van Corlear, he demanded,
 in a tone of thunder, an instant surrender of the fort.
 To this demand, Suen Scutz, the wind-dried com-
 mandant, replied in a shrill whiffling voice, which,
 by reason of his extreme spareness, sounded like the
 wind whistling through a broken bellows—"that he
 had no very strong reason for refusing, except that
 the demand was particularly disagreeable, as he had
 been ordered to maintain his post to the last extre-
 mity." He requested time, therefore, to consult with
 Governor Risingh, and proposed a truce for that pur-
 pose.

The choleric Peter, indignant at having his rightful
 fort so treacherously taken from him, and thus perti-
 niciously withheld, refused the proposed armistice,
 and swore by the pipe of St Nicholas, which, like the
 sacred fire, was never extinguished, that unless the

fort were surrendered in ten minutes, he would incessantly storm the works, make all the garrison run the gauntlet, and split their scoundrel of a commander like a pickled shad. To give this menace the greater effect, he drew forth his trusty sword, and shook it at them with such a fierce and vigorous motion, that doubtless, if it had not been exceeding rusty, it would have lightened terror into the eyes and hearts of the enemy. He then ordered his men to bring a broadside to bear upon the fort, consisting of two swivels, three muskets, a long duck fowling-piece, and two brace of horse-pistols.

In the mean time the sturdy Van Corlear marshalled all his forces, and commenced his warlike operations. Distending his cheeks like a very Boreas, he kept up a most horrific twanging of his trumpet—the lusty choristers of Sing-Sing broke forth into a hideous song of battle—the warriors of Breuckelen and the Wallabout blew a potent and astounding blast on their conch shells, altogether furnishing as outrageous a concerto as though five thousand French fiddlers were displaying their skill in a modern overture.

Whether the formidable front of war thus suddenly presented smote the garrison with sore dismay—or whether the concluding terms of the summons, which mentioned that he should surrender “at discretion,” were mistaken by Suen Scutz, who, though a Swede, was a very considerate, easy-tempered man—as a compliment to his discretion, I will not take upon me to say; certain it is he found it impossible to resist so courteous a demand. Accordingly, in the very nick of time, just as the cabin-boy had gone after a coal of fire, to discharge the swivel, a chamide was beat on the rampart by the only drum in the garrison, to the no small satisfaction of both parties; who, notwithstanding their great stomach for fighting, had full as good an inclination to eat a quiet dinner as to exchange black eyes and bloody noses.

Thus did this impregnable fortress once more return to the domination of their High Mightinesses; Scutz and his garrison of twenty men were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and the victorious Peter, who was as generous as brave, permitted them to keep possession of all their arms and ammunition—the same on inspection being found totally unfit for service, having long rusted in the magazine of the fortress, even before it was wrested by the Swedes from the windy Von Poffenburgh. But I must not omit to mention, that the governor was so well pleased with the service of his faithful squire Van Corlear, in the reduction of this great fortress, that he made him on the spot lord of a goodly domain in the vicinity of New-Amsterdam—which goes by the name of Corlear’s Hook unto this very day.

The unexampled liberality of the valiant Stuyvesant towards the Swedes, occasioned great surprise in the city of New-Amsterdam—nay, certain of those factious individuals, who had been enlightened by the political

meetings that prevailed during the days of Willem the Testy, but who had not dared to indulge in the meddlesome habits under the eye of their present ruler, now, emboldened by his absence, dared to give vent to their censures in the street. Murmurs were heard in the very council-chamber of New-Amsterdam; and there is no knowing whether they might not have broken out into downright speeches and invectives, had not Peter Stuyvesant privately sent his walking staff, to be laid as a mace on the table of the council-chamber, in the midst of his counsellors, who, like wise men, took the hint, and for ever held their peace.

CHAPTER VI.

Showing the great advantage that the author has over his contemporaries in time of battle—together with divers portentous movements which betoken that something terrible is about to happen.

LIKE a mighty alderman, when at a corporate feast the first spoonful of turtle soup salutes his palate, feels his impatient appetite but tenfold quickened, and redoubles his vigorous attacks upon the tureen while his voracious eyes, projecting from his forehead, roll greedily round, devouring every thing at table; so did the mettlesome Peter Stuyvesant feel that insupportable hunger for martial glory, which raged within his very bowels, inflamed by the capture of Fort Mifflin, and nothing could allay it but the conquest of all New-Sweden. No sooner therefore had he secured his conquest, than he stumped resolutely on, and with success, to gather fresh laurels at Fort Christina.

This was the grand Swedish post, established on a small river (or, as it is improperly termed, creek) of the same name; and here that crafty governor, like a gray-beard spider in the citadel of his web.

But before we hurry into the direful scenes which must attend the meeting of two such potent chiefs, it is advisable that we pause for a moment, and take a kind of warlike council. Battle should not be entered into precipitately by the historian and his readers, any more than by the general and his soldiers. The great commanders of antiquity never engaged their enemy without previously preparing the minds of their followers by animating harangues; spurring them to heroic feelings, assuring them of the protection of the gods, and inspiring them with a confidence in the prowess of their leaders. So the historian should awaken the attention and enlist the passions of his readers; and having set them all on fire with the importance of his subject, he should put himself at the head, flourish his pen, and lead them on to the contest of the fight.

An illustrious example of this rule may be seen

¹ This is at present a flourishing town, called Christiana, or Christeen, about thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, on the post-road to Baltimore.

mirror of historical events arrived at the close of the war, one of his contemporaries sounds the charge of treason. He catalogues the crimes which awaken our expectations. All mankind are pointed now going to the point to disclose futurity in the dispute. The cause is labour with the great manner of settling between two, as R. thus artfully he supplies in a great and noble like manner, having every teeth of peril—

Peter and his banner led by foes, and stung by this important moment of each coming to meet them, and prepared to follow.

and here I would perhaps, as the historian, I think it is, that though I could not be hero, nor absolute ruler (both which liberties French writers of the day unworthy of a serious now and then make a very back stroke sufficient to prove, he may be kind—or I can drive round the field, as the lecturer scamper like a grey; for which, if ever in the Elysian fields has had to make an aware that man ready to cry out “four assistance to my privileges exercised which has never been is, as it were, a hero—the fame of the and it is his duty to be there a general commander, who, in giving fought, did not I have no doubt that of their own achievement much harder blows. Standing forth, of fame, it behoves me would have done the little hard upon the of their descendants, State of Delaware, about Peter Stuyvesant

mirror of historians the immortal Thucydides. When he arrived at the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war, one of his commentators observes that he sounds the charge in all the disposition and spirit of Homer. He catalogues the allies on both sides. He awakens our expectations, and fast engages our attention. All mankind are concerned in the important point now going to be decided. Endeavours are made to disclose futurity. Heaven itself is interested in the dispute. The earth totters, and nature seems to labour with the great event. This is his solemn manner of setting out. Thus he magnifies a subject between two, as Rapsin styles them, petty states; and thus artfully he supports a little subject by treating it in a great and noble method."

In like manner, having conducted my readers into every teeth of peril—having followed the adventures of Peter and his band into foreign regions—surrounded by foes, and stunned by the horrid din of arms at this important moment, while darkness and doubt hang o'er each coming chapter, I hold it meet to harrow them, and prepare them for the events that are to follow.

And here I would premise one great advantage which, as the historian, I possess over my reader; and that is, that though I cannot save the life of my favourite hero, nor absolutely contradict the event of the battle (both which liberties, though often taken by French writers of the present reign, I hold to be very unworthy of a scrupulous historian), yet I may now and then make him bestow on his enemy a deadly back stroke sufficient to fell a giant; though, to be honest truth, he may never have done any thing of the kind—or I can drive his antagonist clear round the field, as did Homer make that fine Hector scamper like a poultron round the walls of Troy; for which, if ever they have encountered one another in the Elysian fields, I'll warrant the prince of the dead has had to make the most humble apology.

I am aware that many conscientious readers will be ready to cry out "foul play!" whenever I render any assistance to my hero—but I consider it one of the privileges exercised by historians of all ages—such as which has never been disputed. In fact, an historian is, as it were, bound in honour to stand by his hero—the fame of the latter is entrusted to his hands, and it is his duty to do the best by it he can. There was there a general, an admiral, or any other commander, who, in giving an account of any battle he had fought, did not sorely belabour the enemy; I have no doubt that, had my heroes written the story of their own achievements, they would have done much harder blows than any that I shall recite. Standing forth, therefore, as the guardian of the fame, it behoves me to do them the same justice I would have done themselves; and if I happen to do a little hard upon the Swedes, I give free leave to their descendants, who may write a history of the State of Delaware, to take fair retaliation, and to harrow Peter Stuyvesant as hard as they please.

Therefore stand by for broken heads and bloody noses!—My pen hath long itched for a battle—siege after siege have I carried on without blows or bloodshed; but now I have at length got a chance, and I vow to Heaven and St Nicholas, that, let the chronicles of the times say what they please, neither Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Polybius, nor any other historian, did ever record a fiercer fight than that in which my valiant chieftains are now about to engage.

And you, oh most excellent readers, whom, for your faithful adherence, I could cherish in the warmest corner of my heart—be not uneasy—trust the fate of our favourite Stuyvesant to me—for by the rood, come what may, I'll stick by Hardkopping Piet to the last. I'll make him drive about these losels vile, as did the renowned Launcelot of the Lake a herd of recreant Cornish knights—and if he does fall, let me never draw my pen to fight another battle, in behalf of a brave man, if I don't make these lubberly Swedes pay for it.

No sooner had Peter Stuyvesant arrived before Fort Christina than he proceeded without delay to intrench himself, and immediately on running his first parallel, dispatched Anthony Van Corlear to summon the fortress to surrender. Van Corlear was received with all due formality, hoodwinked at the portal, and conducted through a pestiferous smell of salt fish and onions to the citadel, a substantial hut built of pine logs. His eyes were here uncovered, and he found himself in the august presence of Governor Risingh. This chieftain, as I have before noted, was a very giantly man; and was clad in a coarse blue coat, strapped round the waist with a leathern belt, which caused the enormous skirts and pockets to set off with a very warlike sweep. His ponderous legs were cased in a pair of foxy-coloured jack boots, and he was straddling in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, before a bit of broken looking-glass, shaving himself with a villainously dull razor. This afflicting operation caused him to make a series of horrible grimaces, that heightened exceedingly the grisly terrors of his visage. On Anthony Van Corlear's being announced, the grim commander paused for a moment, in the midst of one of his most hard-favoured contortions, and after eyeing him askance over the shoulder, with a kind of snarling grin on his countenance, resumed his labours at the glass.

This iron harvest being reaped, he turned once more to the trumpeter, and demanded the purport of his errand. Anthony Van Corlear delivered in a few words, being a kind of short-hand speaker, a long message from his excellency, recounting the whole history of the province, with a recapitulation of grievances, and enumeration of claims, and concluding with a peremptory demand of instant surrender; which done, he turned aside, took his nose between his thumb and finger, and blew a tremendous blast, not unlike the flourish of a trumpet of defiance—which it had doubtless learned from a long and intimate neighbourhood with that melodious instrument.

Governor Risingh heard him through, trumpet and all, but with infinite impatience; leaning at times, as was his usual custom, on theommel of his sword, and at times twirling a huge steel watch-chain, or snapping his fingers. Van Corlear having finished, he bluntly replied, that Peter Stuyvesant and his summons might go to the d—, whither he hoped to send him and his crew of ragamuffins before supper-time. Then unsheathing his brass-hilted sword, and throwing away the scabbard—"Fore gad," quod he, "but I will not sheathe thee again until I make a scabbard of the smoke-dried leathern hide of this runagate Dutchman." Then having flung a fierce defiance in the teeth of his adversary, by the lips of his messenger, the latter was reconducted to the portal, with all the ceremonious civility due to the trumpeter, squire, and ambassador of so great a commander; and being again unblinded, was courteously dismissed with a tweak of the nose, to assist him in recollecting his message.

No sooner did the gallant Peter receive this insolent reply than he let fly a tremendous volley of red-hot execrations, that would infallibly have battered down the fortifications, and blown up the powder magazine, about the ears of the fiery Swede, had not the ramparts been remarkably strong, and the magazine bomb-proof. Perceiving that the works withstood this terrific blast, and that it was utterly impossible (as it really was in those unphilosophic days) to carry on a war with words, he ordered his merry men all to prepare for an immediate assault. But here a strange murmur broke out among his troops, beginning with the tribe of the Van Bummels, those valiant trencher-men of the Bronx, and spreading from man to man, accompanied with certain mutinous looks and discontented murmurs. For once in his life, and only for once, did the great Peter turn pale, for he verily thought his warriors were going to falter in this hour of perilous trial, and thus to tarnish for ever the fame of the province of New-Netherlands.

But soon did he discover, to his great joy, that in this suspicion he deeply wronged this most undaunted army; for the cause of this agitation and uneasiness simply was, that the hour of dinner was at hand, and it would have almost broken the hearts of these regular Dutch warriors to have broken in upon the invariable routine of their habits. Beside, it was an established rule among our ancestors always to fight upon a full stomach; and to this may be doubtless attributed the circumstance that they came to be so renowned in arms.

And now are the hearty men of the Manhattoes, and their no less hearty comrades, all lustily engaged under the trees, buffeting stoutly with the contents of their wallets, and taking such affectionate embraces of their canteens and pottles, as though they verily believed they were to be the last. And as I foresee we shall have hot work in a page or two, I advise my readers to do the same, for which purpose I will bring this chapter to a close; giving them my word

of honour, that no advantage shall be taken of armistice to surprise, or in any wise molest, the Nederlanders, while at their vigorous repast.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing the most horrible battle ever recorded in poetry or prose; with the admirable exploits of Peter the Headstrong.

"Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast, and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—Expectation now stood on stilts. The world began to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray; like a round-bellied alderman, waiting the combat of two chivalric flies upon his joint. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered at the heavens, popping his head here and there, endeavouring to get a peep between the unrammed clouds, that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their inkhorns—the poets went out their dinners, either that they might buy pees and goose-quills, or because they could not get anything to eat—Antiquity scowled sulkily out of her grave, to see itself outdone—while even Posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who whilom had seen their vice at the "affair" of Troy—now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and sailed over the plain, mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Juno, her thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have furnished up for the direful occasion. Venus, smothered by her chastity she would patronize the Swedes, in semblance of a blear-eyed trull paraded the battlements of Fort Christina, accompanied by Diana, the sergeant's widow, of cracked reputation—The noble Mars, stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered at their elbow, as a drunken corporal—while Apollo trudged in their rear, as a bandy-legged sifer, playing most villanously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes over night, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage-waggon—Minerva, a brawny gin-suttler, tucked up her skirts, brandished her fists, and swore most heroically, in execration of bad Dutch (having but lately studied the language by way of keeping up the spirits of the soldiers; when Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith, he was promoted to be a captain of militia. All was in a horror, or bustling preparation: war reared his head in front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftains marshalled out

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Van Giesons, and
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Hoffmans, the Hoo
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Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand
 —incrusted with stockades, and entrenched to
 the chin in mud batteries. His valiant soldiery lined
 the breast-work in grim array, each having his mus-
 cles fiercely greased, and his hair pomatummed
 back, and queued so stiffly, that he grinned above the
 ramparts like a grisly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Peter—his brows knit,
 his teeth set, his fists clinched, almost breathing forth
 volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged
 within his bosom. His faithful squire Van Corlear
 engaged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gor-
 geously bedecked with red and yellow ribands, the
 remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Man-
 hattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry
 of the Hudson. There were the Van Wycks, and
 the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks—the Van Nesses,
 the Van Tassels, the Van Grolls; the Van Høsens,
 the Van Giesons, and the Van Blarcoms—the Van
 Warts, the Van Winkles, the Van Dams; the Van
 Wels, the Van Rippers, and the Van Brunts. There
 were the Van Hornes, the Van Hooks, the Van Bun-
 schotens; the Van Gelders, the Van Arsdale, and
 the Van Bummels; the Vander Belts, the Vander
 Pools, the Vander Voorts, the Vander Lys, the
 Vander Pools, and the Vander Spiegels—there came
 the Hoffmans, the Hooghlands, the Hoppers, the Clop-
 pers, the Ryckmans, the Dyckmans, the Høgebooms,
 the Rosebooms, the Oothouts, the Quackenbosses, the
 Verbaecks, the Garrebrantz, the Bensons, the Brou-
 ners, the Waldrons, the Onderdonks, the Varra Van-
 ders, the Schernmerhorns, the Stoutenburgs, the Brin-
 kerhoffs, the Bontecous, the Knickerbockers, the
 Backstrassers, the Ten Breecheses and the Tough
 Breecheses, with a host more of worthies, whose
 names are too crabbled to be written, or if they could
 be written, it would be impossible for man to utter—
 all fortified with a mighty dinner, and to use the words
 of a great Dutch poet,

“Brimful of wrath and cabbage!”

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the
 midst of his career, and mounting on a stump, ad-
 dressed his troops in eloquent Low Dutch, exhorting
 them to fight like *duyvels*, and assuring them that if
 they conquered, they should get plenty of booty—if
 they fell, they should be allowed the satisfaction,
 while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of
 their country—and after they were dead, of seeing
 their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and
 handed down, in company with all the other great
 names of the year, for the admiration of posterity.—
 Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor
 and they knew him too well to doubt it for a mo-
 ment, that if he caught any mother's son of them
 looking pale, or playing craven, he would curry his
 bill till he made him run out of it like a snake in
 spring time.—Then logging out his trusty sabre, he
 brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van
 Corlear to sound a charge, and shouting the words

“St Nicholas and the Manhattoes!” courageously
 dashed forwards. His warlike followers, who had
 employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly
 stuck them in their mouths, gave a furious puff, and
 charged gallantly, under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Ri-
 singh not to fire until they could distinguish the
 whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence
 on the covert-way, until the eager Dutchmen had as-
 cended the glacis. Then did they pour into them
 such a tremendous volley, that the very hills quaked
 around, and were terrified even unto an incontinence
 of water, inasmuch that certain springs burst forth
 from their sides, which continue to run unto the pre-
 sent day. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten
 the dust beneath that dreadful fire, had not the pro-
 tecting Minerva kindly taken care that the Swedes
 should, one and all, observe their usual custom of
 shutting their eyes and turning away their heads at
 the moment of discharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the
 counterscarp, and falling tooth and nail upon the foe
 with furious outcries. And now might be seen prodigies
 of valour, of which neither history nor song
 have ever recorded a parallel. Here was beheld the
 sturdy Stoffel Brinkerhoff brandishing his lusty quar-
 ter-staff, like the terrible giant Blanderon his oak tree
 (for he scorned to carry any other weapon), and
 drumming a horrific tune upon the heads of whole
 squadrons of Swedes. There were the crafty Van
 Kortlandts, posted at a distance, like the Locrian ar-
 chers of yore, and plying it most potently with
 the long-bow, for which they were so justly renowned.
 At another place were collected on a rising knoll the
 valiant men of Sing-Sing, who assisted marvellously
 in the fight, by chanting forth the great song of
 St Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers of Hudson, they
 were absent from the battle, having been sent out on
 a marauding party, to lay waste the neighbouring
 water-melon patches. In a different part of the field
 might be seen the Van Grolls of Anthony's Nose;
 but they were horribly perplexed in a defile between
 two little hills, by reason of the length of their noses.
 There were the Van Bunschotens of Nyack and Ka-
 kiat, so renowned for kicking with their left foot; but
 their skill availed them little at present, being short
 of wind in consequence of the hearty dinner they had
 eaten, and they would irretrievably have been put to
 rout had they not been reinforced by a gallant corps
 of *voltigeurs*, composed of the Hoppers, who advan-
 ced to their assistance nimbly on one foot. Nor must
 I omit to mention the incomparable achievements of
 Anthony Van Corlear, who, for a good quarter of an
 hour, waged stubborn fight with a little pury Swe-
 dish drummer, whose hide he drummed most ma-
 gnificently; and had he not come into the battle with
 no other weapon but his trumpet, would infallibly
 have put him to an untimely end.

But now the combat thickened.—On came the
 mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger and the fighting men

of the Wallabout; after them thundered the Van Pelts of Esopus, together with the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them—then the Suy Dams, and the Van Dams, pressing forward with many a blustering oath, at the head of the warriors of Hell-gate, clad in their thunder and lightning gabardines; and lastly, the standard-bearers and body-guards of Peter Stuyvesant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns—whack! went the broad-swords—thump! went the cudgels—crash! went the musket-stocks—blows—kicks—cuffs—scratches—black eyes and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene! Thick-thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head over heels, rough and tumble!—Dunder and blixum! swore the Dutchmen—splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes—Storm the works! shouted Harikopping Peter—fire the mine! roared stout Risigh—Tanta-ra-ra-ra! twanged the trumpet of Anthony Van Corlear—until all voice and sound became unintelligible—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph mingling in one hideous clamour. The earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke—Trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight—Rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits,—and even Christina Creek turned from its course, and ran up a mountain in breathless terror!

Long hung the conquest doubtful, for though a heavy shower of rain, sent by the “cloud-compelling Jove,” in some measure cooled their arlour, as doth a bucket of water thrown on a group of fighting mastiffs, yet did they but pause for a moment, to return with tenfold fury to the charge, belabouring each other with black and bloody bruises. Just at this juncture was seen a vast and dense column of smoke, slowly rolling towards the scene of battle, which for a while made even the furious combatants to stay their arms in mute astonishment—but the wind for a moment dispersing the murky cloud, from the midst thereof emerged the flaunting banner of the immortal Michael Paw. This noble chieftain came fearlessly on, leading a solid phalanx of oyster-fed Pavonians, who had remained behind, partly as a *corps de réserve*, and partly to digest the enormous dinner they had eaten. These sturdy yeomen, nothing daunted, did trudge manfully forward, smoking their pipes with outrageous vigour, so as to raise the awful cloud that has been mentioned; but marching exceedingly slow, being short of leg, and of great rotundity in the belt.

And now the protecting deities of the army of New-Amsterdam having unthinkingly left the field and stepped into a neighbouring tavern to refresh themselves with a pot of beer, a direful catastrophe had well nigh chanced to befall the Nederlanders. Scarcely had the

myrmidons of the puissant Paw attained the front battle, before the Swedes, instructed by the cunning Risigh, levelled a shower of blows full at their bacco-pipes. Astounded at this unexpected assault and totally discomfited at seeing their pipes broken the valiant Dutchmen fell in vast confusion—already they begin to fly—like a frightened drove of unwieldy elephants they throw their own army in an uproar bearing down a whole legion of little Hoppers—the sacred banner on which is blazoned the gigantic poster of Communipaw is trampled in the dirt. The Swedes pluck up new spirits, and pressing on the rear, apply their feet *a parte poste* with a vigour that prodigiously accelerates their motions—nor doth the renowned Paw himself fail to receive divers grievances and dishonourable visitations of shoe-leather.

But what, oh muse! was the rage of the gallant Peter, when from afar he saw his army yield? Was a voice of thunder did he roar after his recreant warriors. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage when they heard their leader—or rather they dreaded his fierce displeasure, of which they stood more awe than of all the Swedes in Christendom. But the daring Peter, not waiting for their aid, plunged, sword in hand, into the thickest of the foe. There did he display some such incredible achievements as have never been known since the miraculous days of the giants. Wherever he went the enemy shrunk before him.—With fierce impetuosity he pushed forward, driving the Swedes, like dogs, into their own ditch; but as he fearlessly advanced, the foe thronged in his rear, and hung upon his flank with fearful peril. At one time a crafty Swede, advancing warily on one side, drove his dastard sword full at the hero's heart; but the protecting power that watches over the safety of all great and good men, turned aside the hostile blade, and directed it to a side-pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco-box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles, with supernatural powers—no doubt in consequence of its being piously decorated with a portrait of the blessed St Nicholas. Thus was the dreadful blow repelled, but not without occasioning to the great Peter a fearful loss of wind.

Like as a furious bear, when goaded by curs, turns fiercely round, gnashes his teeth, and springs upon the foe, so did our hero turn upon the treacherous Swede. The miserable varlet sought in flight his safety—but the active Peter, seizing him by an immeasurable queue that dangled from his head—“Alas! whoreson caterpillar!” roared he, “here is what shall make dog's meat of thee!” So saying, he whirled his trusty sword, and made a blow that would have decapitated him, but that the pitying stars struck short, and shaved the queue for ever from his crown. At this very moment a cunning arquebuser perched on the summit of a neighbouring mountain levelled his deadly instrument, and would have seen the gallant Stuyvesant a wailing ghost to haunt the Stygian shore—had not the watchful Minerva, who had just stopped to tie up her garter, seen the great

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of her favourite chief, and d^oatched old Doreas
sh his bellows, who in the ve. . sick of time, just
the match descended to the pan, gave such a lucky
st, as blew all the priming from the touch-hole!
Thus waged the horrid fight—when the stout
singh, surveying the battle from the top of a little
pelin, perceived his faithful troops banged, beaten,
and kicked by the invincible Peter. Language can-
not describe the cholera with which he was seized at
the sight—he only stopped for a moment to disburthen
himself of five thousand anathemas; and then draw-
ing his falchion straddled down to the field of combat,
with some such thundering strides as Jupiter is said
to have taken when he strode down the
heaven, to hurl his thunderbolts at the Titans.

No sooner did these two rival heroes come face to
face than they each made a prodigious start, such as
is made by your most experienced stage champions.
Then did they regard each other for a moment with
another aspect, like two furious ran cats on the very
point of a clapper-clawing. Then did they throw
themselves into one attitude, then into another, strik-
ing their swords on the ground, first on the right side,
then on the left—at last at it they went with incredible
rapidity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength
and valour displayed on this direful encounter—an
encounter compared to which the far-famed battles
of Ajax with Hector, of Æneas with Turnus, Orlando
with Rodomont, Guy of Warwick with Colbrand the
 Dane, or of that renowned Welsh Knight, Sir Owen
of the Mountains, with the giant Guyton, were all
but idle sports and holiday recreations. At length the
valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a blow,
with the full intention of cleaving his adversary to the
very chine; but Risingh, nimbly raising his sword,
parried it off so narrowly, that glancing on one side,
slung away a huge canteen that he always carried
hung on one side; thence pursuing its trenchant
course, it severed off a deep coat pocket, stored with
bread and cheese—all which dainties rolling among
the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between
the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general
battle to wax ten times more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores thus wofully laid
waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces,
aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain
did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course; the
sting steel clove through the stubborn ram beaver,
and would infallibly have cracked his crown, but that
the skull was of such adamant hardness, that the
little weapon shivered into pieces, shedding a thou-
sand sparks, like beams of glory, round his grisly vi-
sage.

Stunned with the blow, the valiant Peter reeled,
turned up his eyes, and beheld fifty thousand suns,
besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmam-
ent—at length, missing his footing, by reason of his
wooden leg, down he came on his seat of honour,
with a crash that shook the surrounding hills, and
would infallibly have wrecked his anatomical system,

had he not been received into a cushion softer than
velvet, which Providence, or Minerva, or St Nicholas,
or some kindly cow had benevolently prepared for
his reception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of that noble maxim,
cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a
jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall;
but just as he was stooping to give the fatal blow, the
ever vigilant Peter bestowed him a sturdy thwack
over the scone with his wooden leg, that set some
dozen chimcs of bells ringing triple bob-majors in his
cerebellum. The bewildered Swede staggered with
the blow, and in the mean time the wary Peter spy-
ing a pocket pistol lying hard by (which had dropped
from the wallet of his faithful squire and trumpeter
Van Corlear during his furious encounter with the
drummer) discharged it full at the head of the reeling
Risingh—Let not my reader mistake—it was not a
murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but
a little sturdy stone pottle, charged to the muzzle
with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the
knowing Van Corlear always carried about him by
way of replenishing his valour. The hideous missive
sung through the air, and true to its course, as was
the fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully
Ajax, encountered the head of the gigantic Swede
with matchless violence.

This heaven-directed blow decided the battle. The
ponderous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sunk
upon his breast; his knees tottered under him; a
death-like torpor seized upon his frame, and he tum-
bled to the earth with such tremendous violence, that
old Pluto started with affright, lest he should have
broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the signal of defeat and victory—The
Swedes gave way—the Dutch pressed forward; the
former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued.
—Some entered with them, pell-mell, through the
sally-port—others stormed the bastion, and others
scrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while
the fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another
Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried
by assault, without the loss of a single man on either
side. Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly,
sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuy-
vesant, and it was declared, by all the writers whom
he hired to write the history of his expedition, that
on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity
of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes
in Christendom!

CHAPTER VIII.

In which the author and the reader, while reposing after the battle,
fall into a very grave discourse—after which is recorded the
conduct of Peter Stuyvesant after his victory.

THANKS to St Nicholas, we have safely finished
this tremendous battle: let us sit down, my worthy
reader, and cool ourselves, for I am in a prodigious

sweat and agitation—Truly this fighting of battles is hot work! and if your great commanders did but know what trouble they give their historians, they would not have the conscience to achieve so many horrible victories. But methinks I hear my reader complain, that throughout this boasted battle there is not the least slaughter, nor a single individual maimed, if we except the unhappy Swede, who was shorn of his queue by the trenchant blade of Peter Stuyvesant; all which, he observes, is a great outrage on probability, and highly injurious to the interest of the narration.

This is certainly an objection of no little moment, but it arises entirely from the obscurity that envelops the remote periods of time about which I have undertaken to write. Thus, though doubtless, from the importance of the object, and the prowess of the parties concerned, there must have been terrible carnage, and prodigies of valour displayed before the walls of Christina; yet, notwithstanding that I have consulted every history, manuscript and tradition, touching this memorable though long-forgotten battle, I cannot find mention made of a single man killed or wounded in the whole affair.

This is, without doubt, owing to the extreme modesty of our forefathers, who, like their descendants, were never prone to vaunt of their achievements; but it is a virtue that places their historian in a most embarrassing predicament; for, having promised my readers a hideous and unparalleled battle, and having worked them up into a warlike and blood-thirsty state of mind; to put them off without any havoc and slaughter would have been as bitter a disappointment as to summon a multitude of good people to attend an execution, and then cruelly balk them by a reprieve.

Had the fates only allowed me some half a score dead men, I had been content; for I would have made them such heroes as abounded in the olden time, but whose race is now unfortunately extinct; any one of whom, if we may believe those authentic writers, the poets, could drive great armies like sheep before him, and conquer and desolate whole cities by his single arm.

But seeing that I had not a single life at my disposal, all that was left me was to make the most I could of my battle, by means of kicks, and cuffs, and bruises, and such like ignoble wounds. And here I cannot but compare my dilemma, in some sort, to that of the divine Milton, who, having arrayed with sublime preparation his immortal hosts against each other, is sadly put to it how to manage them, and how he shall make the end of his battle answer to the beginning; inasmuch as, being mere spirits, he cannot deal a mortal blow, nor even give a flesh wound to any of his combatants. For my part, the greatest difficulty I found was, when I had once put my warriors in a passion, and let them loose into the midst of the enemy, to keep them from doing mischief. Many a time had I to restrain the sturdy Peter from

cleaving a gigantic Swede to the very waistband, spitting half a dozen little fellows on his sword, and so many sparrows. And when I had set some hundred of missives flying in the air, I did not dare suffer one of them to reach the ground, lest it should have put an end to some unlucky Dutchman.

The reader cannot conceive how mortifying it is to a writer thus in a manner to have his hands tied, and how many tempting opportunities I had to wink where I might have made as fine a death-blow as is recorded in history or song.

From my own experience I begin to doubt most tently of the authenticity of many of Homer's stories. I verily believe, that when he had once lauded one of his favourite heroes among a crowd of his enemy, he cut down many an honest fellow, without any authority for so doing, excepting that he presented a fair mark—and that often a poor devil was sent to grim Pluto's domains, merely because he had name that would give a sounding turn to a period. But I disclaim all such unprincipled liberties—let me but have truth and the law on my side, and no man would fight harder than myself—but since the various records I consulted did not warrant it, I had too much conscience to kill a single soldier.—By St Nicholas but it would have been a pretty piece of business! My enemies, the critics, who I foresee will be ready enough to lay any crime they can discover at my door, might have charged me with murder outright—and I should have esteemed myself lucky to escape with no harsher verdict than manslaughter!

And now, gentle reader, that we are tranquilly sitting down here, smoking our pipes, permit me to indulge in a melancholy reflection which at this moment passes across my mind.—How vain, how fleeting, how uncertain are all those gaudy bubbles which we are panting and toiling in this world of false delusions! The wealth which the miser has amassed with so many weary days, so many sleepless nights, a spendthrift heir may squander away in joyless prodigality—The noblest monuments which pride has ever reared to perpetuate a name, the hand of time will shortly tumble into ruins—and even the brightest laurels, gained by feats of arms, may wither, and be forever blighted by the chilling neglect of mankind.—“How many illustrious heroes,” says the good Boetius, “who were once the pride and glory of the age, hath the silence of historians buried in eternal oblivion!” And this it was that induced the Spartans, when they went to battle, solemnly to sacrifice to the Muses, supplicating that their achievements might be worthily recorded. Had not Homer tuned his lofty lyre, observes the elegant Cicero, the valor of Achilles had remained unsung. And such too after all the toils and perils he had braved, after the gallant actions he had achieved, such too he nearly been the fate of the chivalric Peter Stuyvesant; but that I fortunately stepped in and engraved his name on the indelible tablet of history, just as the crafty Time was silently brushing it away for ever!

the more I reflect, the more am I astonished at the important character of the historian. He is the sovereign censor, to decide upon the renown or infamy of his fellow-men. He is the patron of kings and emperors, on whom it depends whether they shall live in after-ages, or be forgotten as were their ancestors before them. The tyrant may oppress while the effect of his tyranny exists, but the historian possesses superior might, for his power extends even beyond the grave. The shades of departed and long-forgotten heroes anxiously bend down from above, while the scribes, watching each movement of his pen, whether it shall pass by their names with neglect, or immortalize them on the deathless pages of renown. Even a drop of ink that hangs trembling on his pen, which he may either dash upon the floor, or waste in superfluous scrawlings—that very drop, which to him is not worth the twentieth part of a farthing, may be of inestimable value to some departed worthy—may elevate half a score, in one moment, to immortality, who had never given worlds, had they possessed them, the assurance the glorious meed.

Do not my readers imagine, however, that I am engaged in vain-glorious boastings, or am anxious to lay claim to the importance of my tribe. On the contrary, I shrink when I reflect on the awful responsibility we historians assume—I shudder to think of the direful commotions and calamities we occasion in the world—I swear to thee, honest reader, as I am writing, I weep at the very idea! Why, let me ask, how many illustrious men daily tearing themselves from the embraces of their families—slighting the smiles of beauty—despising the allurements of youth, and exposing themselves to the miseries of war?—Why are kings desolating empires, and depositing whole countries? In short, what induces all these men, of all ages and countries, to commit so many victories and misdeeds, and inflict so many miseries upon mankind and upon themselves, but the hope that some historian will kindly take them into notice, and admit them into a corner of his volume? For, in short, the mighty object of all their labours, their hardships, and privations, is nothing but immortal fame—and what is immortal fame?—Half a page of dirty paper!—alas! alas! how humiliating the idea—that the renown of so great a man as Peter Stuyvesant should depend upon the pen of a little man as Diedrich Knickerbocker!

And now, having refreshed ourselves after the fatigues and perils of the field, it behoves us to return more to the scene of conflict, and inquire what were the results of this renowned conquest. The press of Christina being the fair metropolis, and in that manner the key to New-Sweden, its capture was immediately followed by the entire subjugation of the province. This was not a little promoted by the gallant and courteous deportment of the chivalric Peter. Though a man terrible in battle, yet in the hour of victory was he endued with a spirit generous, merciful, and humane. He vaunted not over his ene-

mies, nor did he make defeat more galling by unmanly insults; for like that mirror of knightly virtue, the renowned paladin Orlando, he was more anxious to do great actions than to talk of them after they were done. He put no man to death; ordered no houses to be burnt down; permitted no ravages to be perpetrated on the property of the vanquished; and even gave one of his bravest officers a severe admonishment with his walking-staff, for having been detected in the act of sacking a hen-roost.

He moreover issued a proclamation, inviting the inhabitants to submit to the authority of their High Mightinesses; but declaring, with unexampled clemency, that whoever refused should be lodged at the public expense, in a goodly castle provided for the purpose, and have an armed retinue to wait on them in the bargain. In consequence of these beneficent terms, about thirty Swedes stepped manfully forward and took the oath of allegiance; in reward for which they were graciously permitted to remain on the banks of the Delaware, where their descendants reside at this very day. I am told, however, by divers observant travellers, that they have never been able to get over the chap-fallen looks of their ancestors; but that they still do strangely transmit from father to son manifest marks of the sound drubbing given them by the sturdy Amsterdammers.

The whole country of New-Sweden, having thus yielded to the arms of the triumphant Peter, was reduced to a colony called South-river, and placed under the superintendance of a lieutenant-governor, subject to the control of the supreme government at New-Amsterdam. This great dignitary was called Mynheer William Beekman, or rather *Beck*-man, who derived his surname, as did Ovidius Naso of yore, from the lordly dimensions of his nose, which projected from the centre of his countenance, like the beak of a parrot. He was the great progenitor of the tribe of the Beekmans, one of the most ancient and honourable families of the province; the members of which do gratefully commemorate the origin of their dignity, not as your noble families in England would do, by having a glowing proboscis emblazoned in their escutcheon, but by one and all wearing a right goodly nose, stuck in the very middle of their faces.

Thus was this perilous enterprise gloriously terminated, with the loss of only two men,—Wolfert Van Horne, a tall spare man, who was knocked overboard by the boom of a sloop in a flaw of wind; and fat Brom Van Bummel, who was suddenly carried off by an indigestion; both, however, were immortalized, as having bravely fallen in the service of their country. True it is, Peter Stuyvesant had one of his limbs terribly fractured in the act of storming the fortress; but as it was fortunately his wooden leg, the wound was promptly and effectually healed.

And now nothing remains to this branch of my history but to mention that this immaculate hero, and his victorious army, returned joyously to the Manhattan, where they made a solemn and triumphant

entry, bearing with them the conquered Risingh, and the remnant of his battered crew, who had refused allegiance; for it appears that the gigantic Swede had only fallen into a swoon, at the end of the battle, from whence he was speedily restored by a wholesome tweak of the nose.

These captive heroes were lodged, according to the promise of the governor, at the public expense, in a fair and spacious castle; being the prison of state, of which Stoffel Brinkerhoff, the immortal conqueror of Oyster Bay, was appointed governor; and which has ever since remained in the possession of his descendants.

It was a pleasant and goodly sight to witness the joy of the people of New-Amsterdam, at beholding their warriors once more return from this war in the wilderness. The old women thronged round Anthony Van Corlear, who gave the whole history of the campaign with matchless accuracy; saying that he took the credit of fighting the whole battle himself, and especially of vanquishing the stout Risingh; which he considered himself as clearly entitled to, seeing that it was effected by his own stone pottle.

The schoolmasters throughout the town gave holiday to their little urchins,—who followed in droves after the drums, with paper caps on their heads, and sticks in their breeches, thus taking the first lesson in the art of war. As to the sturdy rabble, they thronged at the heels of Peter Stuyvesant wherever he went, waving their greasy hats in the air, and shouting “Hardkopping Piet for ever!”

It was indeed a day of roaring rout and jubilee. A huge dinner was prepared at the Stadhous in honour of the conquerors, where were assembled in one glorious constellation the great and the little luminaries of New-Amsterdam. There were the lordly Schout and his obsequious deputy—the burgomasters with their officious schepens at their elbows—the subaltern officers at the elbows of the schepens, and so on down to the lowest hanger-on of police; every tag having his rag at his side, to finish his pipe, drink off his heel-taps, and laugh at his flights of immortal dulness. In short—for a city feast is a city feast all the world over, and has been a city feast ever since the creation—the dinner went off much the same as do our great corporation junketings and fourth of July banquets. Loads of fish, flesh, and fowl were devoured, oceans of liquor drunk, thousands of pipes smoked, and many a dull joke honoured with much obstreperous fat-sided laughter.

I must not omit to mention, that to this far-famed victory Peter Stuyvesant was indebted for another of his many titles—for so hugely delighted were the honest burghers with his achievements, that they unanimously honoured him with the name of *Pieter de Groot*, that is to say, Peter the Great; or, as it was translated by the people of New-Amsterdam,

* This castle, though very much altered and modernized, is still in being, and stands at the corner of Pearl-street, facing Coenrae's slip.

Piet de pig—an appellation which he maintained unto the day of his death.

BOOK VII.

CONTAINING THE THIRD PART OF THE REIGN OF PETER HEADSTRONG—HIS TROUBLES WITH THE BRITISH NATION, THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE DUTCH DYNASTY.

CHAPTER I.

How Peter Stuyvesant relieved the sovereign people from the burthen of taking care of the nation—with sundry particulars of his conduct in time of peace.

THE history of the reign of Peter Stuyvesant presents a melancholy picture of the cares and vexations inseparable from government; and may serve as a solemn warning to all who are ambitious of attaining the seat of power. Though crowned with victories, enriched by conquest, and returning in triumph to his metropolis, his exultation was checked by beholding the sad abuses that had taken place during the short interval of his absence.

The populace, unfortunately for their own comfort, had taken a deep draught of the intoxicating cup of power during the reign of William the Testy; though upon the accession of Peter Stuyvesant, he felt, with a certain instinctive perception, which he felt as well as cattle possess, that the reins of government had passed into stronger hands; yet could they help fretting, and chafing, and champing upon their bit, in restive silence.

It seems, by some strange and inscrutable fatality, to be the destiny of most countries, (and more especially of your enlightened republics,) always to be governed by the most incompetent man in the nation, so that you will scarcely find an individual throughout the whole community who cannot point out innumerable errors in administration, and convince you, at the end, that had he been at the head of affairs, matters would have gone on a thousand times more prosperously. Strange! that government, which seems to be so generally understood, should invariably be erroneously administered—strange, that the talent of legislation, so prodigally bestowed, should be bestowed to the only man in the nation to whose station it is not requisite!

Thus it was in the present instance; not a man in all the herd of pseudo-politicians in New-Amsterdam but was an oracle on topics of state, and could direct public affairs incomparably better than Peter Stuyvesant. But so severe was the old governor's disposition, that he would never suffer one of his multitude of able counsellors by whom he was surrounded to intrude his advice, and save the country from destruction.

Scarcely, therefore, had he departed on his expedition against the Swedes, than the old factions of William Kieft's reign began to thrust their heads

er, and to gather together in political meetings, to discuss "the state of the nation." At these assemblies the busy burghomasters and their officious scribes made a very considerable figure. These worthy auxiliaries were no longer the fat, well-fed, tranquil magistrates who presided in the peaceful days of Peter Van Twiller. On the contrary, being elected by the people, they formed, in a manner, a sturdy link between the mob and the administration. They were great candidates for popularity, and strenuous advocates for the rights of the rabble; resembling, in disinterested zeal, the wide-mouthed tribunes of ancient Rome, or those virtuous patriots of modern times, emphatically denominated "the friends of the people."

Under the tuition of these profound politicians, it is astonishing how suddenly enlightened the swinish multitude became in matters above their comprehension. Cobblers, tinkers, and tailors, all at once felt themselves inspired, like those religious idiots in the times of monkish illumination; and without any previous study or experience, became instantly capable of directing all the movements of government. Nor need I neglect to mention a number of superannuated, wrong-headed old burghers, who had come over when boys in the crew of the *Goede Vrouw*, and were held up as infallible oracles by the enlightened mob. I suppose that a man who had helped to discover a country did not know how it ought to be governed as preposterous in the extreme; it would have been deemed as much a heresy as at the present day to question the political talents and universal infallibility of our old "heroes of '76"—and to doubt that he who had fought for a government, however stupid he might naturally be, was not competent to fill any station under it.

But as Peter Stuyvesant had a singular inclination to govern his province without the assistance of his subjects, he felt highly incensed, on his return, to find the factious appearance they had assumed during his absence. His first measure, therefore, was to restore perfect order, by prostrating the dignity of the sovereign people.

He accordingly watched his opportunity, and one evening when the mob were gathered together, listening to a patriotic speech from an inspired cobbler, the intrepid Peter all at once appeared among them, with a countenance sufficient to petrify a millstone. The whole meeting was thrown into consternation—the orator seemed to have received a paralytic stroke—the very middle of a sublime sentence, and stood thenceforth with open mouth and trembling knees; while the words horror! tyranny! liberty! rights! taxes! death! destruction! and a deluge of other patriotic phrases, came roaring from his throat before he had power to close his lips. The shrewd Peter took no notice of the skulking throng around him, but advancing to the brawling hully-ruffian, and drawing out a large silver watch, which might have served in times of yore as a town-clock, and which is still retained by

his descendants as a family curiosity, requested the orator to mend it, and set it going. The orator humbly confessed it was utterly out of his power, as he was unacquainted with the nature of its construction. "Nay, but," said Peter, "try your ingenuity, man: you see all the springs and wheels, and how easily the clumsiest hand may stop it, and pull it to pieces; and why should it not be equally easy to regulate as to stop it?" The orator declared that his trade was wholly different—that he was a poor cobbler, and had never meddled with a watch in his life—that there were men skilled in the art, whose business it was to attend to those matters; but for his part, he should only mar the workmanship and put the whole in confusion—"Why, barkee, master of mine," cried Peter, turning suddenly upon him, with a countenance that almost petrified the patcher of shoes into a perfect lapstone—"dost thou pretend to meddle with the movements of government—to regulate, and correct, and patch and cobble a complicated machine, the principles of which are above thy comprehension, and its simplest operations too subtle for thy understanding, when thou canst not correct a trifling error in a common piece of mechanism, the whole mystery of which is open to thy inspection?—Hence with thee to the leather and stone, which are emblems of thy head; cobble thy shoes, and confine thyself to the vocation for which Heaven has fitted thee—But," elevating his voice until it made the welkin ring, "if ever I catch thee, or any of thy tribe, meddling again with affairs of government, by St Nicholas, but I'll have every mother's bastard of ye flay'd alive, and your hides stretched for drum-heads, that ye may thenceforth make a noise to some purpose!"

This threat, and the tremendous voice in which it was uttered, caused the whole multitude to quake with fear. The hair of the orator arose on his head like his own swine's bristles, and not a knight of the thimble present but his heart died within him, and he felt as though he could have verily escaped through the eye of a needle.

But though this measure produced the desired effect in reducing the community to order, yet it tended to injure the popularity of the great Peter among the enlightened vulgar. Many accused him of entertaining highly aristocratic sentiments, and of leaning too much in favour of the patricians. Indeed there appeared to be some ground for such an accusation, as he always carried himself with a very lofty, soldier-like port, and was somewhat particular in his dress; appearing, when not in uniform, in simple, but rich apparel; and was especially noted for his sound leg (which was a very comely one) always arrayed in a red stocking, and high-heeled shoe. Though a man of great simplicity of manners, yet there was something about him that repelled rude familiarity, while it encouraged frank and even social intercourse.

He likewise observed some appearance of court ceremony and etiquette. He received the common class

of visitors on the stoop^{*} before his door, according to the custom of our Dutch ancestors. But when visitors were formally received in his parlour, it was expected they would appear in clean linen, by no means barefooted, and always take their hats off. On public occasions he appeared with great pomp of equipage, (for, in truth, his station required a little show and dignity,) and always rode to church in a yellow wagon with flaming red wheels.

These symptoms of state and ceremony occasioned considerable discontent among the vulgar. They had been accustomed to find easy access to their former governors, and in particular had lived on terms of extreme familiarity with William the Testy. They were therefore very impatient of these dignified precautions, which discouraged intrusion. But Peter Stuyvesant had his own way of thinking in these matters, and was a staunch upholder of the dignity of office.

He always maintained that government to be the least popular which is most open to popular access and control; and that the very brawlers against court ceremony, and the reserve of men in power, would soon despise rulers among whom they found even themselves to be of consequence. Such, at least, had been the case with the administration of William the Testy; who, bent on making himself popular, had listened to every man's advice; suffered every body to have admittance to his person at all hours; and, in a word, treated every one as his thorough equal. By this means every scrub politician and public busy-body was enabled to measure wits with him, and to find out the true dimensions, not only of his person, but of his mind.—And what great man can stand such scrutiny?—It is the mystery that envelopes great men, that gives them half their greatness. We are always inclined to think highly of those who hold themselves aloof from our examination. There is likewise a kind of superstitious reverence for office, which leads us to exaggerate the merits and abilities of men in power, and to suppose that they must be constituted different from other men. And, indeed, faith is as necessary in politics as in religion. It certainly is of the first importance that a country should be governed by wise men—but then it is almost equally important that the people should believe them to be wise; for this belief alone can produce willing subordination.

To keep up, therefore, this desirable confidence in rulers, the people should be allowed to see as little of them as possible. He who gains access to cabinets soon finds out by what foolishness the world is governed. He discovers that there is quackery in legislation, as well as in every thing else; that many a measure, which is supposed by the million to be the result of great wisdom and deep deliberation, is the effect of mere chance, or perhaps of hare-brained experiment.—That rulers have their whims and errors as well as other men, and after all are not so wonderfully superior

* Properly spelled *stoep*: the porch commonly built in front of Dutch houses, with benches on each side.

to their fellow-creatures as he at first imagined; he finds that even his own opinions have had weight with them. Thus awe subsides into confidence; confidence inspires familiarity, and familiarity produces contempt. Peter Stuyvesant, on the contrary, by conducting himself with dignity and loftiness, looked up to with great reverence. As he never gave his reasons for any thing he did, the public always gave him credit for very profound ones—Every movement, however intrinsically unimportant, was a matter of speculation; and his very red stocking expressed some respect, as being different from the stockings of other men.

To these times may we refer the rise of family pride and aristocratic distinctions; and indeed I do not but look back with reverence to the early planting of those mighty Dutch families which have such vigorous root, and branched out so luxuriantly in our state. The blood which has flowed down through a succession of steady, virtuous generations, since the times of the patriarchs of Maninaw, must certainly be pure and worthy. And if so, then are the Van Rensselaers, the Van Zandt, the Van Hornes, the Rutgers, the Bensons, the Kerhoffs, the Schermerhornes, and all the true descendants of the ancient Pavonians, the only legitimate nobility and real lords of the soil.

I have been led to mention thus particularly well authenticated claims of our genuine Dutch families, because I have noticed with great sorrow and vexation, that they have been somewhat elbowed aside in latter days by foreign intruders. It is really astonishing to behold how many great families have sprung up of late years, who pride themselves exclusively on the score of ancestry. Thus he who looks up to his father without humiliation assumes a little importance—he who can safely talk of his grandfather is still more vain-glorious—but he who can look back to his great grandfather without blushing, is absolutely intolerable in his pretensions to family.—Bless us! what a piece of work is here between these mushrooms of an hour and the mushrooms of a day!

But from what I have recounted in the former part of this chapter, I would not have my reader imagine that the great Peter was a tyrannical governor, mistreating his subjects with a rod of iron—on the contrary, what the dignity of authority was not implicated, he abounded with generosity and condescension. In fact, really believed, though I fear my more enlightened republican readers will consider it a proof of his ignorance and illiberality, that in preventing the capriciousness of a social life from being dashed with the intoxicating gradient of politics, he promoted the tranquillity and happiness of the people—and that by detaching the

In a work published many years after the time here treated of (in 1701, by C. W. A. M.) it is mentioned that Frederick Philipse was counted the richest Mynheer in New-York, and was said to have *whole hogheads of Indian money or wampum*; and a son and daughter, who, according to the Dutch custom, should divide it equally.

from subjects which only tended to their proper calling, and more attentive.

So far from having thought to see the purpose, and for this purpose, and public amusement introduced the custom of the Easter. New-year's day was a very extravagant festivity—The bells and firing of guns, the jolly god—Oceano, and mulled cider; and not a poor man get drunk, out of his liquor; in liquor enough towards.

It would have done the valiant Peter, and their wives of a great trees that spread reaching the young of the green. Here is a joke, and forget

the oblivion festivity, and finally give a nod to young men who shuffle now and then give soul, to the buxom and down all her con- infallible proofs of his true, the harmonious world, and who, of course led the appearance in not more these too of most personal whisper ran through all felt shocked in crushed, and felt excited even the governo- the troubled in mind part of the good folks in a jig, to describe so, which she had led Rotterdam.—Whether her feet, or w- the liberty of obt- in the course of a- have disgraced a- not unexpected disp- was thrown into

country members were good Peter himself, modesty, felt himself The shortness of t- continued in fashion

first imagined; and which only tended to inflame their passions, he obliged them to attend more faithfully and industriously to their proper callings; becoming more useful citizens, and more attentive to their families and fortunes.

So far from having any unreasonable austerity, he delighted to see the poor and the labouring man rejoice, and for this purpose was a great promoter of holidays and public amusements. Under his reign was introduced the custom of cracking eggs at Paas-Easter. New-year's day was also observed with extravagant festivity—and ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. Every house was a temple to the jolly god—Oceans of cherry-brandy, true Hollands, and mulled cider were set afloat on the occasion; and not a poor man in town but made it a point to get drunk, out of a principle of pure economy—his liquor enough to serve him for half a year afterwards.

It would have done one's heart good also to have seen the valiant Peter, seated among the old burghers and their wives of a Saturday afternoon, under the great trees that spread their shade over the Battery, watching the young men and women as they danced on the green. Here he would smoke his pipe, crack a joke, and forget the rugged toils of war in the sweet oblivious festivities of peace. He would occasionally give a nod of approbation to those of the young men who shuffled and kicked most vigorously, and now and then give a hearty smack, in all honesty of soul, to the buxom lass that held out longest, and let down all her competitors; which he considered an infallible proof of her being the best dancer. Once, it is true, the harmony of the meeting was rather interrupted. A young vrouw, of great figure in the gay world, and who, having lately come from Holland, of course led the fashions in the city, made her appearance in not more than half a dozen petticoats, and these too of most alarming shortness. An universal whisper ran through the assembly; the old ladies all felt shocked in the extreme; the young ladies blushed, and felt excessively for the "poor thing," and even the governor himself was observed to be a little troubled in mind. To complete the astonishment of the good folks, she undertook, in the course of a jig, to describe some astonishing figures in algebra, which she had learned from a dancing-master at Amsterdam.—Whether she was too animated in flourishing her feet, or whether some vagabond zephyr took the liberty of obtruding his services, certain it is, that in the course of a grand evolution, which would not have disgraced a modern ball-room, she made a most unexpected display—whereat the whole assembly was thrown into great admiration, several grave country members were not a little moved, and the good Peter himself, who was a man of unparalleled modesty, felt himself grievously scandalized.

The shortness of the female dresses, which had continued in fashion ever since the days of William

Kieft, had long offended his eye; and though extremely averse to meddling with the petticoats of the ladies, yet he immediately recommended that every one should be furnished with a flounce to the bottom. He likewise ordered that the ladies, and indeed the gentlemen, should use no other step in dancing than "shuffle and turn," and "double trouble;" and forbade, under pain of his high displeasure, any young lady henceforth to attempt what was termed "exhibiting the graces."

These were the only restrictions he ever imposed upon the sex, and these were considered by them as tyrannical oppressions, and resisted with that becoming spirit always manifested by the gentle sex whenever their privileges are invaded.—In fact, Peter Stuyvesant plainly perceived, that if he attempted to push the matter any further, there was danger of their leaving off petticoats altogether; so like a wise man, experienced in the ways of women, he held his peace, and suffered them ever after to wear their petticoats and cut their capers as high as they pleased.

CHAPTER II.
How Peter Stuyvesant was much molested by the moss-troopers of the East, and the Giants of Merryland—and how a dark and horrid conspiracy was carried on in the British Cabinet against the prosperity of the Manhattoes.

We are now approaching towards the crisis of our work, and if I be not mistaken in my forebodings, we shall have a world of business to dispatch in the ensuing chapters.

It is with some communities as it is with certain meddlesome individuals, they have a wonderful facility at getting into scrapes; and I have always remarked that those are most liable to get in who have the least talent at getting out again. This is, doubtless, owing to the excessive valour of those states; for I have likewise noticed that this rampant and ungovernable quality is always most unruly where most confined; which accounts for its vapouring so amazingly in little states, little men, and more especially in ugly little women.

Thus, when one reflects that the province of the Manhattoes, though of prodigious importance in the eyes of its inhabitants and its historian, was really of no very great consequence in the eyes of the rest of the world; that it had but little wealth or other spoils to reward the trouble of assailing it; and that it had nothing to expect from running wantonly into war, save an exceeding good beating—On pondering these things, I say, one would utterly despair of finding in its history either battles or bloodshed, or any other of those calamities which give importance to a nation, and entertainment to the reader. But, on the contrary, we find, so valiant is this province, that it has already drawn upon itself a host of enemies; has had as many buffetings as would gratify the ambition of the most warlike nation; and is, in sober sadness, a

very forlorn, distressed, and wobegone little province!—all which was, no doubt, kindly ordered by Providence, to give interest and sublimity to this pathetic history.

But I forbear to enter into a detail of the pitiful maraudings and harassments, that for a long while after the victory on the Delaware continued to insult the dignity and disturb the repose of the Netherlanders. Suffice it in brevity to say, that the implacable hostility of the people of the east, which had so miraculously been prevented from breaking out, as my readers must remember, by the sudden prevalence of witchcraft, and the dissensions in the council of Amphictyons, now again displayed itself in a thousand grievous and bitter scourings upon the borders.

Scarcely a month passed without the Dutch settlements on the frontiers being alarmed by the sudden appearance of an invading army from Connecticut. This would advance resolutely through the country, like a caravan of the deserts, the women and children mounted in carts loaded with pots and kettles, as though they meant to boil the honest Dutchmen alive, and devour them like so many lobsters. At the tail of these carts would stalk a crew of long-limbed, lank-sided varlets, with axes on their shoulders and packs on their backs, resolutely bent upon *improving* the country in despite of its proprietors. These settling themselves down would in a short time completely dislodge the unfortunate Netherlanders; elbowing them out of those rich bottoms and fertile valleys, in which our Dutch yeomanry are so famous for nestling themselves—For it is notorious, that, wherever these shrewd men of the east get a footing, the honest Dutchmen do gradually disappear, retiring slowly, like the Indians before the whites; being totally discomfited by the talking, chaffering, swapping, bargaining disposition of their new neighbours.

All these audacious infringements on the territories of their High Mightinesses were accompanied, as has before been hinted, by a world of rascally brawls, rib-roastings, and bundlings, which would doubtless have incensed the valiant Peter to wreak immediate chastisement, had he not at the very same time been perplexed by distressing accounts from Mynheer Beckman, who commanded the territories at South-river.

The restless Swedes, who had so graciously been suffered to remain about the Delaware, began already to show signs of mutiny and disaffection. What was worse, a peremptory claim was laid to the whole territory, as the rightful property of Lord Baltimore, by one Fendal. This latter was a chieftain who ruled over the colony of Maryland, or, as it was anciently called, Merryland; so termed because that the inhabitants, not having the fear of the Lord before their eyes, were notoriously prone to get fuddled and make merry with mint julep and apple toddy. So hostile was this bully Fendal, that he threatened, unless his claim were instantly complied with, to march incontinently at the head of a potent

force of the roaring boys of Merryland, together with a great and mighty train of giants, who infested the banks of the Susquehanna—and to lay waste and depopulate the whole country of South-river.

By this it is manifest, that this boasted colony, by all great acquisitions of territory, soon became a greater evil to the conqueror than the loss of it was to the conquered; and caused greater uneasiness and trouble to all the territory of the New-Netherlands besides. The Providence wisely orders that one evil shall balance another: the conqueror who wrests the property of his neighbour, who wrongs a nation and desolates a country, though he may acquire increase of empire, and immortal fame, yet ensures his own inevitable punishment. He takes to himself a cause of endless anxiety—he incorporates with his late sound domain a rotten part—a rotten disaffected member; which is an exhaustless source of internal treason and disunion, and external altercation and hostility.—Happy is that nation, which compact, united, loyal in all its parts, and concentrated in its strength, seeks no idle acquisition of unprofitable and ungovernable territory—whose content to be prosperous and happy, has no ambition to be great. It is like a man well organized in his system, sound in health, and full of vigour; unencumbered by useless trappings, and fixed in an unshaken attitude. But the nation insatiable of territory whose domains are scattered, feebly united, and weakly organized, is like a senseless miser sprawling among golden stores, open to every attack, and unable to defend the riches he vainly endeavours to overshad-

At the time of receiving the alarming dispatch from South-river, the great Peter was busily employed in quelling certain Indian troubles that had broken out about Esopus, and was moreover meditating to relieve his eastern borders on the Connecticut. He sent word, however, to Mynheer Beckman to be of good heart, to maintain incessant vigilance, and let him know if matters wore a more threatening appearance; in which case he would incontinently repair with his warriors of the Hudson, to spoil the merriment of these Merry-landers; for he could exceedingly to have a bout, hand to hand, with so half a score of these giants—having never encountered a giant in his whole life, unless we may so call the stout Risingh, and he was but a little one.

Nothing further, however, occurred to molest the tranquillity of Mynheer Beckman and his colony. Fendal and his myrmidons remained at home, car-

¹ We find very curious and wonderful accounts of these stout people, (who were doubtless the ancestors of the present Merry-landers,) made by Master Hariot, in his interesting history. "The Susquesahanocks"—observes he—"are a giantly people, stout in proportion, behaviour, and attire—their voice sounding in them as if out a cave. Their tobacco-pipes were three-quarters a yard long, carved at the great end with a bird, beaver, or other device, sufficient to beat out the braines of a horse, (and how many asses braines are beaten out, or rather men's braines smoked out, and asses braines haled in, by our lesser pipes at home.) The end of one of their legges measured three-quarters of a yard about, the rest of his limbs proportionable."

it soundly upon hoe-cakes, and mint julep, and running horses, and fighting cocks; for which they were greatly renowned. At hearing of this Peter Stuyvesant was very well pleased, for notwithstanding his inclination to measure weapons with these monstrous men of the Susquehanna, yet he had already as much employment nearer home as he could turn his hands to. Little did he think, worthy that, that this southern calm was but the deceitful prelude to a most terrible and fatal storm, then brewed, which was soon to burst forth and overwhelm the unsuspecting city of New-Amsterdam!

Now so it was, that while this excellent governor was giving his little senate laws, and not only giving them, but enforcing them too—while he was incessantly travelling the rounds of his beloved province, posting from place to place to redress grievances, and while busy at one corner of his dominions, all the rest getting in an uproar—At this very time, I say, a dark and direful plot was hatching against him in that nursery of monstrous projects, the British cabinet. The news of his achievements on the Delaware, according to a sage old historian of New-Amsterdam, occasioned not a little talk and marvel in the courts of Europe. And the same profound writer assures us that the cabinet of England began to entertain great jealousy and uneasiness at the increasing power of the Manhattoes, and the valour of its sturdy company.

Agents, the same historian observes, were sent by the Amphyctonic council of the east, to entreat the assistance of the British cabinet in subjugating this mighty province. Lord Sterling also asserted his right to Long-Island, and, at the same time, Lord Baltimore, whose agent, as has before been mentioned, had so alarmed Mynheer Beckman, laid his claim before the cabinet to the lands of South-river, which he complained were unjustly and forcibly detained from him by these daring usurpers of the Nieuw-Nederlands.

Thus did the unlucky empire of the Manhattoes stand in imminent danger of experiencing the fate of Ireland, and being torn limb from limb to be shared among its savage neighbours. But while these rapacious powers were whetting their fangs, and waiting for the signal to fall tooth and nail upon this delicious little fat Dutch empire, the lordly lion, who sat as empire, all at once settled the claims of all parties, by trying his own paw upon the spoil; for we are told that his Majesty, Charles the Second, not to be perplexed by adjusting these several pretensions, made present of a large tract of North-America, including the province of New-Netherlands, to his brother, the Duke of York—a donation truly royal, since none but great monarchs have a right to give away what does not belong to them.

That this munificent gift might not be merely nominal, his Majesty, on the 42th of March, 1664, ordered that an armament should be forthwith prepared to invade the city of New-Amsterdam by land

and water, and put his brother in complete possession of the premises.

Thus critically are situated the affairs of the New-Netherlanders. The honest burghers, so far from thinking of the jeopardy in which their interests are placed, are soberly smoking their pipes, and thinking of nothing at all—the privy councillors of the province are at this moment snoring in full quorum; while the active Peter, who takes all the labour of thinking and acting upon himself, is busily devising some method of bringing the grand council of Amphyctyons to terms. In the mean while an angry cloud is darkly scowling on the horizon—soon will it rattle about the ears of these dozing Netherlanders, and put the mettle of their stout-hearted governor completely to the trial.

But come what may, I here pledge my veracity that in all warlike conflicts and subtle perplexities, he shall still acquit himself with the gallant bearing and spotless honour of a noble-minded, obstinate old cavalier—Forward then to the charge!—Shine out, propitious stars, on the renowned city of the Manhattoes; and may the blessing of St Nicholas go with thee—honest Peter Stuyvesant.

CHAPTER III.

Of Peter Stuyvesant's expedition into the East Country, showing that, though an old bird, he did not understand trap.

GREAT nations resemble great men in this particular, that their greatness is seldom known until they get in trouble; adversity, therefore, has been wisely denominated the ordeal of true greatness, which, like gold, can never receive its real estimation until it has passed through the furnace. In proportion, therefore, as a nation, a community, or an individual (possessing the inherent quality of greatness) is involved in perils and misfortunes, in proportion does it rise in grandeur—and even when sinking under calamity, makes, like a house on fire, a more glorious display than ever it did in the fairest period of its prosperity.

The vast empire of China, though teeming with population and imbibing and concentrating the wealth of nations, has vegetated through a succession of drowsy ages; and were it not for its internal revolution, and the subversion of its ancient government by the Tartars, might have presented nothing but an uninteresting detail of dull, monotonous prosperity. Pompeii and Herculaneum might have passed into oblivion, with a herd of their contemporaries, if they had not been fortunately overwhelmed by a volcano. The renowned city of Troy has acquired celebrity only from its ten years' distress, and final conflagration—Paris rises in importance by the plots and massacres which have ended in the exaltation of the illustrious Napoleon—and even the mighty London itself has skulked through the records of time, celebrated for nothing of moment excepting the plague,

the great fire, and Guy Faux's gunpowder plot! Thus cities and empires seem to creep along, enlarging in silent obscurity, until at length they burst forth in some tremendous calamity—and snatch, as it were, immortality from the explosion!

The above principle being admitted, my reader will plainly perceive that the city of New-Amsterdam and its dependent province are on the high road to greatness. Dangers and hostilities threaten from every side, and it is really a matter of astonishment, how so small a state has been able, in so short a time, to entangle itself in so many difficulties. Ever since the province was first taken by the nose, at the Fort of Good Hope, in the tranquil days of Wouter Van Twiller, has it been gradually increasing in historic importance; and never could it have had a more appropriate chieftain to conduct it to the pinnacle of grandeur than Peter Stuyvesant.

In the fiery heart of this iron-headed old warrior sat enthroned all those five kinds of courage described by Aristotle; and had the philosopher mentioned five hundred more to the back of them, I verily believe he would have been found master of them all. The only misfortune was, that he was deficient in the better part of valour called discretion, a cold-blooded virtue, which could not exist in the tropical climate of his mighty soul. Hence it was that he was continually hurrying into those unheard-of enterprises which give an air of chivalric romance to all his history; and hence it was that he now conceived a project worthy of the hero of La Mancha himself.

This was no other than to repair in person to the great council of the Amphictyons, bearing the sword in one hand and the olive-branch in the other—to require immediate reparation for the innumerable violations of that treaty which in an evil hour he had formed—to put a stop to those repeated maraudings on the eastern borders—or else to throw his gauntlet and appeal to arms for satisfaction.

On declaring this resolution in his privy-council, the venerable members were seized with vast astonishment; for once in their lives they ventured to remonstrate, setting forth the rashness of exposing his sacred person, in the midst of a strange and barbarous people, with sundry other weighty remonstrances—all which had about as much influence upon the determination of the headstrong Peter as though you were to endeavour to turn a rusty weathercock with a broken-winded bellows.

Summoning therefore to his presence his trusty follower, Anthony Van Corlear, he commanded him to hold himself in readiness to accompany him the following morning on this his hazardous enterprise. Now Anthony the trumpeter was by this time a little stricken in years, yet by dint of keeping up a good heart, and having never known care or sorrow, (having never been married,) he was still a hearty, jocund, rubicund, gamesome wag, and of great capacity in the doublet. This last was ascribed to his living a jolly life on those domains at the Hook, which Peter

Stuyvesant had granted to him for his gallantry at the Fort Casimir.

Be this as it may, there was nothing that more delighted Anthony than this command of the great Peter, for he could have followed the stout-hearted governor to the world's end, with love and loyalty—and he moreover still remembered the frolicking, dancing, and bundling, and other disports of the country, and entertained dainty recollection of numerous kind and buxom lasses, whom he longed exceedingly again to encounter.

Thus then did this mirror of hardihood set forth with no other attendant but his trumpeter, upon one of the most perilous enterprises ever recorded in the annals of knight-errantry.—For a single warrior to venture openly among a whole nation of foes—but above all, for a plain downright Dutchman to think of negotiating with the whole council of New-England!—never was there known a more desperate undertaking!—Ever since I have entered upon the chronicles of this peerless but hitherto uncelebrated chieftain, has he kept me in a state of incessant anxiety with the toils and dangers he is constantly encountering—Oh! for a chapter of the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, that I might repose on it on a feather-bed!

Is it not enough, Peter Stuyvesant, that I have once already rescued thee from the machinations of these terrible Amphictyons, by bringing the power of witchcraft to thine aid?—Is it not enough, that have followed thee undaunted, like a guardian spirit into the midst of the horrid battle of Fort Christina.—That I have been put incessantly to my trumpet to keep thee safe and sound—now warding off with my single pen the shower of dastard blows that fell upon thy rear—now narrowly shielding thee from a deadly thrust, by a mere tobacco-box—now casing thy dauntless skull with adamant, when even thy stubborn ram beaver failed to resist the sword of the stout Risingh—and now, not merely bringing thee off alive, but triumphant, from the clutches of the gigantic Swede, by the desperate means of a paltry stock-pottle?—Is not all this enough, but must thou still be plunging into new difficulties, and hazarding in headlong enterprises, thyself, thy trumpeter, and thy historian?

And now the ruddy-faced Aurora, like a buxom chambermaid, draws aside the sable curtains of the night, and out bounces from his bed the jolly red-haired Phœbus, startled at being caught so late in the embraces of Dame Thetis. With many a stable call he harnesses his brazen-footed steeds, and whips, and lashes, and splashes up the firmament, like a loitering coachman, half an hour behind his time. And now behold that imp of fame and prowess the headstrong Peter, bestriding a rawboned, switch-tailed charger gallantly arrayed in full regimentals, and bracing on his thigh that trusty brass-hilted sword, which has wrought such fearful deeds on the banks of the Delaware.

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Nederlands, 1665.
Luyck in D. Selyn's
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Behold hard after him his doughty trumpeter, Van Corlear, mounted on a broken-winded, wall-eyed, calico mare; his stone pottle, which had laid low the mighty Risingh, slung under his arm; and his trumpet displayed vauntingly in his right hand, decorated with a gorgeous banner, on which is emblazoned the great beaver of the Manhattoes. See them proudly coming out of the city gate, like an iron-clad hero of old times, with his faithful squire at his heels; the populace following them with their eyes, and shouting every a parting wish and hearty cheering—Farewell, Arkkopping Piet! Farewell, honest Anthony!—Farewell, be your wayfaring—prosperous your return! The stoutest hero that ever drew a sword, and the mightiest trumpeter that ever trod shoe-leather.

Legends are lamentably silent about the events that befell our adventurers in this their adventurous travel, excepting the Stuyvesant Manuscript, which gives the substance of a pleasant little heroic poem, written on the occasion by Dominie Ægidius Luyck, who appears to have been the poet-laureat of New-Amsterdam. This inestimable manuscript assures us, that it was a rare spectacle to behold the great Peter and his loyal follower hailing the morning sun, and rejoicing in the clear countenance of nature, as they paced it through the pastoral scenes of Bloemen-land; which, in those days, was a sweet and rural vale, beautified with many a bright wild flower, refreshed by many a pure streamlet, and enlivened there and there by a delectable little Dutch cottage, sheltered under some sloping hill, and almost buried in embowering trees.

Now did they enter upon the confines of Connecticut, where they encountered many grievous difficulties and perils. At one place they were assailed by a troop of country squires and militia colonels, who, mounted on goodly steeds, hung upon their rear several miles, harassing them exceedingly with questions and questions, more especially the worthy Peter, whose silver-clasped leg excited not a little marvel. At another place, hard by the renowned town of Stamford, they were set upon by a great and mighty legion of church deacons, who imperiously demanded of them five shillings, for travelling on that day, and threatened to carry them captive to a neighbouring church, whose steeple peered above the trees; but these the valiant Peter put to rout with little difficulty, inasmuch that they bestrode their steeds and galloped off in horrible confusion, leaving their cocked hats behind in the hurry of their flight. It was not so easily did he escape from the hands of a valiant man of Pyquag; who, with undaunted perseverance, and repeated onsets, fairly bargained him of his goodly switch-tailed charger, leaving in the place thereof a villanous, foundered Naraganset pacer.

This Luyck was moreover rector of the Latin School in New-Nederlandts, 1665. There are two pieces addressed to the valiant Luyck in D. Selyn's MSS. of poesies, upon his marriage with Judith Iseendoorn. Old MS.

Now called Blooming Dale, about four miles from New-York.

But, mangre all these hardships, they pursued their journey cheerily along the course of the soft-flowing Connecticut, whose gentle waves, says the song, roll through many a fertile vale and sunny plain; now reflecting the lofty spires of the bustling city, and now the rural beauties of the humble hamlet; now echoing with the busy hum of commerce, and now with the cheerful song of the peasant.

At every town would Peter Stuyvesant, who was noted for warlike punctilio, order the sturdy Anthony to sound a courteous salutation; though the manuscript observes, that the inhabitants were thrown into great dismay when they heard of his approach. For the fame of his incomparable achievements on the Delaware had spread throughout the east country, and they dreaded lest he had come to take vengeance on their manifold transgressions.

But the good Peter rode through these towns with a smiling aspect; waving his hand with inexpressible majesty and condescension; for he verily believed that the old clothes which these ingenious people had thrust into their broken windows, and the festoons of dried apples and peaches which ornamented the fronts of their houses, were so many decorations in honour of his approach; as it was the custom in the days of chivalry to compliment renowned heroes by sumptuous displays of tapestry and gorgeous furniture. The women crowded to the doors to gaze upon him as he passed, so much does prowess in arms delight the gentle sex. The little children, too, ran after him in troops, staring with wonder at his regimentals, his brimstone breeches, and the silver garniture of his wooden leg. Nor must I omit to mention the joy which many strapping wenches betrayed at beholding the jovial Van Corlear, who had whilom delighted them so much with his trumpet, when he bore the great Peter's challenge to the Amphictyons. The kind-hearted Anthony alighted from his calico mare, and kissed them all with infinite loving-kindness—and was right pleased to see a crew of little trumpeters crowding round him for his blessing; each of whom he patted on the head, bade him be a good boy, and gave him a penny to buy molasses candy.

The Stuyvesant Manuscript makes but little further mention of the governor's adventures upon this expedition, excepting that he was received with extravagant courtesy and respect by the great council of the Amphictyons, who almost talked him to death with complimentary and congratulatory harangues. I will not detain my readers by dwelling on his negotiations with the grand council. Suffice it to mention, it was like all other negotiations—a great deal was said, and very little done; one conversation led to another; one conference begat misunderstandings which it took a dozen conferences to explain; at the end of which the parties found themselves just where they were at first; excepting that they had entangled themselves in a host of questions of etiquette, and conceived a cordial distrust of each other, that ren-

dered their future negotiations ten times more difficult than ever.*

In the midst of all these perplexities, which bewildered the brain and incensed the ire of the sturdy Peter, who was perhaps of all men in the world least fitted for diplomatic wiles, he privately received intimation of the dark conspiracy which had been matured in the cabinet of England. To this was added the astounding intelligence that a hostile squadron had already sailed from England, destined to reduce the province of New-Netherlands, and that the grand council of Amphyctyons had engaged to co-operate, by sending a great army to invade New-Amsterdam by land.

Unfortunate Peter! did I not enter with sad forebodings upon this ill-starred expedition? Did I not tremble when I saw thee, with no other counsellor but thine own head, with no other armour but an honest tongue, a spotless conscience, and a rusty sword; with no other protector but St Nicholas, and no other attendant but a trumpeter—did I not tremble when I beheld thee thus sally forth to contend with all the knowing powers of New-England?

Oh, how did the sturdy old warrior rage and roar, when he found himself thus entrapped, like a lion in the hunter's toil! Now did he determine to draw his trusty sword, and manfully to fight his way through all the countries of the east. Now did he resolve to break in upon the council of the Amphyctyons, and put every mother's son of them to death. At length, as usual, when the foam and froth of passion had boiled over, prudence which lay at the bottom came uppermost; and he determined to resort to less violent but more wary expedients.

Concealing from the council his knowledge of their machinations, he privately dispatched a trusty messenger, with missives, to his counsellors at New-Amsterdam, apprising them of the impending danger, and commanding them immediately to put the city in a posture of defence; while, in the mean time, he would endeavour to elude his enemies, and come to their assistance. This done, he felt himself marvellously relieved, rose slowly, shook himself like a rhinoceros, and issued forth from his den, in much the same manner as Giant Despair is described to have issued from Doubting Castle, in the chivalric history of the Pilgrim's Progress.

And now much does it grieve me that I must leave the gallant Peter in this imminent jeopardy: but it behoves us to hurry back and see what is going on at New-Amsterdam, for greatly do I fear that city is already in a turmoil. Such was ever the fate of Peter Stuyvesant; while doing one thing with heart and soul, he was too apt to leave every thing else at sixes and sevens. While, like a potentate of yore, he was absent attending to those things in person which in modern days are trusted to generals and ambassadors,

* For certain of the particulars of this ancient negotiation see Haz. Col. Stat. Pap. It is singular that Smith is entirely silent with respect to this memorable expedition of Peter Stuyvesant.

his little territory at home was sure to get in an uproar—All which was owing to that uncommon strength of intellect, which induced him to trust to nobody but himself, and which had acquired him the renowned appellation of Peter the Headstrong.

CHAPTER IV.

How the people of New-Amsterdam were thrown into a panic, by the news of a threatened invasion, and the manner in which they fortified themselves.

THERE is no sight more truly interesting to a philosopher than to contemplate a community, where every individual has a voice in public affairs; where every individual thinks himself the Atlas of the nation, and where every individual thinks it his duty to best himself for the good of his country—I say, there is nothing more interesting to a philosopher than to see such a community in a sudden bustle of war. Such a clamour of tongues—such hawling of patriotism—such running hither and thither—every body in a hurry, every body up to the ears in trouble—every body in the way, and every body interrupting his industrious neighbour—who is busily employed in doing his own thing! It is like witnessing a great fire, where every man is at work like a hero—some dragging about empty engines—others scampering with full buckets, and spilling the contents into their neighbour's lot—and others ringing the church bells all night, in the way of putting out the fire. Little firemen—sturdy little knights storming a breach, clambering up and down scaling-ladders, and hawling through tin trumpets, by way of directing the attack.—If one busy fellow, in his great zeal to save the property of the unfortunate, catches up an anonymous chamber-pot, and gallants it off with an air of as much importance as if he had rescued a pot of money, another throws looking-glasses and china out of a window, to save them from the flames—whilst the philosopher who can do nothing else to assist in the great calamity, runs up and down the streets with open throats, heaving up an incessant cry of *Fire! Fire! Fire!*

"When the news arrived at Sinope," says the great and profound Lucian—though I own the story is rather trite, "that Philip was about to attack them, the inhabitants were thrown into violent alarm. Some ran to furnish up their arms; others rolled stones, and build up the walls—every body, in short, was employed, and every body was in the way of his neighbour. Diogenes alone was the only man who could find nothing to do—whereupon, determining not to be idle when the welfare of his country was at stake, he tucked up his robe, and fell to rolling his tub up and down the street, in the manner of the Gymnasium." In like manner did every mother's son in the patriotic community of New-Amsterdam, on receiving the tidings of Peter Stuyvesant, busy himself most industriously in putting things in confusion, and assisting the general uproar. "Every man"—saith the Stuyvesant

manuscript—"flew to church or to the sword dangled a piece on his side without a lance peeping cautious upon a Briton Stoffel Brinkerhoff women almost actually had in his entry, one peered at the back. But the most strenuous occasion, and wonderful efficacy. These brawling men, were extremely as this was a moment the old governor was broke out with therefore, the orators seemed to be a loud, and a burst of patriotic and defend their all-powerful meeting that they were the most for the community upon the resolution was so other was immediate possible and political which sixty-nine the affirmative, and who, as a presumption, was in tarred and feathered equivalent to the Tar considered as an outcast for nothing. T was unanimously carried in to the grand which was accordingly parts of the people a rage, and they were. Indeed, the some measure subsided all the money of their husbands departed—the community offensive. Songs and sung about were most woful; and popular as proved to a certain depended upon the. Finally, to strike a Great Britain, a mul

manuscript—"flew to arms!"—by which is meant, that not one of our honest Dutch citizens would venture to church or to market without an old-fashioned sword hanging at his side, and a long Dutch walking-piece on his shoulder—nor would he go out of night without a lantern; nor turn a corner without peeping cautiously round, lest he should come in contact with a British army—And we are informed that Stoffel Brinkerhoff, who was considered by the women almost as brave a man as the governor himself, actually had two one-pound swivels mounted in his entry, one pointing out at the front door, and the other at the back.

But the most strenuous measure resorted to on this awful occasion, and one which has since been found of wonderful efficacy, was to assemble popular meetings. These brawling convocations, I have already mentioned, were extremely offensive to Peter Stuyvesant; and as this was a moment of unusual agitation, and the old governor was not present to repress them, they broke out with intolerable violence. Hitherto, therefore, the orators and politicians repaired; and there seemed to be a competition among them who should bawl loudest, and exceed the others in hyperbolical bursts of patriotism, and in resolutions to uphold and defend the government. In these sage and all-powerful meetings it was determined *nem. pro.* that they were the most enlightened, the most civilized, the most formidable, and the most ancient community upon the face of the earth. Finding that this resolution was so universally and readily carried, another was immediately proposed—whether it were possible and politic to exterminate Great Britain? From which sixty-nine members spoke most eloquently in the affirmative, and only one arose to suggest some punishment—who, as a punishment for his treasonable assumption, was immediately seized by the mob, tarred and feathered—which punishment being equivalent to the Tarpeian Rock, he was afterwards considered as an outcast from society, and his opinion counted for nothing. The question, therefore, being unanimously carried in the affirmative, it was recommended to the grand council to pass it into a law; which was accordingly done. By this measure the spirits of the people at large were wonderfully enraged, and they waxed exceedingly choleric and furious. Indeed, the first paroxysm of alarm having some measure subsided—the old women having demanded all the money they could lay their hands on, and their husbands daily getting fuddled with what was left—the community began even to stand on the offensive. Songs were manufactured in Low Dutch and sung about the streets, wherein the English were most wofully beaten, and shown no quarter; and popular addresses were made, wherein it was proved to a certainty that the fate of Old England depended upon the will of the New-Amsterdammers.

Finally, to strike a violent blow at the very vitals of Great Britain, a multitude of the wiser inhabitants

assembled, and having purchased all the British manufactures they could find, they made thereof a huge bonfire; and, in the patriotic glow of the moment, every man present, who had a hat or breeches of English workmanship, pulled it off, and threw it into the flames—to the irreparable detriment, loss, and ruin, of the English manufacturers. In commemoration of this great exploit, they erected a pole on the spot, with a devise on the top intended to represent the province of Nieuw-Nederlands destroying Great Britain, under the similitude of an Eagle picking the little Island of Old England out of the globe; but either through the unskilfulness of the sculptor, or his ill-timed waggery, it bore a striking resemblance to a goose, vainly striving to get hold of a dumpling.

CHAPTER V.

Showing how the Grand Council of the New-Netherlands came to be miraculously gifted with long tongues.—Together with a great triumph of Economy.

It will need but very little penetration in any one acquainted with the character and habits of that most potent and blustering monarch, the sovereign people, —to discover, that, notwithstanding all the bustle and talk of war that stunned him in the last chapter, the renowned city of New-Amsterdam is, in sad reality, not a whit better prepared for defence than before. Now, though the people, having gotten over the first alarm, and finding no enemy immediately at hand, had, with that valour of tongue for which your illustrious rabble is so famous, run into the opposite extreme, and by dint of gallant vapouring androdomontado had actually talked themselves into the opinion that they were the bravest and most powerful people under the sun, yet were the privy councillors of Peter Stuyvesant somewhat dubious on that point. They dreaded moreover lest that stern hero should return, and find, that, instead of obeying his peremptory orders, they had wasted their time in listening to the hectorings of the mob, than which, they well knew, there was nothing he held in more exalted contempt.

To make up, therefore, as speedily as possible for lost time, a grand divan of the councillors and burgo-masters was convened, to talk over the critical state of the province, and devise measures for its safety. Two things were unanimously agreed upon in this venerable assembly:—first, that the city required to be put in a state of defence; and secondly, that as the danger was imminent, there should be no time lost—which points being settled, they immediately fell to making long speeches and belabouring one another in endless and intemperate disputes. For about this time was this unhappy city first visited by that talking endemic, so prevalent in this country, and which so

* This is levelled at the absurd proceedings of the rabble at Baltimore, during a time of popular exasperation against England.—Many of the mob were Irish.—*Edit.*

invariably evinces itself, wherever a number of wise men assemble together; breaking out in long, windy speeches, caused, as physicians suppose, by the foul air which is ever generated in a crowd. Now it was, moreover, that they first introduced the ingenious method of measuring the merits of an harangue by the hour-glass; he being considered the ablest orator who spoke longest on a question. For which excellent invention, it is recorded, we are indebted to the same profound Dutch critic who judged of books by their size.

This sudden passion for endless harangues, so little consonant with the customary gravity and taciturnity of our sage forefathers, was supposed by certain philosophers to have been imbibed, together with divers other barbarous propensities, from their savage neighbours; who were peculiarly noted for *long talks* and *council fires*, and never undertook any affair of the least importance, without previous debates and harangues among their chiefs and *old men*. But the real cause was, that the people, in electing their representatives to the grand council, were particular in choosing them for their talents at talking, without inquiring whether they possessed the more rare, difficult, and oft-times important talent of holding their tongues. The consequence was, that this deliberative body was composed of the most loquacious men in the community. As they considered themselves placed there to talk, every man concluded that his duty to his constituents, and, what is more, his popularity with them, required that he should harangue on every subject, whether he understood it or not. There was an ancient mode of burying a chieftain, by every soldier throwing his shield full of earth on the corpse, until a mighty mound was formed; so whenever a question was brought forward in this assembly, every member pressing forward to throw on his quantum of wisdom, the subject was quickly buried under a huge mass of words.

We are told, that when disciples were admitted into the school of Pythagoras, they were for two years enjoined silence, and were neither permitted to ask questions nor make remarks. After they had thus acquired the inestimable art of holding their tongues, they were gradually permitted to make inquiries, and finally to communicate their own opinions.

What a pity is it, that, while superstitiously hoarding up the rubbish and rags of antiquity, we should suffer these precious gems to lie unnoticed! What a beneficial effect would this wise regulation of Pythagoras have, if introduced in legislative bodies—and how wonderfully would it have tended to expedite business in the grand council of the Manhattoes!

Thus, however, did Dame Wisdom (whom the wags of antiquity have humorously personified as a woman) seem to take mischievous pleasure in jilting the venerable councillors of New-Amsterdam. The old factions of Long Pipes and Short Pipes, which had been almost strangled by the Herculean grasp of Peter Stuyvesant, now sprung up with tenfold violence.

Not that the original cause of difference still existed—but, it has ever been the fate of party names and party rancour to remain long after the principles that gave rise to them have been forgotten. To complete the public confusion and bewilderment, the fatal *War of Economy*, which one would have thought was dead and buried with William the Testy, was once more set afloat, like the apple of discord, in the grand council of Nieuw-Nederlands—according to which sound principle of policy, it was deemed more expedient to throw away twenty thousand guilders upon an inefficacious plan of defence than to expend thirty thousand on a good and substantial one—the province thus making a clear saving of ten thousand guilders.

But when they came to discuss the mode of defence, then began a war of words that baffles all description. The members being, as I observed, enlisted in opposite parties, were enabled to proceed with amazing system and regularity in the discussion of the questions before them. Whatever was proposed by a Long Pipe was opposed by the whole tribe of Short Pipes—who, like true politicians, considered it their duty to effect the downfall of the Long Pipes—the second, to elevate themselves—and their third, to consult the welfare of the country. This at least was the creed of the most upright among the party; for as to the great mass, they left the third consideration out of the question altogether.

In this great collision of hard heads, it is astonishing the number of projects for defence that were struck out, not one of which had ever been heard of before, nor has been heard of since, unless it be in very modern days; projects that threw the winking system of the ingenious Kieft completely in the back ground. Still, however, nothing could be decided on; for so soon as a formidable array of air-castles were reared by one party, they were demolished by the other. The simple populace stood gazing with anxious expectation of the mighty egg that was to be hatched with all this cackling, but they gazed in vain; for it appeared that the grand council was determined to protect the province as did the noble and gigantic Pantagruel his army—by covering it with his tongue.

Indeed there was a portion of the members consisting of fat, self-important old burghers, who smoked their pipes and said nothing, excepting to negativate every plan of defence that was offered. These were of that class of wealthy old citizens, who, having amassed a fortune, button up their pockets, shut their mouths, look rich, and are good for nothing all the rest of their lives: like some phlegmatic oyster, which having swallowed a pearl, closes its shell, settles down in the mud, and parts with its life sooner than to give up its treasure. Every plan of defence seemed to them worthy old gentlemen pregnant with ruin. An armed force was a legion of locusts, preying upon the public property—to fit out a naval armament was to throw their money into the sea—to build fortifications was to bury it in the dirt. In short, they settled

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reference still existed, no matter how much they were drubbed.—A party name and the principles that were left no scar—a broken head cured itself—but an open purse was of all maladies the slowest to heal, and the fatal wound one in which nature did nothing for the patient.

Thus did this venerable assembly of sages lavish that time which the urgency of affairs rendered valuable, in empty brawls and long-winded speeches, without ever agreeing, except on the point with which they started, namely, that there was no time to be lost, and delay was ruinous. At length St Nicholas, having compassion on their distracted situation, and anxious to preserve them from anarchy, so ordered, that in the midst of one of their most noisy debates on the subject of fortification and defence, when they had nearly fallen to loggerheads in consequence of not being able to convince each other, the question was happily settled by a messenger, who bounced into the chamber and informed them, that the hostile fleet had arrived, and was actually advancing up the bay! Thus was all further necessity of either fortifying or disputing completely obviated, and thus was the council saved a world of words, and the province a world of expense—a most absolute and glorious triumph of economy!

CHAPTER VI.

which the troubles of New-Amsterdam appear to thicken—showing the bravery, in time of peril, of a people who defend themselves by resolution.

LIKE as an assemblage of politic cats, engaged in morose gibberings, and caterwaulings, eyeing one another with hideous grimaces, spitting in each other's eyes, and on the point of breaking forth into a general clapper-clawing, are suddenly put to scamper and confusion by the appearance of a house-fly; so was the no less vociferous council of New-Amsterdam amazed, astounded, and totally dispersed, at the sudden arrival of the enemy. Every member made the best of his way home, waddling along as fast as his short legs could fag under their heavy burden, and wheezing as he went with corpulency and terror. When he arrived at his castle, he barred the street-door, and buried himself in the cellar, without daring to peep out, lest he should see his head carried off by a cannon-ball.

The sovereign people all crowded into the marketplace, herding together with the instinct of sheep, to seek for safety in each other's company, when the shepherd and his dog are absent, and the wolf is howling round the fold. Far from finding relief, however, they only increased each other's terrors. Each man looked ruefully in his neighbour's face in search of encouragement, but only found in its begone lineaments a confirmation of his own disaster. Not a word now was to be heard of conquering Great Britain, not a whisper about the sovereign

virtues of economy—while the old women heightened the general gloom by clamorously bewailing their fate, and calling for protection on St Nicholas and Peter Stuyvesant.

Oh, how did they bewail the absence of the lion-hearted Peter!—and how did they long for the comforting presence of Anthony Van Corlear! Indeed a gloomy uncertainty hung over the fate of these adventurous heroes. Day after day had elapsed since the alarming message from the governor, without bringing any further tidings of his safety. Many a fearful conjecture was hazarded as to what had befallen him and his loyal squire. Had they not been devoured alive by the cannibals of Marblehead and Cape Cod?—Had they not been put to the question by the great council of Amphictyons?—Had they not been smothered in onions by the terrible men of Pythagoras?—In the midst of this consternation and perplexity, when horror, like a mighty night-ware, sat brooding upon the little, fat, plethoric city of New-Amsterdam, the ears of the multitude were suddenly startled by a strange and distant sound—it approached—it grew louder and louder—and now it resounded at the city gate. The public could not be mistaken in the well-known sound—A shout of joy burst from their lips, as the gallant Peter, covered with dust, and followed by his faithful trumpeter, came galloping into the market-place.

The first transports of the populace having subsided, they gathered round the honest Anthony, as he dismounted from his horse, overwhelming him with greetings and congratulations. In breathless accents he related to them the marvellous adventures through which the old governor and himself had gone, in making their escape from the clutches of the terrible Amphictyons. But though the Stuyvesant Manuscript, with its customary minuteness where any thing touching the great Peter is concerned, is very particular as to the incidents of this masterly retreat, yet the state of the public affairs will not allow me to indulge in a full recital thereof. Let it suffice to say, that, while Peter Stuyvesant was anxiously revolving in his mind how he could make good his escape with honour and dignity, certain of the ships sent out for the conquest of the Manhattoes touched at the eastern ports to obtain needful supplies, and to call on the grand council of the league for its promised co-operation. Upon hearing of this, the vigilant Peter, perceiving that a moment's delay were fatal, made a secret and precipitate decampment; though much did it grieve his lofty soul to be obliged to turn his back even upon a nation of foes. Many hair-breadth 'scapes and divers perilous mishaps did they sustain, as they scoured, without sound of trumpet, through the fair regions of the east. Already was the country in an uproar with hostile preparation, and they were obliged to take a large circuit in their flight, lurking along through the woody mountains of the Devil's backbone; from whence the valiant Peter sallied forth one day like a lion, and put to rout a whole legion of squat

ters, consisting of three generations of a prolific family, who were already on their way to take possession of some corner of the New-Netherlands. Nay, the faithful Anthony had great difficulty, at sundry times, to prevent him, in the excess of his wrath, from descending down from the mountains, and falling, sword in hand, upon certain of the border-towns, who were marshalling forth their draggle-tailed militia.

The first movement of the governor, on reaching his dwelling, was to mount the roof, from whence he contemplated with rueful aspect the hostile squadron. This had already come to anchor in the bay, and consisted of two stout frigates, having on board, as John Josselyn, gent. informs us, "three hundred valiant red-coats." Having taken this survey, he sat himself down and wrote an epistle to the commander, demanding the reason of his anchoring in the harbour without obtaining previous permission so to do. This letter was couched in the most dignified and courteous terms, though I have it from undoubted authority that his teeth were clinched, and he had a bitter sardonic grin upon his visage all the while he wrote. Having dispatched his letter, the grim Peter stumped to and fro about the town with a most war-betokening countenance, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and whistling a Low Dutch Psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a north-east wind, when a storm is brewing.—The very dogs as they eyed him skulked away in dismay; while all the old and ugly women of New-Amsterdam ran howling at his heels, imploring him to save them from murder, robbery, and pitiless ravishment!

The reply of Colonel Nichols, who commanded the invaders, was couched in terms of equal courtesy with the letter of the governor; declaring the right and title of his British Majesty to the province, where he affirmed the Dutch to be mere interlopers; and demanding that the town, forts, etc. should be forthwith rendered into his Majesty's obedience and protection; promising, at the same time, life, liberty, estate, and free trade, to every Dutch denizen who should readily submit to his Majesty's government.

Peter Stuyvesant read over this friendly epistle with some such harmony of aspect as we may suppose a crusty farmer, who has long been fattening upon his neighbour's soil, reads the loving letter of John Stiles, that warns him of an action of ejectment. The old governor, however, was not to be taken by surprise; but, thrusting the summons into his breeches pocket, stalked three times across the room, took a pinch of snuff with great vehemence, and then, loftily waving his hand, promised to send an answer the next morning. In the mean time he called a general council of war of his privy councillors and burgomasters, not for the purpose of asking their advice, for that, as has been already shown, he valued not a rush, but to make known unto them his sovereign determination, and require their prompt adherence.

Before he convened his council, however, he rested upon three important points: *first*, never to give up the city without a little hard fighting; for he deemed it highly derogatory to the dignity of so renowned a city to suffer itself to be captured and stripped without receiving a few kicks into the bargain—*secondly*, that the majority of his grand council, composed of arrant poltroons, utterly destitute of bottom—and, *thirdly*,—that he would not there suffer them to see the summons of Colonel Nichols, lest the easy terms it held out might induce them to clamour for a surrender.

His orders being duly promulgated, it was a pitiful sight to behold the late valiant burgomasters, who had demolished the whole British empire in their rangers, peeping ruefully out of their hiding-places, and then crawling cautiously forth, dodging through narrow lanes and alleys—starting at every little bark, as though it had been a discharge of artillery—mistaking lamp-posts for British grenadiers, and, in the excess of their panic, metamorphosing pumps into formidable soldiers, levelling blind-busses at their bosoms! Having, however, in despite of numerous perils and difficulties of the kind, arrived safe, without the loss of a single man, at the hall-assembly, they took their seats, and awaited in respectful silence the arrival of the governor. In a few moments the wooden leg of the intrepid Peter was heard in regular and stout-hearted thumps upon the staircase. He entered the chamber, arrayed in his suit of regimentals, and carrying his trusty tobe not girded on his thigh, but tucked under his arm. As the governor never equipped himself in this portentous manner unless something of martial nature were working within his pericranium, his countenance regarded him ruefully, as if they saw fire and sword in his iron countenance, and forgot to light their pipes in breathless suspense.

The great Peter was as eloquent as he was valiant. Indeed, these two rare qualities seemed to be hand in hand in his composition; and, unlike many great statesmen, whose victories are only confined to the bloodless field of argument, he was ever ready to enforce his hardy words by no less hardy deeds. His speeches were generally marked by a simplicity and directness, and by truly categorical decisions. Addressing the grand council, he touched briefly upon the perils and hardships he had sustained, in escaping from his crafty foes. He next reproached the council, for wasting in idle debate and party feuds that time which should have been devoted to the defence of their country. He was particularly indignant against those brawlers, who, conscious of individual security, had disgraced the councils of the province by insolent hectorings and scurrilous invectives against the noble and a powerful enemy—those cowardly creatures who were incessant in their barkings and yelpings at the lion, while distant or asleep, but, the moment he approached, were the first to skulk away. He then called on those who had been so valiant in the

however, he resolutely stood against Great Britain to stand forth and support their vauntings by their actions—for it was deeds, not words, that bespoke the spirit of a nation. He succeeded to recall the golden days of former prosperity, which were only to be gained by manfully withstanding their enemies; for the peace, he observed, which is effected by force of arms, is always more solid and durable than that which is patched up by temporary accommodations. He endeavoured, moreover, to arouse their martial fire, by reminding them of the time when, before the frowning walls of Fort Mifflin, he had led them on to victory. He strove to awaken their confidence, by assuring them of the protection of St Nicholas, who had hitherto maintained them in safety, amid all the savages of the wilderness, the witches and squatters of the north, and the giants of Merry-land. Finally, he informed them of the insolent summons he had received to surrender, but concluded by swearing to defend the province as long as Heaven was on his side, and he had a wooden leg to stand upon. Which noble defence he emphasized by a tremendous thwack with the broad side of his sword upon the table that totally terrified his auditors.

The privy councillors, who had long been accused to the governor's way, and in fact had been brought into as perfect discipline as were ever the soldiers of the great Frederick, saw that there was no more to be said in saying a word—so lighted their pipes, and smoked away in silence, like fat and discreet counsellors. But the burgomasters, being less under the governor's control, considering themselves as representatives of the sovereign people, and being more inflated with considerable importance and self-importance, which they had acquired at those notable schools of wisdom and morality, the popular meetings, were not so easily satisfied. Mustering up fresh spirits when they found there was some chance of escaping from their present jeopardy without the disagreeable alternative of fighting, they requested a copy of the summons to surrender, that they might show it at a general meeting of the people.

So insolent and mulinous a request would have been enough to have roused the gorge of the tranquil Twigger himself—what then must have been its effect upon the great Stuyvesant, who was not only a soldier, a governor, and a valiant wooden-legged warrior to boot, but withal a man of the most stoical and gunpowder disposition? He burst forth in a blaze of noble indignation,—swore not a mortal's son of them should see a syllable of it—that he deserved, every one of them, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for traitorously daring to question the infallibility of government—that as to his advice or concurrence, he did not care a whiff of tobacco for either—that he had long been harassed and thwarted by their cowardly counsels; but that he might thenceforth go home, and go to bed like a woman; for he was determined to defend the country himself, without the assistance of them or their

adherents! So saying, he tucked his sword under his arm, cocked his hat upon his head, and girding up his loins, stumped indignantly out of the council-chamber—every body making room for him as he passed.

No sooner had he gone than the busy burgomasters called a public meeting in front of the Stadt-house, where they appointed as chairman one Dofue Roerback, a mighty gingerbread-baker in the land, and formerly of the cabinet of William the Testy. He was looked up to with great reverence by the populace, who considered him a man of dark knowledge, seeing he was the first that imprinted new-year cakes with the mysterious hieroglyphics of the Cock and Breeches, and such like magical devices.

This great burgomaster, who still chewed the cud of ill-will against the valiant Stuyvesant, in consequence of having been ignominiously kicked out of his cabinet at the time of his taking the reins of government—addressed the greasy multitude in what is called a patriotic speech, in which he informed them of the courteous summons to surrender—of the governor's refusal to comply therewith, and of his denying the public a sight of the summons, which, he had no doubt, contained conditions highly to the honour and advantage of the province.

He then proceeded to speak of his Excellency in high-sounding terms, suitable to the dignity and grandeur of his station, comparing him to Nero, Caligula, and those other great men of yore, who are generally quoted by popular orators on similar occasions. Assuring the people, that the history of the world did not contain a despotic outrage to equal the present for atrocity, cruelty, tyranny, and blood-thirstiness. That it would be recorded in letters of fire, on the blood-stained tablet of history! That ages would roll back with sudden horror when they came to view it! That the womb of time (by the way, your orators and writers take strange liberties with the womb of time, though some would fain have us believe that time is an old gentleman)—that the womb of time, pregnant as it was with direful horrors, would never produce a parallel enormity!—With a variety of other heart-rending, soul-stirring tropes and figures, which I cannot enumerate.—Neither indeed need I, for they were exactly the same that are used in all popular harangues and patriotic orations at the present day, and may be classed in rhetoric under the general title of RIGMAROLE.

The speech of this inspired burgomaster being finished, the meeting fell into a kind of popular fermentation, which produced not only a string of right wise resolutions, but likewise a most resolute memorial, addressed to the governor, remonstrating at his conduct—which was no sooner handed to him, than he handed it into the fire; and thus deprived posterity of an invaluable document that might have served as a precedent to the enlightened cobblers and tailors of the present day, in their sage intermeddlings with politics.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a doleful disaster of Anthony the Trumpeter—And how Peter Stuyvesant, like a second Cromwell, suddenly dissolved a Rump Parliament.

Now did the high-minded Pieter de Groodt shower down a panner load of maledictions upon his burgo-masters for a set of self-willed, obstinate, headstrong varlets, who would neither be convinced nor persuaded; and determined thenceforth to have nothing more to do with them, but to consult merely the opinion of his privy councillors, which he knew from experience to be the best in the world—inasmuch as it never differed from his own. Nor did he omit, now that his hand was in, to bestow some thousand left-handed compliments upon the sovereign people, whom he railed at for a herd of poltroons, who had no relish for the glorious hardships and illustrious misadventures of battle—but would rather stay at home, and eat and sleep in ignoble ease, than gain immortality and a broken head, by valiantly fighting in a ditch.

Resolutely bent, however, upon defending his beloved city, in despite even of itself, he called unto him his trusty Van Corlear, who was his right-hand man in all times of emergency. Him did he adjure to take his war-denouncing trumpet, and, mounting his horse, to beat up the country night and day—sounding the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx—startling the wild solitudes of Croton—arousing the rugged yeomanry of Weehawk and Hoboeken—the mighty men of battle of Tappaan Bay—and the brave boys of Tarry Town and Sleepy Hollow—together with all the other warriors of the country round about; charging them one and all to sling their powder horns, shoulder their fowling-pieces, and march merrily down to the Manhattoes.

Now there was nothing in all the world, the divine sex excepted, that Anthony Van Corlear loved better than errands of this kind. So just stopping to take a lusty dinner, and bracing to his side his junk bottle, well charged with heart-inspiring Hollands, he issued jollily from the city gate, that looked out upon what is at present called Broadway; sounding as usual a farewell strain, that rung in sprightly echoes through the winding streets of New-Amsterdam—Alas! never more were they to be gladdened by the melody of their favourite trumpeter!

It was a dark and stormy night when the good Anthony arrived at the creek (sagely denominated *Haerlem rivier*) which separates the island of Mannahata from the main land. The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vapoured like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone-bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across, *en spijt den Duyvel*, (in spite of the devil!) and daringly plunged into the

stream.—Luckless Anthony! scarce had he but half-way over, when he was observed to struggle gently, as if battling with the spirit of the water; instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, giving a vehement blast—sunk for ever to the bottom!

The potent clangour of his trumpet, like the horn of the renowned paladin Orlando, when entering in the glorious field of Roncesvalles, rung far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbouring round, who hurried in amazement to the spot. It was an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them with a melancholy affair; with the fearful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief) that he saw the day in the shape of a huge moss-bonker, seize the stout Anthony by the leg, and drag him beneath the water. Certain it is, the place, with the adjoining promontory, which projects into the Hudson, has been called *Spijt den duyvel*, or *Spiking devil*, ever since—restless ghost of the unfortunate Anthony still haunting the surrounding solitudes, and his trumpet has often been heard by the neighbours, of a stormy night mingling with the howling of the blast. Not only ever attempts to swim over the creek after dark; the contrary, a bridge has been built to guard against such melancholy accidents in future—and as to the bonkers, they are held in such abhorrence, that true Dutchman will admit them to his table, but loves good fish and hates the devil.

Such was the end of Anthony Van Corlear—a man deserving of a better fate. He lived roundly and soundly, like a true and jolly bachelor, until the day of his death; but though he was never married, did he leave behind some two or three dozen children in different parts of the country—fine, chubby, laughing, flatulent little urchins; from whom, if legends speak true (and they are not apt to lie) did descend the innumerable race of editors, who people and defend this country, and who are bountifully paid the people for keeping up a constant alarm—and making them miserable. Would that they inherited the worth, as they do the wind, of their renowned ancestor!

The tidings of this lamentable catastrophe imparted a severer pang to the bosom of Peter Stuyvesant than did even the invasion of his beloved Amsterdam. He came ruthlessly home to those sweet affections which grow close around the heart, and are nourished by the warmest current. As some lorn pilgrim, while the tempest whistles through his locks, and dreary night is gathering around, sees stretched cold and lifeless his faithful dog—the sole companion of his journey—who had shared his solitary meal, and so often lifted his hand in humble gratitude—so did the generous-hearted hero of the Manhattoes contemplate the timely end of his faithful Anthony. He had been his humble attendant of his footsteps—he had cheered him in many a heavy hour, by his honest galeety, and had followed him in loyalty and affection through

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 angel cur seemed skulking from his side.—This
 was Stuyvesant—this was the moment to try thy
 courage; and this was the moment when thou didst
 shine forth—Peter the *Headstrong*.

The glare of day had long dispelled the horrors of
 a stormy night; still all was dull and gloomy. The
 imperial Apollo hid his face behind lugubrious clouds,
 and the sun shone out now and then for an instant, as if anxious,
 to see what was going on in his favourite
 city. This was the eventful morning when the great
 Peter was to give his reply to the summons of the in-
 solent. Already was he closeted with his privy coun-
 cillors in grim state, brooding over the fate of his
 country; the trumpeter, and anon boiling with indigna-
 tion at the insolence of his recreant burgomasters flash-
 ing upon his mind. While in this state of irritation, a
 messenger arrived in all haste from Winthrop, the subtle
 agent of Connecticut, counselling him, in the most
 moderate and disinterested manner, to surrender
 the province, and magnifying the dangers and cala-
 mities to which a refusal would subject him.—What
 was this to intrude officious advice upon a
 man who never took advice in his whole life!—The
 old governor strode up and down the chamber
 with a vehemence that made the bosoms of his coun-
 cillors to quake with awe—railing at his unlucky fate,
 and made him the constant butt of factious sub-
 and jesuitical advisers.

At this ill-chosen juncture the officious burgo-
 masters, who were now completely on the watch, and
 on the hearing of the arrival of mysterious dispatches,
 marching in a resolute body into the room, with
 a troop of schepens and toad-eaters at their heels,
 abruptly demanded a perusal of the letter. Thus
 broken in upon by what he esteemed a “rascal
 and that too at the very moment he was
 suffering under an irritation from abroad, was too
 much for the spleen of the choleric Peter. He tore
 the letter in a thousand pieces—threw it in the face
 of the nearest burgomaster—broke his pipe over the
 head of the next—hurled his spitting-box at an un-
 happy schepen, who was just making a masterly re-
 treat out at the door, and finally prorogued the whole
 assembly *sine die*, by kicking them down stairs with
 his wooden leg.

As soon as the burgomasters could recover from the
 confusion into which their sudden exit had thrown
 them, and had taken a little time to breathe, they
 proceeded against the conduct of the governor, which
 they did not hesitate to pronounce tyrannical, uncon-
 stitutional, highly indecent, and somewhat disrespect-
 ful. They then called a public meeting, where they
 presented the protest, and, addressing the assembly in a
 speech, related at full length, and with appropriate
 language and exaggeration, the despotic and vindic-
 tive deportment of the governor; declaring that, for
 their own parts, they did not value a straw the being

kicked, cuffed, and mauled by the timber toe of his
 Excellency, but that they felt for the dignity of the
 sovereign people, thus rudely insulted by the outrage
 committed on the seat of honour of their representa-
 tives. The latter part of the harangue had a violent
 effect upon the sensibility of the people, as it came
 home at once to that delicacy of feeling, and jealous
 pride of character, vested in all true mobs; who,
 though they may bear injuries without a murmur, yet
 are marvellously jealous of their sovereign dignity—
 and there is no knowing to what act of resentment they
 might have been provoked against the redoubtable
 Peter, had not the greasy rogues been somewhat more
 afraid of their sturdy old governor than they were of
 St Nicholas, the English—or the d—l himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Peter Stuyvesant defended the city of New-Amsterdam for
 several days, by dint of the strength of his head.

THERE is something exceedingly sublime and mel-
 ancholy in the spectacle which the present crisis of
 our history presents. An illustrious and venerable
 little city—the metropolis of an immense extent of
 uninhabited country—garrisoned by a doughty host
 of orators, chairmen, committee-men, burgomasters,
 schepens, and old women—governed by a determined
 and strong-headed warrior, and fortified by mud bat-
 teries, palisadoes, and resolutions—blockaded by sea,
 beleaguered by land, and threatened with direful de-
 solation from without; while its very vitals are torn
 with internal faction and commotion! Never did
 historic pen record a page of more complicated dis-
 tress, unless it be the strife that distracted the Israel-
 ites during the siege of Jerusalem—where discordant
 parties were cutting each other's throats, at the mo-
 ment when the victorious legions of Titus had toppled
 down their bulwarks, and were carrying fire and
 sword into the very sanctum sanctorum of the temple.

Governor Stuyvesant having triumphantly, as has
 been recorded, put his grand council to the rout, and
 thus delivered himself from a multitude of impertin-
 ent advisers, dispatched a categorical reply to the
 commanders of the invading squadron; wherein he
 asserted the right and title of their High Mightinesses
 the Lords States-General to the province of New-
 Netherlands, and trusting in the righteousness of his
 cause, set the whole British nation at defiance!

My anxiety to extricate my readers and myself from
 these disastrous scenes prevents me from giving the
 whole of this gallant letter, which concluded in these
 manly and affectionate terms:

“As touching the threats in your conclusion, we
 have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing
 but what God (who is as just as merciful) shall lay
 upon us; all things being in his gracious disposal,
 and we may as well be preserved by him with
 small forces as by a great army, which makes us
 to wish you all happiness and prosperity, and re-

"commend you to his protection.—My lords, your
"thrice humble and affectionate servant and friend,
"P. STUYVESANT."

Thus having resolutely thrown his gauntlet, the brave Peter stuck a pair of horse pistols in his belt, girded an immense powder-horn on his side—thrust his sound leg into a Hessian boot, and clapping his fierce little war hat on the top of his head—paraded up and down in front of his house, determined to defend his beloved city to the last.

While all these woful struggles and dissensions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New-Amsterdam, and while its worthy but ill-starred governor was framing the above-quoted letter, the English commanders did not remain idle. They had agents secretly employed to foment the fears and clamours of the populace; and moreover circulated far and wide, through the adjacent country, a proclamation, repeating the terms they had already held out in their summons to surrender, at the same time beguiling the simple Nederlanders with the most crafty and conciliating professions. They promised that every man who voluntarily submitted to the authority of his British Majesty should retain peaceable possession of his house, his vrouw, and his cabbage-garden. That he should be suffered to smoke his pipe, speak Dutch, wear as many breeches as he pleased, and import bricks, tiles, and stone jugs from Holland, instead of manufacturing them on the spot. That he should on no account be compelled to learn the English language, nor keep accounts in any other way than by casting them up on his fingers, and chalking them down upon the crown of his hat; as is still observed among the Dutch yeomanry at the present day. That every man should be allowed quietly to inherit his father's hat, coat, shoe-buckles, pipe, and every other personal appendage; and that no man should be obliged to conform to any improvements, inventions, or any other modern innovations; but, on the contrary, should be permitted to build his house, follow his trade, manage his farm, rear his hogs, and educate his children, precisely as his ancestors had done before him from time immemorial.—Finally, that he should have all the benefits of free trade, and should not be required to acknowledge any other saint in the calendar than St Nicholas, who should thenceforward, as before, be considered the tutelary saint of the city.

These terms, as may be supposed, appeared very satisfactory to the people, who had a great disposition to enjoy their property unmolested, and a most singular aversion to engage in a contest, where they could gain little more than honour and broken heads—the first of which they held in philosophic indifference, the latter in utter detestation. By these insidious means, therefore, did the English succeed in alienating the confidence and affections of the populace from their gallant old governor, whom they considered as obstinately bent upon running them into hideous misadventures; and did not hesitate to speak

their minds freely, and abuse him most heartily behind his back.

Like as a mighty grampus, who, though assailed and buffeted by roaring waves and howling squalls, still keeps on an undeviating course; and the brave Peter, overwhelmed by boisterous billows, still emerged from the troubled deep, spouting and blowing tenfold violence—so did the inflexible Peter pursue his unwavering, his determined career, and rise, temptuous, above the clamours of the rabble.

But when the British warriors found, by the effect of his reply, that he set their power at defiance, they forthwith dispatched recruiting officers to Jamaica and Jericho, and Nineveh, and Quag, and Padon, and all those towns on Long-Island which had been subdued of yore by the immortal Stoffel Brinkerhoff, stirring up the valiant progeny of Preserved Fish, Determined Cock, and those other illustrious fathers, to assail the city of New-Amsterdam by water. In the mean while the hostile ships made awful preparation to commence an assault by water.

The streets of New-Amsterdam now presented a scene of wild dismay and consternation. In vain did the gallant Stuyvesant order the citizens to assemble in the public square or market-place. The whole party of Short Pipes in the course of a single night had changed into arrant old women—a metamorphosis only to be paralleled by the prodigy recorded by Livy as having happened at the approach of Hannibal, when statues sweated in affright, goats were converted into sheep, and turning into hens, ran cackling about the streets.

The harassed Peter, thus menaced from without and tormented from within—baited by the British masters, and hooted at by the rabble, chafed and growled and raged like a furious bear tied to a stake, and worried by a legion of scoundrel curs. He knew, however, that all further attempts to defend the city were vain, and hearing that an irruption of British and moss-troopers was ready to deluge him from the east, he was at length compelled, in spite of his heart, which swelled in his throat until it had choked him, to consent to a treaty of surrender.

Words cannot express the transports of the people on receiving this agreeable intelligence; but they obtained a conquest over their enemies, they were not have indulged greater delight. The streets resounded with their congratulations—they elected their governor as the father and deliverer of his country—they crowded to his house to testify their gratitude, and were ten times more noisy in their rejoicings than when he returned, with victory perched upon his beaver, from the glorious capture of Fort Mifflin. —But the indignant Peter shut his door, and took refuge in the innermost recesses of his mansion, that he might not hear the noisy rejoicings of the rabble.

In consequence of this consent of the governor, a parley was demanded of the besieging forces to discuss the terms of surrender. Accordingly a deputation

commissioners were sent to the province on the 27th of August. The governor, Stuyvesant, was agreed to surrender. He held a high opinion of his own abilities, and the magnanimity of their governor.

Nothing alone remained for the governor to do but to surrender. When the British arrived upon him for this purpose, the hardy old warrior received them with courtesy. His warlike appearance, an old Indian wig, and a pair of iron legs, gave additional grandeur to his person. He gave additional grandeur to his person. He gave additional grandeur to his person. He gave additional grandeur to his person.

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commissioners was appointed on both sides, on the 27th of August, 1664, a capitulation highly agreeable to the province, and honourable to Peter the First, was agreed to by the enemy, who had received a high opinion of the valour of the Manhattoes, and the magnanimity and unbounded discretion of their governor.

Nothing alone remained, which was, that the terms of surrender should be ratified, and signed by the governor. When the commissioners respectfully called upon him for this purpose, they were received by the hardy old warrior with the most grim and courteous. His warlike accoutrements were laid aside, and an old Indian night-gown was wrapped about his legs; a red night-cap overshadowed his wrinkled brow, an iron gray beard of three days' growth gave additional grimness to his visage. Thrice he seized a little worn out stump of a pen, and essayed to scrawl upon the loathsome paper—thrice did he clinch his fist, and make a most horrible countenance, as if he would have administered a pestiferous dose of rhubarb, senna, and ipecacuanha, had been offered to his lips; at length, however, he seized his brass-hilted sword, and, striking it from the scabbard, swore by St Nicholas, he'd sooner die than yield to any power under heaven.

Not a vain was every attempt to shake this sturdy republican—menaces, remonstrances, revilings, were wasted to no purpose—for two whole days was the city besieged by the clamorous rabble, and for two whole days did he partake of the most heroic resolution, and persist in a magnanimous refusal to ratify the capitulation.

In length the populace finding that boisterous measures did but incense more determined opposition, sought themselves of an humble expedient, by which, happily, the governor's ire might be soothed, and his resolution undermined. And now a solemn and mournful procession, headed by the burgomasters and schepens, and followed by the populace, proceeded slowly to the governor's dwelling, bearing the petition. Here they found the stout old hero, who stood up like a giant into his castle, the doors strong-locked, and himself in full regimentals, with a cocked hat on his head, firmly posted with a bluntness at the garret window.

There was something in this formidable position which struck even the ignoble vulgar with awe and admiration. The brawling multitude could not but receive a self-abasement upon their own pusillanimous conduct, when they beheld their hardy but deserted governor, thus faithful to his post, like a forlorn hero, and fully prepared to defend his ungrateful city to the last. These compunctions, however, were overwhelmed by the recurring tide of public opinion. The populace arranged themselves before the house, taking off their hats with most respectful civility—Burgomaster Roerboeck, who was of the popular class of orators described by Sallust, as "talkative rather than eloquent," stepped forth

and addressed the governor in a speech of three hours' length, detailing, in the most pathetic terms, the calamitous situation of the province, and urging him, in a constant repetition of the same arguments and words, to sign the capitulation.

The mighty Peter eyed him from his little garret window in grim silence—now and then his eye would glance over the surrounding rabble, and an indignant grin, like that of an angry mastiff, would mark his iron visage. But though he was a man of most undaunted mettle—though he had a heart as big as an ox, and a head that would have set adamant to scorn—yet after all he was a mere mortal—worn out by these repeated oppositions, and this eternal haranguing, and perceiving that unless he complied, the inhabitants would follow their own inclination, or rather their fears, without waiting for his consent, he testily ordered them to hand up the paper. It was accordingly hoisted to him on the end of a pole, and having scrawled his name at the bottom of it, he anathematized them all for a set of cowardly, mutinous, degenerate poltroons—threw the capitulation at their heads, slammed down the window, and was heard stumping down stairs with the most vehement indignation. The rabble incontinently took to their heels; even the burgomasters were not slow in evacuating the premises, fearing lest the sturdy Peter might issue from his den, and greet them with some unwelcome testimonial of his displeasure.

Within three hours after the surrender, a legion of British beef-fed warriors poured into New-Amsterdam, taking possession of the fort and batteries. And now might be heard, from all quarters, the sound of hammers made by the old Dutch burghers, who were busily employed in nailing up their doors and windows, to protect their *vrouws* from these fierce barbarians, whom they contemplated in silent sullenness from the garret window, as they paraded through the streets.

Thus did Colonel Richard Nichols, the commander of the British forces, enter into quiet possession of the conquered realm, as *locum tenens* for the Duke of York. The victory was attended with no other outrage than that of changing the name of the province and its metropolis, which thenceforth were denominated NEW-YORK, and so have continued to be called unto the present day. The inhabitants, according to treaty, were allowed to maintain quiet possession of their property; but so inveterately did they retain their abhorrence of the British nation, that in a private meeting of the leading citizens, it was unanimously determined never to ask any of their conquerors to dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing the dignified retirement, and mortal surrender of Peter the Headstrong.

Thus then have I concluded this great historical enterprise; but before I lay aside my weary pen, there

yet remains to be performed one pious duty. If among the variety of readers that may peruse this book, there should haply be found any of those souls of true nobility, which glow with celestial fire at the history of the generous and the brave, they will doubtless be anxious to know the fate of the gallant Peter Stuyvesant. To gratify one such sterling heart of gold I would go more lengths than to instruct the cold-blooded curiosity of a whole fraternity of philosophers.

No sooner had that high-mettled cavalier signed the articles of capitulation, than, determined not to witness the humiliation of his favourite city, he turned his back on its walls and made a growling retreat to his *bowery*, or country seat, which was situated about two miles off; where he passed the remainder of his days in patriarchal retirement. There he enjoyed that tranquillity of mind, which he had never known amid the distracting cares of government; and tasted the sweets of absolute and uncontrolled authority, which his factious subjects had so often dashed with the bitterness of opposition.

No persuasions could ever induce him to revisit the city—on the contrary, he would always have his great arm-chair placed with its back to the windows which looked in that direction; until a thick grove of trees planted by his own hand grew up and formed a screen that effectually excluded it from the prospect. He railed continually at the degenerate innovations and improvements introduced by the conquerors—forbade a word of their detested language to be spoken in his family, a prohibition readily obeyed, since none of the household could speak any thing but Dutch—and even ordered a fine avenue to be cut down in front of his house because it consisted of English cherry-trees.

The same incessant vigilance, that blazed forth when he had a vast province under his care, now showed itself with equal vigour, though in narrower limits. He patrolled with unceasing watchfulness round the boundaries of his little territory; repelled every encroachment with intrepid promptness; punished every vagrant deprecation upon his orchard or his farm-yard with inflexible severity; and conducted every stray hog or cow in triumph to the pound. But to the indigent neighbour, the friendless stranger, or the weary wanderer, his spacious doors were ever open, and his capacious fire-place, that emblem of his own warm and generous heart, had always a corner to receive and cherish them. There was an exception to this, I must confess, in case the ill-starred applicant were an Englishman or a Yankee; to whom, though he might extend the hand of assistance, he could never be brought to yield the rites of hospitality. Nay, if peradventure some straggling merchant of the east should stop at his door, with his cart-load of tin ware or wooden bowls, the flery Peter would issue forth like a giant from his castle, and make such a furious clattering among his pots and kettles, that the vender of "notions" was fain to betake himself to instant flight.

His suit of regimentals, worn threadbare by brush, were carefully hung up in the state bed-chamber, and regularly aired the first fair day of every month; and his cocked hat and trusty sword suspended in grin repose over the parlour mantel-piece, forming supporters to a full-length portrait of the renowned admiral Von Tromp. In his domestic empire he maintained strict discipline, and an organized, despotic government; but though his will was the supreme law, yet the good of his subjects was his constant object. He watched over merely their immediate comforts, but their morals and their ultimate welfare; for he gave them abundance of excellent admonition, nor could any of complain, that, when occasion required, he was any means niggardly in bestowing wholesome refection.

The good old Dutch festivals, those periodic demonstrations of an overflowing heart and a buoyant spirit, which are falling into sad disuse among fellow-citizens, were faithfully observed in the person of Governor Stuyvesant. New year was a day of open-handed liberality, of jocundness and warm-hearted congratulation, when the hall swelled with genial good-fellowship, and the festive table was attended with an unceremonious freedom, and honest broad-mouthed merriment. The Paas and Pinxter were scrupulously observed throughout his dominions; nor was the day of St. Nicholas suffered to pass by, without making presents, hanging the stocking in the chimney, and complying with all its other ceremonies.

Once a-year, on the first day of April, he usually arrayed himself in full regimentals, being the anniversary of his triumphal entry into New-Amsterdam after the conquest of New-Sweden. This was a kind of saturnalia among the domestics, when they considered themselves at liberty, in some measure to say and do what they pleased; for on this day the master was always observed to unbend, and become exceeding pleasant and jocose, sending the old-headed negroes on April-fool's errands for pig-milk; not one of whom but allowed himself to be taken in, and humoured his old master's jokes, and came a faithful and well-disciplined dependant. He did he reign, happily and peacefully, on his own soil—injuring no man—envying no man—molested no outward strifes; perplexed by no internal motions—and the mighty monarchs of the earth were vainly seeking to maintain peace, and promote the welfare of mankind, by war and desolation, when he had done well to have made a voyage to the island of Manna-hata, and learned a lesson in government from the domestic economy of Peter Stuyvesant.

In process of time, however, the old governor, like all other children of mortality, began to exhibit tokens of decay. Like an aged oak, which though it long has braved the fury of the elements and still retains its gigantic proportions, yet be-

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shake and groan with every blast—so was it with the gallant Peter; for though he still bore the port and remembrance of what he was, in the days of his hardihood and chivalry, yet did age and infirmity begin to sap the vigour of his frame—but his heart, that most unconquerable citadel, still triumphed unsubdued. With matchless avidity would he listen to every article of intelligence concerning the battles between the English and Dutch—still would his pulse beat high, whenever he heard of the victories of De Ruyter—and his countenance lower, and his eye-brows knit, when fortune turned in favour of the English. At length, as on a certain day he had just smoked his pipe, and was napping after dinner, in his arm-chair, conquering the whole British nation in his dreams, he was suddenly aroused by a ringing of bells, rattling of drums, and roaring of cannon, that set all his blood in a ferment. But when he learnt that these rejoicings were in honour of a great victory obtained by the combined English and French fleets over the brave De Ruyter, and the younger Von Tromp, it went so much to his heart, that he took to his bed, and, in less than three days, was brought to the death's door, by a violent cholera morbus! But even in this extremity he still displayed the unconquerable spirit of Peter the *Headstrong*; holding out to the last gasp, with the most inflexible obstinacy, against a whole army of old women who were bent upon driving the enemy out of his bowels, after a brave Dutch mode of defence, by inundating the seat of war with catnip and penny-royal.

While he thus lay, lingering on the verge of dissolution, news was brought him, that the brave De Ruyter had suffered but little loss—had made good his retreat—and meant once more to meet the enemy in battle. The closing eye of the old warrior kindled at the words—he partly raised himself in bed—a flash of martial fire beamed across his visage—he clinched his withered hand, as if he felt within his gripe that sword which waved in triumph before the walls of Fort Cluristina, and giving a grim smile of exultation, sunk back upon his pillow, and expired.

Thus died Peter Stuyvesant, a valiant soldier—a loyal subject—an upright governor, and an honest Dutchman—who wanted only a few empires to deign to be immortalized as a hero!

His funeral obsequies were celebrated with the utmost grandeur and solemnity. The town was perfectly emptied of its inhabitants, who crowded in throngs to pay the last sad honours to their good old governor. All his sterling qualities rushed in full tide upon their recollection, while the memory of his follies and his faults had expired with him. The ancient burghers contended who should have the privilege of bearing the pall, the populace strove who should walk nearest to the bier, and the melancholy procession was closed by a number of gray-headed negroes, who had wintered and summered in the household of their departed master, for the greater part of a century.

With sad and gloomy countenances, the multitude gathered round the grave. They dwelt with mournful hearts, on the sturdy virtues, the signal services, and the gallant exploits of the brave old worthy. They recalled, with secret upbraidings, their own factious oppositions to his government; and many an ancient burgher, whose phlegmatic features had never been known to relax, nor his eyes to moisten, was now observed to puff a pensive pipe, and the big drop to steal down his cheek; while he muttered, with affectionate accent, and melancholy shake of the head—"Well den!—Hardkopping Peter ben gone at last."

His remains were deposited in the family vault, under a chapel which he had piously erected on his estate, and dedicated to St Nicholas—and which stood on the identical spot at present occupied by St Mark's church, where his tombstone is still to be seen. His estate, or *bouvery*, as it was called, has ever continued in the possession of his descendants, who, by the uniform integrity of their conduct, and their strict adherence to the customs and manners that prevailed in the "*good old times*," have proved themselves worthy of their illustrious ancestor. Many a time and oft has the farm been haunted at night by enterprising money-diggers, in quest of pots of gold, said to have been buried by the old governor—though I cannot learn that any of them have ever been enriched by their researches—and who is there, among my native-born fellow-citizens, that does not remember when, in the mischievous days of his boyhood, he conceived it a great exploit to rob "*Stuyvesant's orchard*" on a holiday afternoon?

At this strong-hold of the family may still be seen certain memorials of the immortal Peter. His full-length portrait frowns in martial terrors from the parlour wall—his cocked hat and sword still hang up in the best bed-room—his brimstone-coloured breeches were for a long while suspended in the hall, until some years since they occasioned a dispute between a new-married couple—and his silver-mounted wooden leg is still treasured up in the store-room, as an invaluable relic.

CHAPTER X.

The author's reflections upon what has been said.

AMONG the numerous events, which are each in their turn the most direful and melancholy of all possible occurrences, in your interesting and authentic history, there is none that occasions such deep and heart-rending grief as the decline and fall of your renowned and mighty empires. Where is the reader who can contemplate without emotion the disastrous events by which the great dynasties of the world have been extinguished? While wandering, in imagination, among the gigantic ruins of states and empires, and marking the tremendous convulsions that wrought

their overthrow, the bosom of the melancholy inquirer swells with sympathy commensurate to the surrounding desolation. Kingdoms, principalities, and powers, have each had their rise, their progress, and their downfall—each in its turn has swayed a potent sceptre—each has returned to its primeval nothingness. And thus did it fare with the empire of their High Mightinesses, at the Manhattoes, under the peaceful reign of Walter the Doubter—the fretful reign of William the Testy, and the chivalric reign of Peter the Headstrong.

Its history is fruitful of instruction, and worthy of being pondered over attentively; for it is by thus raking among the ashes of departed greatness, that the sparks of true knowledge are to be found, and the lamp of wisdom illuminated. Let then the reign of Walter the Doubter warn against yielding to that sleek, contented security, and that overweening fondness for comfort and repose, which are produced by a state of prosperity and peace. These tend to unnerve a nation; to destroy its pride of character; to render it patient of insult, deaf to the calls of honour and of justice; and cause it to cling to peace, like the sluggard to his pillow, at the expense of every valuable duty and consideration. Such supineness ensures the very evil from which it shrinks. One right yielded up produces the usurpation of a second; one encroachment passively suffered makes way for another; and the nation which thus, through a dotting love of peace, has sacrificed honour and interest, will at length have to fight for existence.

Let the disastrous reign of William the Testy serve as a salutary warning against that fitful, feverish mode of legislation, which acts without system, depends on shifts and projects, and trusts to lucky contingencies. Which hesitates, and wavers, and at length decides with the rashness of ignorance and imbecility. Which stoops for popularity by courting the prejudices and flattering the arrogance, rather than commanding the respect of the rabble. Which seeks safety in a multitude of counsellors, and distracts itself by a variety of contradictory schemes and opinions. Which mistakes procrastination for wariness—hurry for decision—parsimony for economy—bustle for business, and vapouring for valour. Which is violent in council—sanguine in expectation, precipitate in action, and feeble in execution. Which undertakes enterprises without forethought—enters upon them without preparation—conducts them without energy, and ends them in confusion and defeat.

Let the reign of the good Stuyvesant show the effects of vigour and decision, even when destitute of cool judgment, and surrounded by perplexities. Let it show how frankness, probity, and high-souled courage will command respect, and secure honour, even where success is unattainable. But at the same time, let it caution against a too ready reliance on the good faith of others, and a too honest confidence in the loving professions of powerful neighbours, who are most friendly when they most mean to betray. Let

it teach a judicious attention to the opinions and wishes of the many, who, in times of peril, must be soothed and led, or apprehension will overpower the deference to authority.

Let the empty wordiness of his factious subjects—their intemperate harangues; their violent “resolutions;” their hectorings against an absent enemy, and their pusillanimity on his approach, teach us to distrust and despise those clamorous patriots, whose courage dwells but in the tongue. Let them serve as a lesson to repress that insolence of speech, destitute of real force, which too often breaks forth in popular bodies, and bespeaks the vanity rather than the spirit of a nation. Let them caution us against vaunting too much of our own power and prowess, and reviling a noble enemy. True gallantry of soul would always lead us to treat a foe with courtesy and proud punctilio; a contrary conduct but takes from the merit of victory, and renders defeat doubly disgraceful.

But I cease to dwell on the stores of excellent examples to be drawn from the ancient chronicles of the Manhattoes. He who reads attentively will discover the threads of gold, which run throughout the web of history, and are invisible to the dull eye of ignorance. But, before I conclude, let me point out a solemn warning, furnished in the subtle chain of events by which the capture of Fort Casimir has produced the present convulsions of our globe.

Attend then, gentle reader, to this plain deduction, which, if thou art a king, an emperor, or other powerful potentate, I advise thee to treasure up in thy heart—though little expectation have I that my work will fall into such hands, for well I know the care of crafty ministers, to keep all grave and edifying books of the kind out of the way of unhappy monarchs—lest peradventure they should read them and learn wisdom.

By the treacherous surprisal of Fort Casimir, then, did the crafty Swedes enjoy a transient triumph; but drew upon their heads the vengeance of Peter Stuyvesant, who wrested all New-Sweden from their hands. By the conquest of New-Sweden, Peter Stuyvesant aroused the claims of Lord Baltimore, who appealed to the Cabinet of Great Britain; who subdued the whole province of New-Netherlands. By this great achievement the whole extent of North America, from Nova Scotia to the Floridas, was rendered one entire dependency upon the British crown.—But mark the consequence: the hitherto scattered colonies being thus consolidated, and having no rival colonies to check or keep them in awe, waxed great and powerful, and finally becoming too strong for the mother country, were enabled to shake off its bonds, and by a glorious revolution became an independent empire. But the chain of effects stopped not here; the successful revolution in America produced the sanguinary revolution in France; which produced the puissant Bonaparte; who produced the French despotism; which has thrown the whole world in confusion!—Thus have these great powers been success-

ely punished for their ill-starred conquests—and thus, as I asserted, have all the present convulsions, revolutions, and disasters that overwhelm mankind, originated in the capture of the little Fort Casimir, as recorded in this eventful history.

And now, worthy reader, ere I take a sad farewell, which, alas! must be for ever—willingly would I part in cordial fellowship, and bespeak thy kind-hearted remembrance. That I have not written a better history of the days of the patriarchs is not my fault—had any other person written one as good, I should not have attempted it at all. That many will hereafter spring up and surpass me in excellence, I have every little doubt, and still less care; well knowing that, when the great Christovallo Colon (who is vulgarly called Columbus) had once stood his egg upon its end, every one at table could stand his up a thousand times more dexterously.—Should any reader find matter of offence in this history, I should heartily grieve, though I would on no account question his penetration by telling him he was mistaken—his good nature by telling him he was captious—or his pure conscience by telling him he was startled at a shadow.—Surely if he were so ingenious in finding offence where none was intended, it were a thousand pities

he should not be suffered to enjoy the benefit of his discovery.

I have too high an opinion of the understanding of my fellow-citizens, to think of yielding them instruction, and I covet too much their good will, to forfeit it by giving them good advice. I am none of those cynics who despise the world, because it despises them—on the contrary, though but low in its regard, I look up to it with the most perfect good nature, and my only sorrow is, that it does not prove itself more worthy of the unbounded love I bear it.

If however in this my historic production—the scanty fruit of a long and laborious life—I have failed to gratify the dainty palate of the age, I can only lament my misfortune—for it is too late in the season for me even to hope to repair it. Already has withering age showered his sterile snows upon my brow; in a little while, and this genial warmth which still lingers around my heart, and throbs—worthy reader—throbs kindly towards thyself, will be chilled for ever. Haply this frail compound of dust, which while alive may have given birth to naught but unprofitable weeds, may form a humble sod of the valley, from whence may spring many a sweet wild flower, to adorn my beloved island of Manna-hata!

END OF THE HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.

SIR WALTER

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February, 1820.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

OF

Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

"I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts : which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene." BURTON.

TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,
IN TESTIMONY OF THE ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION OF
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following desultory papers are part of a series written in my native country, but published in America. The author is sensible of the austerity with which the writings of his countrymen have hitherto been treated by British critics : he is conscious, too, that much of the contents of his papers can be interesting only in the eyes of American readers. It was his intention, therefore, to have them reprinted in this country. He has, however, observed several of them from time to time inserted in periodical works of merit, and has understood that it was probable they would be republished in collective form. He has been induced, therefore, to send them forward himself, that they may at least be presented correctly before the public. Should they be deemed of sufficient importance to attract the attention of critics, he solicits for them that courtesy and candour which a writer has some right to claim, who presents himself at the threshold of a hospitable nation.

February, 1820.

THE
AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Of this mind with Homer, that as the snail that crept
her shell was turned effoons into a toad, and thereby was
to make a stool to sit on ; so the traveller that straggleth
his owne country is in a short time transformed into so
ous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his
ers, and to live where he can, not where he would."

LVLR'S EURAPUS.

was always fond of visiting new scenes, and ob-
g strange characters and manners. Even when
re child I began my travels, and made many tours
covery into foreign parts and unknown regions of

my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighbouring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, from whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of terra incognita, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships bound to distant climes ! with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth !

Farther reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country : and had I been merely influenced by a love of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification : for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver ; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints ; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility ; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes ; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure ; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean ; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence ; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine :—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth all the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise: Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the common-place realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeur of the past.

I had, besides all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America: not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America, as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed, by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher; but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught, sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humour has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter, who had travelled on the continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St Peter's, or the Coliseum; the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

THE VOYAGE.

Ships, ships, I will describe you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandize and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading,
Hallo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?

OLD POET

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of water that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page of existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelty of another world.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scenes and a connected succession of persons and incidents that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, a "lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimages; but the chain is unbroken: we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last of them still grasps us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I stood the last blue line of my native land fade away behind a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed the volume of the world and its concerns, and had retired for meditation, before I opened another. That which was too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place, before I should visit it again! Who can say, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is a store of subjects for meditation; but then they are wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delight to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to

top, of a calm day
the tranquil bosom
on the piles of gold
rizon, fancy them
with a creation
while undulating billows
to die away on the
There was a delici
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E. top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze on the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own;—to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my lofty height, on the monsters of the deep at their death gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny monsters that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, seeming to rejoin the great mass of existence! What glorious monument of human invention; that has triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace of which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flouted at its sides. But where, I thought, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted over that ship! what prayers offered up at the desert fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—

anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! no memento shall ever return for love to cherish. That shall ever be known, is, that she sailed from port, "and was never heard of more!"

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far a-head even in the day-time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail a-head!'—it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just a-midships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be broadside shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors: but all was silent—we never saw or heard any thing of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves, and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water: her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared

ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funeral wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk heads, as the ship laboured in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the side of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favouring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvass, every sail swelled, and careering gaily over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep! I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage, for with me it is almost a continual reverie—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some, idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one

young woman of humble dress, but interesting meannour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated; when I heard a faint voice call her name.—It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as she came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of admiration did not recognize him. But at the sound of her voice, her eye darted on his features; it read, at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, and uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers, but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

ROSCOE.

—In the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life.

THOMSON

ONE of the first places to which a stranger is taken in Liverpool is the Athenæum. It is established on a liberal and judicious plan; it contains a good library and spacious reading-room, and is the great literary resort of the place. Go there at what hour you may, you are sure to find it filled with grave-looking persons, deeply absorbed in the study of newspapers.

As I was once visiting this haunt of the learned, my attention was attracted to a person just entering the room. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but was a little bowed by time—perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance; a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some shallow furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him.

I inquired his name, and was informed that it was ROSCOE. I drew back with an involuntary

reverence. This quality; this was one of the end have communed ever accustomed, as we a mean writers only of them, as of the sordid pursuits, common minds in the before our imagination with the emanations wounded by a halo of To find, therefore, mingling among my poetical circumstances and placed, that Mr Roscoe's admiration. It is in minds seem almost to under every disadvantage but irresistible way nature seems to del of art, with which maturity; and to g her chance produc genius to the winds among the stony pla shocked by the thorns of others will now a shells of the rock, str and spread over their vegetation.

Such has been the place apparently un content; in the very fortune, family connect, self-sustained, an pered every obstacle and, having become tion, has turned the oience to advance a

Indeed, it is this has given him the g produced me particular ymen. Eminent but one among the intellectual nation.

but for their own fam private history pres perhaps, a humiliat consistency. At be from the bustle and to indulge in the se level in scenes of me Mr Roscoe, on th the accorded privileg self up in no garden out has gone forth i ores of life; he has for the refreshment

generation. This, then, was an author of celebrity; this was one of those men, whose voices have gone forth to the ends of the earth; with whose minds have communed even in the solitudes of America. Accustomed, as we are in our country, to know European writers only by their works, we cannot conceive of them, as of other men, engrossed by trivial or sordid pursuits, and jostling with the crowd of common minds in the dusty paths of life. They pass before our imaginations like superior beings, radiant with the emanations of their own genius, and surrounded by a halo of literary glory.

To find, therefore, the elegant historian of the Medici, mingling among the busy sons of traffic, at first shocked my poetical ideas; but it is from the very circumstances and situation in which he has been placed, that Mr Roscoe derives his highest claims to admiration. It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduous labours of art, with which it would rear legitimate dulness to maturity; and to glory in the vigour and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the crevices of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation.

Such has been the case with Mr Roscoe. Born in a place apparently ungenial to the growth of literary talent; in the very market-place of trade; without fortune, family connexions, or patronage; self-prompted, self-sustained, and almost self-taught, he has conquered every obstacle, achieved his way to eminence, and, having become one of the ornaments of the nation, has turned the whole force of his talents and influence to advance and embellish his native town.

Indeed, it is this last trait in his character which has given him the greatest interest in my eyes, and induced me particularly to point him out to my countrymen. Eminent as are his literary merits, he is but one among the many distinguished authors of this intellectual nation. They, however, in general, live but for their own fame, or their own pleasures. Their private history presents no lesson to the world, or, perhaps, a humiliating one of human frailty and inconsistency. At best, they are prone to steal away from the bustle and common-place of busy existence; to indulge in the selfishness of lettered ease; and to revel in scenes of mental, but exclusive enjoyment.

Mr Roscoe, on the contrary, has claimed none of the accorded privileges of talent. He has shut himself up in no garden of thought, nor elysium of fancy; but has gone forth into the highways and thoroughfares of life; he has planted bowers by the way side, for the refreshment of the pilgrim and the sojourner,

and has opened pure fountains, where the labouring man may turn aside from the dust and heat of the day, and drink of the living streams of knowledge. There is a "daily beauty in his life," on which mankind may meditate and grow better. It exhibits no lofty and almost useless, because inimitable, example of excellence; but presents a picture of active, yet simple and imitable virtues, which are within every man's reach, but which, unfortunately, are not exercised by many, or this world would be a paradise.

But his private life is peculiarly worthy the attention of the citizens of our young and busy country, where literature and the elegant arts must grow up side by side with the coarser plants of daily necessity; and must depend for their culture, not on the exclusive devotion of time and wealth, nor the quickening rays of titled patronage, but on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuit of worldly interests, by intelligent and public-spirited individuals.

He has shown how much may be done for a place in hours of leisure by one master spirit, and how completely it can give its own impress to surrounding objects. Like his own Lorenzo De' Medici, on whom he seems to have fixed his eye as on a pure model of antiquity, he has interwoven the history of his life with the history of his native town, and has made the foundations of its fame the monuments of his virtues. Wherever you go in Liverpool, you perceive traces of his footsteps in all that is elegant and liberal. He found the tide of wealth flowing merely in the channels of traffic; he has diverted from it invigorating rills to refresh the gardens of literature. By his own example and constant exertions he has effected that union of commerce and the intellectual pursuits, so eloquently recommended in one of his latest writings: and has practically proved how beautifully they may be brought to harmonize, and to benefit each other. The noble institutions for literary and scientific purposes, which reflect such credit on Liverpool, and are giving such an impulse to the public mind, have mostly been originated, and have all been effectively promoted, by Mr Roscoe; and when we consider the rapidly increasing opulence and magnitude of that town, which promises to vie in commercial importance with the metropolis, it will be perceived that in awakening an ambition of mental improvement among its inhabitants, he has effected a great benefit to the cause of British literature.

In America, we know Mr Roscoe only as the author—in Liverpool he is spoken of as the banker; and I was told of his having been unfortunate in business. I could not pity him, as I heard some rich men do. I considered him far above the reach of my pity. Those who live only for the world, and in the world, may be cast down by the frowns of adversity; but a man like Roscoe is not to be overcome by the reverses of fortune. They do but drive him in upon the resources of his own mind; to the superior society of his own thoughts; which the best of men are apt some-

* Address on the opening of the Liverpool Institution.

times to neglect, and to roam abroad in search of less worthy associates. He is independent of the world around him. He lives with antiquity and posterity; with antiquity, in the sweet communion of studious retirement; and with posterity, in the generous aspirings after future renown. The solitude of such a mind is its state of highest enjoyment. It is then visited by those elevated meditations which are the proper aliment of noble souls, and are, like manna, sent from heaven, in the wilderness of this world.

While my feelings were yet alive on the subject, it was my fortune to light on further traces of Mr Roscoe. I was riding out with a gentleman, to view the environs of Liverpool, when he turned off, through a gate, into some ornamented grounds. After riding a short distance, we came to a spacious mansion of free-stone, built in the Grecian style. It was not in the purest taste, yet it had an air of elegance, and the situation was delightful. A fine lawn sloped away from it, studded with clumps of trees, so disposed as to break a soft fertile country into a variety of landscapes. The Mersey was seen winding a broad quiet sheet of water through an expanse of green meadow land; while the Welsh mountains, blended with clouds, and melting into distance, bordered the horizon.

This was Roscoe's favourite residence during the days of his prosperity. It had been the seat of elegant hospitality and literary retirement. The house was now silent and deserted. I saw the windows of the study, which looked out upon the soft scenery I have mentioned. The windows were closed—the library was gone. Two or three ill-favoured beings were loitering about the place, whom my fancy pictured into retainers of the law. It was like visiting some classic fountain, that had once welled its pure waters in a sacred shade, but finding it dry and dusty, with the lizard and the toad brooding over the shattered marbles.

I inquired after the fate of Mr Roscoe's library, which had consisted of scarce and foreign books, from many of which he had drawn the materials for his Italian histories. It had passed under the hammer of the auctioneer, and was dispersed about the country. The good people of the vicinity thronged like wreckers to get some part of the noble vessel that had been driven on shore. Did such a scene admit of ludicrous associations, we might imagine something whimsical in this strange irruption into the regions of learning. Pigmies rummaging the armoury of a giant, and contending for the possession of weapons which they could not wield. We might picture to ourselves some knot of speculators, debating with calculating brow over the quaint binding and illuminated margin of an obsolete author; of the air of intense, but baffled sagacity, with which some successful purchaser attempted to dive into the black-letter bargain he had secured.

It is a beautiful incident in the story of Mr Roscoe's misfortunes, and one which cannot fail to interest the

studious mind, that the parting with his books seem to have touched upon his tenderest feelings, and have been the only circumstance that could provoke the notice of his muse. The scholar only knows how dear these silent, yet eloquent, companions of past thoughts and innocent hours become in the season of adversity. When all that is worldly turns to dust around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and common-place, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow.

I do not wish to censure; but, surely, if the people of Liverpool had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr Roscoe and themselves, his library would never have been sold. Good worldly reasons may doubtless, be given for the circumstance, which would be difficult to combat with others that might seem merely fanciful; but it certainly appears to me such an opportunity as seldom occurs, of cheering a noble mind struggling under misfortunes, by one of the most delicate, but most expressive tokens of public sympathy. It is difficult, however, to estimate the man of genius properly who is daily before our eyes. He becomes mingled and confounded with other men. His great qualities lose their novelty, and we become too familiar with the common materials which form the basis even of the loftiest character. Some of Mr Roscoe's townsmen may regard him merely as a man of business; others as a politician; all find him engaged like themselves in ordinary occupations, and surpassed, perhaps, by themselves on some points of worldly wisdom. Even that amiable and unostentatious simplicity of character, which gives the name of grace to real excellence, may cause him to be undervalued by some coarse minds, who do not know that true worth is always void of glare and pretension. But the man of letters, who speaks of Liverpool speaks of it as the residence of Roscoe.—The intelligent traveller who visits it inquires where Roscoe is to be seen.—He is the literary landmark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar.—He is like Pompey's column at Alexandria, towering above in classic dignity.

The following sonnet, addressed by Mr Roscoe to his books on parting with them, is alluded to in the preceding article. If any thing can add effect to the pure feeling and elevated thought here displayed, it is the conviction, that the whole is no effusion of fancy, but a faithful transcript from the writer's heart.

TO MY BOOKS.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again crew hie
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers as he may affliction's dart;
 Thus, loved associates, chie's of eldier art,
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toll,
 I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;

For pass a few short
 And happier se
 And all yo
 when, freed from
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The treasures of
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 spirits are soothed a
 ments, and his self-
 though all abroad i
 there is still a little
 he is the monarch.

For pass a few short years or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore :
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

THE WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
 As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
 Look'd up in woman's love. I see the air
 Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth ! ..
 The violet bed's not sweeter.

MIDDLETON.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children.

"If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to

run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness.

I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favour and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?"—At the question he burst

into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—"

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warily by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's

heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might reveal at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger.—In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as you no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharp sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required less articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was his

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ly associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he leaned over that instrument, and listened to the thrilling tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his had been all day superintending its arrangement. His feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I: "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be lodged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and humour. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable."

But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, found round her on a home destitute of every thing convenient,—almost of every thing convenient; and may be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a comparative air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage.

As humble enough in its appearance for the most rural poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A vine had overrun one end with a profusion of

age; a few trees threw their branches gracefully

it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully dispersed about the door, and on the grass plot

front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door.

As we approached, we heard the sound of music which grasped my arm; we paused and listened.

As Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most pleasing simplicity, a little air, of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us: she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome—He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New-York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favourite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm-house, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work; and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labours. He, however, was apt to rido his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbours, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected, that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who

have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylike day in which I creep into
My sepulchre

CARTWRIGHT.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might he owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long

suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in our respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. He could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a lance as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be able to catch a single nibble. He would carry a heavy log through woods and swamps, and up hill and dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them.—In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing his duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on the farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it was wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cattle would either go astray, or get among the cabbage-weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of coming in just as he had some out-door work to do; and that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an orphan begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit his father's habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off gaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was not so foolish, as the world easy, eat what he got with least labour, and never starve on a penny to himself, he would not be contented; and when he was sitting in his ears at the ruin of the morning, noon, and evening, he was always going, and ever producing a torrent of words, but one way of thinking, and that, by fishing. He shrugged up his eyes, but always provoked a freer was fain to draw the table of the house— belongs to a hen-pecked Rip's sole domestic name Van Winkle re- gress, and even lo- as the cause of his it is, in all points the dog, he was a c- rered the woods—b- ever-during and all ne? The momen- fell, his tail dro- wren his legs, he s- casting many a s- nkle, and at the le- he would fly to- on.

Times grew worse a- years of matrimony- lows with age, an- ged tool that grows- ang while he used t- m home, by frequen- the sages, philosoph- the village; which l- e a small inn, desig- Majesty George th- in the shade of a lo- lessly over village g- es about nothing. y statesman's mone- -ussions that someti- old newspaper fell i- traveller. How so- ents, as drawled- schoolmaster, a d- not to be daunted- dictionary; and h- upon public even- en place.

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Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy
imals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take
the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever
he got with least thought or trouble, and would
her starve on a penny than work for a pound. If
to himself, he would have whistled life away in
perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually
ing in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness,
and the ruin he was bringing on his family.
ning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly
going, and every thing he said or did was sure
to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip
but one way of replying to all lectures of the
nd, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a
habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head,
up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however,
ways provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that
was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the
side of the house—the only side which, in truth,
belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf,
who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for
ame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in
ness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil
eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray.
ne it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honour-
ed dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever
saw the woods—but what courage can withstand
ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's
tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his
tail fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled
between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallow
glance, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van
Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or
rod, he would fly to the door with yelping precipi-
tation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle
years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never
softens with age, and a sharp tongue is the only
good tool that grows keener with constant use. For
long while he used to console himself, when driven
home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club
of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages
of the village; which held its sessions on a bench be-
hind a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of
His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to
sit in the shade of a long lazy summer's day, talking
endlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy
tales about nothing. But it would have been worth
while to slatesman's money to have heard the profound
discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance
an old newspaper fell into their hands from some pass-
ing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the
contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel,
the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who
was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in
the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate
upon public events some months after they had
taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely con-

trolled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village,
and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took
his seat from morning till night, just moving suffi-
ciently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a
large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour
by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It
is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his
pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every
great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood
him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When
any thing that was read or related displeased him, he
was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to
send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when
pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tran-
quilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and
sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting
the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would grave-
ly nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at
length routed by his termagant wife, who would sud-
denly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage,
and call the members all to naught; nor was that
august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from
the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged
him outright with encouraging her husband in habits
of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and
his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the
farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in
hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would
sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share
the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom
he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.
“Poor Wolf,” he would say, “thy mistress leads
thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst
I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by
thee!” Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his
master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe
he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal
day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the
highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was
after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting, and the
still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the re-
ports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw
himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, cover-
ed with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow
of a precipice. From an opening between the trees
he could overlook all the lower country for many a
mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the
lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its
silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a
purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and
there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing
itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep
mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom
filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and
scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting
sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene;

looking personage dressed in a quaint coat of doublets, other belts, and most of similar style were, too, were peevish and snarled, and seemed to conspire against him, as if they were accounted by a witch for a little red cock's tail. He appeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and whistled his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should give me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the valley up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling armurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up the sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and read a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no access of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by a cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He took his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, however, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon

him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's-hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney-Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great military general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself the alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, and by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stoney-Point;—he had no courage to ask any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle, yonder leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's my story—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child on her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry, "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fellow, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his wife came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had
broke a blood vessel
and pedlar.

There was a drop
of honey
The honest
anger. He caught

"I am your
Rip Van Winkle on

Does nobody know
All stood amazed

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Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!"—cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, there have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it, some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the village, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and took his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprize, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the section. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urelians that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather

the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphauser mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could

refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own hand-writing. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt. D. K."

ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her endazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

MILTON ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

It is with feelings of deep regret that I observe the literary animosity daily growing up between England and America. Great curiosity has been awakened of late with respect to the United States, and the London press has teemed with volumes of travels through the Republic; but they seem intended to diffuse error rather than knowledge; and so successful have they been, that, notwithstanding the constant intercourse between the nations, there is no people concerning whom the great mass of the British public have less pure information, or entertain more numerous prejudices.

English travellers are the best and the worst in the world. Where no motives of pride or interest intervene, none can equal them for profound and philosophical views of society, or faithful and graphical descriptions of external objects; but when either the interest or reputation of their own country comes in collision with that of another, they go to the opposite extreme, and forget their usual probity of candour, in the indulgence of splenetic remark, and an illiberal spirit of ridicule.

Hence, their travels are more honest and accurate, the more remote the country described. I would place implicit confidence in an Englishman's description of the regions beyond the cataracts of the Nile; of unknown islands in the Yellow Sea; of the interior of India; or of any other tract which other travellers might be apt to picture out with the illusions of their fancies; but I would cautiously receive his account of his immediate neighbours, and of those nations with which he is in habits of most frequent intercourse. However I might be disposed to trust his probity, I dare not trust his prejudices.

It has also been the peculiar lot of our country to be visited by the worst kind of English travellers. While men of philosophical spirit and cultivated minds have been sent from England to ransack the poles, to penetrate the deserts, and to study the manners and customs of barbarous nations, with which she can have no permanent intercourse of profit or pleasure; it has been left to the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent, to be her oracles respecting America. From such sources she is content to receive her information respecting a country in a singular state of moral and physical de-

velopment; a country in which one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world is now performing; and which presents the most profound and momentous studies to the statesman and the philosopher.

That such men should give prejudiced accounts of America is not a matter of surprise. The themes offers for contemplation are too vast and elevated for their capacities. The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and selfment, but its ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has already given proofs of powerful and general qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indications of admirable properties, are almost lost upon these purblind observers; who are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation. They are capable of judging only of the surface of things; of those matters which come in contact with their private interests and personal gratifications. They miss some of the snug conveniences and petty comforts which belong to an old, highly finished, and over-populous state of society; where the ranks of useful labour are crowded, and many earn a painful and servile subsistence by studying the very caprices of appetite and self-indulgence. These minor comforts, however, are all-important in the estimation of narrow minds; which either do not perceive, or will not acknowledge, that they are more than counterbalanced among us by great and generally diffused blessings.

They may, perhaps, have been disappointed in some unreasonable expectation of sudden gain. They may have pictured America to themselves an El Dorado, where gold and silver abounded, and the natives were lacking in sagacity; and where they were to become strangely and suddenly rich, in some unforeseen, but easy manner. The same weakness of mind that indulges absurd expectations produces petulance in disappointment. Such persons become embittered against the country on finding that there, as everywhere else, a man must sow before he can reap; must win wealth by industry and talent; and must contend with the common difficulties of nature, and the shrewdness of an intelligent and enterprising people.

Perhaps, through mistaken or ill-directed hospitality, or from the prompt disposition to cheer and countenance the stranger, prevalent among my countrymen, they may have been treated with unworthy respect in America; and having been accustomed to their lives to consider themselves below the surface of good society, and brought up in a servile feeling of inferiority, they become arrogant on the common boon of civility: they attribute to the lowliness of others their own elevation; and underrate a society where there are no artificial distinctions, and where, by any chance, such individuals as themselves can rise to consequence.

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One would suppose, however, that information coming from such sources, on a subject where the truth is so desirable, would be received with caution by the censors of the press; that the motives of these writers, their veracity, their opportunities of inquiry and observation, and their capacities for judging correctly, would be rigorously scrutinized before their evidence was admitted, in such sweeping extent, against a free and civilized nation. The very reverse, however, is the case, and it furnishes a striking instance of human inconsistency. Nothing can surpass the vigilance with which English critics will examine the credibility of the traveller who publishes an account of some distant, and comparatively unimportant, country. How rarely will they compare the measurements of a pyramid, or the descriptions of a ruin; and how sternly will they censure any inaccuracy in these contributions of merely curious knowledge: while they will receive, with eagerness and unhesitating faith, the gross misrepresentations of coarse and obscure writers, concerning a country with which their own is connected in the most important and delicate relations. If, they will even make these apocryphal volumes of travel-books, on which to enlarge with a zeal and an industry worthy of a more generous cause. I shall not, however, dwell on this irksome and uninteresting topic; nor should I have adverted to it, were it for the undue interest apparently taken in it by our countrymen, and certain injurious effects which apprehended it might produce upon the national mind. We attach too much consequence to these attacks. They cannot do us any essential injury. The tissue of misrepresentations attempted to be woven round us are like cobwebs woven round the legs of an infant giant. Our country continually grows them. One falsehood after another falls off itself. We have but to live on, and every day we add a whole volume of refutation. All the writers of England united, if we could for a moment suppose our great minds stooping to so unworthy a combination, could not conceal our rapidly-growing importance, and matchless prosperity. They could not conceal that these are owing, not merely to physical causes, but also to moral causes—to the political liberty, the general diffusion of knowledge, the prevalence of sound moral and religious principles, which give force and sustained energy to the character of a people; and which, in fact, have been the acknowledged and wonderful supporters of their own national greatness and glory.

But why are we so exquisitely alive to the aspersions of England? Why do we suffer ourselves to be affected by the contumely she has endeavoured to cast upon us? It is not in the opinion of England that that honour lives, and reputation has its being; the world at large is the arbiter of a nation's fame; and its thousand eyes it witnesses a nation's deeds, from their collective testimony is national glory and national disgrace established.

For ourselves, therefore, it is comparatively of but

little importance whether England does us justice or not; it is, perhaps, of far more importance to herself. She is justilling anger and resentment into the bosom of a youthful nation, to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. If in America, as some of her writers are labouring to convince her, she is hereafter to find an invidious rival, and a gigantic foe, she may thank those very writers for having provoked rivalry and irritated hostility. Every one knows the all-pervading influence of literature at the present day, and how much the opinions and passions of mankind are under its control. The mere contests of the sword are temporary; their wounds are but in the flesh, and it is the pride of the generous to forgive and forget them; but the slanders of the pen pierce to the heart; they rankle longest in the noblest spirits; they dwell ever present in the mind, and render it morbidly sensitive to the most trifling collision. It is but seldom that any one overt act produces hostilities between two nations; there exists, most commonly, a previous jealousy and ill-will; a predisposition to take offence. Trace these to their cause, and how often will they be found to originate in the mischievous effusions of mercenary writers; who, secure in their closets, and for ignominious bread, concoct, and circulate the venom that is to inflame the generous and the brave.

I am not laying too much stress upon this point; for it applies most emphatically to our particular case. Over no nation does the press hold a more absolute control than over the people of America; for the universal education of the poorest classes makes every individual a reader. There is nothing published in England on the subject of our country that does not circulate through every part of it. There is not a calumny dropt from an English pen, nor an unworthy sarcasm uttered by an English statesman, that does not go to blight good-will, and add to the mass of latent resentment. Possessing, then, as England does, the fountain head from whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it the medium of amiable and magnanimous feeling—a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness. Should she, however, persist in turning it to waters of bitterness, the time may come when she may repent her folly. The present friendship of America may be of but little moment to her; but the future destinies of that country do not admit of a doubt; over those of England there lower some shadows of uncertainty. Should, then, a day of gloom arrive; should those reverses overtake her, from which the proudest empires have not been exempt; she may look back with regret at her infatuation, in repulsing from her side a nation she might have grappled to her bosom, and thus destroying her only chance for real friendship beyond the boundaries of her own dominions.

There is a general impression in England, that the people of the United States are inimical to the parent

country. It is one of the errors which have been diligently propagated by designing writers. There is, doubtless, considerable political hostility, and a general soreness at the illiberality of the English press; but, collectively speaking, the prepossessions of the people are strongly in favour of England. Indeed, at one time, they amounted, in many parts of the Union, to an absurd degree of bigotry. The bare name of Englishman was a passport to the confidence and hospitality of every family, and too often gave a transient currency to the worthless and the ungrateful. Throughout the country there was something of enthusiasm connected with the idea of England. We looked to it with a hallowed feeling of tenderness and veneration, as the land of our forefathers—the august repository of the monuments and antiquities of our race—the birth-place and mausoleum of the sages and heroes of our paternal history. After our own country, there was none in whose glory we more delighted—none whose good opinion we were more anxious to possess—none toward which our hearts yearned with such throbbings of warm consanguinity. Even during the late war, whenever there was the least opportunity for kind feelings to spring forth, it was the delight of the generous spirits of our country to show that, in the midst of hostilities, they still kept alive the sparks of future friendship.

Is all this to be at an end? Is this golden band of kindred sympathies, so rare between nations, to be broken for ever?—Perhaps it is for the best—it may dispel an illusion which might have kept us in mental vassalage; which might have interfered occasionally with our true interests, and prevented the growth of proper national pride. But it is hard to give up the kindred tie! and there are feelings dearer than interest—closer to the heart than pride—that will still make us cast back a look of regret, as we wander farther and farther from the paternal roof, and lament the waywardness of the parent that would repel the affections of the child.

Short-sighted and injudicious, however, as the conduct of England may be in this system of aspersion, recrimination on our part would be equally ill-judged. I speak not of a prompt and spirited vindication of our country, nor the keenest castigation of her slanderers—but I allude to a disposition to retaliate in kind; to retort sarcasm, and inspire prejudice; which seems to be spreading widely among our writers. Let us guard particularly against such a temper, for it would double the evil, instead of redressing the wrong. Nothing is so easy and inviting as the retort of abuse and sarcasm; but it is a paltry and an unprofitable contest. It is the alternative of a morbid mind, fretted into petulance, rather than warned into indignation. If England is willing to permit the mean jealousies of trade, or the rancorous animosities of politics, to deprave the integrity of her press, and poison the fountain of public opinion, let us beware of her example. She may deem it her interest to diffuse error, and engender antipathy, for the purpose of checking emi-

gration; we have no purpose of the kind to serve. Neither have we any spirit of national jealousy to vent, or any rivalry to gratify, for as yet, in all our rivalships with England, we are the rising and the gaining party. There can be no end to answer, therefore, but the gratification of resentment—a mere spirit of retaliation; and even that is impotent. Our retorts are never republished in England; they fall short, therefore, of their aim; but they foster a querulous and peevish temper among our writers; they sour the sweet flow of our early literature, and sow thorns and brambles among our blossoms. What is still worse, they circulate through our own country, and, as far as they have effect, excite virulent national prejudices. This last is the most especially to be deprecated. Governed, as we are, entirely by public opinion, the utmost care should be taken to preserve the purity of the public mind. Knowledge is power, and truth is knowledge; whoever, therefore, knowingly propagates a prejudice, wilfully saps the foundation of his country's strength.

The members of a republic, above all other men, should be candid and dispassionate. They are, individually, portions of the sovereign mind and sovereign will, and should be enabled to come to questions of national concern with calm and unbiased judgments. From the peculiar nature of our relations with England, we must have more frequent questions of a difficult and delicate character with her than with any other nation; questions that affect the most acute and excitable feelings; and as, in the adjusting of these, our national measures must ultimately be determined by popular sentiment, we cannot be too anxiously attentive to purify it from all local passion or prepossession.

Opening too, as we do, an asylum for strangers from every portion of the earth, we should receive all with impartiality. It should be our pride to exhibit an example of one nation, at least, destitute of national antipathies, and exercising not merely the ordinary acts of hospitality, but those more rare and noble courtesies which spring from liberality of opinion.

What have we to do with national prejudices? They are the inveterate diseases of old countries, contracted in rude and ignorant ages, when nations knew but little of each other, and looked beyond their own boundaries with distrust and hostility. We, on the contrary, have sprung into national existence in an enlightened and philosophic age, when the different parts of the habitable world, and the various branches of the human family, have been indefatigably studied and made known to each other; and we forego the advantages of our birth, if we do not shake off the national prejudices, as we would the local superstitions of the old world.

But above all, let us not be influenced by any angry feelings, so far as to shut our eyes to the perception of what is really excellent and amiable in the English character. We are a young people, necessarily imitative one, and must take our examples and models

a great degree, from England. There is no country more generous to ours. The intellectual activity—the habits of thinking on the most interesting and congenial subjects, are all intrinsic to the national feeling of the British prosperity: its structure may be traced here must be sought in the materials, and not in the process, that so long has been the pest of the world. Let it be the pride of all feelings of independence, to resist the illiberality of the English nation with the same candour. We must not permit bigotry with us to imitate and imitate it, because it is English, and really worthy of approval. England before us as a mirror, wherein are recorded the experience; and while we are which may have a new thence golden rule therewith to strengthen national character.

RURAL LIFE

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a great degree, from the existing nations of Europe. There is no country more worthy of our study than England. The spirit of her constitution is most analogous to ours. The manners of her people—their intellectual activity—their freedom of opinion—their habits of thinking on those subjects which concern the nearest interests and most sacred charities of private life, are all congenial to the American character; and, in fact, are all intrinsically excellent; for it is in the general feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and however the superstructure may be time-worn, or overrun by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the structure of an edifice, that so long has towered unshaken amidst the tempests of the world.

Let it be the pride of our writers, therefore, discarding all feelings of irritation, and disdaining to retaliate the illiberality of British authors, to speak of the English nation without prejudice, and with determined candour. While they rebuke the indiscriminate bigotry with which some of our countrymen imitate and imitate every thing English, merely because it is English, let them frankly point out what is really worthy of approbation. We may thus place England before us as a perpetual volume of reference, wherein are recorded sound deductions from ages of experience; and while we avoid the errors and absurdities which may have crept into the page, we may draw thence golden maxims of practical wisdom, wherewith to strengthen and to embellish our national character.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasures past!

COWPER.

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours.

In some countries the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering-place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and, having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the ap-

parently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a tact for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted in the morning. An immense metropolis, like London, is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings, they can but deal briefly in common-places. They present but the cold superficialities of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and freehearted. He manages to collect round him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraints. His country seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters: while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly, providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside: all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights

to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly: the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of nature grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the working of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country, and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illus-

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...age of an Englishman from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets—that are continued down from "the Flower and the Leaf" (Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her,—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts,—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning; but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of its culture: but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farmhouse and moss-grown cottage is a picture: and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by the continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of her well-established principles, of hoary usage, and of venerable custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive tower; its gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the manor; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—The parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—The stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorial right of way through the neighbouring village, with its venerable oaks, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—The antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene—All these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of homebred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and

touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I cannot close these desultory remarks better, than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity:

Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless,
In town or hamlet, sheltering middle life,
Down to the cottaged vale, and straw-roof'd shed;
This western isle hath long been famed for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling-place;
Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
(Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for through the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving heaven;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I never heard

Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.

MIDDLETON.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blindness of deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it!—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex;

* From a Poem on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, by the Reverend Hann Kennedy, A. M.

but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the act. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can “fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.”

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low;—but no one knows of the mental malady that

previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled into heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointment in love. But an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, he was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested favour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at the threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circum-

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ews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting
hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate,
she had incurred her father's displeasure by her un-
fortunate attachment, and was an exile from the pa-
ternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices
of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven
by horror, she would have experienced no want of
consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and
generous sensibilities. The most delicate and che-
rishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth
and distinction. She was led into society, and they
died by all kinds of occupation and amusement to
dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical
story of her loves. But it was all in vain. There
were some strokes of calamity that sear and scorch
the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness
and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blos-
som. She never objected to frequent the haunts of
pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the
depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad re-
verie, apparently unconscious of the world around
her. She carried with her an inward woe that
looked at all the blandishments of friendship, and
heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he
ever so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her
in a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-
no wretchedness more striking and painful than to
meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a
spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—
to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and
looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in
vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forget-
fulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splen-
did rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter ab-
straction, she sat herself down on the steps of an
orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a
vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish
scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly
heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an
acquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple,
touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretched-
ness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around
her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but
excite great interest in a country remarkable for en-
thusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave
officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought
that one so true to the dead could not but prove affec-
tionate to the living. She declined his attentions,
for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the
memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted
in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her
esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his
worth, and her sense of her own destitute and de-
pendent situation, for she was existing on the kindness
of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in

gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance,
that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a
change of scene might wear out the remembrance
of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary
wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but
nothing could cure the silent and devouring melan-
choly that had entered into her very soul. She wast-
ed away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length
sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish
poet, composed the following lines :

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!
He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!
Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE ART OF BOOK-MAKING.

"If that severe doom of Synesius be true—'It is a greater
offence to steal dead men's labour, than their clothes,' what shall
become of most writers?"

BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of
the press, and how it comes to pass that so many
heads, on which nature seems to have inflicted the
curse of barrenness, should teem with voluminous
productions. As a man travels on, however, in the
journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish,
and he is continually finding out some very simple
cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have
I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great me-
tropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to
me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft,
and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great
saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness
with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in
warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass-cases
of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on
an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with
nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical
paintings on the lofty ceilings. Whilst I was gazing
about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to
a distant door, at the end of a suite of apartments.
It was closed, but every now and then it would open,
and some strange-favoured being, generally clothed

in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight-errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of black-looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, studious personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasionally, the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the page of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall tooth and nail with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale, of a philosopher who was shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, that opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose. I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading-room of the great British Library—an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw huckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the process of this book ma-

ufactury. I noticed one lean, bilious-looking wight who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes printed in black-letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid open upon his table; but never really observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner, or whether he was endeavouring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to hard students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman in brightly coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. Always considering him attentively, I recognized in him diligent getter-up of miscellaneous works, which he had peddled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more noise and show of business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his books seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witch's caldron in *Macheth*. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise purposes; may it not be the way in which Providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced? We see that nature has wisely, though whimsically, provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds; so that animals which, in themselves, are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the cornfield, are, in fact, nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete authors are caught up by these flights of predatory writers and east forth again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works also, undergo a kind of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a ponderous history revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend changes into a modern play—and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands; where we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place: and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree mouldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and obli-

into which ancient writers descend; they do but admit to the great law of nature, which declares that all sublunary shapes of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees, also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, passes away, and the vital principle is transmitted to posterity, and species continue to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and having produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers, that is to say, with the authors who preceded them—and from whom they had stolen.

Whilst I was indulging in these rambling fancies, I leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the evening; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted, it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamt that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but that the number was increased. The long tables had disappeared, and, in place of the tapestries, I beheld a ragged, threadbare throng, such as may be seen plying about the great repository of rags-off clothes, Monmouth-street. Whenever they stepped upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they seemed to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out generally, while some of his original rags would peep from among his borrowed finery.

There was a portly, rosy, well-fed parson, whom I observed ogling several mouldy polemical writers through an eye-glass. He soon contrived to slip on voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and, having purloined the gray beard of another, endeavored to look exceedingly wise; but the smirking common-place of his countenance set at nought all the springs of wisdom. One sickly-looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with thread drawn out of several old court dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from the Paradise of dainty Devices," and having put Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several pure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front; but he was lamentably tattered in the back, and I perceived that he had patched his small-clothes with seraps of parchment from a Latin author.

There were some well-dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a gem or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments, without eclipsing them. Some, too, seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, merely to imbibe their principles of taste, and to catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say, that too many were apt to array themselves from top to toe, in the patchwork manner I have mentioned. I shall not omit to speak of one genius, in drab breeches and gaiters, and an Arcadian hat, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral, but whose rural wanderings had been confined to the classic haunts of Primrose Hill, and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribands from all the old pastoral poets, and, hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical lack-a-daisical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention was a pragmatistical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square, but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, elbowed his way through the throng, with a look of sturdy self-confidence, and having laid hands upon a thick Greek quarto, clapped it upon his head, and swept majestically away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side, of "Thieves! thieves!" I looked, and lo! the portraits about the wall became animated! The old authors thrust out, first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvass, looked down curiously, for an instant, upon the motley throng, and then descended with fury in their eyes, to claim their riddled property. The scene of scampering and hubbub that ensued baffles all description. The unhappy culprits endeavoured in vain to escape with plunder. On one side might be seen half a dozen old monks, stripping a modern professor; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, side by side, raged round the field like Castor and Pollux, and sturdy Ben Jonson enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the dapper little compiler of far-ragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colours as Harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him, as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, to whom I had been accustomed to look up with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness. Just then my eye was caught by the pragmatistical old gentleman in the Greek grizzled wig, who was scrambling away in sore affright with half a score of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches; in a twinkling off went his wig; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled away; until in a few moments, from his domineering poise, he shrunk into a little, puffy, "chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Theban, that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture-frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself wide awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me with astonishment. Nothing of the dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom, as to electrify the fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special license and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

A ROYAL POET.

Though your body be confined,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear.

FLETCHER.

ON a soft sunny morning, in the genial month of May, I made an excursion to Windsor Castle. It is a place full of storied and poetical associations. The very external aspect of the proud old pile is enough to inspire high thought. It rears its irregular walls and massive towers, like a mural crown, round the brow of a lofty ridge, waves its royal banner in the clouds, and looks down, with a lordly air, upon the surrounding world.

On this morning the weather was of that voluptuous vernal kind, which calls forth all the latent romance of a man's temperament, filling his mind with music, and disposing him to quote poetry and dream of beauty. In wandering through the magnificent saloons and long echoing galleries of the castle, I passed with indifference by whole rows of portraits of warriors and statesmen, but lingered in the chamber where hang the likenesses of the beauties that graced the gay court of Charles the Second; and as I gazed upon them, depicted with amorous, half-dishevelled tresses, and the sleepy eye of love, I blessed the pencil of Sir Peter Lely, which had thus enabled me to bask in the reflected rays of beauty. In traversing also the "large green courts," with sunshine beaming on the grey walls, and glancing along the velvet turf, my mind was engrossed with the image of the tender,

the gallant, but hapless Surry, and his account of his loiterings about them in his stripling days, when he was enamoured of the Lady Geraldine—

"With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower,
With easle sighs, such as men draw in love."

In this mood of mere poetical susceptibility, I visited the ancient Keep of the Castle, where James the First of Scotland, the pride and theme of Scottish poets and historians, was for many years of his youth detained prisoner of state. It is a large grey tower, that stood the brunt of ages, and is still in good preservation. It stands on a mound, which elevates it above the other parts of the castle, and a great flight of steps leads to the interior. In the armoury, which is a gothic hall, furnished with weapons of various kinds and ages, I was shown a coat of armour hanging against the wall, which I was told had once belonged to James. From hence I was conducted up a staircase to a suite of apartments of faded magnificence, hung with storied tapestry, which formed his prison, and the scene of that passionate and fanciful amatory which has woven into the web of his story the hues of poetry and fiction.

The whole history of this amiable but unfortunate prince is highly romantic. At the tender age of eleven he was sent from home by his father, Richard III, and destined for the French court, to be reared under the eye of the French monarch, secure from the treachery and danger that surrounded the court of Scotland. It was his mishap in the course of his voyage to fall into the hands of the English, when he was detained prisoner by Henry IV, notwithstanding that a truce existed between the two countries.

The intelligence of his capture, coming in the midst of many sorrows and disasters, proved fatal to his happiness. "The news," we are told, "brought to him while at supper, and did so overwhelm him with grief, that he was almost ready to give up the ghost into the hands of the servants that attended him. But being carried to his bed-chamber, he abstained from all food, and in three days died of hunger and grief, at Rothesay."

James was detained in captivity above eight years; but though deprived of personal liberty, he was treated with the respect due to his rank. He was taken to instruct him in all the branches of human knowledge cultivated at that period, and to give him those mental and personal accomplishments deemed proper for a prince. Perhaps, in this respect, imprisonment was an advantage, as it enabled him to apply himself the more exclusively to his improvement, and quietly to imbibe that rich fund of knowledge, and to cherish those elegant tastes, which have given such a lustre to his memory. The picture drawn of him in early life, by the Scottish historians, is highly captivating, and seems rather the description of a hero of romance, than of a character in real

• Buchanan.

He was well le
the sword, to joust
dance; he was an
playing both of lut
ments of music,
ry, and poetry."
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it is irrepresible, w
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that sovereigns wr
ect. It is gratifying
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mission into his closet
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the honest equality
ch strips off all the t
ges the candidate do
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ers for distinction.
history of a monarch?
allenden's Translation of
Roger L'Estrange.

He was well learnt, we are told, "to fight the sword, to joust, to tourney, to wrestle, to sing and dance; he was an expert mediciner, right crafty in playing both of lute and harp, and sundry other instruments of music, and was expert in grammar, history, and poetry."

With this combination of manly and delicate accomplishments, fitting him to shine both in active and quiet life, and calculated to give him an intense joy for joyous existence, it must have been a severe trial, in an age of bustle and chivalry, to pass the long-time of his years in monotonous captivity. It is the great fortune of James, however, to be gifted with a powerful poetic fancy, and to be visited in his prison by the choicest inspirations of the muse. Some passions corrode and grow inactive, under the loss of personal liberty; others grow morbid and irritable; and it is the nature of the poet to become tender and imaginative in the loneliness of confinement. He dwells upon the honey of his own thoughts, and, like the captive bird, pours forth his soul in melody.

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim coop'd into a cage?
How doth she chant her wonted tale,
In that her lonely hermitage!
Even there her charming melody doth prove
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.

Indeed, it is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible, unconfineable; that when the world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, with a necromantic power can conjure up gloomy shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon. Such was the world of pomp and pageant which lived round Tasso in his dismal cell at Ferrara, when he conceived the splendid scenes of his *Jerusalem*; and we may consider the "King's Quair," composed by James, during his captivity at Windsor, another of those beautiful breakings-forth of the soul from the restraint and gloom of the prison-house. The subject of the poem is his love for the Lady Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and princess of the blood royal of England, of whom he became enamoured in the course of his captivity. What gives it peculiar value, is that it may be considered a transcript of the royal bard's true feelings, the story of his real loves and fortunes. It is not that sovereigns write poetry, or that poets deal in fact. It is gratifying to the pride of a common man, to find a monarch thus suing, as it were, for admission into his closet, and seeking to win his favour by administering to his pleasures. It is a proof of the honest equality of intellectual composition, which strips off all the trappings of factitious dignity, and brings the candidate down to a level with his fellow men, and obliges him to depend on his own native powers for distinction. It is curious, too, to get at the history of a monarch's heart, and to find the simple

Ballenden's Translation of Hector Boyce.
Roger L'Estrange.

affections of human nature throbbing under the ermine. But James had learnt to be a poet before he was a king: he was schooled in adversity, and reared in the company of his own thoughts. Monarchs have seldom time to parley with their hearts, or to meditate their minds into poetry; and had James been brought up amidst the adulation and gaiety of a court, we should never, in all probability, have had such a poem as the Quair.

I have been particularly interested by those parts of the poem which breathe his immediate thoughts concerning his situation, or which are connected with the apartment in the tower. They have thus a personal and local charm, and are given with such circumstantial truth, as to make the reader present with the captive in his prison, and the companion of his meditations.

Such is the account which he gives of his weariness of spirit, and of the incident that first suggested the idea of writing the poem. It was the still midwatch of a clear moonlight night; the stars, he says, were twinkling as the fire in the high vault of heaven; and "Cynthia rinsing her golden locks in Aquarius." He lay in bed wakeful and restless, and took a book to beguile the tedious hours. The book he chose was Boetius' *Consolations of Philosophy*, a work popular among the writers of that day, and which had been translated by his great prototype Chaucer. From the high eulogium in which he indulges, it is evident this was one of his favourite volumes while in prison: and indeed it is an admirable text-book for meditation under adversity. It is the legacy of a noble and enduring spirit, purified by sorrow and suffering, bequeathing to its successors in calamity the maxims of sweet morality, and the trains of eloquent but simple reasoning, by which it was enabled to bear up against the various ills of life. It is a talisman, which the unfortunate may treasure up in his bosom, or, like the good King James, lay upon his nightly pillow.

After closing the volume, he turns its contents over in his mind, and gradually falls into a fit of musing on the fickleness of fortune, the vicissitudes of his own life, and the evils that had overtaken him even in his tender youth. Suddenly he hears the bell ringing to matins; but its sound, chiming in with his melancholy fancies, seems to him like a voice exhorting him to write his story. In the spirit of poetic errantry he determines to comply with this intimation: he therefore takes pen in hand, makes with it a sign of the cross to implore a benediction, and sallies forth into the fairy land of poetry. There is something extremely fanciful in all this, and it is interesting as furnishing a striking and beautiful instance of the simple manner in which whole trains of poetical thought are sometimes awakened, and literary enterprizes suggested to the mind.

In the course of his poem he more than once bewails the peculiar hardness of his fate; thus doomed to lonely and inactive life, and shut up from the freedom

and pleasure of the world, in which the meanest animal indulges unrestrained. There is a sweetness, however, in his very complaints; they are the lamentations of an amiable and social spirit at being denied the indulgence of its kind and generous propensities; there is nothing in them harsh or exaggerated; they flow with a natural and touching pathos, and are perhaps rendered more touching by their simple brevity. They contrast finely with those elaborate and iterated repinings, which we sometimes meet with in poetry;—the effusions of morbid minds sickening under miseries of their own creating, and venting their bitterness upon an unoffending world. James speaks of his privations with acute sensibility, but having mentioned them passes on, as if his manly mind disdained to brood over unavoidable calamities. When such a spirit breaks forth into complaint, however brief, we are aware how great must be the suffering that extorts the murmur. We sympathize with James, a romantic, active, and accomplished prince, cut off in the lustihood of youth from all the enterprize, the noble uses, and vigorous delights of life; as we do with Milton, alive to all the beauties of nature and glories of art, when he breathes forth brief but deep-toned lamentations over his perpetual blindness.

Had not James evinced a deficiency of poetic artifice, we might almost have suspected that these lowerings of gloomy reflection were meant as preparatory to the brightest scene of his story; and to contrast with that effulgence of light and loveliness, that exhilarating accompaniment of bird and song, and foliage and flower, and all the revel of the year, with which he ushers in the lady of his heart. It is this scene, in particular, which throws all the magic of romance about the old castle keep. He had risen, he says, at daybreak, according to custom, to escape from the dreary meditations of a sleepless pillow. "Bewailing in his chamber thus alone," despairing of all joy and remedy, "fortified of thought and woe-begone," he had wandered to the window, to indulge the captive's miserable solace of gazing wistfully upon the world from which he is excluded. The window looked forth upon a small garden which lay at the foot of the tower. It was a quiet, sheltered spot, adorned with arbours and green alleys, and protected from the passing gaze by trees and hawthorn hedges.

Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall,
A garden faire, and in the corners set
An arbour green with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with leaves beset
Was all the place and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf¹ was none, walkyng there forbye,
That night wyltin scarce any wight espye.

So thiek the branches and the leves grene,
Deshaded all the alleys that there were,
And midst of every arbour might be seue
The sharpe, grene, sweet Juniper,
Growing so fair, with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughs did spread the arbour all about.

¹ *Lyf*, person.

And on the small grene twistis¹ set
The lytel swete nightingales, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrate
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the garden and the wallis rung
Nicht of their song—

It was the month of May, when every thing in bloom; and he interprets the song of the nightingale into the language of his enamoured feelings.

Worship, all ye that lovers be, this May;
For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away,
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun.

As he gazes on the scene, and listens to the note of the birds, he gradually lapses into one of those tender and undefinable reveries, which fill the youthful bosom in this delicious season. He wonders what this love may be, of which he has so often read, which thus seems breathed forth in the quickest breath of May, and melting all nature into ecstasy song. If it really be so great a felicity, and if it be so generally dispensed to the most insignificant of beings, why is he alone cut off from its enjoyments?

Oft would I think, O Lord, what may this be,
That love is of such noble myght and kynde?
Loving his folke, and such prosperitee
Is it of him, as we in books do find:
May he oure hertes setten² and unbynd:
Hath he upon our hertes such malstrye?
Or is all this but feynit fantasye?
For gif he be of so grete excellence,
That he of every wight hath care and charge:
What have I gilt³ to him, or done offense,
That I am thral'd, and birdis go at large?

In the midst of his musing, as he casts his eyes downward, he beholds "the fairest and the freshest young floure," that ever he had seen. It is the Lady Jane walking in the garden, to enjoy the beauty of that "fresh May morrow." Breaking thus suddenly upon his sight, in the moment of loneliness and excited susceptibility, she at once captivates the heart of the romantic prince, and becomes the object of his wandering wishes, the sovereign of his world.

There is, in this charming scene, an evident resemblance to the early part of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*; where Palamon and Arcite fall in love with Emilia, whom they see walking in the garden of prison. Perhaps the similarity of the actual fact to the incident which he had read in Chaucer may have induced James to dwell on it in his poem. His description of the Lady Jane is given in the picturesque and minute manner of his master; and being derived less taken from the life, is a perfect portrait of beauty of that day. He dwells, with the fondness of a lover, on every article of her apparel, from the net of pearl, splendent with emeralds and sapphires that confined her golden hair, even to the "gowne"

¹ *Twistis*, small boughs or twigs.

² *Setten*, incline.

³ *Gilt*, what injury have I done, etc.

Note.—The language of the quotations is generally modern.

chain of small ornaments
there hung a rubby
he says, like a sparkling
bosom. Her dress
enable her to walk
accompanied by two
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which was a parcel
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his description by a

In her was youth
Bountee, rich
God better know
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Awake! awake!
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dread; reads it wi
the first token of hi
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Jane did actually s

¹ Wrought gold.

² *Estate*, dignity.

chaine of small orfivery" : about her neck, whereby there hung a rubby in shape of a heart, that seemed, he says, like a spark of fire burning upon her white bosom. Her dress of white tissue was looped up to enable her to walk with more freedom. She was accompanied by two female attendants, and about her sported a little hound decorated with bells; probably the small Italian hound of exquisite symmetry, which was a parlour favourite and pet among the fashionable dames of ancient times. James closes his description by a burst of general eulogium.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,

Bountee, riches, and womanly feature;

God better knows than my pen can report,

Wisdom, largesse, ² estate, ³ and cunning ⁴ sure,

In every point so guided her measure,

In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,

That nature might no more her child advance.

The departure of the Lady Jane from the garden puts an end to this transient riot of the heart. With her departs the amorous illusion that had shed a temporary charm over the scene of his captivity, and he relapses into loneliness, now rendered tenfold more intolerable by this passing beam of unattainable beauty. Through the long and weary day he repines at his unhappy lot, and when evening approaches, and Phœbus, as he beautifully expresses it, had "bade farewell to every leaf and flower," he still lingers at the window, and, laying his head upon the cold stone, gives vent to a mingled flow of love and sorrow, until, gradually lulled by the mute melancholy of the twilight hour, he lapses, "half sleeping, half swoon," into a vision, which occupies the remainder of the poem, and in which is allegorically shadowed out the history of his passion.

When he wakes from his trance, he rises from his stony pillow, and, pacing his apartment, full of dreary reflections, questions his spirit whither it has been wandering; whether, indeed, all that has passed before his dreaming fancy has been conjured up by preceding circumstances; or whether it is a vision, intended to comfort and assure him in his despondency. If the latter, he prays that some token may be sent to confirm the promise of happier days, given him in his slumbers. Suddenly, a turtle dove, of the purest whiteness, comes flying in at the window, and alights upon his hand, bearing in her bill a branch of red gilliflower, on the leaves of which is written, in letters of gold, the following sentence:

Awake! awake! I bring, lover, I bring

The news glad that blissful is, and sure

Of thy comfort; now laugh, and play, and sing,

For in the heaven decretit is thy cure.

He receives the branch with mingled hope and dread; reads it with rapture: and this, he says, was the first token of his succeeding happiness. Whether this is a mere poetic fiction, or whether the Lady Jane did actually send him a token of her favour in

this romantic way, remains to be determined according to the faith or fancy of the reader. He concludes his poem, by intimating that the promise conveyed in the vision and by the flower is fulfilled, by his being restored to liberty, and made happy in the possession of the sovereign of his heart.

Such is the poetical account given by James of his love adventures in Windsor Castle. How much of it is absolute fact, and how much the embellishment of fancy, it is fruitless to conjecture: do not, however, let us always consider whatever is romantic as incompatible with real life; but let us sometimes take a poet at his word. I have noticed merely such parts of the poem as were immediately connected with the tower, and have passed over a large part, which was in the allegorical vein, so much cultivated at that day. The language, of course, is quaint and antiquated, so that the beauty of many of its golden phrases will scarcely be perceived at the present day; but it is impossible not to be charmed with the genuine sentiment, the delightful artlessness and urbanity, which prevail throughout it. The descriptions of nature too, with which it is embellished, are given with a truth, a discrimination, and a freshness, worthy of the most cultivated periods of the art.

As an amatory poem, it is edifying in these days of coarser thinking, to notice the nature, refinement, and exquisite delicacy which pervade it: banishing every gross thought or immodest expression, and presenting female loveliness, clothed in all its chivalrous attributes of almost supernatural purity and grace.

James flourished nearly about the time of Chaucer and Gower, and was evidently an admirer and student of their writings. Indeed, in one of his stanzas he acknowledges them as his masters; and, in some parts of his poem, we find traces of similarity to their productions, more especially to those of Chaucer. There are always, however, general features of resemblance in the works of contemporary authors, which are not so much borrowed from each other as from the times. Writers, like bees, toll their sweets in the wide world; they incorporate with their own conceptions the anecdotes and thoughts which are current in society; and thus each generation has some features in common, characteristic of the age in which it lived.

James in fact belongs to one of the most brilliant eras of our literary history, and establishes the claims of his country to a participation in its primitive honours. Whilst a small cluster of English writers are constantly cited as the fathers of our verse, the name of their great Scottish compeer is apt to be passed over in silence; but he is evidently worthy of being enrolled in that little constellation of remote but never-failing luminaries, who shine in the highest firmament of literature, and who, like morning stars, sang together at the bright dawning of British poesy.

Such of my readers as may not be familiar with Scottish history (though the manner in which it has of late been woven with captivating fiction has made

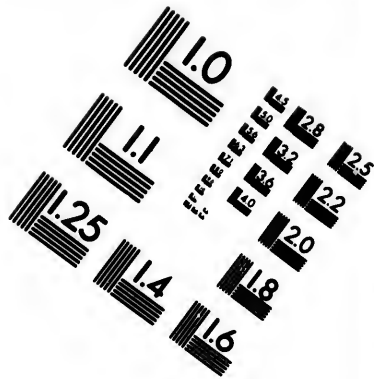
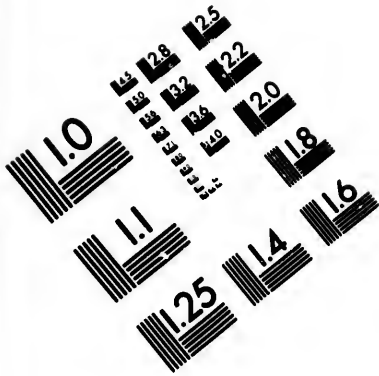
¹ Wrought gold.

² *Largesse*, bounty.

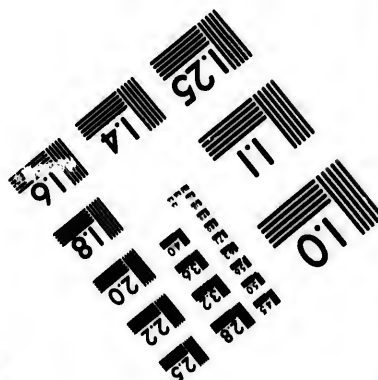
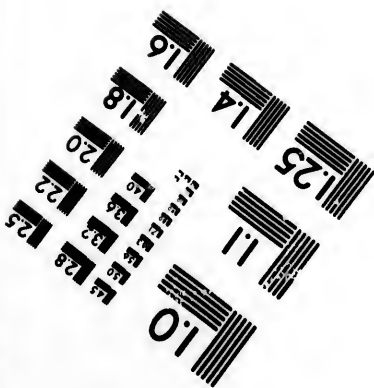
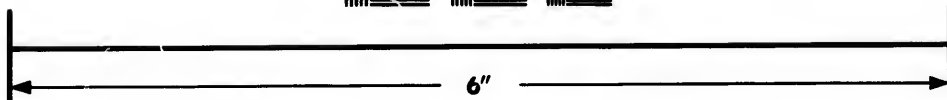
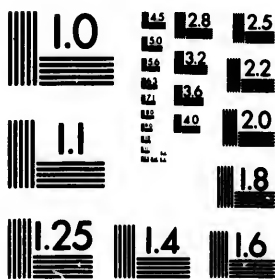
³ *Estate*, dignity.

⁴ *Cunning*, discretion.





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it a universal study), may be curious to learn something of the subsequent history of James, and the fortunes of his love. His passion for the Lady Jane, as it was the solace of his captivity, so it facilitated his release, it being imagined by the court that a connexion with the blood royal of England would attach him to its own interests. He was ultimately restored to his liberty and crown, having previously espoused the Lady Jane, who accompanied him to Scotland, and made him a most tender and devoted wife.

He found his kingdom in great confusion, the feudal chieftains having taken advantage of the troubles and irregularities of a long interregnum to strengthen themselves in their possessions, and place themselves above the power of the laws. James sought to found the basis of his power in the affections of his people. He attached the lower orders to him by the reformation of abuses, the temperate and equable administration of justice, the encouragement of the arts of peace, and the promotion of every thing that could diffuse comfort, competency, and innocent enjoyment through the humblest ranks of society. He mingled occasionally among the common people in disguise; visited their fire-sides; entered into their cares, their pursuits, and their amusements; informed himself of the mechanical arts, and how they could best be patronized and improved; and was thus an all-pervading spirit, watching with a benevolent eye over the meanest of his subjects. Having in this generous manner made himself strong in the hearts of the common people, he turned himself to curb the power of the factious nobility; to strip them of those dangerous immunities which they had usurped; to punish such as had been guilty of flagrant offences; and to bring the whole into proper obedience to the crown. For some time they bore this with outward submission, but with secret impatience and brooding resentment. A conspiracy was at length formed against his life, at the head of which was his own uncle, Robert Stewart, Earl of Athol, who, being too old himself for the perpetration of the deed of blood, instigated his grandson Sir Robert Stewart, together with Sir Robert Graham, and others of less note, to commit the deed. They broke into his bedchamber at the Dominican Convent near Perth, where he was residing, and barbarously murdered him by oft-repeated wounds. His faithful queen, rushing to throw her body between him and the sword, was twice wounded in the ineffectual attempt to shield him from the assassin; and it was not until she had been forcibly torn from his person, that the murder was accomplished.

It was the recollection of this romantic tale of former times, and of the golden little poem which had its birth-place in this tower, that made me visit the old pile with more than common interest. The suit of armour hanging up in the hall, richly gilt and embellished, as if to figure in the tourney, brought the image of the gallant and romantic prince vividly before my imagination. I paced the deserted chambers where he had composed his poem; I leaned upon the

window, and endeavoured to persuade myself it was the very one where he had been visited by his vision; I looked out upon the spot where he had first seen the Lady Jane. It was the same genial and joyous month; the birds were again vying with each other in strains of liquid melody; every thing was bursting into vegetation, and budding forth the tender promise of the year. Time, which delights to obliterate the sterner memorials of human pride, seems to have passed lightly over this little scene of poetry and love, and to have withheld his desolating hand. Several centuries have gone by, yet the garden still flourishes at the foot of the tower. It occupies what was once the moat of the keep; and though some parts have been separated by dividing walls, yet others have still their arbours and shaded walks, as in the days of James, and the whole is sheltered, blooming, and retired. There is a charm about a spot that has been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty, and consecrated by the inspirations of the poet, which is heightened, rather than impaired, by the lapse of ages. It is, indeed, the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

Others may dwell on the illustrious deeds of James as a warrior and a legislator; but I have delighted to view him merely as the companion of his fellow men, the benefactor of the human heart, stooping from his high estate to sow the sweet flowers of poetry and song in the paths of common life. He was the first to cultivate the vigorous and hardy plant of Scottish genius, which has since become so prolific of the most wholesome and highly-favoured fruit. He carried with him into the sterner regions of the north all the fertilizing arts of southern refinement. He did every thing in his power to win his countrymen to the gay, the elegant and gentle arts, which soften and refine the character of a people, and wreath a grace round the loftiness of a proud and warlike spirit. He wrote many poems, which, unfortunately for the fulness of his fame, are now lost to the world; one, which is still preserved, called "Christ's Kirk of the Green," shows how diligently he had made himself acquainted with the rustic sports and pastimes, which constitute such a source of kind and social feeling among the Scottish peasantry; and with what simple and happy humour he could enter into their enjoyments. He contributed greatly to improve the national music; and traces of his tender sentiment, and elegant taste, are said to exist in those witching airs, still piped among the wild mountains and lonely glens of Scotland. He has thus connected his image with whatever is most gracious and endearing in the national character; he has embalmed his memory in song, and floated his name to after ages in the rich streams of Scottish melody. The recollection of these things was kindling at my heart as I paced the silent scene of his imprisonment. I have, visited Vaulcuse with as much enthusiasm as a pilgrim would visit the

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abrine at Loretto; but I have never felt more poetical devotion than when contemplating the old tower and the little garden at Windsor, and musing over the romantic loves of the Lady Jane and the Royal Peet of Scotland.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

A gentleman:

What, o' the woolpack? or the sugar chest?
Or lists of velvet? which is't, pound, or yard,
You vend your gentry by?

BEGGAR'S BUSH.

THERE are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English country church. I was once passing a few weeks at the seat of a friend, who resided in the vicinity of one, the appearance of which particularly struck my fancy. It was one of those rich morsels of quaint antiquity which gives such a peculiar charm to English landscape. It stood in the midst of a country filled with ancient families, and contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. The interior walls were encrusted with monuments of every age and style. The light streamed through windows dimmed with armorial bearings, richly emblazoned in stained glass. In various parts of the church were tombs of knights and high-born dames, of gorgeous workmanship, with their effigies in coloured marble. On every side the eye was struck with some instance of aspiring mortality; some haughty memorial which human pride had erected over its kindred dust, in this temple of the most humble of all religions.

The congregation was composed of the neighbouring people of rank, who sat in pews, sumptuously lined and cushioned, furnished with richly-gilded prayer-books, and decorated with their arms upon the pew doors; of the villagers and peasantry, who filled the back seats, and a small gallery beside the organ; and of the poor of the parish, who were ranged on benches in the aisles.

The service was performed by a snuffling well-fed vicar, who had a snug dwelling near the church. He was a privileged guest at all the tables of the neighbourhood, and had been the keenest fox-hunter in the country; until age and good living had disabled him from doing any thing more than ride to see the hounds throw off, and make one at the hunting dinner:

Under the ministry of such a pastor, I found it impossible to get into the train of thought suitable to the time and place: so having, like many other feeble christians, compromised with my conscience, by laying the sin of my own delinquency at another person's threshold, I occupied myself by making observations on my neighbours.

I was as yet a stranger in England, and curious to

notice the manners of its fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged title to respect. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot. The young ladies would stop and converse in the kindest manner with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and an engaging affability. Their brothers were tall, and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply; with strict neatness and propriety, but without any mannerism or foppishness. Their whole demeanour was easy and natural, with that lofty grace, and noble frankness, which bespeak free-born souls that have never been checked in their growth by feelings of inferiority. There is a healthful hardness about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch. I was pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about those rural concerns and field-sports, in which the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversations there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

In contrast to these was the family of a wealthy citizen, who had amassed a vast fortune; and, having purchased the estate and mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighbourhood, was endeavouring to assume all the style and dignity of an hereditary lord of the soil. The family always came to church *en prince*. They were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the harness where a crest could possibly be placed. A fat coachman, in a three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curling close round his rosy face, was seated on the box, with a sleek Danish dog beside him. Two footmen, in gorgeous liveries, with huge bouquets, and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage rose and sunk on its long springs with peculiar stateliness of motion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their necks, and glanced their eyes more proudly than common horses; either because they had got a little of the family feeling, or were reined up more tightly than ordinary.

I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant was brought up to the gate of the churchyard. There was a vast effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall;—a great smacking of the whip, straining and scrambling of horses, glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel.

This was the moment of triumph and vainglory to the coachman. The horses were urged and checked until they were fretted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, dashing about pebbles at every step. The crowd of villagers sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right and left, gaping in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate, the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches.

There was an extraordinary hurry of the footman to alight, open the door, pull down the steps, and prepare every thing for the descent on earth of this august family. The old citizen first emerged his round red face from out the door, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on 'Change, and shake the Stock Market with a nod. His consort, a fine, fleshy, comfortable dame, followed him. There seemed, I must confess, but little pride in her composition. She was the picture of broad, honest, vulgar enjoyment. The world went well with her; and she liked the world. She had fine clothes, a fine house, a fine carriage, fine children, every thing was fine about her: it was nothing but driving about, and visiting and feasting. Life was to her a perpetual revel; it was one long Lord Mayor's day.

Two daughters succeeded to this goodly couple. They certainly were handsome; but had a supercilious air, that chilled admiration, and disposed the spectator to be critical. They were ultra-fashionables in dress; and though no one could deny the richness of their decorations, yet their appropriateness might be questioned amidst the simplicity of a country church. They descended loftily from the carriage, and moved up the line of peasantry with a step that seemed dainty of the soil it trod on. They cast an excursive glance around, that passed coldly over the burly faces of the peasantry, until they met the eyes of the nobleman's family, when their countenances immediately brightened into smiles, and they made the most profound and elegant courtesies, which were returned in a manner that showed they were but slight acquaintances.

I must not forget the two sons of this aspiring citizen, who came to church in a dashing curricule, with outriders. They were arrayed in the extremity of the mode, with all that pedantry of dress which marks the man of questionable pretensions to style. They kept entirely by themselves, eying every one askance that came near them, as if measuring his claims to respectability; yet they were without conversation, except the exchange of an occasional cant phrase. They even moved artificially; for their bodies, in compliance with the caprice of the day, had been disciplined into the absence of all ease and freedom. Art had done every thing to accomplish them as men of fashion, but nature had denied them the nameless grace. They were vulgarly shaped, like men formed for the common purposes of life, and had that air

of supercilious assumption which is never seen in the true gentleman.

I have been rather minute in drawing the pictures of these two families, because I considered them specimens of what is often to be met with in this country—the unpretending great, and the arrogant little. I have no respect for titled rank, unless it be accompanied with true nobility of soul; but I have remarked in all countries where artificial distinctions exist, that the very highest classes are always the most courteous and unassuming. Those who are well assured of their own standing are least apt to trespass on that of others; whereas nothing is so offensive as the aspirings of vulgarity, which thinks to elevate itself by humiliating its neighbour.

As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behaviour in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervour of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things, and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper; they betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright, and uttering the responses with a loud voice that might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church and king men, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty; who consider the Deity, somehow or other, of the government party, and religion "a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious; as I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it "excellent food for the poor."

When the service was at an end, I was curious to witness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chatting with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came, in grand parade. Again were the equipages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off almost at a bound; the villagers again hurried to right and left; the wheels threw up a cloud of dust; and the aspiring family was rapt out of sight in a whirlwind.

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THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Pittle olde age, within whose silver haire
Honour and reverence evermore have reign'd.
MARLOWE'S TAMBURLAINE.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark wakened panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless

graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless; it was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummerly of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feeling of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jussling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably, and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age—"Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on her goodman's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was

already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardship. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age. Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet, on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somerset had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and dependency; who that has pined on a weary bed from the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by inno-

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itude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted: and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman sitting down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow never known, and friends are never parted.

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN,

EASTCHEAP,

A SHAKSPEARIAN RESEARCH.

“A tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows. I have heard my great grandfather tell, how his great grandfather should say, that it was an old proverb when his great grandfather was a child, that ‘it was a good wind that blew a man to the wine.’”
MOTHER BOMBIE.

It is a pious custom, in some Catholic countries, to honour the memory of saints by votive lights burnt before their pictures. The popularity of a saint, therefore, may be known by the number of these offerings. One, perhaps, is left to moulder in the darkness of his little chapel; another may have a solitary lamp to throw its blinking rays athwart his effigy; while the whole blaze of adoration is lavished at the shrine of some beatified father of renown. The wealthy devotee brings his huge luminary of wax; the eager zealot his seven-branched candlestick, and even the mendicant pilgrim is by no means satisfied that sufficient light is thrown upon the deceased, unless he hangs up his little lamp of smoking oil. The consequence is, that in the eagerness to enlighten, they are often apt to obscure, and I have occasionally seen an unlucky saint almost smoked out of countenance by the officiousness of his followers.

In like manner has it fared with the immortal Shakspeare. Every writer considers it his bounden duty to light up some portion of his character or works, and to rescue some merit from oblivion. The commentator, opulent in words, produces vast tomes of dissertations; the common herd of editors send up mists of obscurity from their notes at the bottom of each page; and every casual scribbler brings his farthing rushlight of eulogy or research, to swell the clouds of incense and of smoke.

As I honour all established usages of my brethren of the quill, I thought it but proper to contribute my mite of homage to the memory of the illustrious bard. I was for some time, however, sorely puzzled in what way I should discharge this duty. I found myself anticipated in every attempt at a new reading; every doubtful line had been explained a dozen different ways, and perplexed beyond the reach of elucidation; and as to fine passages, they had all been amply praised by previous admirers; nay, so completely had the bard, of late, been overlarded with panegyric by a great German critic, that it was difficult now to find even a fault that had not been argued into a beauty.

In this perplexity, I was one morning turning over his pages, when I casually opened upon the comic scenes of Henry IV, and was, in a moment, completely lost in the madcap revelry of the Boar's Head Tavern. So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humour depicted, and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained, that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life. To few readers does it occur, that these

are all ideal creations of a poet's brain, and that, in sober truth, no such knot of merry roysters ever enlivened the dull neighbourhood of Eastcheap.

For my part, I love to give myself up to the illusions of poetry. A hero of fiction that never existed is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years since: and, if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up fat Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicle. What have the heroes of yore done for me, or men like me? They have conquered countries of which I do not enjoy an acre; or they have gained laurels of which I do not inherit a leaf; or they have furnished examples of hair-brained prowess, which I have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to follow. But, old Jack Falstaff!—kind Jack Falstaff!—sweet Jack Falstaff!—has enlarged the boundaries of human enjoyment; he has added vast regions of wit and good humour, in which the poorest man may revel; and has bequeathed a never-failing inheritance of jolly laughter, to make mankind merrier and better to the latest posterity.

A thought suddenly struck me: "I will make a pilgrimage to Eastcheap," said I, closing the book, "and see if the old Boar's Head Tavern still exists. Who knows but I may light upon some legendary traces of Dame Quickly and her guests; at any rate, there will be a kindred pleasure, in treading the hall's once vocal with their mirth, to that the toper enjoys in smelling to the empty cask once filled with generous wine."

The resolution was no sooner formed than put in execution. I forbear to treat of the various adventures and wonders I encountered in my travels; of the haunted regions of Cocklane; of the faded glories of Little Britain, and the parts adjacent; what perils I ran in Cateaton-street and Old Jewry; of the renowned Guild-hall and its two stunted giants, the pride and wonder of the city, and the terror of all unlucky urchins; and how I visited London Stone, and struck my staff upon it, in imitation of that arch rebel, Jack Cade.

Let it suffice to say, that I at length arrived in merry Eastcheap, that ancient region of wit and wassail, where the very names of the streets relished of good cheer, as Pudding-lane bears testimony even at the present day. For Eastcheap, says old Stowe, "was always famous for its convivial doings. The cookes cried hot ribbes of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals: there was clattering of pewter pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie." Alas! how sadly is the scene changed since the roaring days of Falstaff and old Stowe! The madcap royster has given place to the plodding tradesman; the clattering of pots and the sound of "harpe and sawtrie," to the din of carts and the accursed dinging of the dustman's bell; and no song is heard, save, haply, the strain of some siren from Billingsgate, chanting the eulogy of deceased mackerel.

I sought, in vain, for the ancient abode of Dame Quickly. The only relique of it is a boar's head carved in relief in stone, which formerly served as the sign, but at present is built into the parting line of two houses, which stand on the site of the renowned old tavern.

For the history of this little abode of good fellowship, I was referred to a tallow-chandler's widow, opposite, who had been born and brought up on the spot, and was looked up to as the indisputable chronicler of the neighbourhood. I found her seated in a little back parlour, the window of which looked out upon a yard about eight feet square, laid out as a flower-garden; while a glass door opposite afforded a distant peep of the street, through a vista of soap and tallow candles: the two views, which comprised, in all probability, her prospects in life, and the little world in which she had lived, and moved, and had her being, for the better part of a century.

To be versed in the history of Eastcheap, great and little, from London Stone even unto the Monument, was, doubtless, in her opinion, to be acquainted with the history of the universe. Yet, with all this, she possessed the simplicity of true wisdom, and that liberal communicative disposition, which I have generally remarked in intelligent old ladies, knowing in the concerns of their neighbourhood.

Her information, however, did not extend far back into antiquity. She could throw no light upon the history of the Boar's Head, from the time that Dame Quickly espoused the valiant Pistol, until the great fire of London, when it was unfortunately burnt down. It was soon rebuilt, and continued to flourish under the old name and sign, until a dying landlord, struck with remorse for double scores, bad measures, and other iniquities, which are incident to the sinful race of publicans, endeavoured to make his peace with heaven, by bequeathing the tavern to St Michael's Church, Crooked-lane, toward the supporting of a chaplain. For some time the vestry meetings were regularly held there; but it was observed that the old Boar never held up his head under church government. He gradually declined, and finally gave his last gasp about thirty years since. The tavern was then turned into shops; but she informed me that a picture of it was still preserved in St Michael's Church, which stood just in the rear. To get a sight of this picture was now my determination; so, having informed myself of the abode of the sexton, I took my leave of the venerable chronicler of Eastcheap, my visit having doubtless raised greatly her opinion of her legendary lore, and furnished an important incident in the history of her life.

It cost me some difficulty, and much curious inquiry, to ferret out the humble hanger-on to the church. I had to explore Crooked-lane, and diverse little alleys, and elbows, and dark passages, within which this old city is perforated, like an ancient chest, or a worm-eaten chest of drawers. At length I traced him to a corner of a small court, surrounded by lofty

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uld now and then hazard a small pleasantry ; such
a man of his low estate might venture to make in the
pany of high church-wardens, and other mighty
en of the earth. I found him in company with the
uty organist, seated apart, like Milton's angels,
oursing, no doubt, on high doctrinal points, and
iting the affairs of the church over a friendly pot of
— for the lower classes of English seldom deliberate
any weighty matter without the assistance of a
tankard to clear their understandings. I arrived
the moment when they had finished their ale and
ir argument, and were about to repair to the
rch to put it in order ; so, having made known my
shes, I received their gracious permission to accom
y them.

The church of St Michael's, Crooked-lane, stand
a short distance from Billingsgate, is enriched
h the tombs of many fishmongers of renown ; and
ery profession has its galaxy of glory, and its
stellation of great men, I presume the monument
a mighty fishmonger of the olden time is regarded
h as much reverence by succeeding generations
he craft, as poets feel on contemplating the tomb
Virgil, or soldiers the monument of a Marlborough
Turenne.

I cannot but turn aside, while thus speaking of illus
s men, to observe that St Michael's, Crooked-lane,
ains also the ashes of that doughty champion,
William Walworth, knight, who so manfully clove
wn the sturdy wight, Wat Tyler, in Smithfield ; a
d worthy of honourable blazon, as almost the only
rd Mayor on record famous for deeds of arms :—
sovereigns of Cockney being generally renowned
the most pacific of all potentates.

The following was the ancient inscription on the monument
his worthy ; which, unhappily, was destroyed in the great
agration.

Hereunder lyth a man of Fame,
William Walworth callyd by name ;
Fishmonger he was in tyfftime here,
And twise Lord Maior, as in books appere ;
Who, with courage stout and manly myght,
Slew Jack Straw in Kyng Richard's sight.
For which act done, and trew entent,
The Kyng made him knyght incontinent ;
And gave him armes, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivaldrie.
He left this tyff the yere of our God
Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd.

An error in the foregoing inscription has been corrected by the
reable Stowe. "Whereas," saith he, "it hath been far spread
ad by vulgar opinion, that the rebel smitten down so manfully
by Sir William Walworth, the then worthy Lord Maior, was
Jack Straw, and not Wat Tyler. I thought good to recon
this rash-conceived doubt by such testimony as I find in an
t and good records. The principal leaders, or captains, of the
mons, were Wat Tyler, as the first man ; the second was
Jack, Straw, etc. etc."

STOWE'S LONDON.

Adjoining the church, in a small cemetery, imme
diately under the back window of what was once the
Boar's Head, stands the tombstone of Robert Preston,
whilome drawer at the tavern. It is now nearly a
century since this trusty drawer of good liquor closed
his bustling career, and was thus quietly deposited
within call of his customers. As I was clearing away
the weeds from his epitaph, the little sexton drew me
on one side with a mysterious air, and informed me
in a low voice, that once upon a time, on a dark win
try night, when the wind was unruly, howling, and
whistling, banging about doors and windows, and
twirling weathercocks, so that the living were fright
ened out of their beds, and even the dead could
not sleep quietly in their graves, the ghost of honest
Preston, which happened to be airing itself in the
churchyard, was attracted by the well-known call of
"waiter" from the Boar's Head, and made its sud
den appearance in the midst of a roaring club, just as
the parish clerk was singing a stave from the "mirre
garland of Captain Death ;" to the discomfiture of
sundry trainband captains, and the conversion of an
infidel attorney, who became a zealous Christian on
the spot, and was never known to twist the truth af
terwards, except in the way of business.

I beg it may be remembered, that I do not pledge
myself for the authenticity of this anecdote ; though it
is well known that the churchyards and by- corners of
this old metropolis are very much infested with per
turbed spirits ; and every one must have heard of the
Cock-lane ghost, and the apparition that guards the
regalia in the Tower, which has frightened so many
bold sentinels almost out of their wits.

Be all this as it may, this Robert Preston seems to
have been a worthy successor to the nimble-tongued
Francis, who attended upon the revels of Prince Hal ;
to have been equally prompt with his "anon, anon,
sir ;" and to have transcended his predecessor in ho
nesty ; for Falstaff, the veracity of whose taste no man
will venture to impeach, flatly accuses Francis of
putting liquor in his sack ; whereas honest Preston's
epitaph lauds him for the sobriety of his conduct, the
soundness of his wine, and the fairness of his measure.
The worthy dignitaries of the church, however, did
not appear much captivated by the sober virtues of the
tapster ; the deputy organist, who had a moist look
out of the eye, made some shrewd remark on the ab
stemiousness of a man brought up among full hogs
heads ; and the little sexton corroborated his opinion

As this inscription is rife with excellent morality, I transcribe
it for the admonition of delinquent tapsters. It is, no doubt, the
production of some choice spirit, who once frequented the Boar's
Head.

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produced one sober son, and here he lies.
Though rear'd among full hogsheads, he defy'd
The charms of wine, and every one beside.
O reader, if to justice thou'r inclin'd,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that excus'd his faults.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance.

by a significant wink, and a dubious shake of the head.

Thus far my researches, though they threw much light on the history of tapsters, fishmongers, and Lord Mayors, yet disappointed me in the great object of my quest, the picture of the Boar's Head Tavern. No such painting was to be found in the church of St Michael. "Marry and amen!" said I, "here endeth my research!" So I was giving the matter up, with the air of a baffled antiquary, when my friend the sexton, perceiving me to be curious in every thing relative to the old tavern, offered to show me the choice vessels of the vestry, which had been handed down from remote times, when the parish meetings were held at the Boar's Head. These were deposited in the parish club-room, which had been transferred, on the decline of the ancient establishment, to a tavern in the neighbourhood.

A few steps brought us to the house, which stands No. 42, Miles-lane, bearing the title of the Mason's Arms, and is kept by Master Edward Honeyball, the "bully-rock" of the establishment. It is one of those little taverns which abound in the heart of the city, and form the centre of gossip and intelligence of the neighbourhood. We entered the bar-room, which was narrow and darkling; for in these close lanes but few rays of reflected light are enabled to struggle down to the inhabitants, whose broad day is at best but a tolerable twilight. The room was partitioned into boxes, each containing a table spread with a clean white cloth, ready for dinner. This showed that the guests were of the good old stamp, and divided their day equally, for it was but just one o'clock. At the lower end of the room was a clear coal fire, before which a breast of lamb was roasting. A row of bright brass candlesticks and pewter mugs glistened along the mantel-piece, and an old-fashioned clock ticked in one corner. There was something primitive in this medley of kitchen, parlour, and hall, that carried me back to earlier times, and pleased me. The place, indeed, was humble, but every thing had that look of order and neatness, which bespeaks the superintendence of a notable English housewife. A group of amphibious-looking beings, who might be either fishermen or sailors, were regaling themselves in one of the boxes. As I was a visitor of rather higher pretensions, I was ushered into a little misshapen back room, having at least nine corners. It was lighted by a sky-light, furnished with antiquated leathern chairs, and ornamented with the portrait of a fat pig. It was evidently appropriated to particular customers, and I found a shabby gentleman, in a red nose and oil-cloth hat, seated in one corner, meditating on a half-empty pot of porter.

The old sexton had taken the landlady aside, and with an air of profound importance imparted to her my errand. Dame Honeyball was a likely, plump, bustling, little woman, and no had substitute for that paragon of hostesses, Dame Quickly. She seemed delighted with an opportunity to oblige; and hurrying up stairs to the archives of her house, where the precious

vessels of the parish club were deposited, she returned smiling and courtesying, with them in her hands.

The first she presented me was a japanned iron tobacco-box, of gigantic size, out of which, I was told the vestry had smoked at their stated meetings, since time immemorial; and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands, or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence; but what was my delight, at beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! This was displayed the outside of the Boar's Head Tavern, and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group, at table, in full revel; pictured with the wonderful fidelity and force, with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes, for the benefit of posterity. Let me however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottoms of their chairs.

On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that this box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meeting at the Boar's Head Tavern, and that it was "repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr John Parard, 1767." Such is a faithful description of the august and venerable relique; and I question whether the learned Scribblerius contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long sought san-greal, with more exultation.

While I was meditating on it with enraptured gaze, Dame Honeyball, who was highly gratified by the interest it excited, put in my hands a drinking cup or goblet, which also belonged to the vestry, and was descended from the old Boar's Head. It bore the inscription of having been the gift of Francis Wyther knight, and was held, she told me, in exceeding great value, being considered very "antyeke." This opinion was strengthened by the shabby gentleman in the red nose and oil-cloth hat, and whom I strongly suspected of being a lineal descendant from the valiant Bardolph. He suddenly aroused from his meditation on the pot of porter, and, casting a knowing look at the goblet, exclaimed, "Ay, ay! the ha don't ache now that made that there article!"

The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry by modern church-wardens at the time puzzled me; but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research; for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical "parcel-gilt goblet" on which Falstaff made his loving, but faithless vow to Dame Quickly, and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract.

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday, in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy back for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it?—Henry Part 2.

Mine hostess, in the goblet had been operation. She particular concern were seated themselves ancient roysters commentators, utter Shakespeare. These should not be Suffice it to s Eastcheap, b actually lived several legendary ant among the omis, which they their forefathers; esser, whose sho ar's Head, has se down in the boo ers ready to die now turned to e further inquiri meditation. I side; a deep sig stomach; and, bbling in his eye ling from a corn ection of his eye es, and found it ost of lamb, roas fire. now called to m odite investigati on his dinner. M, putting in his b and goodwill, I on him, Da b of Crooked-la sententious frien e. hus have I giv interesting rese et and unsatisfact ce in this branch ar at the presen ul illustrator of elled the material rchantable bulk; William Walworth, e notice of the e's; the history ate anecdotes of ighter, whom I ha ing of a damsel on, by the way, a neat foot and iots of Wat Tyle of London. ll this I leave, as re commentators

posited, she returned
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vow to Dame Quick-
be treasured up in
domains, as a testimo-

parcel-gilt goblet, sitting
table, by a sea-coal fire,
the prince broke thy be-
nan of Windsor; thou did-
ny wound, to marry me,
thou deny it?—Henry

Mine hostess, indeed, gave me a long history how
the goblet had been handed down from generation to
generation. She also entertained me with many
particulars concerning the worthy vestrymen who
were seated themselves thus quietly on the stools of
the ancient roysters of Eastcheap, and, like so many
commentators, utter clouds of smoke in honour of
Shakespeare. These I forbear to relate, lest my read-
ers should not be as curious in these matters as my-
self. Suffice it to say, the neighbours, one and all,
about Eastcheap, believe that Falstaff and his merry
crew actually lived and revelled there. Nay, there
are several legendary anecdotes concerning him still
current among the oldest frequenters of the Mason's
taverns, which they give as transmitted down from
their forefathers; and Mr M'Kash, an Irish hair-
dresser, whose shop stands on the site of the old
Boar's Head, has several dry jokes of Fat Jack's, not
recorded down in the books, with which he makes his cus-
tomers ready to die of laughter.

I now turned to my friend the sexton to make
some further inquiries, but I found him sunk in pen-
sive meditation. His head had declined a little on
this side; a deep sigh heaved from the very bottom of
his stomach; and, though I could not see a tear
glistening in his eye, yet a moisture was evidently
trickling from a corner of his mouth. I followed the
direction of his eye through the door which stood
open, and found it fixed wistfully on the savoury
roast of lamb, roasting in dripping richness before
the fire.

I now called to mind that, in the eagerness of my
pious investigation, I was keeping the poor man
waiting for his dinner. My bowels yearned with sympathy,
and, putting in his hand a small token of my grati-
tude and goodwill, I departed, with a hearty bene-
diction on him, Dame Honeyball, and the Parish
Clerk of Crooked-lane;—not forgetting my shabby
sententious friend, in the oil-cloth hat and copper

collar. Thus have I given a "tedious brief" account of
my interesting research, for which, if it prove too
short and unsatisfactory, I can only plead my inexpe-
rience in this branch of literature, so deservedly po-
pular at the present day. I am aware that a more
ful illustrator of the immortal bard would have
collected the materials I have touched upon, to a good
and merchantable bulk; comprising the biographies of
William Walworth, Jack Straw, and Robert Preston;
the notice of the eminent fishmongers of St Mi-
chael's; the history of Eastcheap, great and little;
the late anecdotes of Dame Honeyball, and her pretty
daughter, whom I have not even mentioned; to say
nothing of a damsel tending the breast of lamb (and
I, by the way, I remarked to be a comely lass,
with a neat foot and ankle)—the whole enlivened by
the exploits of Wat Tyler, and illuminated by the great
of London.

All this I leave, as a rich mine, to be worked by
the commentators; nor do I despair of seeing the

tobacco-box, and the "parcel-gilt goblet," which I
have thus brought to light, the subjects of future en-
gravings, and almost as fruitful of voluminous disser-
tations and disputes as the shield of Achilles, or the
far-famed Portland vase.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE.

A COLLOQUY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great periods shall return to nought.

I know that all the muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought.

That there is nothing lighter than mere praise.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

THERE are certain half-dreaming moods of mind,
in which we naturally steal away from noise and
glare, and seek some quiet haunt, where we may in-
dulge our reveries and build our air castles undisturb-
ed. In such a mood I was loitering about the old
grey cloisters of Westminster Abbey, enjoying that
luxury of wandering thought which one is apt to di-
gnify with the name of reflection; when suddenly an
irruption of madcap boys from Westminster School,
playing at foot-ball, broke in upon the monastic still-
ness of the place, making the vaulted passages and
mouldering tombs echo with their merriment. I
sought to take refuge from their noise by penetrating
still deeper into the solitudes of the pile, and applied
to one of the vergers for admission to the library. He
conducted me through a portal rich with the crum-
bling sculpture of former ages, which opened upon a
gloomy passage leading to the chapter-house and the
chamber in which doomsday book is deposited. Just
within the passage is a small door on the left. To
this the verger applied a key; it was double locked,
and opened with some difficulty, as if seldom used.
We now ascended a dark narrow staircase, and,
passing through a second door, entered the library.

I found myself in a lofty antique hall, the roof sup-
ported by massive joists of old English oak. It was
soberly lighted by a row of gothic windows at a con-
siderable height from the floor, and which apparently
opened upon the roofs of the cloisters. An ancient
picture of some reverend dignitary of the church in
his robes hung over the fire-place. Around the hall
and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in
carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old
polemical writers, and were much more worn by time
than use. In the centre of the library was a solitary
table with two or three books on it, an inkstand with-
out ink, and a few pens parcelled by long disuse. The
place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound me-
ditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls
of the abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the
world. I could only hear now and then the shouts

of the school-boys faintly swelling from the cloisters, and the sound of a bell tolling for prayers, that echoed soberly along the roofs of the abbey. By degrees the shouts of merriment grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. The bell ceased to toll, and a profound silence reigned through the dusky hall.

I had taken down a little thick quarto, curiously bound in parchment, with brass clasps, and seated myself at the table in a venerable elbow-chair. Instead of reading, however, I was beguiled by the solemn monastic air, and lifeless quiet of the place, into a train of musing. As I looked around upon the old volumes in their mouldering covers, thus ranged on the shelves, and apparently never disturbed in their repose, I could not but consider the library a kind of literary catacomb, where authors, like mummies, are piously entombed, and left to blacken and moulder in dusty oblivion.

How much, thought I, has each of these volumes, now thrust aside with such indifference, cost some aching head! how many weary days! how many sleepless nights! How have their authors buried themselves in the solitude of cells and cloisters; shut themselves up from the face of man, and the still more blessed face of nature; and devoted themselves to painful research and intense reflection! And all for what? to occupy an inch of dusty shelf—to have the title of their works read now and then in a future age, by some drowsy churchman or casual straggler like myself; and in another age to be lost, even to remembrance. Such is the amount of this boasted immortality. A mere temporary rumour, a local sound; like the tone of that bell which has just tolled among these towers, filling the ear for a moment—lingering transiently in echo—and then passing away like a thing that was not!

While I sat half murmuring, half meditating these unprofitable speculations, with my head resting on my hand, I was thrumming with the other hand upon the quarto, until I accidentally loosened the clasps; when, to my utter astonishment, the little book gave two or three yawns, like one awaking from a deep sleep: then a husky hem; and at length began to talk. At first its voice was very hoarse and broken, being much troubled by a cobweb which some studious spider had woven across it; and having probably contracted a cold from long exposure to the chills and damps of the abbey. In a short time, however, it became more distinct, and I soon found it an exceedingly fluent conversable little tome. Its language, to be sure, was rather quaint and obsolete, and its pronunciation, what, in the present day, would be deemed barbarous; but I shall endeavour, as far as I am able, to render it in modern parlance.

It began with railings about the neglect of the world—about merit being suffered to languish in obscurity, and other such common-place topics of literary repining, and complained bitterly that it had not been opened for more than two centuries. That the dean only looked now and then into the library, sometimes

took down a volume or two, trifled with them a few moments, and then returned them to their shelves. "What a plague do they mean," said the little quarto, which I began to perceive was somewhat choleric, "what a plague do they mean by keeping several thousand volumes of us slumt up here, and watched by a set of old vergers, like so many beauties in a harem, merely to be looked at now and then by the dean? Books were written to give pleasure to be enjoyed; and I would have a rule passed that the dean should pay each of us a visit at least once a year, or if he is not equal to the task, let them once in a while turn loose the whole school of Westminster among us, that at any rate we may now and then have an airing."

"Softly, my worthy friend," replied I, "you are not aware how much better you are off than most books of your generation. By being stored away in this ancient library, you are like the treasures of the saints and monarchs which lie enshrined in the adjoining chapels; while the remains of the contemporary mortals, left to the ordinary course of nature, have long since returned to dust."

"Sir," said the little tome, ruffling his leaves a little looking big, "I was written for all the world, not the bookworms of an abbey. I was intended to circulate from hand to hand, like other great contemporary works; but here have I been clasped up more than two centuries, and might have silently fallen a prey to these worms that are playing the vengeance with my intestines, if you had not chance given me an opportunity of uttering a few last words before I go to pieces."

"My good friend," rejoined I, "had you been to the circulation of which you speak, you would here this have been no more. To judge from your physiognomy, you are now well stricken in years; very few of your contemporaries can be at present in existence; and those few owe their longevity to being immured like yourself in old libraries; which, say me to add, instead of likening to harems, you might more properly and gratefully have compared to the infirmaries attached to religious establishments, the benefit of the old and decrepit, and where, in quiet fostering and no employment, they often end to an amazingly good-for-nothing old age. You, of your contemporaries as if in circulation—where we meet with their works? what do we hear of Herbert Groteste, of Lincoln? No one could have talked harder than he for immortality. He is said to have written nearly two hundred volumes. He built, it were, a pyramid of books to perpetuate his name; but, alas! the pyramid has long since fallen, and a few fragments are scattered in various libraries, where they are scarcely disturbed even by the antiquarian. What do we hear of Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian, antiquary, philosopher, theologian, and poet? He declined two bishoprics, that he might shut himself up and write for posterity; but posterity never inquires after his labours. What of Henry

Huntingdon, who, I understand, wrote a treatise on which the world is quoted. What is quoted of his age? great heroic poems, mere fragments; of the curious in and epigrams, that is in current use. I acquired the name of Malmesbury;—of Peterborough, of —"

"Prithce, friend, how old do you think your authors that lived in Latin or French, tried themselves? but I, sir, was one of the renowned in my own native tongue had become a model of (I should observe in such intolerable finite difficulty in ecology.)

"I cry your mercy; but it matters not your time have like De Worde's publishing among book-collectors, language, too, of perpetuity, have authors of every worthy Robert of in rhymes of mon of Spenser's 'well the language even dead, and was not tongues, perpetu miniatures. It is ture so extremely upon it so fleetly mitted to something else than such a

in Latin and French to edit, and I have been some that speaks the French language of Frenchmen.

Holinshed, in his account of the second Richard the Second, a noble monk of Beaulieu, who passed his life in the study of the scriptures until the time of his death, bishop of Sarum, John Wicliffe, have fully accepted of praise and immo-

Huntingdon, who, besides a learned history of England, wrote a treatise on the contempt of the world, which the world has revenged by forgetting him? What is quoted of Joseph of Exeter, styled the miracle of his age in classical composition? Of his three great heroic poems one is lost for ever, excepting a mere fragment; the others are known only to a few of the curious in literature; and as to his love verses and epigrams, they have entirely disappeared. What is in current use of John Wallis, the Franciscan, who acquired the name of the tree of life? Of William of Malmesbury;—of Simeon of Durham;—of Benedict of Peterborough;—of John Hanvill of St Albans;—of ———”

“Prithce, friend,” cried the quarto, in a testy tone, “how old do you think me? You are talking of authors that lived long before my time, and wrote either in Latin or French, so that they in a manner expatriated themselves, and deserved to be forgotten;” but I, sir, was ushered into the world from the press of the renowned Whykyn de Worde. I was written in my own native tongue at a time when the language had become fixed; and indeed I was considered a model of pure and elegant English.”

(I should observe that these remarks were couched in such intolerably antiquated terms, that I have infinite difficulty in rendering them into modern phraseology.)

“I cry your mercy,” said I, “for mistaking your age; but it matters little: almost all the writers of your time have likewise passed into forgetfulness; and De Worde’s publications are mere literary rarities among book-collectors. The purity and stability of language, too, on which you found your claims to perpetuity, have been the fallacious dependance of authors of every age, even back to the times of the worthy Robert of Gloucester, who wrote his history in rhymes of mongrel Saxon.” Even now many talk of Spenser’s ‘well of pure English undefiled,’ as if the language ever sprang from a well or fountain head, and was not rather a mere confluence of various tongues, perpetually subject to changes and intermigrations. It is this which has made English literature so extremely mutable, and the reputation built upon it so fleeting. Unless thought can be committed to something more permanent and unchangeable than such a medium, even thought must share

* In Latin and French hath many souverain wittes had great desire to endure, and have many noble thinges fulfild, but certes there ben some that speaken their polaye in French, of which speche the Frenchmen have as good a fantasye as we have in hearing of Frenchmen’s Englyshe.—*Chaucer’s Testament of Love.*

* Holinshed, in his Chronicle, observes, “Afterwards, also, by diligent travell of Geffrey Chaucer and of John Gowre, in the time of Richard the Second, and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monke of Berrie, our said toong was brought to an excellent passe, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection until the time of Queen Elizabeth, where in John Jewell, bishop of Sarum, John Fox, and sundrie learned and excellent writers, have fully accomplished the ornamente of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation.”

the fate of every thing else, and fall into decay. This should serve as a check upon the vanity and exultation of the most popular writer. He finds the language in which he has embarked his fame gradually altering, and subject to the dilapidations of time and the caprice of fashion. He looks back and beholds the early authors of his country, once the favourites of their day, supplanted by modern writers. A few short ages have covered them with obscurity, and their merits can only be relished by the quaint taste of the bookworm. And such, he anticipates, will be the fate of his own work, which, however it may be admired in its day, and held up as a model of purity, will in the course of years grow antiquated and obsolete; until it shall become almost as unintelligible in its native land as an Egyptian obelisk, or one of those Runic inscriptions said to exist in the deserts of Tartary. I declare,” added I, with some emotion, “when I contemplate a modern library, filled with new works, in all the bravery of rich gilding and binding, I feel disposed to sit down and weep; like the good Xerxes, when he surveyed his army, pranked out in all the splendour of military array, and reflected that in one hundred years not one of them would be in existence!”

“Ah,” said the little quarto, with a heavy sigh, “I see how it is; these modern scribblers have superseded all the good old authors. I suppose nothing is read now-a-days but Sir Philip Sydney’s *Arcadia*, Sackville’s stately plays, and *Mirror for Magistrates*, or the fine-spun euphuisms of the ‘unparalleled John Lyly.’”

“There you are again mistaken,” said I; “the writers whom you suppose in vogue, because they happened to be so when you were last in circulation, have long since had their day. Sir Philip Sydney’s *Arcadia*, the immortality of which was so fondly predicted by his admirers, and which, in truth, is full of noble thoughts, delicate images, and graceful turns of language, is now scarcely ever mentioned. Sackville has strutted into obscurity; and even Lyly, though his writings were once the delight of a court, and apparently perpetuated by a proverb, is now scarcely known even by name. A whole crowd of authors who wrote and wrangled at the time, have likewise gone down, with all their writings and their controversies. Wave after wave of succeeding literature has rolled over them, until they are buried so deep, that it is only now and then that some industrious diver after fragments of antiquity brings up a specimen for the gratification of the curious.

“For my part,” I continued, “I consider this mutability of language a wise precaution of Providence

* Live ever sweete booke; the simple image of his gentle witt. and the golden pillar of his noble courage; and ever gently unto the world that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the muses, the honey bee of the daintiest flowers of witt and arte, the pith of morale and intellectual virtues, the arme of Bellona in the field, the tonge of Suada in the chamber, the spirit of Practice in esse, and the paragon of excellency in print.

Harvey Pierce’s Superegration.

for the benefit of the world at large, and of authors in particular. To reason from analogy, we daily behold the varied and beautiful tribes of vegetables springing up, flourishing, adorning the fields for a short time, and then fading into dust, to make way for their successors. Were not this the case, the fecundity of nature would be a grievance instead of a blessing. The earth would groan with rank and excessive vegetation, and its surface become a tangled wilderness. In like manner the works of genius and learning decline, and make way for subsequent productions. Language gradually varies, and with it fade away the writings of authors who have flourished their allotted time; otherwise, the creative powers of genius would overstock the world, and the mind would be completely bewildered in the endless mazes of literature. Formerly there were some restraints on this excessive multiplication. Works had to be transcribed by hand, which was a slow and laborious operation; they were written either on parchment, which was expensive, so that one work was often erased to make way for another; or on papyrus, which was fragile and extremely perishable. Authorship was a limited and unprofitable craft, pursued chiefly by monks in the leisure and solitude of their cloisters. The accumulation of manuscripts was slow and costly, and confined almost entirely to monasteries. To these circumstances it may, in some measure, be owing that we have not been inundated by the intellect of antiquity; that the fountains of thought have not been broken up, and modern genius drowned in the deluge. But the inventions of paper and the press have put an end to all these restraints. They have made every one a writer, and enabled every mind to pour itself into print, and diffuse itself over the whole intellectual world. The consequences are alarming. The stream of literature has swollen into a torrent—augmented into a river—expanded into a sea. A few centuries since, five or six hundred manuscripts constituted a great library; but what would you say to libraries such as actually exist, containing three or four hundred thousand volumes; legions of authors at the same time busy; and the press going on with fearfully increasing activity, to double and quadruple the number? Unless some unforeseen mortality should break out among the progeny of the muse, now that she has become so prolific, I tremble for posterity. I fear the mere fluctuation of language will not be sufficient. Criticism may do much. It increases with the increase of literature, and resembles one of those salutary checks on population spoken of by economists. All possible encouragement, therefore, should be given to the growth of critics, good or bad. But I fear all will be in vain; let criticism do what it may, writers will write, printers will print, and the world will inevitably be overstocked with good books. It will soon be the employment of a lifetime merely to learn their names. Many a man of passable information, at the present day, reads scarcely any thing but reviews; and before long a man of erudition will

be little better than a mere walking catalogue."

"My very good sir," said the little quarto, yawning most drearily in my face, "excuse my interrupting you, but I perceive you are rather given to prose. I would ask the fate of an author who was making some noise just as I left the world. His reputation, however, was considered quite temporary. The learned shook their heads at him, for he was a poor half-educated varlet, that knew little of Latin, and nothing of Greek, and had been obliged to run the country for deer-stealing. I think his name was Shakspeare. I presume he soon sunk into oblivion."

"On the contrary," said I, "it is owing to that very man that the literature of his period has experienced a duration beyond the ordinary term of English literature. There rise authors now and then, who seem proof against the mutability of language, because they have rooted themselves in the unchanging principles of human nature. They are like gigantic trees that we sometimes see on the banks of a stream; while, by their vast and deep roots, penetrating through the mere surface, and laying hold on the very foundations of the earth, preserve the soil around them from being swept away by the ever-flowing current, and hold up many a neighbouring plant, and, perhaps, we call it a weed, to perpetuity. Such is the case with Shakspeare, whom we behold defying the encroachments of time, retaining in modern use the language and literature of his day, and giving duration to many an indifferent author, merely from having flourished in his vicinity. But even he, I grieve to say, is gradually assuming the tint of age, and his whole form is overrun by a profusion of commentators, who like clambling vines and creepers, almost bury the noble plant that upholds them."

Here the little quarto began to heave his sides and chuckle, until at length he broke out in a plethoric fit of laughter that had well nigh choked him, by reason of his excessive corpulency. "Mighty well!" cried he, as soon as he could recover breath, "mighty well! and so you would persuade me that the literature of an age is to be perpetuated by a vagabond deer-stealer! by a man without learning; by a poet forsooth—a poet!" And here he wheezed forth another fit of laughter.

I confess that I felt somewhat nettled at this rudeness, which however I pardoned on account of his having flourished in a less polished age. I determined, nevertheless, not to give up my point.

"Yes," resumed I, positively, "a poet; for of all writers he has the best chance for immortality. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him. He is the faithful pourtrayer of nature, whose features are always the same, and always interesting. Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages are crowded with common-places, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet every thing is terse, touching, or brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest lan-

guage. He illustrates most strikingly them by pictures before him. His is the aroma, if I may so call it, which he lives within a small circle of his family jewels in a portable form to occasionally be antiquated, renewed, as a fancy and intrinsic altered. Cast a literary history with monkish legends, what bogs of metaphors, behold the heavens cons on their wide pure light of poetry. I was just al upon the poets of the door cause- verger, who came close the library. with the quarto, the clasps were conscious of all the library two or three poured to draw vein; and whether took place, or whether-dreams to w this moment been

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guage. He illustrates them by every thing that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma, if I may use the phrase, of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which enclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated, and require now and then to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dulness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! what bogs of theological speculations! what dreary wastes of metaphysics! Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illuminated bards, elevated like beacons on their widely-separate heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age."

I was just about to launch forth into eulogiums upon the poets of the day, when the sudden opening of the door caused me to turn my head. It was the verger, who came to inform me that it was time to close the library. I sought to have a parting word with the quarto, but the worthy little tome was silent; the clasps were closed; and it looked perfectly unconscious of all that had passed. I have been to the library two or three times since, and have endeavoured to draw it into further conversation, but in vain; and whether all this rambling colloquy actually took place, or whether it was another of those odd day-dreams to which I am subject, I have never to this moment been able to discover.

RURAL FUNERALS.

Here's a few flowers! but about midnight more!
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fit't for graves—
You were as flowers now wither'd; even so
These herbets shall, which we upon you strow.

CYMBELINE.

AMONG the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England, are those of strewing flowers before the funerals, and planting them at the graves, of departed

Thow earth and waters deepe,
The pen by skill doth passe:
And featy nyps the worldes abuse,
And shoes us in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice
Of every wight alyve;
The honey comb that bee doth make
Is not so sweet in hyve,
As are the golden leves
That drop from poet's head!
Which doth surmount our common talke
As farre as dross doth lead.

Churchyard.

friends. These, it is said, are the remains of some of the rites of the primitive church; but they are of still higher antiquity, having been observed among the Greeks and Romans, and frequently mentioned by their writers, and were, no doubt, the spontaneous tributes of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song, or story it on the monument. They are now only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in, and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time.

In Glamorganshire, we are told, the bed whereon the corpse lies is covered with flowers, a custom alluded to in one of the wild and plaintive ditties of Ophelia:

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which be-wept to the grave did go,
With true love showers.

There is also a most delicate and beautiful rite observed in some of the remote villages of the south, at the funeral of a female who has died young and unmarried. A chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl nearest in age, size, and resemblance, and is afterwards hung up in the church over the accustomed seat of the deceased. The chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven.

In some parts of the country, also, the dead are carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns: a kind of triumph, "to shew," says Bourne, "that they have finished their course with joy, and are become conquerors." This, I am informed, is observed in some of the northern counties, particularly in Northumberland, and it has a pleasing though melancholy effect, to hear, of a still evening, in some lonely country scene, the mournful melody of a funeral dirge swelling from a distance, and to see the train slowly moving along the landscape.

Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground,
And as we sing thy dirge, we will

The daffodill

And other flowers lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Herrick.

There is also a solemn respect paid by the traveller to the passing funeral in these sequestered places; for such spectacles, occurring among the quiet abodes of nature, sink deep into the soul. As the mourning train approaches, he pauses, uncovered, to let it go by; he then follows silently in the rear; sometimes quite to the grave, at other times for a few hundred yards, and, having paid this tribute of respect to the deceased, turns and resumes his journey.

The rich vein of melancholy which runs through the English character, and gives it some of its most touching and ennobling graces, is finely evinced in

these pathetic customs, and in the solicitude shown by the common people for an honoured and a peaceful grave. The humblest peasant, whatever may be his lowly lot while living, is anxious that some little respect may be paid to his remains. Sir Thomas Overbury, describing the "faire and happy milk-maid," observes, "thus lives she, and all her care is, that she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stucked upon her winding-sheet." The poets, too, who always breathe the feeling of a nation, continually advert to this fond solicitude about the grave. In "The Maid's Tragedy," by Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a beautiful instance of the kind, describing the capricious melancholy of a broken-hearted girl:

When she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
Her servants, what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.

The custom of decorating graves was once universally prevalent: osiers were carefully bent over them to keep the turf uninjured, and about them were planted evergreens and flowers. "We adorn their graves," says Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, "with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonour, rise again in glory." This usage has now become extremely rare in England; but it may still be met with in the churchyards of retired villages, among the Welsh mountains; and I recollect an instance of it at the small town of Ruthen, which lies at the head of the beautiful vale of Clewyd. I have been told also by a friend, who was present at the funeral of a young girl in Glamorganshire, that the female attendants had their aprons full of flowers, which, as soon as the body was interred, they stuck about the grave.

He noticed several graves which had been decorated in the same manner. As the flowers had been merely stuck in the ground, and not planted, they had soon withered and might be seen in various states of decay; some drooping, others quite perished. They were afterwards to be supplanted by holly, rosemary, and other evergreens; which on some graves had grown to great luxuriance, and overshadowed the tombstones.

There was formerly a melancholy fancifulness in the arrangement of these rustic offerings, that had something in it truly poetical. The rose was sometimes blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality. "This sweet flower," said Evelyn, "borne on a branch set with thorns, and accompanied with the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, unbratle, anxious, and transitory life, which, making so fair a show for a time, is not yet without its thorns and crosses." The nature and colour of the flowers, and of the ribands with which they were tied, had often a particular reference to the qualities

or story of the deceased, or were expressive of the feelings of the mourner. In an old poem, entitled "Corydon's Doleful Knell," a lover specifies the decorations he intends to use:

A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry-coloured flowers,
In token of good-will.
And sundry-colour'd ribands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go.
I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears as showres,
I'll keep them fresh and green.

The white rose, we are told, was planted at the grave of a virgin; her chaplet was tied with white ribands, in token of her spotless innocence; though sometimes black ribands were intermingled, to bespeak the grief of the survivors. The red rose was occasionally used in remembrance of such as had been remarkable for benevolence; but roses in general were appropriated to the graves of lovers. Evelyn tells us that the custom was not altogether extinct in his time, near his dwelling in the country of Surrey, "where the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose-bushes." And Camden likewise remarks, in his *Britannia*: "Here is also a certain custom, observed time out of mind, of planting rose-trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maids who have lost their loves; so that this churchyard is now full of them."

When the deceased had been unhappy in their loves, emblems of a more gloomy character were used, such as the yew and cypress, and if flowers were strewed, they were of the most melancholy colours. Thus, in poems by Thomas Stanley, Esq. (published in 1654) is the following stanza:

Yet sirow
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have,
Forsaken cypresse and ead yewe;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth.

In "The Maid's Tragedy," a pathetic little air is introduced, illustrative of this mode of decorating the funerals of females who had been disappointed in love:

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dunnall yew,
Maidens, willow branches wear,
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

The natural effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and elevate the mind; and we have a proof of it in the purity of sentiment and the unaffected elegance of thought which pervaded the whole of these funeral observances. Thus, it was an especial pre-

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tion, that none but sweet-scented evergreens and flowers should be employed. The intention seems to have been to soften the horrors of the tomb, to beguile the mind from brooding over the disgraces of crushing mortality, and to associate the memory of the deceased with the most delicate and beautiful objects in nature. There is a dismal process going on in the grave, ere dust can return to its kindred dust, which the imagination shrinks from contemplating; and we seek still to think of the form we have loved, with those refined associations which it awakened when blooming before us in youth and beauty. "Lay me in the earth," says Laertes, of his virgin sister,

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!

Herrick, also, in his "Dirge of Jephtha," pours forth a fragrant flow of poetical thought and image, which in a manner embalms the dead in the recollections of the living.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all Paradise:
May sweets grow here! and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense.

Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.

.....
May all shie maids at wouted hours
Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers!
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male incense burn

Upon thine altar! then return
And leave thee sleeping in thine urn.

I might crowd my pages with extracts from the best British poets, who wrote when these rites were more prevalent, and delighted frequently to allude to them; but I have already quoted more than is necessary. I cannot, however, refrain from giving a passage from Shakspeare, even though it should appear to be; which illustrates the emblematical meaning then conveyed in these floral tributes; and at the same time possesses that magic of language and appearance of imagery for which he stands pre-eminent.

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer last, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine: whom not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath.

There is certainly something more affecting in these abrupt and spontaneous offerings of nature, than in the most costly monuments of art; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labour of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold pieces of sculptured marble.

It is greatly to be regretted, that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical custom says shines the walks of cultivated society. In por-

tion as people grow polite, they cease to be poetical. They talk of poetry, but they have learnt to check its free impulses, to distrust its sallying emotions, and to supply its most affecting and picturesque usages, by studied form and pompous ceremonial. Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of slow and gloomy parade; mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief. "There is a grave digged," says Jeremy Taylor, "and a solemn mourning, and a great talk in the neighbourhood, and when the daies are finished, they shall be, and they shall be remembered no more." The associate in the gay and crowded city is soon forgotten; the hurrying succession of new intimates and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. But funerals in the country are solemnly impressive. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of rural life. The passing bell tolls its knell in every ear; it steals with its pervading melancholy over hill and vale, and saddens all the landscape.

The fixed and unchanging features of the country also perpetuate the memory of the friend with whom we once enjoyed them, who was the companion of our most retired walks, and gave animation to every lonely scene. His idea is associated with every charm of nature; we hear his voice in the echo which he once delighted to awaken; his spirit haunts the grove which he once frequented; we think of him in the wild upland solitude, or amidst the pensive beauty of the valley. In the freshness of joyous morning, we remember his beaming smiles and bounding gaiety; and when sober evening returns with its gathering shadows and subduing quiet, we call to mind many a twilight hour of gentle talk and sweet-souled melancholy.

Each lonely place shall him restore.
For him the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Another cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country is, that the grave is more immediately in sight of the survivors. They pass it on their way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercises of devotion; they linger about it on the sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most disposed to turn aside from present pleasures and present loves, and to sit down among the solemn monuments of the past. In North Wales the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practised, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, when the season brings the companion of former festivity more vividly to mind. It is also invariably performed by the nearest relatives and

friends; no menials nor hirelings are employed; and if a neighbour yields assistance, it would be deemed an insult to offer compensation.

I have dwelt upon this beautiful rural custom, because, as it is one of the last, so it is one of the holiest offices of love. The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object, but the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises, purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be brought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and

the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendances—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonial of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never return to be soothed by thy contributions.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender, yet full tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

In writing the preceding article, it was not intended to give a full detail of the funeral customs of the English peasantry, but merely to furnish a few hints and quotations illustrative of particular rites, to be appended, by way of note, to another paper, which has been withheld. The article swelled insensibly into its present form, and this is mentioned as an apology for so brief and casual a notice of these usages, after they have been amply and learnedly investigated in other works.

I must observe, also, that I am well aware that this custom of adorning graves with flowers prevails in other countries besides England. Indeed, in some it is much more general, and is observed even by the rich and fashionable; but it is then apt to lose its simplicity, and to degenerate into affectation. Bright in his travels in Lower Hungary, tells of monuments of marble, and recesses formed for retirement, with

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placed among bowers of greenhouse plants; and at the graves generally are covered with the gayest flowers of the season. He gives a casual picture of that piety, which I cannot but describe; for I trust it is as useful as it is delightful, to illustrate the noble virtues of the sex. "When I was at Berlin," says he, "I followed the celebrated Ifland to the grave. Mingled with some pomp, you might trace such real feeling. In the midst of the ceremony, my attention was attracted by a young woman, who stood on a mound of earth, newly covered with turf, which she anxiously protected from the feet of the passing crowd. It was the tomb of her parent; and the figure of this affectionate daughter presented a moment more striking than the most costly work of art."

I will barely add an instance of sepulchral decoration that I once met with among the mountains of Switzerland. It was at the village of Gersau, which stands on the borders of the Lake of Lucern, at the foot of Mount Rigi. It was once the capital of a miniature republic, shut up between the Alps and the lake, and accessible on the land side only by foot-paths. The whole force of the republic did not exceed six hundred fighting men; and a few miles of circumference, scooped out as it were from the bosom of the mountains, comprised its territory. The village of Gersau seemed separated from the rest of the world, and retained the golden simplicity of a purer age. It had a small church, with a burying ground adjoining. At the heads of the graves were placed crosses of wood or iron. On some were affixed miniatures, rudely executed, but evidently attempts at likenesses of the deceased. On the crosses were hanging chaplets of flowers, some withering, others fresh, as if occasionally renewed. I paused with interest at this scene; I felt that I was at the source of poetical description, for these were the beautiful but neglected offerings of the heart which poets are vain to record. In a gayer and more populous place, I could have suspected them to have been suggested by a factitious sentiment, derived from books; but the good people of Gersau knew little of books; there was not a novel nor a love poem in the village; and I question whether any peasant of the place dreamt, while he was twining a fresh chaplet for the grave of his mistress, that he was fulfilling one of the most beautiful rites of poetical devotion, and that he was acting like a poet.

THE INN KITCHEN.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn?

WALSTAFF.

DURING a journey that I once made through the Netherlands, I had arrived one evening at the *Pomme Dr*, the principal inn of a small Flemish village. It was after the hour of the *table d'hôte*, so that I was obliged to make a solitary supper from the relics of

its ample board. The weather was chilly; I was seated alone in one end of a great gloomy dining-room, and, my repast being over, I had the prospect before me of a long dull evening, without any visible means of enlivening it. I summoned mine host, and requested something to read; he brought me the whole literary stock of his household, a Dutch family-bible, an almanac in the same language, and a number of old Paris newspapers. As I sat dozing over one of the latter, reading old news and stale criticisms, my ear was now and then struck with bursts of laughter which seemed to proceed from the kitchen. Every one that has travelled on the continent must know how favourite a resort the kitchen of a country inn is to the middle and inferior order of travellers; particularly in that equivocal kind of weather, when a fire becomes agreeable toward evening. I threw aside the newspaper, and explored my way to the kitchen, to take a peep at the group that appeared to be so merry. It was composed partly of travellers who had arrived some hours before in a diligence, and partly of the usual attendants and hangers-on of inns. They were seated round a great burnished stove, that might have been mistaken for an altar, at which they were worshipping. It was covered with various kitchen vessels of resplendent brightness; among which steamed and hissed a huge copper teakettle. A large lamp threw a strong mass of light upon the group, bringing out many odd features in strong relief. Its yellow rays partially illumined the spacious kitchen, dying duskily away into remote corners; except where they settled in mellow radiance on the broad side of a fitch of bacon, or were reflected back from well-scoured utensils, that gleamed from the midst of obscurity. A strapping Flemish lass, with long golden pendants in her ears, and a necklace with a golden heart suspended to it, was the presiding priestess of the temple.

Many of the company were furnished with pipes, and most of them with some kind of evening potation. I found their mirth was occasioned by anecdotes, which a little swarthy Frenchman, with a dry weazen face and large whiskers, was giving of his love adventures; at the end of each of which there was one of those bursts of honest unceremonious laughter, in which a man indulges in that temple of true liberty, an inn.

As I had no better mode of getting through a tedious blustering evening, I took my seat near the stove, and listened to a variety of traveller's tales, some very extravagant, and most very dull. All of them, however, have faded from my treacherous memory, except one, which I will endeavour to relate. I fear, however, it derived its chief zest from the manner in which it was told, and the peculiar air and appearance of the narrator. He was a corpulent old Swiss, who had the look of a veteran traveller. He was dressed in a tarnished green travelling-jacket, with a broad belt round his waist, and a pair of overalls, with buttons from the hips to the ankles.

He was of a full rubicund countenance, with a double chin, aquiline nose, and a pleasant twinkling eye. His hair was light, and curled from under an old green velvet travelling-cap stuck on one side of his head. He was interrupted more than once by the arrival of guests, or the remarks of his auditors; and paused now and then to replenish his pipe; at which times he had generally a roguish leer, and a sly joke for the buxom kitchen maid.

I wish my reader could imagine the old fellow lolling in a huge arm-chair, one arm akimbo, the other holding a curiously twisted tobacco pipe, formed of genuine *écume de mer*, decorated with silver chain and silken tassels—his head cocked on one side, and a whimsical cut of the eye occasionally, as he related the following story.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

A TRAVELLER'S TALK.

He that supper for is dight,
He lyes full cold, I trow, this night!
Yestreen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-steel has made his bed.
SIR EGEN, SIR GRAHAM, AND SIR GRAY-STEEL.

ON the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Main and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighbouring country.

The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen,* and inherited the reliques of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavoured to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys: still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing, with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbours, on account of disputes that had happened between their great great grandfathers.

* The erudite reader, well versed in good-for-nothing lore, will perceive that the above Tale must have been suggested to the old Swiss by a little French anecdote, of a circumstance said to have taken place at Paris.

* I. e. CAT'S-ELBOW. The name of a family of those parts very powerful in former times. The appellation, we are told, was given in compliment to a peerless damo of the family, celebrated for a fine arm.

The baron had but one child, a daughter; but nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the baron. All the nurses, good and country cousins, assured her father that she was not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and she should know better than they! She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen, she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances, that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalrous wonders of the Heldenbuch. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like nicknacks of all kinds; was versed in the most altruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the best der ballads of the Minnelieders by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent, and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men—pah!—she was taught to hold them at such distance, and in such absolute distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world—no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand; she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies of the world might go astray, yet, thank heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one; for Providence had

, a daughter; but she and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the baron's expense; and when they were seated with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the stark and grim warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvellous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his people exceeded even his own: they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance: it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio; the young people were betrothed without seeing each other; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been looked out with uncommon care. The two aunts superintended her toilet, and quarrelled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young Count had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegrooms could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the lustre of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They

were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do: but he was naturally a fuming bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work, to exhort them to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly on a warm summer's day.

In the mean time the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamour of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein*; and even the great Heidelberg tun had been laid under contribution. Every thing was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus* in the true spirit of German hospitality—but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun, that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forest of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns come floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the bats began to flit by in the twilight—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it, but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labour.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way, in which a man travels toward matrimony, when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered, at Wurtzburg, a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers; Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands, and worthiest hearts, of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his

intended-nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and, that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known, that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by spectres; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighbouring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body; but half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that his mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starckenfaust endeavoured to soothe him to calmness; promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagement—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort, and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starckenfaust bestowed a sigh and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whis-

perings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprize in his character that made him fond of singular adventure.

Previous to his departure, he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner, and to the worthy little baron, whom we left sitting himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were ready overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just at the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old court of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the varder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The baron was little mortified that he should come in this simple, military style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion, that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably——"

Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain; so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed after her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and re-

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that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts
whispered something in her ear; she made an effort
to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised;
she gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger; and was
again to the ground. The words died away; but
there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a
dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance
had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a
girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed
to love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant
a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left
no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and
deferred all particular conversation until the morning,
and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle.
Around the walls hung the hard-favoured portraits of
the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the
trappings which they had gained in the field and in the
house. Hacked corslets, splintered jousting spears,
and tattered banners were mingled with the spoils of
civil warfare; the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of
the boar, grinned horribly among cross-bows and
battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched im-
mediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company
at the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the ban-
quet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride.
He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard
for the language of love is never loud; but where
the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest
whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness
and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have
a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her colour
faded and went as she listened with deep attention.
Now and then she made some blushing reply, and
when his eye was turned away, she would steal a side-
glance at his romantic countenance, and heave
a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident
that the young couple were completely enamoured.
The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries
of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love
with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the
guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that
depend upon light purses and mountain air. The baron
told his best and longest stories, and never had he
told them so well, or with such great effect. If there
was any thing marvellous, his auditors were lost in
astonishment; and if any thing facetious, they were
made to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron,
as true, like most great men, was too dignified to
utter any joke but a dull one; it was always enforced,
however, by a bumper of excellent Hockheimer; and
when a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with
an old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were
said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear
repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly
recoiles whispered in ladies' ears, that almost con-
vinced them with suppressed laughter; and a song or

two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced
cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden
aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest main-
tained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His
countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the
evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear,
even the baron's jokes seemed only to render him the
more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought,
and at times there was a perturbed and restless wan-
dering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease.
His conversations with the bride became more and
more earnest and mysterious. Louring clouds began
to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and trem-
ors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company.
Their gaiety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom
of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whis-
pers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by
shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song
and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were
dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at
length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural leg-
ends. One dismal story produced another still more
dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the
ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin
horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dread-
ful but true story, which has since been put into
excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the
world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound
attention. He kept his eye steadily fixed on the baron,
and, as the story drew to a close, began gradu-
ally to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller,
until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost
to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was fi-
nished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn
farewell of the company. They were all amazement.
The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why,
every thing was prepared for his reception; a cham-
ber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mys-
teriously; "I must lay my head in a different cham-
ber to-night!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in
which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart
misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated
his hospitable entreaties.

The stranger shook his head silently, but positively,
at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the com-
pany, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden
aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her
head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The baron followed the stranger to the great court
of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing
the earth, and snorting with impatience.—When they
had reached the portal, whose deep archway was
dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused,
and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice:

which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral.

"Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement—"

"Why," said the baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral—"

"Ay," said the baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow—to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No, no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some, that this might be the wild huntsman, famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may be well imagined. The baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stontly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband! If the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man? She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one

of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of the longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the Spectre Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone: but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept his nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvellous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighbourhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week, when she was suddenly absolved from further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open, and the bed had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the misfortune of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the industrious labours of the trencher, when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she has been carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have

carried off his bride. The opinion of a horse's leg might, and had his black charger. All present were for events of Germany, as a witness.

What a lame baron! What father, and a meadow-bog! His way to the garden for a son-in-law grand-children bewildered, and men were ordered road and path and iron himself had sally forth on the to a pause by a rproaching the cavalier on gate, sprang from feet, embraced her and her companion baron was astounded then at the spectre of his senses. The proved in his appearance of spirits. His figure of manly and melancholy, with the glow of dark eye.

The mystery (for, in truth, as he was no goblin Von Starkenfau the young count the castle to deliver the eloquence of every attempt to bride had complete a few hours near mistake to continueplexed in what w the baron's goblin exit. How, fear he had repeated the garden beneath wood—had wood, in a word, and, in a word, h

Under any other have been inflexible authority, and despite he loved his but; he rejoiced

carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grand-children. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to rally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Spectre Bridegroom! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for, in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though

her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous—and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion, and passive obedience, should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood—and so the story ends.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resort
Living in brass or stoney monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte;
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenselesse majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon
Could not content nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.

CHRISTOLERO'S EPIGRAMS, BY T. B. 1598.

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults,

and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighbouring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the key stones have lost their leafy beauty; every thing bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendour. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavouring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gisleburtus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these grave-stones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about,

as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tombs; while every foot-fall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and hustled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those, whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakspeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure: but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name; or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye

dart into these glimpses of what as if in devotion with hands pious mour, as if reprievers and mitres lying as it were so strangely poor still and silent, in a mansion of the been suddenly to I paused to collect the effigy of a knight buckler was on together in suppliance almost covered in token of the holy war. It was those military errors religion and romance needing link between the fairy picturesque in the created as they are public sculpture. chapels in which considering them with the legends the chivalrous people spread over the They are the relics passed from records with which our acts from some of we have no certain our conceptions a something extreme legies on gothic to death, or in the stave an effect inferior than the fanciful bits, and allegorical monuments. superiority of man there was a nobility things simply, and we know an epitaph of family virtue which affirms others were braided. In the opposite monument which achievements of man terrible rather than nightingale, by Robert is represented and a sheeted skeleton falling from his feet his victim. Shakspeare's arms, who

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parts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle; prelates with croziers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armour. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction; between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honourable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art; but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs Lightgale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is billowing from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort,

to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre.--But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by every thing that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear;—the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose around: and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along, and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps lead up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendour of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold grey fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder,—his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly-wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos

which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valour and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendour of jewelled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion.

When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honours: the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave; which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elisabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir: these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!—And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn ecstasies! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonour to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles the brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some na-

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tures, which leads them to sport with awful and hal-
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light to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject
honour and groveling servility which they pay to the
living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been
broken open, and his remains despoiled of their fune-
ral ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the
hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of
Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument
but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the ho-
nour of mankind. Some are plundered; some muti-
lated; some covered with ribaldry and insult—all
more or less outraged and dishonoured!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming
through the painted windows in the high vaults above
me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped
in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles
grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings
blended into shadows; the marble figures of the monu-
ments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light;
the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the
cold breath of the grave; and even the distant foot-fall
of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had some-
thing strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly re-
traced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at
the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a
murmuring noise behind me, filled the whole building
with echoes.

I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my
mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but
found they were already fallen into indistinctness and
confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all be-
come confounded in my recollection, though I had
scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What,
I thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a
treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated ho-
milies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty
of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death; his
great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mock-
ing at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust
and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How
idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name!
Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are
so much engrossed by the story of the present, to
think of the characters and anecdotes that gave in-
terest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown
aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day
ashes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection;
and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of
to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Brown,
"find their graves in our short memories, and sadly
tell us how we may be buried in our survivors."
History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with
doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from
the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Col-
onnades, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of
sand; and their eptaphs, but characters written in
the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the
perpetuity of an embalment? The remains of
Alexander the Great have been scattered to the

wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere
curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies,
which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now
consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is
sold for balsams." *

What then is to insure this pile which now towers
above me from sharing the fate of mightier mauso-
leums? The time must come when its gilded vaults,
which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish be-
neath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody
and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken
arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—
when the garish sun-beam shall break into these
gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round
the fallen column; and the fox-glove hang its blos-
soms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the
dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes
from record and recollection; his history is as a tale
that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

CHRISTMAS.

But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair
of his good, grey, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that,
seeing I cannot have more of him.

HUE AND CRY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

OLD SONG.

THERE is nothing in England that exercises a more
delightful spell over my imagination, than the linger-
ings of the holiday customs and rural games of former
times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to
draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only
knew the world through books, and believed it to be
all that poets had painted it; and they bring with
them the flavour of those honest days of yore, in
which, perhaps with equal fallacy, I am apt to think
the world was more home-bred, social, and joyous
than at present. I regret to say that they are daily
growing more and more faint, being gradually worn
away by time, but still more obliterated by modern
fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels
of gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in
various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the
waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and al-
terations of latter days. Poetry, however, clings
with cherishing fondness about the rural game and
holiday revel, from which it has derived so many of
its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the

* Sir T. Brown.

gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support, by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervour and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the quiet

recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance into a kindly welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humours, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls and castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groined under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of hay and holly—the cheerful fire glanced through the lattice, inviting the passenger to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and like the sherris sack of Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with the richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream; and has weakened many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic

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prevalence of rural society, have always holidays which agree to country life; and they are early observant of the Christmas. It is inspiring which some antiquaries, the burlesque parody to mirth and good festival was celebrated every door, and unlocked peasant and the peevish in one warm gesture. The old halls crowded with the harp and ample boards groaning with plenty. Even the poorest mansion with green decay cheerful fire glanced in the passenger to raise not huddled round the evening with legends and tales.

ects of modern refinement among the hearty are easily taken off the sharp of these embellishments into a more smooth characteristic surface. The sherris sack of old speculation and the when flourished in times when men enjoyed life rously; times wild and finished poetry with its a with its most attractive manners. The world here is more of dissipation. Pleasure has expanded its stream; and has few quiet channels where the calm bosom of domestic

Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditional customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly washings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great broken gallery, and the tapestried parlour, but are unadapted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honours, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing; those tokens of regard, and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the Waits, as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-atches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, "when deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind.

How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns every thing to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, "telling the night watches to his feathery dames," was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season of kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling days, reanimates the drooping spirit; as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land—though I have no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof

throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

THE STAGE COACH.

Omne bene
Sine perna
Tempus est ludendi.
Venit hora
Absque mora
Libros deponendi.

OLD HOLIDAY SCHOOL SONG.

In the preceding paper I have made some general observations on the Christmas festivities of England, and am tempted to illustrate them by some anecdotes of a Christmas passed in the country; in perusing which I would most courteously invite my reader to lay aside the austerity of wisdom, and to put on that genuine holiday spirit which is tolerant of folly and anxious only for amusement.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box; presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the great-

est impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers, to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person, which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust in the pockets

of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on, that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kind of odd jobs, for the privilege of battenning on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the taproom. These all look up to him as to an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and above all endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back, thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the mean time, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if every body was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers, butchers, and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to my mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations:—"Now capons and hens, besides turkeys,

geese, and ducks—
die—for in twelve
be fed with a little
honey, square
never must
dance and sing
by the fire. The
and must be seen
on Christmas eve
and Ivy, whether
Dice and cards
not lack wit, he
I was roused
by a shout from
They had been
the last few miles
as they approached
a general burst of joy
Carlo! and their
rogues, clapping
At the end of
servant in livery
ruined by a sup
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quietly by the m
ding times that
I was pleased
little fellows leap
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geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton—must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of Holly and Ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation, by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin

vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and fitches of bacon, were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fire-place, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef, and other hearty viands, upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travellers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippanant word, and have a rallying laugh, with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of mid-winter:

Now trees their leafy hats do bare
To reverence Winter's silver hair;
A handsome hostess, merry host,
A pot of ale now and a toast,
Tobacco and a good coal fire,
Are things, this season doth require.*

I had not been long at the inn when a post-chaise drove up to the door. A young gentleman stepped out, and by the light of the lamps I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew. I moved forward to get a nearer view, when his eye caught mine. I was not mistaken; it was Frank Bracebridge, a sprightly good-humoured young fellow, with whom I had once travelled on the continent. Our meeting was extremely cordial, for the countenance of an old fellow-traveller always brings up the recollection of a thousand pleasant scenes, odd adventures, and excellent jokes. To discuss all these in a transient interview at an inn was impossible; and finding that I was not pressed for time, and was merely making a tour of observation, he insisted that I should give him a day or two at his father's country seat, to which he was going to pass the holidays, and which lay at a few miles distance. "It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn," said he, "and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style." His reasoning was cogent, and I must confess the preparation I had seen for universal festivity and social enjoyment had made me feel a little impatient of my loneliness. I closed, therefore, at once, with his invitation; the chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

* Poor Robin's Almanac, 1684.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Saint Francis and Saint Benedight
 Blessè this house from wicked wight;
 From the night-mare and the goblin,
 That is hight good fellow Robin;
 Keep it from all evil spirits,
 Fairies, weezels, rats, and ferrets:
 From curfew time
 To the next prime.

CARTWRIGHT.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the post-boy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. "He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My father, you must know, is a bigoted devotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with now-a-days in its purity, the old English country gentleman; for our men of fortune spend so much of their time in town, and fashion is carried so much into the country, that the strong rich peculiarities of ancient rural life are almost polished away. My father, however, from early years, took honest Peacham¹ for his text book, instead of Chesterfield; he determined in his own mind, that there was no condition more truly honourable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands, and, therefore, passes the whole of his time on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate for the revival of the old rural games and holiday observances, and is deeply read in the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the subject. Indeed, his favourite range of reading is among the authors who flourished at least two centuries since; who, he insists, wrote and thought more like true Englishmen than any of their successors. He even regrets sometimes that he had not been born a few centuries earlier, when England was itself, and had its peculiar manners and customs. As he lives at some distance from the main road, in rather a lonely part of the country, without any rival gentry near him, he has that most enviable of all blessings to an Englishman, an opportunity of indulging the bent of his own humour without molestation. Being representative of the oldest family in the neighbourhood, and a great part of the peasantry being his tenants, he is much looked up to, and, in general, is known simply by the appellation of 'The Squire;' a title which has been accorded to the head of the family since time immemorial. I think it best to give you these hints about my worthy old father, to prepare you for any little eccentricities that might otherwise appear absurd."

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It

¹ Peacham's Complete Gentleman, 1622.

was in a heavy magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

The post-boy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique state, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapour, stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

My companion looked around him with transport:—"How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations! How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport;' yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

We were interrupted by the clamour of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mon zrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree," that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

"—The little dogs and all,
 Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!"

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¹ The mistletoe is a Christmas, and the berries are all plucked under it, plucking

style, of iron bars, and flowers. Supported the gate. Close adjoining under dark fir-ery.

er's bell, which re- and was answer- with which the. An old woman As the moonlight view of a little prin- the antique state, mer, and her silver of snowy whiteness. n many expressions master. Her hus- use keeping Christ- y could not do with- at a song and story

uld alight and walk ich was at no great ollow on. Our road of trees, among the oon glittered as she cloudless sky. The a slight covering of rked as the moon- l at a distance might ur, stealing up from gradually to shroud

him with transport: I scampered up this cool vacations! How trees when a boy! I or them, as we look is in childhood. My n exacting our holi- on family festivals. our games with the the studies of their lar that we should ding to their original r precedent and aut- t; yet I assure you ightful. It was the to make is children place in the world; feeling as one of the ow."

l amour of a troop of grel, puppy, whelp, ee," that, disturbed and the rattling of the mouthed, across the

they bark at me!"

ried Bracebridge laughing. At the sound of his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cold moonshine. It was an irregular building, of some magnitude, and seemed to be of the architecture of different periods. One wing was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass glittered with the moon-beams. The rest of the house was in the French taste of Charles the Second's time, having been repaired and altered, as my friend told me, by one of his ancestors, who returned with that monarch at the Restoration. The grounds about the house were laid out in the old formal manner of artificial flower beds, clipped shrubberies, raised terraces, and heavy stone balustrades, ornamented with urns, a leaden statue or two, and a jet of water. The old gentleman, I was told, was extremely careful to preserve this obsolete finery in all its original state. He admired this fashion in gardening; it had an air of magnificence, was courtly and noble, and befitting good old family style. The boasted imitation of nature in modern gardening had sprung up with modern republican notions, but did not suit a monarchical government; it smacked of the levelling system.—I could not help smiling at this introduction of politics into gardening, though I expressed some apprehension that I should find the old gentleman rather intolerant in his creed.—Frank assured me, however, that it was almost the only instance in which he had ever heard his father meddle with politics; and he believed that he had got this notion from a member of parliament who once passed a few weeks with him. The squire was glad of any argument to defend his clipped yew trees and formal terraces, which had been occasionally attacked by modern landscape gardeners.

As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged, by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided every thing was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of woodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap dragon: the Yule clog and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make

* The mistletoe is still hung up in farm-houses and kitchens at Christmas; and the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked, the privilege ceases.

ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons; one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian, just from the university. The squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance; in which a physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate: as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connexion, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were variously occupied; some at a round game of cards; others conversing around the fire-place; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the squire had evidently endeavoured to restore it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fire-place was suspended a picture of a warrior in armour, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler, and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted; so that the whole presented an old mixture of parlour and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fire-place, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat: this I understood was the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

* The Yule clog is a great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, brought into the house with great ceremony, on Christmas eve, laid in the fire-place, and lighted with the brand of last year's clog. While it lasted, there was great drinking, singing, and telling

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair, by the hospitable fire-side of his ancestors; and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the pannels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished beaufet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast: and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humours of an eccentric personage whom Mr Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the small pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frost-bitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible. He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes and innuendos with the ladies, and

of tales. Sometimes it was accompanied by Christmas candles; but in the cottages the only light was from the ruddy blaze of the great wood fire. The Yule clog was to burn all night; if it went out, it was considered a sign of ill luck.

Herrick mentions it in one of his songs:—

Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boyes,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts desiring.

The Yule clog is still burnt in many farm-houses and kitchens in England, particularly in the north, and there are several superstitions connected with it among the peasantry. If a squinting person come to the house while it is burning, or a person bare-footed, it is considered an ill omen. The brand remaining from the Yule clog is carefully put away to light the next year's Christmas fire.

making infinite merriment by harpings upon old themes; which, unfortunately, my ignorance of the family chronicles did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight during supper to keep a young girl next him in a continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at every thing he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance. I could not wonder at it; for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy; make an old woman of his hand, with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket handkerchief; and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature, that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.

I was let briefly into his history by Frank Bracebridge. He was an old bachelor, of a small independent income, which, by careful management, was sufficient for all his wants. He revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit; sometimes visiting one branch, and sometimes another quite remote; as is often the case with gentlemen of extensive connexions and small fortunes in England. He had a chirping buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty unaccommodating habits, with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favourite with the old folks; he was a beau of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow, and he was master of the revels among the children; so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr Simon Bracebridge. Of late years, he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become a factotum, and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humour in respect to old times, and by having a scrap of an old song to suit every occasion. We had presently a specimen of his last-mentioned talent, for no sooner was supper removed, and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced, than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occasionally into a falsetto, like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty.

Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbours together,
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather, etc.

The supper had disposed every one to gaiety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall

where he had had all appearance of the squire's home—I was told, of a family resident in the squire's gentleman being

The dance, I merry one: so the squire himself partner, with every Christmas Simon, who see between the old a little antiquate evidently piqued devouring to g— doon, and other had unluckily a girl from board kept him contin his sober attempt ed matches to w nately prone!

The young O one of his maide a thousand little of practical jok nants and cousin he was a univers most interesting officer and a wa ng girl of sever which I had not suspected there w between them; an he hero to capti tender, and han office: of late ye accomplishments or od Italian—dra nance divinely; h ed at Waterloo: poetry and ron thivalry and perf The moment th rular, and, lollin an attitude wh studied, began th our. The squir ge any thing on pon which the y moment, as if in another strain, ave Herrick's “

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where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one: some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century. Master Simon, who seemed to be a kind of connecting link between the old times and the new, and to be withal a little antiquated in the taste of his accomplishments, evidently piqued himself on his dancing, and was endeavouring to gain credit by the heel and toe, rigadon, and other graces of the ancient school; but he had unluckily assorted himself with a little romping girl from boarding-school, who, by her wild vivacity, kept him continually on the stretch, and defeated all his sober attempts at elegance:—such are the ill-sorted matches to which antique gentlemen are unfortunately prone!

The young Oxonian, on the contrary, had led out one of his maiden aunts, on whom the rogue played a thousand little knaveries with impunity; he was full of practical jokes, and his delight was to tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all madcap youngsters, he was a universal favourite among the women. The most interesting couple in the dance was the young officer and a ward of the squire's, a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen. From several shy glances which I had noticed in the course of the evening, I suspected there was a little kindness growing up between them; and, indeed, the young soldier was just the hero to captivate a romantic girl. He was tall, slender, and handsome, and, like most young British officers of late years, had picked up various small accomplishments on the continent—he could talk French and Italian—draw landscapes—sing very tolerably—dance divinely; but, above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo:—what girl of seventeen, well read in poetry and romance, could resist such a mirror of chivalry and perfection!

The moment the dance was over, he caught up a guitar, and, lolling against the old marble fire-place, in an attitude which I am half inclined to suspect was studied, began the little French air of the Troubadour. The squire, however, exclaimed against having any thing on Christmas eve but good old English; upon which the young minstrel, casting up his eye for a moment, as if in an effort of memory, struck into another strain, and, with a charming air of gallantry, gave Herrick's "Night-Piece to Julia; "

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the slves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o' th' Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Then let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber.
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light.
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

The song might or might not have been intended in compliment to the fair Julia, for so I found his partner was called; she, however, was certainly unconscious of any such application, for she never looked at the singer, but kept her eyes cast upon the floor. Her face was suffused, it is true, with a beautiful blush, and there was a gentle heaving of the bosom; but all that was doubtless caused by the exercise of the dance; indeed, so great was her indifference, that she was amusing herself with plucking to pieces a choice bouquet of hot-house flowers, and by the time the song was concluded the nosegay lay in ruins on the floor.

The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying emblems of the yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

My chamber was in the old part of the mansion, the ponderous furniture of which might have been fabricated in the days of the giants. The room was pannelled, with cornices of heavy carved work, in which flowers and grotesque faces were strangely intermingled; and a row of black-looking portraits stared mournfully at me from the walls. The bed was of rich though faded damask, with a lofty tester, and stood in a niche opposite a bow window. I had scarcely got into bed, when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighbouring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moon-beams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened—they became more and more tender and remote, and, as they gradually died away, my head sunk upon the pillow, and I fell asleep.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Dark and dull night, flee hence away,
And give the honour to this day
That sees December turn'd to May.

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new-shorn.
Thus on the sudden?—Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.

HERRICK.

WHEN I woke the next morning, it seemed as if all the events of the preceding evening had been a dream, and nothing but the identity of the ancient chamber convinced me of their reality. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was—

Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning.

I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house, and singing at every chamber-door; but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance, from under their eyebrows, until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away; and as they turned an angle of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

Every thing conspired to produce kind and happy feelings in this strong hold of old-fashioned hospitality. The window of my chamber looked out upon what in summer would have been a beautiful landscape. There was a sloping lawn, a fine stream winding at the foot of it, and a tract of park beyond, with noble clumps of trees, and herds of deer. At a distance was a neat hamlet, with the smoke from the cottage chimneys hanging over it; and a church with its dark spire in strong relief against the clear cold sky. The house was surrounded with evergreens, according to the English custom, which would have given almost an appearance of summer; but the morning was extremely frosty; the light vapour of the preceding evening had been precipitated by the cold, and covered all the trees and every blade of grass with its fine crystallizations. The rays of a bright morning sun had a dazzling effect among the glittering foliage. A robin, perched upon the top of a mountain ash, that hung its clusters of red berries just before my window, was basking himself in the sunshine, and piping a few querulous notes; and a peacock was displaying all the glories of his train, and strutting with the pride and gravity of a Spanish grandee on the terrace walk below.

I had scarcely dressed myself, when a servant ap-

peared to invite me to family prayers. He showed me the way to a small chapel in the old wing of the house, where I found the principal part of the family already assembled in a kind of gallery, furnished with cushions, hassocks, and large prayer books; the servants were seated on benches below. The old gentleman read prayers from a desk in front of the gallery, and Master Simon acted as clerk and made the responses; and I must do him the justice to say, that he acquitted himself with great gravity and decorum.

The service was followed by a Christmas carol, which Mr Bracebridge himself had constructed from a poem of his favourite author, Herrick; and it had been adapted to an old church melody by Master Simon. As there were several good voices among the household, the effect was extremely pleasing; but I was particularly gratified by the exaltation of heart, and sudden sally of grateful feeling, with which the worthy squire delivered one stanza; his eye glistening, and his voice rambling out of all the bounds of time and tune:

"'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me Wassail bowles to drink
Spie'd to the brink:
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land:
And giv'st me for my lushell sowne,
Twice ten for one."

I afterwards understood that early morning service was read on every Sunday and saint's day throughout the year, either by Mr Bracebridge or by some member of the family. It was once almost universally the case at the seats of the nobility and gentry of England, and it is much to be regretted that the custom is falling into neglect; for the dullest observer must be sensible of the order and serenity prevalent in those households, where the occasional exercise of a beautiful form of worship in the morning gives, as it were, the key note to every temper for the day, and attunes every spirit to harmony.

Our breakfast consisted of what the squire denominated true old English fare. He indulged in some bitter lamentations over modern breakfasts of tea and toast, which he censured as among the causes of modern effeminacy and weak nerves, and the decline of old English heartiness; and though he admitted them to his table to suit the palates of his guests, yet there was a brave display of cold meats, wine, and ale, on the sideboard.

After breakfast I walked about the grounds with Frank Bracebridge and Master Simon, or Mr Simon, as he was called by every body else but the squire. We were escorted by a number of gentlemen-like dogs, that seemed loungers about the establishment, from the frisking spaniel to the steady old stag-hound; the last of which was of a race that had been in the family time out of mind: they were all obedient to a dog whistle which hung to Master Simon's button-hole, and in the midst of their gambols would glance

an eye occasion
his hand.

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ancient worthie
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he looked up

an eye occasionally upon a small switch he carried in his hand.

The old mansion had a still more venerable look in the yellow sunshine than by pale moonlight; and I could not but feel the force of the Squire's idea, that the formal terraces, heavily moulded balustrades, and clipped yew trees, carried with them an air of proud aristocracy. There appeared to be an unusual number of peacocks about the place, and I was making some remarks upon what I termed a flock of them, that were basking under a sunny wall, when I was gently corrected in my phraseology by Master Simon, who told me that, according to the most ancient and approved treatise on hunting, I must say a *muster* of peacocks. "In the same way," added he, with a slight air of pedantry, "we say a flight of doves or swallows, a bevy of quails, a herd of deer, of wrens, or cranes, a skulk of foxes, or a building of rooks." He went on to inform me that, according to Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, we ought to ascribe to this bird "both understanding and glory; for, being praised, he will presently set up his tail, chiefly against the sun, to the intent you may the better behold the beauty thereof. But at the fall of the leaf, when his tail falleth, he will mourn and hide himself in corners, till his tail come again as it was."

I could not help smiling at this display of small erudition on so whimsical a subject; but I found that the peacocks were birds of some consequence at the hall; for Frank Bracebridge informed me that they were great favourites with his father, who was extremely careful to keep up the breed; partly because they belonged to chivalry, and were in great request at the stately banquets of the olden time; and partly because they had a pomp and magnificence about them, highly becoming an old family mansion. Nothing, he was accustomed to say, had an air of greater state and dignity than a peacock perched upon an antique stone balustrade.

Master Simon had now to hurry off, having an appointment at the parish church with the village choristers, who were to perform some music of his selection. There was something extremely agreeable in the cheerful flow of animal spirits of the little man; and I confess I had been somewhat surprised at his apt quotations from authors who certainly were not in the range of every-day reading. I mentioned this last circumstance to Frank Bracebridge, who told me, with a smile, that Master Simon's whole stock of erudition was confined to some half a dozen old authors, which the squire had put into his hands, and which he read over and over, whenever he had a studious fit; as he sometimes had on a rainy day, or a long winter evening. Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's *Book of Husbandry*; Markham's *Country Contentments*; the *Treatise of Hunting*, by Sir Thomas Cockayne, knight; Isaac Walton's *Angler*, and two or three more such ancient worthies of the pen, were his standard authorities; and, like all men who know but a few books, he looked up to them with a kind of idolatry, and

quoted them on all occasions. As to his songs, they were chiefly picked out of old books in the squire's library, and adapted to tunes that were popular among the choice spirits of the last century. His practical application of scraps of literature, however, had caused him to be looked upon as a prodigy of book knowledge by all the grooms, huntsmen, and small sportsmen of the neighbourhood.

While we were talking, we heard the distant toll of the village bell, and I was told that the squire was a little particular in having his household at church on a Christmas morning; considering it a day of pouring out of thanks and rejoicing; for, as old Tusser observed,

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small."

"If you are disposed to go to church," said Frank Bracebridge, "I can promise you a specimen of my cousin Simon's musical achievements. As the church is destitute of an organ, he has formed a band from the village amateurs, and established a musical club for their improvement; he has also sorted a choir, as he sorted my father's pack of hounds, according to the directions of Jervaise Markham, in his *Country Contentments*; for the bass he has sought out all the 'deep solemn mouths,' and for the tenor, the 'loud ringing mouths,' among the country bumpkins; and for 'sweet mouths,' he has culled with curious taste among the prettiest lasses in the neighbourhood; though these last, he affirms, are the most difficult to keep in tune; your pretty female singer being exceedingly wayward and capricious, and very liable to accident."

As the morning, though frosty, was remarkably fine and clear, the most of the family walked to the church, which was a very old building of grey stone, and stood near a village, about half a mile from the park gate. Adjoining it was a low snug parsonage, which seemed coeval with the church. The front of it was perfectly matted with a yew tree, that had been trained against its walls, through the dense foliage of which apertures had been formed to admit light into the small antique lattices. As we passed this sheltered nest, the parson issued forth and preceded us.

I had expected to see a sleek well-conditioned pastor, such as is often found in a snug living in the vicinity of a rich patron's table, but I was disappointed. The parson was a little, meagre, black-looking man, with a grizzled wig that was too wide, and stood off from each ear; so that his head seemed to have shrunk away within it, like a dried filbert in its shell. He wore a rusty coat, with great skirts, and pockets that would have held the church bible and prayer book; and his small legs seemed still smaller, from being planted in large shoes, decorated with enormous buckles.

I was informed by Frank Bracebridge, that the parson had been a chum of his father's at Oxford, and had received this living shortly after the latter had come to his estate. He was a complete black-

letter hunter, and would scarcely read a work printed in the Roman character. The editions of Caxton and Wynkin de Worde were his delight, and he was indefatigable in his researches after such old English writers as have fallen into oblivion from their worthlessness. In deference, perhaps, to the notions of Mr Bracebridge, he had made diligent investigations into the festive rites and holiday customs of former times; and had been as zealous in the inquiry, as if he had been a boon companion; but it was merely with that plodding spirit with which men of adust temperament follow up any track of study, merely because it is denominated learning; indifferent to its intrinsic nature, whether it be the illustration of the wisdom, or of the ribaldry and obscenity of antiquity. He had pored over these old volumes so intensely, that they seemed to have been reflected into his countenance; which, if the face be indeed an index of the mind, might be compared to a title-page of black-letter.

On reaching the church-porch, we found the parson rebuking the grey-headed sexton for having used mistletoe among the greens with which the church was decorated. It was, he observed, an unholy plant, profaned by having been used by the Druids in their mystic ceremonies; and though it might be innocently employed in the festive ornamenting of halls and kitchens, yet it had been deemed by the Fathers of the Church as unhallowed, and totally unfit for sacred purposes. So tenacious was he on this point, that the poor sexton was obliged to strip down a great part of the humble trophies of his taste, before the parson would consent to enter upon the service of the day.

The interior of the church was venerable but simple; on the walls were several mural monuments of the Bracebridges; and just beside the altar was a tomb of ancient workmanship, on which lay the effigy of a warrior in armour, with his legs crossed, a sign of his having been a crusader. I was told it was one of the family who had signalized himself in the Holy Land, and the same whose picture hung over the fire-place in the hall.

During service, Master Simon stood up in the pew, and repeated the responses very audibly: evincing that kind of ceremonious devotion punctually observed by a gentleman of the old school, and a man of old family connexions. I observed, too, that he turned over the leaves of a folio prayer book with something of a flourish; possibly to show off an enormous seal-ring which enriched one of his fingers, and which had the look of a family relic. But he was evidently most solicitous about the musical part of the service, keeping his eye fixed intently on the choir, and beating time with much gesticulation and emphasis.

The orchestra was in a small gallery, and presented a most whimsical grouping of heads, piled one above the other, among which I particularly noticed that of the village tailor, a pale fellow with a retreating forehead and chin, who played on the clarinet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point; and

there was another, a short puffy man, stooping and labouring at a bass viol, so as to show nothing but the top of a round bald head, like the egg of an ostrich. There were two or three pretty faces among the female singers, to which the keen air of a frosty morning had given a bright rosy tint; but the gentlemen choristers had evidently been chosen, like old Cremona fiddlers, more for tone than looks; and as several had to sing from the same book, there were clusterings of odd physiognomies, not unlike those groups of cherubs we sometimes see on country tombstones.

The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instrumental, and some loitering fiddler now and then making up for lost time by travelling over a passage with prodigious celerity, and clearing more bars than the keenest fox-hunter to be in at the death. But the great trial was an anthem that had been prepared and arranged by Master Simon, and on which he had founded great expectation. Unluckily there was a blunder at the very outset; the musicians became flurried; Master Simon was in a fever; every thing went on lamely and irregularly until they came to a chorus beginning "Now let us sing with one accord," which seemed to be a signal for parting company: all became discord and confusion; each shifted for himself, and got to the end as well, or, rather, as soon as he could, excepting one old chorister in a pair of horn spectacles, bestriding and pinching a long sonorous nose; who happening to stand a little apart, and being wrapped up in his own melody, kept on a quavering course, wriggling his head, ogling his book, and winding all up by a nasal solo of at least three bars duration.

The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and the propriety of observing it, not merely as a day of thanksgiving, but of rejoicing; supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the church, and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Cesarea, St Cyprian, St Chrysostom, St Augustine, and a cloud more of saints and fathers, from whom he made copious quotations. I was a little at a loss to perceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces, to maintain a point which no one present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with; having, in the course of his researches on the subject of Christmas, got completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the Revolution, when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by proclamation of Parliament. The

* From the "Flying Eagle," a small Gazette, published December 24th, 1632—"The house spent much time this day about the business of the Navy, for settling the affairs at sea, and before they rose, were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas day, grounded upon divine Scriptures, 2 Cor. v. 16. 1 Cor. 13. 14, 17; and in honour of the Lord's Day, grounded upon these Scriptures, John, xx. 1. Rev. 1. 10. Psalms, cxviii. 24. Lev. xxiii.

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thy parson lived but with times past, and knew title of the present.

Shot up among worm-eaten tomes in the retirement of his antiquated little study, the pages of old were to him as the gazettes of the day; while the era of the Revolution was mere modern history. He forgot that nearly two centuries had elapsed since he forgot the fiery persecution of poor mince-pie throughout the land; when plum porridge was denounced as "mere popery," and roast beef as antichristian; and that Christmas had been brought in again triumphantly with the merry court of King Charles at the Restoration. He kindled into warmth with the ardour of his contest, and the host of imaginary foes with whom he had to combat; he had a stubborn conflict with old Prynne and two or three other forgotten champions of the Round Heads, on the subject of Christmas festivity; and concluded by urging his hearers, in the most solemn and affecting manner, to stand to the traditional customs of their fathers, and feast and make merry on this joyful anniversary of the Church.

I have seldom known a sermon attended apparently with more immediate effects; for on leaving the church, the congregation seemed one and all possessed with the gaiety of spirit so earnestly enjoined by their pastor. The elder folks gathered in knots in the churchyard, greeting and shaking hands; and the children ran about crying *Ule! Ule!* and repeating some uncouth rhymes, which the parson, who had joined us, informed me had been handed down from days of yore. The villagers doffed their hats to the squire as he passed, giving him the good wishes of the season with every appearance of heartfelt sincerity, and were invited by him to the hall, to take something to keep out the cold of the weather; and I heard blessings uttered by several of the poor, which convinced me that, in the midst of his enjoyments, the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas virtue of charity.

On our way homeward, his heart seemed overflowed with generous and happy feelings. As we passed over a rising ground which commanded something of a prospect, the sounds of rustic merriment now and then reached our ears; the squire paused for a few moments, and looked around with an air of inexpressible benignity. The beauty of the day was itself sufficient to inspire philanthropy. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning, the sun in his cloudless journey had acquired sufficient power to melt away the thin covering of snow from every northern declivity, and to bring out the living green

11. Mark. xv. 8. Psalms, LXXXIV. 10. in which Christmas is called Anti-Christ's masse, and those Masse-mongers and Papists to observe it, etc. In consequence of which Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas day, and orders to that effect, and resolved to sit on the following day, which was commonly called Christmas day."

"Ule! Ule!
Three puddings in a pule;
Crack nuts and cry Ule!"

which adorns an English landscape even in mid-winter. Large tracts of smiling verdure contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the shaded slopes and hollows. Every sheltered bank, on which the bright rays rested, yielded its silver rill of rills and limpid water, glittering through the dripping grass; and I sent up slight exhalations to contribute to this haze that hung just above the surface of the earth. There was something truly cheering in this triumph of warmth and verdure over the frosty thralldom of winter: it was, as the squire observed, an emblem of Christmas hospitality, breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every heart into a flow. He pointed with pleasure to the indications of good cheer reeking from the chimneys of the comfortable farm-houses, and low thatched cottages. "I love," said he, "to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you; and I am almost disposed to join with Poor Robin, in his malediction on every churlish enemy to this honest festival:

"Those who at Christmas do repine,
And would fain hence dispatch him,
May they with old Duke Humphry dine,
Or else may squire Ketch catch 'em."

The squire went on to lament the deplorable decay of the games and amusements which were once prevalent at this season among the lower orders, and countenanced by the higher; when the old halls of castles and manor-houses were thrown open at day light; when the tables were covered with brawn, and beef, and humming ale; when the harp and the carol resounded all day long, and when rich and poor were alike welcome to enter and make merry. "Our old games and local customs," said he, "had a great effect in making the peasant fond of his home, and the promotion of them by the gentry made him fond of his lord. They made the times merrier, and kinder, and better, and I can truly say with one of our old poets:

"I like them well—the curious preciseness
And all-pretended gravity of those
That seek to banish hence these harmless sports,
Have thrust away much ancient honesty."

"The nation," continued he, "is altered; we have almost lost our simple true-hearted peasantry. They have broken asunder from the higher classes, and seem to think their interests are separate. They have become too knowing, and begin to read newspapers, listen to alehouse politicians, and talk of re-

x "An English gentleman at the opening of the great day, i. e. on Christmas day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours entered his hall by day break. The strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar and nutmeg, and good Chestire cheese. The Hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by day break, or else two young men must take the maiden (i. e. the cook) by the arms and run her round the market-place till she is shamed of her laziness."—*Round about our Sea-Coal Fire.*

form. I think one mode to keep them in good humour in these hard times, would be for the nobility and gentry to pass more time on their estates, mingle more among the country people, and set the merry old English games going again."

Such was the good squire's project for mitigating public discontent: and, indeed, he had once attempted to put his doctrine in practice, and a few years before had kept open house during the holidays in the old style. The country people, however, did not understand how to play their parts in the scene of hospitality; many uncouth circumstances occurred; the manor was overrun by all the vagrants of the country, and more beggars drawn into the neighbourhood in one week than the parish officers could get rid of in a year. Since then, he had contented himself with inviting the decent part of the neighbouring peasantry to call at the hall on Christmas day, and with distributing beef, and bread, and ale, among the poor, that they might make merry in their own dwellings.

We had not been long home when the sound of music was heard from a distance. A band of country lads, without coats, their shirt sleeves fancifully tied with ribands, their hats decorated with greens, and clubs in their hands, were seen advancing up the avenue, followed by a large number of villagers and peasantry. They stopped before the hall door, where the music struck up a peculiar air, and the lads performed a curious and intricate dance, advancing, retreating, and striking their clubs together, keeping exact time to the music; while one, whimsically crowned with a fox's skin, the tail of which flaunted down his back, kept capering round the skirts of the dance, and rattling a Christmas box with many antic gesticulations.

The squire eyed this fanciful exhibition with great interest and delight, and gave me a full account of its origin, which he traced to the times when the Romans held possession of the island; plainly proving that this was a lineal descendant of the sword dance of the ancients. "It was now," he said, "nearly extinct, but he had accidentally met with traces of it in the neighbourhood, and had encouraged its revival; though, to tell the truth, it was too apt to be followed up by rough cudgel play, and broken heads in the evening."

After the dance was concluded, the whole party was entertained with brawn and beef, and stout home-brewed. The squire himself mingled among the rustics, and was received with awkward demonstrations of deference and regard. It is true I perceived two or three of the younger peasants, as they were raising their tankards to their mouths, when the squire's back was turned, making something of a grimace, and giving each other the wink; but the moment they caught my eye they pulled grave faces, and were exceedingly demure. With Master Simon, however, they all seemed more at their ease. His varied occupations and amusements had made him well known throughout the neighbourhood. He was a visitor at every farm-house and cottage; gossiped with the farm-

ers and their wives; romped with their daughters and like that type of a vagrant bachelor, the humble bee, tolled the sweets from all the rosy lips of the country round.

The bashfulness of the guests soon gave way before good cheer and affability. There is something genuine and affectionate in the gaiety of the lower orders, when it is excited by the bounty and familiarity of those above them; the warm glow of gratitude enters into their mirth, and a kind word or a small pleasantry frankly uttered by a patron, gladdens the heart of the dependant more than oil and wine. When the squire had retired, the merriment increased, and there was much joking and laughter, particularly between Master Simon and a hale, ruddy-faced, white-headed farmer, who appeared to be the wit of the village: for I observed all his companions to wait with open mouths for his retorts, and burst into a gratuitous laugh before they could well understand them.

The whole house indeed seemed abandoned to merriment: as I passed to my room to dress for dinner I heard the sound of music in a small court, and looking through a window that commanded it, I perceived a band of wandering musicians, with pandean pipes and tambourine; a pretty coquettish housemaid was dancing a jig with a smart country lad, while several of the other servants were looking on. In the midst of her sport the girl caught a glimpse of my face at the window, and colouring up, ran off with an air of roguish affected confusion.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee'll bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.

WITHERS' JUVENILIA.

I HAD finished my toilet, and was loitering with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when we heard a distant thwacking sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The squire kept up old customs in kitchen as well as hall; and the rolling-pin, struck upon the dresser by the cook, summoned the servants to carry in the meats.

Just in this nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train band,
Presented, and away.

Sir John Suckling.

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The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion; and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall, which I understood were the arms of the same warrior. I must own, by the by, I had strong doubts about the authenticity of the painting and armour as having belonged to the crusader, they certainly having the stamp of more recent days; but I was told that the painting had been so considered some time out of mind; and that, as to the armour, it had been found in a lumber room, and elevated to its present situation by the squire, who at once determined it to be the armour of the family hero; and as he was absolute authority on all such subjects in his own household, the matter had passed into current acceptation. A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple: "flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers;" the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fire-place, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome, were, at least, happy; and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favoured visage. I always consider an old English family as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's portraits or Albert Durer's prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired; much knowledge of the physiognomies of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes those rows of old family portraits, with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is, that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines; and I have traced an old family nose through a whole picture gallery, legitimately handed down from generation to generation, almost from the time of the Conquest. Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their faces had evidently originated in a gothic age, and been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl in particular, of staid demeanour, with a high Roman nose, and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favourite of the squire's, being, as he said, a Bracebridge all over, and

the very counterpart of one of his ancestors who figured in the court of Henry VIII.

The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days; but a long, courtly, well-wordsed one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected; when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle: he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance, the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all syng merily
Qui estis in convivio.

Though prepared to witness many of these little eccentricities, from being apprized of the peculiar hobby of mine host; yet, I confess, the parade with which so odd a dish was introduced somewhat perplexed me, until I gathered from the conversation of the squire and the parson, that it was meant to represent the bringing in of the boar's head; a dish formerly served up with much ceremony and the sound of minstrelsy and song, at great tables, on Christmas day. "I like the old custom," said the squire, "not merely because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the College at Oxford, at which I was educated. When I hear the old song chanted, it brings to mind the time when I was young and gamesome—and the noble old college hall—and my fellow students loitering about in their black gowns; many of whom, poor lads, are now in their graves!"

The parson, however, whose mind was not haunted by such associations, and who was always more taken up with the text than the sentiment, objected to the Oxonian's version of the carol; which he affirmed was different from that sung at college. He went on, with the dry perseverance of a commentator, to give the college reading, accompanied by sundry annotations; addressing himself at first to the company at large; but finding their attention gradually diverted to other talk, and other objects, he lowered his tone as his number of auditors diminished, until he concluded his remarks in an under voice, to a fat-headed old gentleman next him, who was silently engaged in the discussion of a huge plateful of turkey.

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post

* The old ceremony of serving up the boar's head on Christmas day is still observed in the hall of Queen's College, Oxford. I was

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was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear over curious, I asked no questions.

I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with peacock's feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the squire confessed, with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentic; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season, that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.

It would be tedious, perhaps, to my wiser readers, who may not have that foolish fondness for odd and obsolete things to which I am a little given, were I to mention the other make-shifts of this worthy old humorist, by which he was endeavouring to follow up, though at humble distance, the quaint customs of antiquity. I was pleased, however, to see the respect shown to his whims by his children and relatives; who, indeed, entered readily into the full spirit of them, and seemed all well versed in their parts; having doubtless been present at many a rehearsal. I was amused, too, at the air of profound gravity with which

favoured by the parson with a copy of the carol as now sung, and as it may be acceptable to such of my readers as are curious in these grave and learned matters, I give it entire.

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput aprî defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us servire cantico.
Caput aprî defero, etc.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Illias,
Which on this day to be served is
In Regimens Atrio.
Caput aprî defero,
etc. etc. etc.

The Peacock was anciently in great demand for stately entertainments. Sometimes it was made into a pie, at one end of which the head appeared above the crust in all its plumage, with the beak richly gilt; at the other end the tail was displayed. Such pies were served up at the solemn banquets of chivalry, when Knights-errant pledged themselves to undertake any perilous enterprise; whence came the ancient oath, used by Justice Shallow, "by cock and pie."

The peacock was also an important dish for the Christmas Feast; and Massinger, in his *City Madam*, gives some idea of the extravagance with which this, as well as other dishes, was prepared for the gorgeous revels of the olden times: "Men may talk of Country Christmasses, their thirty pound butter'd eggs; their pies of carps' tongues; their pheasants drench'd with ambergris; the carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock!"

the butler and other servants executed the duties assigned them, however eccentric. They had an old-fashioned look; having, for the most part, been brought up in the household, and grown into keeping with the antiquated mansion, and the humours of the lord; and most probably looked upon all his whimsical regulations as the established laws of honourable housekeeping.

When the cloth was removed, the butler brought in a huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation; being the Wassall Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the squire himself; for it was a beverage in the skilful mixture of which he particularly prided himself, alleging that it was too abstruse and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potatoen, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him; being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

The old gentleman's whole countenance beamed with a serene look of in-dwelling delight, as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for every one to follow his example, according to the primitive style, pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."

There was much laughing and rallying as the boldest emblem of Christmas joviality circulated, and was kissed rather coily by the ladies. When it reached Master Simon, he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a boon companion struck up an old Wassall chanson:

The brown bowle,
The merry brown bowle,
As it goes round about-a,
Fill
Still,
Let the world say what it will,
And drink your fill all out-a.
The deep canne,
The merry deep canne,
As thou dost freely quaff-a,

The Wassall Bowl was sometimes composed of ale instead of wine; with nutmeg, sugar, toast, ginger, and roasted crab; in this way the nut-brown beverage is still prepared in some old families, and round the hearths of substantial farmers at Christmas. It is also called Lamb's Wool, and is celebrated by Herrick in his *Twelfth Night*:

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle Lomb's Wool.
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the Wassalle a swinger.

The custom of drinking out of the same cup gave place to each having his cup. When the steward came to the doore with the Wassel, he was to cry three times, *Wassel, Wassel, Wassel*, and then the chappell (chaplain) was to answer with a song.

ARCHÆOLOGIA.

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Sing
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Be as merry as a king,
And sound a lusty laugh-a.

Much of the conversation during dinner turned upon family topics, to which I was a stranger. There was, however, a great deal of rallying of Master Simon about some gay widow, with whom he was accused of having a flirtation. This attack was commenced by the ladies; but it was continued throughout the dinner by the fat-headed old gentleman next the parson, with the persevering assiduity of a slow bound; being one of those longwinded jokers, who, though rather dull at starting game, are unrivalled for their talents in hunting it down. At every pause in the general conversation, he renewed his bantering in pretty much the same terms; winking hard at me with both eyes, whenever he gave Master Simon what he considered a home thrust. The latter, indeed, seemed fond of being teased on the subject, as old bachelors are apt to be; and he took occasion to inform me, in an under tone, that the lady in question was a prodigiously fine woman, and drove her own carriage.

The dinner-time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity, and though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader wit and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making every thing in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! the joyous disposition of the worthy squire was perfectly contagious; he was happy himself, and disposed to make all the world happy; and the little eccentricities of his humour did but season, in a manner, the sweetness of his philanthropy.

When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated; many good things were broached which had been thought of during dinner, but which would not exactly do for a lady's ear; and though I cannot positively affirm that there was much wit uttered, yet I have certainly heard many contests of rare wit produce much less laughter. Wit, after all, is a mighty tart, pungent ingredient, and much too acid for some stomachs; but honest good humour is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that, where the jokes are rather small, and the laughter abundant.

The squire told several long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer; though in looking at the latter, it required some effort of imagination to figure such a little dark anatomy of a man into the perpetrator of a madcap gambol. Indeed, the two college chums presented pictures of what men may be made by their different lots in life; the squire had left the University live lustily on his paternal domains, in the vigorous

enjoyment of prosperity and sunshine, and had flourished on to a hearty and florid old age; whilst the poor parson, on the contrary, had dried and withered away, among dusty tomes, in the silence and shadows of his study. Still there seemed to be a spark of almost extinguished fire, feebly glimmering in the bottom of his soul; and as the squire hinted at a sly story of the parson and a pretty milkmaid, whom they once met on the banks of the Isis, the old gentleman made an "alphabet of faces," which, as far as I could decipher his physiognomy, I verily believe was indicative of laughter;—indeed, I have rarely met with an old gentleman that took absolute offence at the imputed gallantries of his youth.

I found the tide of wine and wassail fast gaining on the dry land of sober judgment. The company grew merrier and louder as their jokes grew duller. Master Simon was in as chirping a humour as a grasshopper filled with dew; his old songs grew of a warmer complexion, and he began to talk maudlin about the widow. He even gave a long song about the wooing of a widow, which he informed me he had gathered from an excellent black-letter work, entitled "Cupid's Solicitor for Love," containing store of good advice for bachelors, and which he promised to lend me: the first verse was to this effect:

He that will woo a widow must not dally,
He must make hay while the sun doth shine;
He must not stand with her, shall I, shall I,
But boldly say, Widow, thou must be mine.

This song inspired the fat-headed old gentleman, who made several attempts to tell a rather broad story out of Joe Miller, that was pat to the purpose; but he always stuck in the middle, every body recollecting the latter part excepting himself. The parson, too, began to show the effects of good cheer, having gradually settled down into a doze, and his wig sitting most suspiciously on one side. Just at this juncture we were summoned to the drawing-room, and, I suspect, at the private instigation of mine host, whose joviality seemed always tempered with a proper love of decorum.

After the dinner table was removed, the hall was given up to the younger members of the family, who, prompted to all kind of noisy mirth by the Oxonian and Master Simon, made its old walls ring with their merriment, as they played at romping games. I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, and particularly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blindman's-buff. Master Simon, who was the leader of their revels, and seemed on all occasions to fulfil the office of that ancient potentate, the Lord of Misrule, was blinded in the midst of the hall. The little beings were as busy about him as the mock

"At Christmase there was in the Kinges house, wheresoever hee was lodged, a lord of misrule, or mayster of merie disportes, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honor, or good worshippinge, were he spirituall or temporall."—Stowe.

* From Poor Robin's Almanac.

fairies about Falstaff; pinching him, plucking at the skirts of his coat, and tickling him with straws. One fine blue-eyed girl of about thirteen, with her flaxen hair all in beautiful confusion, her frolic face in a glow, her frock half torn off her shoulders, a complete picture of a romp, was the chief tormentor; and, from the slyness with which Master Simon avoided the smaller game, and hemmed this wild little nymph in corners, and obliged her to jump shrieking over chairs, I suspected the rogue of being not a whit more blinded than was convenient.

When I returned to the drawing-room, I found the company seated round the fire, listening to the parson, who was deeply ensconced in a high-backed oaken chair, the work of some cunning artificer of yore, which had been brought from the library for his particular accommodation. From this venerable piece of furniture, with which his shadowy figure and dark weazen face so admirably accorded, he was dealing out strange accounts of the popular superstitions and legends of the surrounding country, with which he had become acquainted in the course of his antiquarian researches. I am half inclined to think that the old gentleman was himself somewhat tinctured with superstition, as men are very apt to be who live a recluse and studious life, in a sequestered part of the country, and pore over black-letter tracts, so often filled with the marvellous and supernatural. He gave us several anecdotes of the fancies of the neighbouring peasantry, concerning the effigy of the crusader, which lay on the tomb by the church altar. As it was the only monument of the kind in that part of the country, it had always been regarded with feelings of superstition by the good wives of the village. It was said to get up from the tomb and walk the rounds of the churchyard in stormy nights, particularly when it thundered; and one old woman, whose cottage bordered on the churchyard, had seen it through the windows of the church, when the moon shone, slowly pacing up and down the aisles. It was the belief that some wrong had been left unredressed by the deceased, or some treasure hidden, which kept the spirit in a state of trouble and restlessness. Some talked of gold and jewels buried in the tomb, over which the spectre kept watch; and there was a story current of a sexton in old times who endeavoured to break his way to the coffin at night, but, just as he reached it, received a violent blow from the marble hand of the effigy, which stretched him senseless on the pavement. These tales were often laughed at by some of the sturdier among the rustics, yet when night came on, there were many of the stoutest unbelievers that were shy of venturing alone in the footpath that led across the churchyard.

From these and other anecdotes that followed, the crusader appeared to be the favourite hero of ghost stories throughout the vicinity. His picture, which hung up in the hall, was thought by the servants to have something supernatural about it; for they remarked that, in whatever part of the hall you went,

the eyes of the warrior were still fixed on you. The old porter's wife too, at the lodge, who had been born and brought up in the family, and was a great gossip among the maid servants, affirmed that in her young days she had often heard say, that on Midsummer eve, when it was well known all kinds of ghosts, goblins, and fairies become visible and walk abroad, the crusader used to mount his horse, come down from his picture, ride about the house, down the avenue, and so to the church to visit the tomb; on which occasion the church door most civilly swung open of itself; not that he needed it, for he rode through closed gates and even stone walls, and had been seen by one of the dairy maids to pass between two bars of the great park gate, making himself as thin as a sheet of paper.

All these superstitions I found had been very much countenanced by the squire, who, though not superstitious himself, was very fond of seeing others so. He listened to every goblin tale of the neighbouring gossips with infinite gravity, and held the porter's wife in high favour, on account of her talent for the marvellous. He was himself a great reader of old legends and romances, and often lamented that he could not believe in them; for a superstitious person, he thought, must live in a kind of fairy land.

Whilst we were all attention to the parson's stories, our ears were suddenly assailed by a burst of heterogeneous sounds from the hall, in which were mingled something like the clang of rude minstrelsy, with the uproar of many small voices and girlish laughter. The door suddenly flew open, and a train came trooping into the room, that might almost have been mistaken for the breaking up of the court of Fairy. That indefatigable spirit, Master Simon, in the faithful discharge of his duties as lord of misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummers or masquing; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for any thing that should occasion romping and merriment, they had carried it into instant effect. The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothes-presses and wardrobes rummaged, and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations; the younger part of the company had been privately convened from the parlour and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out into a burlesque imitation of an antique masque.

Master Simon led the van, as "Ancient Christmas," quaintly apparelled in a ruff, a short cloak, which had very much the aspect of one of the old housekeeper's petticoats, and a hat that might have served for a village steeple, and must indubitably have figured in the days of the Covenanters. From under this his nose curved boldly forth, flushed with a fresh-bitten bloom, that seemed the very trophy of a De-

* Masquings or mummeries were favourite sports at Christmas in old times; and the wardrobes at halls and manor-houses were often laid under contribution to furnish dresses and fantastic guldings. I strongly suspect Master Simon to have taken the idea of his from Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas.

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avourite sports at Christmalls and manor-houses were ish dresses and fantastic Simon to have taken the id Christmas.

ember blast. He was accompanied by the blue-eyed romp, dished up as "Dame Mince Pie," in the venerable magnificence of faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. The young officer appeared as Robin Hood, in a sporting dress of Kendal green, and a foraging cap with a gold tassel.

The costume, to be sure, did not bear testimony to deep research, and there was an evident eye to the picturesque, natural to a young gallant in presence of his mistress. The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress, as "Maid Marian." The rest of the train had been metamorphosed in various ways; the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewhiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bottomed wigs, to represent the characters of Roast Beef, Plum Pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient masquings. The whole was under the control of the Oxonian, in the appropriate character of Misrule; and I observed that he exercised rather a mischievous sway with his wand over the smaller personages of the pageant.

The irruption of this motley crew, with beat of drum, according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet with the peerless, though giggling, Dame Mince Pie. It was followed by a dance of all the characters, which, from its medley of costumes, seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries were figuring at cross hands, and right and left; the dark ages were cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of Queen Bess jiggling merrily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations.

The worthy squire contemplated these fantastic sports, and this resurrection of his old wardrobe, with the simple relish of childish delight. He stood chuckling and rubbing his hands, and scarcely hearing a word the parson said, notwithstanding that the latter was discoursing most authentically on the ancient and stately dance of the Paon, or peacock, from which he conceived the minuet to be derived. For my part, I was in a continual excitement from the varied scenes of whiten and innocent gaiety passing before me. It was inspiring to see wild-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and old age throwing off his apathy, and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment. I felt also an interest in the scene, from the consideration that these fleeting customs were posting fast into oblivion, and that this was, perhaps, the only family in England in

* Sir John Hawkins, speaking of the dance called the Pavon, from pavo, a peacock, says, "It is a grave and majestic dance; the method of dancing it anciently was by gentlemen dressed with caps and swords, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by the peers in their mantles, and by the ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof, in dancing, resembled that of a peacock."—*History of Music*.

which the whole of them was still punctiliously observed. There was a quaintness, too, mingled with all this revelry, that gave it a peculiar zest: it was suited to the time and place; and as the old manor-house almost reeled with mirth and wassail, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long departed years.

But enough of Christmas and its gambols; it is time for me to pause in this garrulity. Methinks I hear the questions asked by my graver readers, "To what purpose is all this?—how is the world to be made wiser by this talk?" Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world? And if not, are there not thousands of abler pens labouring for its improvement?—It is so much pleasanter to please than to instruct—to play the companion rather than the preceptor.

What, after all, is the mite of wisdom that I could throw into the mass of knowledge; or how am I sure that my sagest deductions may be safe guides for the opinions of others? But in writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is in my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humour with his fellow beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain.

LITTLE BRITAIN.

[The following modicum of local history was lately put into my hands by an odd-looking old gentleman in a small brown wig and snuff-coloured coat, with whom I became acquainted in the course of one of my tours of observation through the centre of that great wilderness, the City. I confess that I was a little dubious at first, whether it was not one of those apocryphal tales often passed off upon inquiring travellers like myself; and which have brought our general character for veracity into such unmerited reproach. On making proper inquiries, however, I have received the most satisfactory assurances of the author's probity; and, indeed, have been told that he is actually engaged in a full and particular account of the very interesting region in which he resides; of which the following may be considered merely as a foretaste.]

What I write is most true ***** I have a whole booke of cases lying by me, which if I should sette forth, some grave auntries (within the hearing of Bow bell) would be out of charity with me.

NASBE.

IN the centre of the great city of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of LITTLE BRITAIN. Christ Church School and St Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long-lane on the north; Aklersgate-street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the city; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull-and-Mouth-street separates it from Butcher-

lane, and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster-row, Amen Corner, and Ave-Maria-lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion rolled off to the west, and trade creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers: these also gradually deserted it, and, emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate-street, settled down in Paternoster-row and St Paul's Churchyard, where they continue to increase and multiply even at the present day.

But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate-street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in later days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fire-places. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead, grotesque carvings, and low arched door-ways.*

In this most venerable and sheltered little nest have I passed several quiet years of existence, comfortably lodged in the second floor of one of the smallest but oldest edifices. My sitting-room is an old wainscoted chamber, with small pannels, and set off with a miscellaneous array of furniture. I have a particular respect for three or four high-backed claw-footed chairs, covered with tarnished brocade, which bear the marks of having seen better days, and have doubtless figured in some of the old palaces of Little Britain. They seem to me to keep together, and to look down with sovereign contempt upon their leather-bottomed neighbours; as I have seen decayed gentry carry a high head among the plebeian society with which they were reduced to associate. The whole front of my sitting-room is taken up with a bow window; on the panes of which are recorded the names of previous occupants for many generations, mingled with scraps of very indifferent gentleman-like poetry, written in

* It is evident that the author of this interesting communication has included, in his general title of Little Britain, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth Fair.

characters which I can scarcely decipher, and which extol the charms of many a beauty of Little Britain, who has long, long since bloomed, faded, and passed away. As I am an idle personage, with no apparent occupation, and pay my bill regularly every week, I am looked upon as the only independent gentleman of the neighbourhood; and, being curious to learn the internal state of a community so apparently shut up within itself, I have managed to work my way into all the concerns and secrets of the place.

Little Britain may truly be called the heart's core of the city; the strong hold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions. Here flourish in great preservation many of the holiday games and customs of yore. The inhabitants most religiously eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, hot-cross-buns on Good Friday, and roast goose at Michaelmas; they send love-letters on Valentine's Day, burn the pope on the fifth of November, and kiss all the girls under the mistletoe at Christmas. Roast beef and plum pudding are also held in superstitious veneration, and port and sherry maintain their grounds as the only true English wines; all others being considered vile outlandish beverages.

Little Britain has its long catalogue of city wonders, which its inhabitants consider the wonders of the world; such as the great bell of St Paul's, which sours all the beer when it tolls; the figures that strike the hours at St Dunstan's clock; the Monument; the lions in the Tower; and the wooden giants in Guildhall. They still believe in dreams and fortune-telling, and an old woman that lives in Bull-and-Mouth-street makes a tolerable subsistence by detecting stolen goods, and promising the girls good husbands. They are apt to be rendered uncomfortable by comets and eclipses; and if a dog howls dolefully at night, it is looked upon as a sure sign of a death in the place. There are even many ghost stories current, particularly concerning the old mansion-houses; in several of which it is said strange sights are sometimes seen. Lords and ladies, the former in full-bottomed wigs, hanging sleeves, and swords, the latter in lappets, stays, hoops, and brocade, have been seen walking up and down the great waste chambers, on moonlight nights; and are supposed to be the shades of the ancient proprietors in their court dresses.

Little Britain has likewise its sages and great men. One of the most important of the former is a tall dry old gentleman, of the name of Skryme, who keeps a small apothecary's shop. He has a cadaverous countenance, full of cavities, and projections; with a brown circle round each eye, like a pair of horn spectacles. He is much thought of by the old women, who consider him as a kind of conjuror, because he has two or three stuffed alligators hanging up in his shop, and several snakes in bottles. He is a great reader of almanacs and newspapers, and is much given to pore over alarming accounts of plots, conspiracies, fires, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions;

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ogue of city wonders, the wonders of the St Paul's, which sours figures that strike the Monument; the lions in Guildhall, giants in Guildhall, fortune-telling, and Bull-and-Mouth-street by detecting stolen good husbands. They rtable by comets and pefully at night, it is a death in the place. ries current, particular-houses; in several are sometimes seen. full-bottomed wigs, he latter in lappets, been seen walking up mbers, on moonlight he shades of the an-resses.

ages and great men. the former is a tall of Skryme, who keeps e has a cadaverous projections; with a like a pair of horn of by the old women, conjuror, because he is hanging up in his les. He is a great apers, and is much ants of plots, conspicu-volcanic eruptions;

which last phenomena he considers as signs of the times. He has always some dismal tale of the kind to deal out to his customers, with their doses; and thus at the same time puts both soul and body into an uproar. He is a great believer in omens and predictions; and has the prophecies of Robert Nixon and Mother Shipton by heart. No man can make so much out of an eclipse, or even an unusually dark day; and he shook the tail of the last comet over the heads of his customers and disciples until they were nearly frightened out of their wits. He has lately got hold of popular legend or prophecy, on which he has been unusually eloquent. There has been a saying current among the ancient sibyls, who treasure up these things, that when the grasshopper on the top of the Exchange shook hands with the dragon on the top of Bow Church steeple, fearful events would take place. This strange conjunction, it seems, has as strangely come to pass. The same architect has been engaged lately on the repairs of the cupola of the Exchange, and the steeple of Bow Church; and, fearful to relate, the dragon and the grasshopper actually lie, cheek by jole, in the yard of his workshop.

"Others," as Mr Skryme is accustomed to say, "may go star-gazing, and look for conjunctions in the heavens, but here is a conjunction on the earth, near at home, and under our own eyes, which surpasses all the signs and calculations of astrologers." Since these portentous weathercocks have thus laid their heads together, wonderful events had already occurred. The good old king, notwithstanding that he had lived eighty-two years, had all at once given up the ghost; another king had mounted the throne; a royal duke had died suddenly—another, in France, had been murdered; there had been radical meetings in all parts of the kingdom; the bloody scenes at Manchester; the great plot in Cato-street;—and, above all, the queen had returned to England! All these sinister events are recounted by Mr Skryme with a mysterious look, and a dismal shake of the head; and being taken with his drugs, and associated in the minds of his auditors with stuffed sea-monsters, bottled serpents, and his own visage, which is a title-page of tribulation, they have spread great gloom through the minds of the people in Little Britain. They shake their heads whenever they go by Bow Church, and observe, that they never expected any good to come of taking down that steeple, which in old times told nothing but glad tidings, as the history of Whittington and his Cat bears witness.

The rival oracle of Little Britain is a substantial cheese-monger, who lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions, and is as magnificently lodged as a round-bellied mite in the midst of one of his own Cheshire. Indeed he is a man of no little standing and importance; and his renown extends through Huggin-lane, and Lad-lane, and even unto Aldermanbury. His opinion is very much taken in affairs of state, having read the Sunday papers for the last half century, together with the Gentleman's Maga-

zine, Rapin's History of England, and the Naval Chronicle. His head is stored with invaluable maxims which have borne the test of time and use for centuries. It is his firm opinion that "it is a moral impossible," so long as England is true to herself, that any thing can shake her: and he has much to say on the subject of the national debt; which, somehow or other, he proves to be a great national bulwark and blessing. He passed the greater part of his life in the purlieus of Little Britain, until of late years, when, having become rich, and grown into the dignity of a Sunday cane, he begins to take his pleasure and see the world. He has therefore made several excursions to Hampstead, Highgate, and other neighbouring towns, where he has passed whole afternoons in looking back upon the metropolis through a telescope, and endeavouring to descry the steeple of St Bartholomew's. Not a stage coachman of Bull-and-Mouth-street but touches his hat as he passes; and he is considered quite a patron at the coach-office of the Goose and Gridiron, St Paul's Churchyard. His family have been very urgent for him to make an expedition to Margate, but he has great doubts of those new gin-cracks in steam-boats, and indeed thinks himself too advanced in life to undertake sea-voyages.

Little Britain has occasionally its factions and divisions, and party spirit ran very high at one time in consequence of two rival "Burial Societies" being set up in the place. One held its meeting at the Swan and Horse-Shoe, and was patronized by the cheese-monger; the other at the Cock and Crown, under the auspices of the apothecary: it is needless to say that the latter was the most flourishing. I have passed an evening or two at each, and have acquired much valuable information, as to the best mode of being buried; the comparative merits of churchyards; together with divers hints on the subject of patent iron coffins. I have heard the question discussed in all its bearings, as to the legality of prohibiting the latter on account of their durability. The feuds occasioned by these societies have happily died of late; but they were for a long time prevailing themes of controversy, the people of Little Britain being extremely solicitous of funeral honours and of lying comfortably in their graves.

Besides these two funeral societies, there is a third of quite a different cast, which tends to throw the sunshine of good-humour over the whole neighbourhood. It meets once a week at a little old-fashioned house, kept by a jolly publican of the name of Wagstaff, and bearing for insignia a resplendent half-moon, with a most seductive bunch of grapes. The whole edifice is covered with inscriptions, to catch the eye of the thirsty wayfarer; such as "Truman, Hanbury, and Co.'s Entire," "Wine, Rum, and Brandy Vaults," "Old Tom, Rum and Compounds, etc." This indeed has been a temple of Bacchus and Momus from time immemorial. It has always been in the family of the Wagstaffs, so that its history is tolerably preserved by the present landlord. It was much fre-

quented by the gallants and cavaliers of the reign of Elizabeth, and was looked into now and then by the wits of Charles the Second's days. But what Wagstaff principally prides himself upon, is, that Henry the Eighth, in one of his nocturnal rambles, broke the head of one of his ancestors with his famous waiking staff. This, however, is considered as rather a dubious and vainglorious boast of the landlord.

The club which now holds its weekly sessions here goes by the name of "the Roaring Lads of Little Britain." They abound in old catches, glees, and choice stories, that are traditional in the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a madcap undertaker who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club, and indeed the prime wit of Little Britain, is bully Wagstaff himself. His ancestors were all wags before him, and he has inherited with the inn a large stock of songs and jokes, which go with it from generation to generation as heirlooms. He is a dapper little fellow, with bandy legs and pot belly, a red face with a moist merry eye, and a little shock of grey hair behind. At the opening of every club night he is called in to sing his "Confession of Faith," which is the famous old drinking trowl from Gannet Gurnton's Needle. He sings it, to be sure, with many variations, as he received it from his father's lips; for it has been a standing favourite at the Half-Moon and Bunch of Grapes ever since it was written: nay, he affirms that his predecessors have often had the honour of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas mummeries, when Little Britain was in all its glory.¹

It would do one's heart good to hear on a club night the shouts of merriment, the snatches of song, and now and then the choral bursts of half a dozen discordant voices, which issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steams of a cook-shop.

¹ As mine host of the Half-Moon's Confession of Faith may not be familiar to the majority of readers, and as it is a specimen of the current songs of Little Britain, I subjoin it in its original orthography. I would observe, that the whole club always join in the chorus, with a fearful thumping on the table and clattering of pewter pots.

I cannot eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good,
But sure I thinke that I can drinke
With him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde,
I stuff my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde.

Chorus. Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hand go colde.
But belly, God send thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

I have no rost, but a nut browne toste,
And a crab laid in the fyre;
A little breade shall do me steade,
Much breade I not desyre.

There are two annual events which produce great stir and sensation in Little Britain; these are St Bartholomew's Fair, and the Lord Mayor's day. During the time of the Fair, which is held in the adjoining regions of Smithfield, there is nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The late quiet streets of Little Britain are overrun with an irruption of strange figures and faces; every tavern is a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window may be seen some group of boon companions, with half shut eyes, hats on one side, pipe in mouth and tankard in hand, fondling, and prosing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families, which I must say is rigidly kept up at other times among my neighbours, is no proof against this Saturnalia. There is no such thing as keeping maid-servants within doors. Their brains are absolutely set madding with Punch and the Puppet Show; the Flying Horses; Signior Polito; the Fire Eater; the celebrated Mr Paap; and the Irish Giant. The children, too, lavish all their holiday money in toys and gilt gingerbread, and fill the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny whistles.

But the Lord Mayor's day is the great anniversary. The Lord Mayor is looked up to by the inhabitants of Little Britain as the greatest potentate upon earth; his gilt coach with six horses as the summit of human splendour; and his procession, with all the Sheriffs and Aldermen in his train, as the grandest of earthly pageants. How they exult in the idea, that the King himself dare not enter the city, without first knocking at the gate of Temple Bar, and asking permission of the Lord Mayor: for if he did, heaven and earth! there is no knowing what might be the consequence. The man in armour who rides before the Lord Mayor, and is the city champion, has orders to cut down every body that offends against the dignity of the city; and then there is the little man with

No frost nor snow, nor winde, I trowe,
Can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of joly good ale and olde.

Chorus. Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wife, that, as her lyfe,
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see,
The teares run downe her cheeke.
Then doth shee trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a mault-worme sholde,
And sayth, sweete harte, I took my parte
Of this joly good ale and olde.

Chorus. Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and wlnke.
Even as good fellows sholde doe,
They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bring men to,
And all poore soules that have scowred bowles,
Or have them lustily trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wivres,
Whether they be yonge or olde.

Chorus. Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

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a velvet porringer on his head, who sits at the window of the state coach and holds the city sword, as long as a pike staff—Odd's blood! If he once draws that sword, Majesty itself is not safe!

Under the protection of this mighty potentate, therefore, the good people of Little Britain sleep in peace. Temple Bar is an effectual barrier against all interior foes; and as to foreign invasion, the Lord Mayor has but to throw himself into the Tower, call in the train bands, and put the standing army of Beef-eaters under arms, and he may bid defiance to the world!

Thus wrapped up in its own concerns, its own habits, and its own opinions, Little Britain has long flourished as a sound heart to this great fungous metropolis. I have pleased myself with considering it as a chosen spot, where the principles of sturdy John Bullism were garnered up, like seed corn, to renew the national character, when it had run to waste and degeneracy. I have rejoiced also in the general spirit of harmony that prevailed throughout it; for though there might now and then be a few clashes of opinion between the adherents of the cheese-monger and the apothecary, and an occasional feud between the burial societies, yet these were but transient clouds, and soon passed away. The neighbours met with goodwill, parted with a shake of the hand, and never abused each other except behind their backs.

I could give rare descriptions of snug junketing parties at which I have been present; where we played at All-fours, Pope-Joan, Tom-come-tickle-me, and other choice old games; and where we sometimes had a good old English country dance to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley. Once a year also the neighbours would gather together, and go on a gipsy party to Epping Forest. It would have done any man's heart good to see the merriment that took place here as we banqueted on the grass under the trees. How we made the woods ring with hursts of laughter at the songs of little Wagstaff and the merry undertaker! After dinner too, the young folks would play at blind-man's-buff and hide-and-seek; and it was amusing to see them tangled among the briars, and to hear a fine romping girl now and then squeak from among the bushes. The elder folks would gather round the cheese-monger and the apothecary, to hear them talk politics; for they generally brought a newspaper in their pockets, to pass away time in the country. They would now and then, to be sure, get a little warm in argument; but their disputes were always adjusted by reference to a worthy old umbrella maker in a double chin, who, never exactly comprehending the subject, managed somehow or other to decide in favour of both parties.

All empires, however, says some philosopher or historian, are doomed to changes and revolutions. Luxury and innovation creep in; factions arise; and families now and then spring up, whose ambition and intrigues throw the whole system into confusion. Thus in latter days has the tranquillity of Little Britain been grievously disturbed, and its golden simplicity

of manners threatened with total subversion, by the aspiring family of a retired butcher.

The family of the Lambs had long been among the most thriving and popular in the neighbourhood: the Miss Lambs were the belles of Little Britain, and every body was pleased when Old Lamb had made money enough to shut up shop, and put his name on a brass plate on his door. In an evil hour, however, one of the Miss Lambs had the honour of being a lady in attendance on the Lady Mayoress, at her grand annual ball, on which occasion she wore three towering ostrich feathers on her head. The family never got over it; they were immediately smitten with a passion for high life; set up a one-horse carriage, put a bit of gold lace round the errand-boy's hat, and have been the talk and detestation of the whole neighbourhood ever since. They could no longer be induced to play at Pope-Joan or blind-man's-buff; they could endure no dances but quadrilles, which nobody had ever heard of in Little Britain; and they took to reading novels, talking bad French, and playing upon the piano. Their brother too, who had been articled to an attorney, set up for a dandy and a critic, characters hitherto unknown in these parts; and he confounded the worthy folks exceedingly by talking about Kean, the Opera, and the Edinbro' Review.

What was still worse, the Lambs gave a grand ball, to which they neglected to invite any of their old neighbours; but they had a great deal of genteel company from Theobald's-road, Red-lion-square, and other parts towards the west. There were several beaux of their brother's acquaintance from Gray's Inn-lane and Hatton-garden; and not less than three Aldermen's ladies with their daughters. This was not to be forgotten or forgiven. All Little Britain was in an uproar with the smacking of whips, the lashing of miserable horses, and the rattling and jingling of hackney coaches. The gossips of the neighbourhood might be seen popping their night-caps out at every window, watching the crazy vehicles rumble by; and there was a knot of virulent old cronies, that kept a look-out from a house just opposite the retired butcher's, and scanned and criticized every one that knocked at the door.

This dance was a cause of almost open war, and the whole neighbourhood declared they would have nothing more to say to the Lambs. It is true that Mrs Lamb, when she had no engagements with her quality acquaintance, would give little hum-drum tea junketings to some of her old cronies, "quite," as she would say, "in a friendly way," and it is equally true that her invitations were always accepted, in spite of all previous vows to the contrary. Nay, the good ladies would sit and be delighted with the music of the Miss Lambs, who would condescend to strum an Irish melody for them on the piano; and they would listen with wonderful interest to Mrs Lamb's anecdotes of Alderman Plunket's family, of Portsoken-ward, and the Miss Timberlakes, the rich heiresses

of Crutched-Friars; but then they relieved their consciences, and averted the reproaches of their confederates, by canvassing at the next gossiping convocation every thing that had passed, and pulling the Lambs and their rout all to pieces.

The only one of the family that could not be made fashionable was the retired butcher himself. Honest Lamb, in spite of the meekness of his name, was a rough, hearty old fellow, with the voice of a lion, a head of black hair like a shoebrush, and a broad face mottled like his own beef. It was in vain that the daughters always spoke of him as "the old gentleman," addressed him as "papa," in tones of infinite softness, and endeavored to coax him into a dressing-gown and slippers, and other gentlemanly habits. Do what they might, there was no keeping down the butcher. His sturdy nature would break through all their gozings. He had a hearty vulgar good-humour that was irrepressible. His very jokes made his sensitive daughters shudder; and he persisted in wearing his blue cotton coat of a morning, dining at two o'clock, and having a "bit of sausage with his tea."

He was doomed, however, to share the unpopularity of his family. He found his old comrades gradually growing cold and civil to him; no longer laughing at his jokes; and now and then throwing out a sling at "some people," and a hint about "quality linding." This both nettled and perplexed the honest butcher; and his wife and daughters, with the consummate policy of the shrewder sex, taking advantage of the circumstance, at length prevailed upon him to give up his afternoon's pipe and tankard at Wagstaff's; to sit after dinner by himself and take his pint of port—a liquor he detested—and to nod in his chair in solitary and dismal gentility.

The Miss Lambs might now be seen flaunting along the streets in French bonnets, with unknown beaux; and talking and laughing so loud that it distressed the nerves of every good lady within hearing. They even went so far as to attempt patronage, and actually induced a French dancing-master to set up in the neighbourhood; but the worthy folks of Little Britain took fire at it, and did so persecute the poor Gaul, that he was fain to pack up fiddle and dancing pumps, and decamp with such precipitation, that he absolutely forgot to pay for his lodgings.

I had flattered myself, at first, with the idea that all this fiery indignation on the part of the community was merely the overflowing of their zeal for good old English manners, and their horror of innovation; and I applauded the silent contempt they were so vociferous in expressing, for upstart pride, French fashions, and the Miss Lambs. But I grieve to say that I soon perceived the infection had taken hold; and that my neighbours, after condemning, were beginning to follow their example. I overheard my landlady importuning her husband to let their daughters have one quarter at French and music, and that they might take a few lessons in quadrille. I even saw, in the course of a few Sundays, no less than five

French bonnets, precisely like those of the Miss Lambs, parading about Little Britain.

I still had my hopes that all this folly would gradually die away; that the Lambs might move out of the neighbourhood; might die, or might run away with attorneys' apprentices; and that quiet and simplicity might be again restored to the community. But unluckily a rival power arose. An opulent oilman died, and left a widow with a large jointure and a family of buxom daughters. The young ladies had long been repining in secret at the parsimony of a prudent father, which kept down all their elegant aspirations. Their ambition being now no longer restrained broke out into a blaze, and they openly took the field against the family of the butcher. It is true that the Lambs, having had the start, had naturally an advantage of them in the fashionable career. They could speak a little bad French, play the piano, dance quadrilles, and had formed high acquaintances; but the Trotters were not to be distanced. When the Lambs appeared with two feathers in their hats, the Miss Trotters mounted four, and of twice as fine colours. If the Lambs gave a dance, the Trotters were sure not to be behind-hand: and though they might not boast of as good company, yet they had double the number, and were twice as merry.

The whole community has at length divided itself into fashionable factions, under the banners of these two families. The old games of Pope-Joan and Tom-come-tickle-me are entirely discarded; there is no such thing as getting up an honest country dance; and on my attempting to kiss a young lady under the mistletoe last Christmas, I was indignantly repulsed; the Miss Lambs having pronounced it "shocking vulgar." Bitter rivalry has also broken out as to the most fashionable part of Little Britain; the Lambs standing up for the dignity of Cross-Keys-square, and the Trotters for the vicinity of St Bartholomew's.

Thus is this little territory torn by factions and internal dissensions, like the great empire whose name it bears; and what will be the result would puzzle the apothecary himself, with all his talents at prognostics, to determine; though I apprehend that it will terminate in the total downfall of genuine John Bullism.

The immediate effects are extremely unpleasant to me. Being a single man, and, as I observed before, rather an idle good-for-nothing personage, I have been considered the only gentleman by profession in the place. I stand therefore in high favour with both parties, and have to hear all their cabinet counsels and mutual backbitings. As I am too civil not to agree with the ladies on all occasions, I have committed myself most horribly with both parties, by abusing their opponents. I might manage to reconcile this to my conscience, which is a truly accommodating one, but I cannot to my apprehension—if the Lambs and Trotters ever come to a reconciliation and compare notes, I am ruined!

I have determined, therefore, to beat a retreat in time, and am actually looking out for some other nest

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in this great city, where old English manners are still kept up; where French is neither eaten, drank, danced, nor spoken; and where there are no fashionable families of retired tradesmen. This found, I will, like a veteran rat, hasten away before I have an old house about my ears; bid a long, though a sorrowful adieu to my present abode, and leave the rival factions of the Lambs and the Trotters to divide the distracted empire of LITTLE BRITAIN.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

GARRICK.

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakspeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicated my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakspeare, the Jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life

into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakspeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small mean-looking edifice of wood and plaister, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakspeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favourite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say—I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of

goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same.

What is it to us, whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humoured credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birth-place of Shakspeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the grey tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty grey spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the grey-headed sexton, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low white-washed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlour, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family bible and prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room; with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fire-place, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's grand-daughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl,—and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found,

had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighbouring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet "bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditional anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers, but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakspeare's writings lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over his history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely any thing remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakspeare's mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakspeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry-tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakspeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels even at the fountain head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a gothic porch highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishment superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

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Good friend, for Jove's sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones !

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely-arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favour!

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favourite daughter, Mrs Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full length effigy of his old friend John Combe, of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on any thing that is not connected with Shakspeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakspeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard, I picked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual object of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys, at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakspeare, in company with some of the

roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot.*

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakspeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal trade; wandered away to London; became a hanger-on to the theatres; then an actor; and, finally, wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber, and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the Lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings; but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original of Justice Shallow, and the satire is silly fixed upon him by the justice's armorial bearings, which, like those of the knight, had white luccs² in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakspeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself it runs loosely and wildly, and delights in every thing eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn-up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakspeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil, as he has all dramatic laws.

I have little doubt that, in early life, when running, like an unbroken colt, about the neighbourhood of Stratford, he was to be found in the company of all kinds of odd anomalous characters; that he associated

* The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon:—

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass:
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself great;
Yet an ass in his state,
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Then sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

² The lucc is a pike or jack, and abounds in the Avon about Charlecot.

with all the madcaps of the place, and was one of those unlucky urchins, at mention of whom old men shake their heads, and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was doubtless like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager, and as yet untamed, imagination, as something delightfully adventurous.*

The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting, from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood at little more than three miles distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakspeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade; and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snowdrop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropt lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous

* A proof of Shakspeare's random habits and associates in his youthful days may be found in a traditional anecdote, picked up at Stratford by the elder Ireland, and mentioned in his "Picturesque Views on the Avon."

About seven miles from Stratford lies the thirsty little market town of Bedford, famous for its ale. Two societies of the village yeomanry used to meet, under the appellation of the Bedford toppers, and to challenge the lovers of good ale of the neighbouring villages to a contest of drinking. Among others, the people of Stratford were called out to prove the strength of their heads; and in the number of the champions was Shakspeare, who, in spite of the proverb, that "they who drink beer will think beer," was as true to his ale as Falstaff to his sack. The chivalry of Stratford was staggered at the first onset, and sounded a retreat while they had yet legs to carry them off the field. They had scarcely marched a mile when, their legs failing them, they were forced to lie down under a crab-tree, where they passed the night. It is still standing, and goes by the name of Shakspeare's tree.

In the morning his companions awaked the bard, and proposed returning to Bedford, but he declined, saying he had had enough, having drank with

Piping Pehworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Mill'bro', Hungry Grafton,
Dudging Exhall, Papiat Wicksford,
Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bedford.

"The villages here alluded to," says Ireland, "still bear the epithets thus given them; the people of Pehworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor; Hilborough is now called Haunted Hilborough; and Grafton is famous for the poverty of its soil."

winty strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakspeare's exquisite little song in Cymbeline:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaficed flowers that lies.
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!

Indeed, the whole country about here is poetic ground: every thing is associated with the idea of Shakspeare. Every old cottage that I saw, I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire, and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars."

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fanciful doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley; sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchain'd in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles, I turned off into a foot-path, which led along the borders of fields and under hedge-rows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian; there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which every one has a kind of property—at least as far as the foot-path is concerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and, what is more, to the better lot of his neighbour, thus to have parks and pleasure grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely,

* Scot, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," enumerates a host of these fire-side fancies. "And they have so fraid us with bulbes, gars, spirits, wilches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, salys, paws, faunes, ayrens, kilt with the can stick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, glantes,imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, incubes, Robin-godfellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oak, the hell-waine, the fier drake, the puekie, Tom Thombe, hobgoblins, Tom Tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadowes."

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and lolls as luxuriously under the shade, as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it, and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue; and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration, and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity, and proudly-concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank Heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks."

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakspeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jacques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As you like it." It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes, that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary:

Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat,
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

I have now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of courtyard

in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican; being a kind of out-post, and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defence. The front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock.

The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently-sloping bank, which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders, and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion, I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode, and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter:

Falstaff. You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich shallow. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakspeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the courtyard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only sign of domestic life that I met with was a white cat stealing with wary look and stealthy pace towards the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers, and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old house-keeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations, and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase: and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakspeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty; and at one end is a gallery, in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fire-place, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge gothic bow-window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the courtyard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many genera-

tions, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three *white luses*, by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where the Justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offences of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum*.

Slender. Ay, and *ratalorum* too, and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him have done't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen *white luses* in their coat.

Shallow. The council shall hear; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it!

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second: the old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakspeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost had not been entirely regained by the family even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention, was a great painting over the fire-place, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakspeare's life-time. I at first thought that it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son; the only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighbouring hamlet of Charlecot. The picture gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet; white shoes with roses in them; and has a peaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, "a cane-coloured beard." His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture, in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow;—

all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery—so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country Squire of former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains; and in which it might be presumed the relobouted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state when the recreant Shakspeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my own entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and blue-coated serving-men with their badges; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chapfallen, in the custody of gamekeepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors; while from the gallery the fair daughters of the knight leaned gracefully forward, eyeing the youthful prisoner with that pity "that dwells in womanhood."—Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country squire, and the sport of rustics boors, was soon to become the delight of princes; the theme of all tongues and ages; the dictator to the human mind; and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon!

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and arbour where the justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence "to a last year's pippin of his own grafting, with a dish of carraways;" but I had already spent so much of the day in my ramblings that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave, I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment: an instance of good old hospitality, which I grieve to say we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakspeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff.

Bishop Earle, speaking of the country gentleman of his time, observes, "his housekeeping is seen much in the different families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels; and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceedingly ambitious to seem delighted with the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses." And Gilpin, in his description of a Mr Hastings, remarks, "he kept all sorts of hounds that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrowbones, and full of hawk perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels."

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On returning the singular gift the magic of his eye to things a heir own, and to a perfect f chanter, whose ut upon the im rizard influence of day in a com ndscape throu very object vi een surrounde othings, conjur ce, had all the es soliloquizeosalind and her woodlands; and nt in spirit wi oraries, from the gentle Maste en thousand h as thus gilded t usions; who measures in my rit in many a eerful sympath As I crossed the paused to cont e poet lies bur malediction, whi quiet and hal name have de companionship w nal eulogiums rowded cornc npared with and in beautif he solicitude ab an over-wroug ble up of foibl derest affection ings. He v world, and has

"By cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night * * * * I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused * * * * Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William Cook."

I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Every thing brought them as it were before my eyes; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favourite ditty:

"'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide!"

On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairy land. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakspeare, I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings: with mere airy notions, conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jacques soliloquize beneath his oak; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow, down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions; who has spread exquisite and unbought treasures in my chequered path; and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour, with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the benediction, which has kept his ashes undisturbed in quiet and hallowed vaults. What honour could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and small eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and interest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly fa-

vour, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not."

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

THERE is something in the character and habits of the North American savage, taken in connexion with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range, its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains, that is, to my mind, wonderfully striking and sublime. He is formed for the wilderness, as the Arab is for the desert. His nature is stern, simple, and enduring; fitted to grapple with difficulties, and to support privations. There seems but little soil in his heart for the growth of the kindly virtues; and yet, if we would but take the trouble to penetrate through that proud stoicism and habitual taciturnity, which lock up his character from casual observation, we should find him linked to his fellow-man of civilized life by more of those sympathies and affections than are usually ascribed to him.

It has been the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America, in the early periods of colonization, to be doubly wronged by the white men. They have been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions by mercenary and frequently wanton warfare: and their characters have been traduced by bigoted and interested writers. The colonist has often treated them like beasts of the forest; and the author has endeavoured to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize; the latter to vilify than to discriminate. The appellations of savage and pagan were deemed sufficient to sanction the hostilities of both; and thus the poor wanderers of the

forest were persecuted and defamed, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

The rights of the savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace he has, too, been often the dupe of artful traffic; in war he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is to be expected from him, when he feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy.

The same prejudices, which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies have, it is true, with laudable diligence, endeavoured to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes; the American government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is too apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontiers, and hang on the skirts of the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. That proud independence, which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruin. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbours. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breathe desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, whilst it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, who fly from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds. Thus do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes, who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence. Poverty, repining and hopeless poverty, a canker of the mind unknown in savage life, corrodes their spirits and blights every free and noble quality of their natures. They become drunken, indolent, feeble, thievish and pusillanimous. They loiter like vagrants about the settlements, among

• The American government has been indefatigable in its exertions to ameliorate the situation of the Indians, and to introduce among them the arts of civilization, and civil and religious knowledge. To protect them from the frauds of the white traders, no purchase of land from them by individuals is permitted; nor is any person allowed to receive lands from them as a present, without the express sanction of government. These precautions are strictly enforced.

spacious dwellings replete with elaborate comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes; but they are excluded from the banquet. Plenty revels over the fields; but they are starving in the midst of its abundance: the whole wilderness has blossomed into a garden; but they feel as reptiles that infest it.

How different was their state while yet the undigested lords of the soil! Their wants were few, and the means of gratification within their reach. They saw every one round them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments. No roof then rose, but was open to the homeless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees, but he was welcome to sit down by its fire and join the hunter in his repast. "For," says an old historian of New England, "their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those things they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate, that rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all; thus they pass their time merrily, not regarding our pomp, but are better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of." Such were the Indians whilst in the pride and energy of their primitive natures; they resembled those wild plants, which thrive best in the shades of the forest, but shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.

In discussing the savage character, writers have been too prone to indulge in vulgar prejudice and passionate exaggeration, instead of the candid temper of true philosophy. They have not sufficiently considered the peculiar circumstances in which the Indians have been placed, and the peculiar principles under which they have been educated. No being acts more rigidly from rule than the Indian. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general maxims early implanted in his mind. The moral laws that govern him are, to be sure, but few; but then he conforms to them all;—the white man abounds in laws of religion, morals, and manners, how many does he violate!

A frequent ground of accusation against the Indian is their disregard of treaties, and the treachery and wantonness with which, in time of apparent peace, they will suddenly fly to hostilities. The intercourse of the white men with the Indians, however, is too apt to be cold, distrustful, oppressive, and insulting. They seldom treat them with that confidence and frankness which are indispensable to real friendship; nor is sufficient caution observed not to offend against those feelings of pride or superstition, which often prompt the Indian to hostility quicker than mere considerations of interest. The solitary savage feels silently, but acutely. His sensibilities are not diffused over so wide a surface as those of the white man; but they run in steeper and deeper channels. His pride, his affections, his superstitions, are all directed

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towards fewer objects; but the wounds inflicted on
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 of hostility which we cannot sufficiently appreciate.
 Where a community is also limited in number, and
 forms one great patriarchal family, as in an Indian
 tribe, the injury of an individual is the injury of the
 whole; and the sentiment of vengeance is almost in-
 stantaneously diffused. One council fire is sufficient
 for the discussion and arrangement of a plan of hos-
 tilities. Here all the fighting men and sages assemble.
 Eloquence and superstition combine to inflame the
 minds of the warriors. The orator awakens their
 martial ardour, and they are wrought up to a kind
 of religious desperation, by the visions of the prophet
 and the dreamer.

An instance of one of those sudden exasperations,
 arising from a motive peculiar to the Indian character,
 is extant in an old record of the early settlement of
 Massachusetts. The planters of Plymouth had de-
 ceased the monuments of the dead at Passonagesit,
 and had plundered the grave of the Sachem's mother
 of some skins with which it had been decorated. The
 Indians are remarkable for the reverence which they
 entertain for the sepulchres of their kindred. Tribes
 that have passed generations exiled from the abodes
 of their ancestors, when by chance they have been
 travelling in the vicinity, have been known to turn
 aside from the highway, and, guided by wonderfully
 accurate tradition, have crossed the country for miles
 to some tumulus, buried perhaps in woods, where
 the bones of their tribe were anciently deposited; and
 there have passed hours in silent meditation. In-
 fluenced by this sublime and holy feeling, the Sa-
 chem, whose mother's tomb had been violated, gar-
 bered his men together, and addressed them in the
 following beautifully simple and pathetic harangue;
 curious specimen of Indian eloquence, and an affect-
 ed instance of filial piety in a savage.

"When last the glorious light of all the sky was
 underneath this globe, and birds grew silent, I began
 settle, as my custom is, to take repose. Before
 my eyes were fast closed, methought I saw a vision,
 in which my spirit was much troubled; and trembling
 at that doleful sight, a spirit cried aloud, 'Behold,
 my son, whom I have cherished, see the breasts that
 have thee suck, the hands that lapped thee warm,
 and fed thee oft. Canst thou forget to take revenge
 on those wild people, who have defaced my monu-
 ment in a despicable manner, disdaining our anti-
 quities and honourable customs? See, now, the Sa-
 chem's grave lies like the common people, defaced
 an ignoble race. Thy mother doth complain, and
 pines thy aid against this thievish people, who
 have newly intruded on our land. If this be suffer-
 I shall not rest quiet in my everlasting habita-
 tion.' This said, the spirit vanished, and I, all in a
 sweat, not able scarce to speak, began to get some
 strength, and recollect my spirits that were fled,
 determined to demand your counsel and as-
 sistance."

I have adduced this anecdote at some length, as it
 tends to show how these sudden acts of hostility,
 which have been attributed to caprice and perfidy,
 may often arise from deep and generous motives,
 which our inattention to Indian character and customs
 prevents our properly appreciating.

Another ground of violent outcry against the In-
 dians is their barbarity to the vanquished. This had
 its origin partly in policy and partly in superstition.
 The tribes, though sometimes called nations, were
 never so formidable in their numbers, but that the
 loss of several warriors was sensibly felt; this was
 particularly the case when they had been frequently
 engaged in warfare; and many an instance occurs in
 Indian history, where a tribe, that had long been
 formidable to its neighbours, has been broken up and
 driven away, by the capture and massacre of its prin-
 cipal fighting men. There was a strong temptation,
 therefore, to the victor to be merciless; not so much
 to gratify any cruel revenge, as to provide for future
 security. The Indians had also the superstitious
 belief, frequent among barbarous nations, and preva-
 lent also among the ancients, that the manes of their
 friends who had fallen in battle were soothed by the
 blood of the captives. The prisoners, however, who
 are not thus sacrificed, are adopted into their families
 in the place of the slain, and are treated with the
 confidence and affection of relatives and friends; nay,
 so hospitable and tender is their entertainment, that
 when the alternative is offered them, they will often
 prefer to remain with their adopted brethren, rather
 than return to the home and the friends of their
 youth.

The cruelty of the Indians towards their prisoners
 has been heightened since the colonization of the
 whites. What was formerly a compliance with pol-
 icy and superstition, has been exasperated into a gra-
 tification of vengeance. They cannot but be sensible
 that the white men are the usurpers of their ancient
 dominion, the cause of their degradation, and the
 gradual destroyers of their race. They go forth to
 battle, smarting with injuries and indignities which
 they have individually suffered, and they are driven
 to madness and despair by the wide-spreading deso-
 lation, and the overwhelming ruin of European war-
 fare. The whites have too frequently set them an
 example of violence, by burning their villages and
 laying waste their slender means of subsistence: and
 yet they wonder that savages do not show moderation
 and magnanimity towards those who have left them
 nothing but mere existence and wretchedness.

We stigmatize the Indians, also, as cowardly and
 treacherous, because they use stratagem in warfare,
 in preference to open force; but in this they are fully
 justified by their rude code of honour. They are
 early taught that stratagem is praiseworthy; the
 bravest warrior thinks it no disgrace to lurk in si-
 lence, and take every advantage of his foe: he
 triumphs in the superior craft and sagacity by which
 he has been enabled to surprise and destroy an ene-

my. Indeed, man is naturally more prone to subtlety than open valour, owing to his physical weakness in comparison with other animals. They are endowed with natural weapons of defence: with horns, with tusks, with hoofs, and talons; but man has to depend on his superior sagacity. In all his encounters with these, his proper enemies, he resorts to stratagem; and when he perversely turns his hostility against his fellow-man, he at first continues the same subtle mode of warfare.

The natural principle of war is to do the most harm to our enemy with the least harm to ourselves; and this of course is to be effected by stratagem. That chivalrous courage which induces us to despise the suggestions of prudence, and to rush in the face of certain danger, is the offspring of society, and produced by education. It is honourable, because it is in fact the triumph of lofty sentiment over an instinctive repugnance to pain, and over those yearnings after personal ease and security, which society has condemned as ignoble. It is kept alive by pride and the fear of shame; and thus the dread of real evil is overcome by the superior dread of an evil which exists but in the imagination. It has been cherished and stimulated also by various means. It has been the theme of spirit-stirring song and chivalrous story. The poet and minstrel have delighted to shed round it the splendours of fiction; and even the historian has forgotten the sober gravity of narration, and broken forth into enthusiasm and rhapsody in its praise. Triumphs and gorgeous pageants have been its reward: monuments, on which art has exhausted its skill, and opulence its treasures, have been erected to perpetuate a nation's gratitude and admiration. Thus artificially excited, courage has risen to an extraordinary and factitious degree of heroism; and, arrayed in all the glorious "pomp and circumstance of war," this turbulent quality has even been able to eclipse many of those quiet, but invaluable virtues, which silently ennoble the human character, and swell the tide of human happiness.

But if courage intrinsically consists in the defiance of danger and pain, the life of the Indian is a continual exhibition of it. He lives in a state of perpetual hostility and risk. Peril and adventure are congenial to his nature; or rather seem necessary to arouse his faculties and to give an interest to his existence. Surrounded by hostile tribes, whose mode of warfare is by ambush and surprisal, he is always prepared for fight, and lives with his weapons in his hands. As the ship careers in fearful singleness through the solitude of ocean;—as the bird mingles among clouds and storms, and wings its way, a mere speck, across the pathless fields of air;—so the Indian holds his course, silent, solitary, but undaunted, through the boundless bosom of the wilderness. His expeditions may vie in distance and danger with the pilgrimage of the devotee, or the crusade of the knight-errant. He traverses vast forests, exposed to the hazards of lonely sickness, of lurking enemies, and pining fa-

mine. Stormy lakes, those great inland seas, are no obstacles to his wanderings: in his light canoe of bark he sports, like a feather, on their waves, and darts with the swiftness of an arrow, down the roaring rapids of the rivers. His very subsistence is snatched from the midst of toil and peril. He gains his food by the hardships and dangers of the chase: he wraps himself in the spoils of the bear, the panther, and the buffalo, and sleeps among the thunders of the cata-

ract. No hero of ancient or modern days can surpass the Indian in his lofty contempt of death, and the fortitude with which he sustains its cruellest affliction. Indeed, we here behold him rising superior to the white man, in consequence of his peculiar education. The latter rushes to glorious death at the cannon's mouth; the former calmly contemplates its approach, and triumphantly endures it, amidst the varied torments of surrounding foes and the protracted agonies of fire. He even takes a pride in taunting his persecutors, and provoking their ingenuity of torture, and as the devouring flames prey on his very vitals and the flesh shrinks from the sinews, he raises his last song of triumph, breathing the defiance of an unconquered heart, and invoking the spirits of his fathers to witness that he dies without a groan.

Notwithstanding the obloquy with which the early historians have overshadowed the characters of the unfortunate natives, some bright gleams occasionally break through, which throw a degree of melancholy lustre on their memories. Facts are occasionally to be met with in the rude annals of the eastern provinces, which, though recorded with the colouring of prejudice and bigotry, yet speak for themselves and will be dwelt on with applause and sympathy, when prejudice shall have passed away.

In one of the homely narratives of the Indian war in New England, there is a touching account of the desolation carried into the tribe of the Pequod Indians. Humanity shrinks from the cold-blooded detail of the discriminate butchery. In one place we read of the surprisal of an Indian fort in the night, when the wigwams were wrapped in flames, and the miserable inhabitants shot down and slain in attempting to escape, "all being dispatched and ended in the course of an hour." After a series of similar transactions "our soldiers," as the historian piously observes "being resolved by God's assistance to make a complete destruction of them," the unhappy savages being hunted from their homes and fortresses, and pursued with fire and sword, a scanty but gallant band, the sad remnant of the Pequod warriors, with their wives and children, took refuge in a swamp.

Burning with indignation, and rendered sullen and despair; with hearts bursting with grief at the destruction of their tribe, and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat, they refused to ask their lives at the hands of an insulting foe, and preferred death to submission.

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their dismal retreat, so as to render escape impracticable. Thus situated, their enemy "plied them with shot all the time, by which means many were killed and buried in the mire." In the darkness and fog that preceded the dawn of day, some few broke through the besiegers and escaped into the woods: the rest were left to the conquerors, of which many were killed in the swamp, like sullen dogs who would rather, in their self-willedness and madness, sit still and be shot through, or cut to pieces," than implore for mercy. When the day broke upon this handful of forlorn but dauntless spirits, the soldiers, we are told, entering the swamp, "saw several heaps of them sitting close together, upon whom they discharged their pieces, laden with ten or twelve pistol bullets at a time; putting the muzzles of the pieces under the armpits, within a few yards of them; so as, besides those that were found dead, many more were killed and sunk into the mire, and never were minded more by friend or foe."

Can any one read this plain unvarnished tale, without admiring the stern resolution, the unbending pride, the loftiness of spirit, that seemed to nerve the efforts of these self-taught heroes, and to raise them above the instinctive feelings of human nature? When the Gauls laid waste the city of Rome, they found the senators clothed in their robes and seated with stern tranquillity in their curule chairs; in this manner they suffered death without resistance or even supplication. Such conduct was, in them, applauded as noble and magnanimous; in the hapless Indians it was reviled as obstinate and sullen. How truly are we the dupes of show and circumstance! How different is virtue, clothed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue, naked and destitute, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness!

But I forbear to dwell on these gloomy pictures. The eastern tribes have long since disappeared; the nests that sheltered them have been laid low, and scarce any traces remain of them in the thickly-settled states of New England, excepting here and there the Indian name of a village or a stream. And such must sooner or later be the fate of those other tribes which skirt the frontiers, and have occasionally been veigled from their forests to mingle in the wars of white men. In a little while, and they will go the way that their brethren have gone before. The few tribes which still linger about the shores of Huron and Superior, and the tributary streams of the Mississippi, will share the fate of those tribes that once spread over Massachusetts and Connecticut, and lorded it along the proud banks of the Hudson; of that gigantic race said to have existed, on the borders of the Susquehanna; and of those various nations that flourished about the Patowmac and the Rappahanoc, and that populated the forests of the vast valley of Shemandoah. They will vanish like a vapour from the face of the earth; their very history will be lost in forgetfulness; and "the places that now know them will know them more for ever." Or if, perchance, some dubious

memorial of them should survive, it may be in the romantic dreams of the poet, to people in imagination his glades and groves, like the fauns and satyrs and sylvan deities of antiquity. But should he venture upon the dark story of their wrongs and wretchedness; should he tell how they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled; driven from their native abodes and the sepulchres of their fathers; hunted like wild beasts about the earth; and sent down with violence and butchery to the grave; posterity will either turn with horror and incredulity from the tale, or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers.—"We are driven back," said an old warrior, "until we can retreat no farther—our hatchets are broken, our bows are snapped, our fires are nearly extinguished—a little longer, and the white man will cease to persecute us—for we shall cease to exist!"

PHILIP OF POKANOKET,

AN INDIAN MEMOIR.

As monumental bronze unchang'd his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

CAMPBELL.

It is to be regretted that those early writers, who treated of the discovery and settlement of America, have not given us more particular and candid accounts of the remarkable characters that flourished in savage life. The scanty anecdotes which have reached us are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man is in a comparatively primitive state, and what he owes to civilization. There is something of the charm of discovery in lighting upon these wild and unexplored tracks of human nature; in witnessing, as it were, the native growth of moral sentiment, and perceiving those generous and romantic qualities which have been artificially cultivated by society, vegetating in spontaneous hardihood and rude magnificence.

In civilized life, where the happiness, and indeed almost the existence, of man depends so much upon the opinion of his fellow-men, he is constantly acting a studied part. The bold and peculiar traits of native character are refined away, or softened down by the levelling influence of what is termed good-breeding; and he practises so many petty deceptions, and affects so many generous sentiments, for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real from his artificial character. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished life, and, in a great degree, a solitary and independent being, obeys the impulses of his inclination or the dictates of his judgment; and thus the at-

tributes of his nature, being freely indulged, grow singly great and striking. Society is like a lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface; he, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early colonial history, wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England. It is painful to perceive, even from these partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization may be traced in the blood of the aborigines; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth, how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust!

Such was the fate of PHILIP OF POKANOKET, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of contemporary Sachems who reigned over the Pequods, the Narragansets, the Wampanoags, and the other Eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England; a band of native untaught heroes, who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp in the cause of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown. Worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk, like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.*

When the pilgrims, as the Plymouth settlers are called by their descendants, first took refuge on the shores of the New World, from the religious persecutions of the Old, their situation was to the last degree gloomy and disheartening. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away through sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic winter and the vicissitudes of an ever-shifting climate; their minds were filled with doleful forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into despondency but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation they were visited by Massasoit, chief Sagamore of Wampanoags, a powerful chief who reigned over a great extent of country. Instead of taking advantage of the scanty number of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories into which they had intruded, he seemed at once to conceive for them

* While correcting the proof sheets of this article, the author is informed that a celebrated English poet has nearly finished an heroic poem on the story of Philip of Pokanoket.

a generous friendship, and extended towards them the rites of primitive hospitality. He came early in the spring to their settlement of New Plymouth, attended by a mere handful of followers; entered into a solemn league of peace and amity; sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure for them the good-will of his savage allies. Whatever may be said of Indian perfidy, it is certain that the integrity and good faith of Massasoit have never been impeached. He continued a firm and magnanimous friend of the white men; suffering them to extend their possessions and to strengthen themselves in the land; and betraying no jealousy of their increasing power and prosperity. Shortly before his death he came once more to New Plymouth, with his son Alexander, for the purpose of renewing the covenant of peace, and of securing it to his posterity.

At this conference he endeavoured to protect the religion of his forefathers from the encroaching zeal of the missionaries; and stipulated that no further attempt should be made to draw off his people from their ancient faith; but, finding the English obstinately opposed to any such condition, he mildly relinquished the demand. Almost the last act of his life was to bring his two sons, Alexander and Philip (as they had been named by the English), to the residence of a principal settler, recommending mutual kindness and confidence; and entreating that the same love and amity which had existed between the white men and himself might be continued afterwards with his children. The good old Sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers before sorrow came upon his tribe; his children remained behind to experience the ingratitude of white men.

His eldest son, Alexander, succeeded him. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and proudly tenacious of his hereditary rights and dignity. The intrusive policy and dictatorial conduct of the strangers excited his indignation; and he beheld with uneasiness their exterminating wars with the neighbouring tribes. He was doomed soon to incur their hostility, being accused of plotting with the Narragansets to rise against the English and drive them from the land. It is impossible to say whether this accusation was warranted by facts, or was grounded on mere suspicions. It is evident, however, by the violent and overbearing measures of the settlers, that they had by this time begun to feel conscious of the rapid increase of their power, and to grow harsh and inconsiderate in their treatment of the natives. They dispatched an armed force to seize upon Alexander and to bring him before their courts. He was taken to his woodland haunts, and surprised at a hunting-house, where he was reposing, with a band of his followers, unarmed, after the toils of the chase. The suddenness of his arrest, and the outrage offered to his sovereign dignity, so preyed upon the irascible feelings of this proud savage, as to throw him into a raging fever: he was permitted to return home, on condition of sending his son as a pledge for his re-

appearance; and before his agonies of a

The success of King Philip, of his lofty spirit, together with had rendered preclusion, rished a secret whites. Usually, have originally but had presumed an influence of race of his country face of the east hands, and t and dependent ginally purchased know the nations riods of colonial thrifty bargaining traffic; and th by easily provoked rage is never law, by which gally inflicted judges; and i before the inter were lords of ing vagabonds

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appearance; but the blow he had received was fatal, and before he reached his home he fell a victim to the agonies of a wounded spirit.

The successor of Alexander was Metamocet, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. These, together with his well-known energy and enterprize, had rendered him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of having always cherished a secret and implacable hostility towards the whites. Such may very probably, and very naturally, have been the case. He considered them as originally but mere intruders into the country, who had presumed upon indulgence, and were extending an influence baneful to savage life. He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth; their territories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependent. It may be said that the soil was originally purchased by the settlers; but who does not know the nature of Indian purchases, in the early periods of colonization? The Europeans always made thrifty bargains through their superior adroitness in traffic; and they gained vast accessions of territory, by easily provoked hostilities. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be gradually and legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges; and it was enough for Philip to know that before the intrusion of the Europeans his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present; renewed the contract with the settlers; and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or, as it was called by the English, Mount Hope, the ancient seat of dominion of his tribe. Suspicions, however, which were at first but vague and indefinite, began to acquire form and substance; and he was at length charged with attempting to instigate the various Eastern tribes to rise at once, and, by a simultaneous effort, to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. It is difficult at this distant period to assign the proper credit due to these early accusations against the Indians. There was a proneness to suspicion, and an aptness to acts of violence, on the part of the whites, that gave weight and importance to every idle tale. Informers abounded where tale-bearing met with countenance and reward; and the sword was readily unsheathed when its success was certain, and it carved out empire.

The only positive evidence on record against Philip is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegade Indian, whose natural cunning had been quickened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He changed his faith and his allegiance two or three times, with a facility that evinced the loose-

ness of his principles. He had acted for some time as Philip's confidential secretary and counsellor, and had enjoyed his bounty and protection. Finding, however, that the clouds of adversity were gathering round his patron, he abandoned his service and went over to the whites; and, in order to gain their favour, charged his former benefactor with plotting against their safety. A rigorous investigation took place. Philip and several of his subjects submitted to be examined, but nothing was proved against them. The settlers, however, had now gone too far to retract; they had previously determined that Philip was a dangerous neighbour; they had publicly evinced their distrust, and had done enough to ensure his hostility; according, therefore, to the usual mode of reasoning in these cases, his destruction had become necessary to their security. Sausaman, the treacherous informer, was shortly after found dead, in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counsellor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one very questionable witness, were condemned and executed as murderers.

This treatment of his subjects, and ignominious punishment of his friend, outraged the pride and exasperated the passions of Philip. The bolt which had fallen thus at his very feet awakened him to the gathering storm, and he determined to trust himself no longer in the power of the white men. The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind; and he had a further warning in the tragical story of Miantonimo, a great Sachem of the Narrhagansets, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, exculpating himself from a charge of conspiracy, and receiving assurances of amity, had been perfidiously dispatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting men about him; persuaded all strangers that he could, to join his cause; sent the women and children to the Narrhagansets for safety; and wherever he appeared, was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

When the two parties were thus in a state of distrust and irritation, the least spark was sufficient to set them in a flame. The Indians, having weapons in their hands, grew mischievous, and committed various petty depredations. In one of their maraudings, a warrior was fired upon and killed by a settler. This was the signal for open hostilities; the Indians pressed to revenge the death of their comrade, and the alarm of war resounded through the Plymouth colony.

In the early chronicles of these dark and melancholy times, we meet with many indications of the diseased state of the public mind. The gloom of religious abstraction, and the wildness of their situation, among trackless forests and savage tribes, had disposed the colonists to superstitious fancies, and had filled their imaginations with the frightful chimeras of witchcraft and spectrology. They were much

* Now Bristol, Rhode Island.

given also to a belief in omens. The troubles with Philip and his Indians were preceded, we are told, by a variety of those awful warnings which forerun great and public calamities. The perfect form of an Indian bow appeared in the air at New Plymouth, which was looked upon by the inhabitants as a "prodigious apparition." At Hadley, Northampton, and other towns in their neighbourhood, "was heard the report of a great piece of ordnance, with a shaking of the earth and a considerable echo." Others were alarmed on a still sunshiny morning by the discharge of guns and muskets; bullets seemed to whistle past them, and the noise of drums resounded in the air, seeming to pass away to the westward; others fancied that they heard the galloping of horses over their heads; and certain monstrous births, which took place about the time, filled the superstitious in some towns with doleful forebodings. Many of these portentous sights and sounds may be ascribed to natural phenomena: to the northern lights which occur vividly in those latitudes; the meteors which explode in the air; the casual rushing of a blast through the top branches of the forest; the crash of fallen trees or disrupted rocks; and to those other uncouth sounds and echoes which will sometimes strike the ear so strangely amidst the profound stillness of woodland solitudes. These may have startled some melancholy imaginations, may have been exaggerated by the love for the marvellous, and listened to with that avidity with which we devour whatever is fearful and mysterious. The universal currency of these superstitious fancies, and the grave record made of them by one of the learned men of the day, are strongly characteristic of the times.

The nature of the contest that ensued was such as too often distinguishes the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites it was conducted with superior skill and success; but with a wastefulness of the blood, and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists: on the part of the Indians it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

The events of the war are transmitted to us by a worthy clergyman of the time; who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, whilst he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor; without considering that he was a true-born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppression of usurping strangers.

The project of a wide and simultaneous revolt, if such had really been formed, was worthy of a capacious mind, and, had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but

• The Rev. Increase Mather's History,

a war of detail, a mere succession of casual exploits and unconnected enterprizes. Still it sets forth the military genius and daring prowess of Philip: and wherever, in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind, a fertility of expedients, a contempt of suffering and hardship, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, he threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless forests that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious to any thing but a wild beast, or an Indian. Here he gathered together his forces, like the storm accumulating its stores of mischief in the bosom of the thunder cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages. There were now and then indications of these impending ravages, that filled the minds of the colonists with awe and apprehension. The report of a distant gun would perhaps be heard from the solitary woodland, where there was known to be no white man; the cattle which had been wandering in the woods would sometimes return home wounded; or an Indian or two would be seen lurking about the skirts of the forests, and suddenly disappearing; as the lightning will sometimes be seen playing silently about the edge of the cloud that is brewing up the tempest.

Though sometimes pursued and even surrounded by the settlers, yet Philip as often escaped almost miraculously from their toils, and, plunging into the wilderness, would be lost to all search or inquiry, until he again emerged at some far distant quarter, laying the country desolate. Among his strong holds, were the great swamps or morasses, which extend in some parts of New England; composed of loose bogs of deep black mud; perplexed with thickets, brambles, rank weeds, the shattered and mouldering trunks of fallen trees, overshadowed by lugubrious hemlocks. The uncertain footing and the tangled mazes of these shaggy wilds, rendered them almost impracticable to the white man, though the Indian could thrir their labyrinths with the agility of a deer. Into one of these, the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, was Philip once driven with a band of his followers. The English did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes. They therefore invested the entrance to the Neck, and began to build a fort, with the thought of starving out the foe; but Philip and his warriors wafsted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, leaving the women and children behind; and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

In this way Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was enve-

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veloped exaggerated his real terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness; whose coming none could foresee, and against which none knew when to be on the alert. The whole country abounded with rumours and alarms. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiquity; for, in whatever part of the widely-extended frontier an irruption from the forest took place, Philip was said to be its leader. Many superstitious notions also were circulated concerning him. He was said to deal in necromancy, and to be attended by an old Indian witch or prophetess, whom he consulted, and who assisted him by her charms and incantations. This indeed was frequently the case with Indian chiefs; either through their own credulity, or to act upon that of their followers: and the influence of the prophet and the dreamer over Indian superstition has been fully evidenced in recent instances of savage warfare.

At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His forces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he had lost almost the whole of his resources. In this time of adversity he found a faithful friend in Canonchet, chief Sachem of all the Narrhagansets. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great Sachem, who, as already mentioned, after an honourable acquittal of the charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigations of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English:"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his broken forces with open arms; and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow that should involve both the Sachems in one common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and was sent into the Narrhaganset country in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnesses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, to a strong fortress; where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp; it was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegado Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this strong hold,

and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success. A lodgment was effected. The Indians were driven from one post to another. They disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair. Most of their veterans were cut to pieces; and after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding forest.

The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children, perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighbouring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld the destruction of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "they were in *much doubt* then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity, and the benevolent principles of the gospel."

The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention: the last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity.

Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally, and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed; his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors; he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut; where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconck, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed-corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the centre of the Narrhaganset, resting at some wigwams near Pantucket river, when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy.—Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet dispatched two of them to the top of a neighbouring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw off, first his blanket, then his silver-laced coat and belt of peag, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterwards confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved, that, being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigour of body and boldness of heart. But on being made prisoner, the whole pride of his spirit arose within him; and from that moment, we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting with his nation to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects; saying, that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith towards the whites; his boast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail; and his threat that he would burn the English alive in their houses; he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, and "he desired to hear no more thereof."

So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian; a being towards whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion—he was condemned to die. The last words of his that are recorded, are worthy the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself." His enemies gave him the

death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stoningham, by three young Sachems of his own rank.

The defeat at the Narrhaganset fortress, and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks to take arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighbouring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His stores were all captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of his friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonourable safety. Through treachery, a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighbouring river: either exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water side. But persecution ceased not at the grave. Even death, the refuge of the wretched, was no protection to this outcast female, whose great crime was affectionate fidelity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body and set upon a pole, and was thus exposed at Taunton, to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognized the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle, that we are told they broke forth into the "most horrid and diabolical lamentations."

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardour of enterprize was extinguished—he looked

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around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance. With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, like a spectre, among the scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation, than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favour of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods, above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonoured when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of conjugal love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation as causing him poignant misery: the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new

blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering; and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untameable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

JOHN BULL.

An old song, made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old huttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks.

Like an old courtier, etc.

OLD SONG.

THERE is no species of humour in which the English more excel, than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humour of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

Perhaps the continual contemplation of the caricature thus drawn of them, has contributed to fix it upon the nation; and thus to give reality to what at first

may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the *beau idéal* which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavour to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted bull-ism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly home-bred and genuine sons of the soil who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow-bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then lies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trilles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise.

Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humourists, that are continually throwing out new portraits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain downright matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour more than in wit; is jolly rather than gay; melancholy rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humour, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion.

He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbour's affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place, without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humour, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money lavishly about at boxing matches, horse races, cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined and brought upon the parish; and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is in fact the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

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With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable house-keeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant: for he will begrudge himself a beef steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hoghead of ale, and treat all his neighbours on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive: not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not pecculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, grey with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in time of peace; and out-houses, lodges, and offices run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations, until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel; a second pile, that must have been exceedingly sumptuous, and indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where each of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties. To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; and he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his mind, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbours, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel he maintains, at a great expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He

is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy gorgeous old plate. The vast fire-places, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting halls, all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time-worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled; and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather proof, and not to be shaken by tempest—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes; but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honourable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride, and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is incumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and an old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless

personage. Groups of veteran beef eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and out-house is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be struck against the most mouldering tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop-hole, the grey pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry, at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn-out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which if some of his neighbours were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vainglory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gipsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dovecote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weathercock; and old grey-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in, and out of their holes undauntedly in broad day-light. In short, John has such a reverence for every thing that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighbourhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This, too, has been increased by the altercations and heartburnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been

brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honour of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of house-keeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times, seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room; hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors; give the broken-down horses to the hounds; send the fat chaplain packing; and take a field-preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the alehouse whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturly and refractory to paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as racking roystering life; and is ready, at a word of nod, to out sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighbourhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all say that matters are not so bad with him as representation

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but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed.—They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling, and prize-fighting. In short, Mr Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and smug rosy face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles, and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or buy another estate; and with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarter-staff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and

murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion, that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many I fear are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbours, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; expand his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honourable, and a merry old age.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

May no wolfe howle; no screech owle stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boysterous winds or stormes come thither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
Love kept it ever flourishing.

HERRICK.

In the course of an excursion through one of the remote counties of England, I had struck into one of those cross roads that lead through the more secluded parts of the country, and stopped one afternoon at a village, the situation of which was beautifully rural and retired. There was an air of primitive simplicity about its inhabitants, not to be found in the villages which lie on the great coach roads. I determined to pass the night there, and having taken an early dinner, strolled out to enjoy the neighbouring scenery.

My ramble, as is usually the case with travellers, soon led me to the church, which stood at a little distance from the village. Indeed, it was an object of some curiosity, its old tower being completely overrun with ivy, so that only here and there a jutting buttress, an angle of grey wall, or a fantastically carved ornament, peered through the verdant covering. It was a lovely evening. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up; and though sullen clouds still hung over head, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west,

from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature into a melancholy smile. It seemed like the parting hour of a good Christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving, in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

I had seated myself on a half-sunken tombstone, and was musing, as one is apt to do at this sober-thoughted hour, on past scenes and early friends—on those who were distant and those who were dead—and indulging in that kind of melancholy fancying, which has in it something sweeter even than pleasure. Every now and then, the stroke of a bell from the neighbouring tower fell on my ear; its tones were in unison with the scene, and, instead of jarring, chimed in with my feelings; and it was some time before I recollected that it must be tolling the knell of some new tenant of the tomb.

Presently I saw a funeral train moving across the village green; it wound slowly along a lane, was lost, and re-appeared through the breaks of the hedges, until it passed the place where I was sitting. The pall was supported by young girls, dressed in white; and another, about the age of seventeen, walked before, bearing a chaplet of white flowers; a token that the deceased was a young and unmarried female. The corpse was followed by the parents. They were a venerable couple of the better order of peasantry. The father seemed to repress his feelings; but his fixed eye, contracted brow, and deeply-furrowed face, showed the struggle that was passing within. His wife hung on his arm, and wept aloud with the convulsive bursts of a mother's sorrow.

I followed the funeral into the church. The bier was placed in the centre aisle, and the chaplet of white flowers, with a pair of white gloves, were hung over the seat which the deceased had occupied.

Every one knows the soul-subduing pathos of the funeral service; for who is so fortunate as never to have followed some one he has loved to the tomb? but when performed over the remains of innocence and beauty, thus laid low in the bloom of existence—what can be more affecting? At that simple, but most solemn consignment of the body to the grave—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust!"—the tears of the young companions of the deceased flowed unrestrained. The father still seemed to struggle with his feelings, and to comfort himself with the assurance, that the dead are blessed which die in the Lord; but the mother only thought of her child as a flower of the field cut down and withered in the midst of its sweetness; she was like Rachel, "mourning over her children, and would not be comforted."

On returning to the inn, I learnt the whole story of the deceased. It was a simple one, and such as has often been told. She had been the beauty and pride of the village. Her father had once been an opulent farmer, but was reduced in circumstances. This was an only child, and brought up entirely at

home, in the simplicity of rural life. She had been the pupil of the village pastor, the favourite lamb of his little flock. The good man watched over her education with paternal care; it was limited, and suitable to the sphere in which she was to move; for he sought only to make her an ornament to her station in life, not to raise her above it. The tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupations, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the fragile loveliness of her form. She appeared like some tender plant of the garden, blooming accidentally amid the hardier natives of the fields.

The superiority of her charms was felt and acknowledged by her companions, but without envy; for it was surpassed by the unassuming gentleness and winning kindness of her manners. It might be truly said of her:

"This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place."

The village was one of those sequestered spots, which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holiday pastimes, and still kept up some faint observance of the once popular rites of May. These, indeed, had been promoted by its present pastor, who was a lover of old customs, and one of those simple Christians that think their mission fulfilled by promoting joy on earth and good-will among mankind. Under his auspices the May-pole stood from year to year in the centre of the village green: on Mayday it was decorated with garlands and streamers; and a queen or lady of the May was appointed, as in former times, to preside at the sports, and distribute the prizes and rewards. The picturesque situation of the village, and the fancifulness of its rustic fêtes, would often attract the notice of casual visitors. Among these, on one Mayday, was a young officer, whose regiment had been recently quartered in the neighbourhood. He was charmed with the native taste that pervaded this village pageant; but, above all, with the dawning loveliness of the queen of May. It was the village favourite, who was crowned with flowers, and blushing and smiling in all the beautiful confusion of girlish diffidence and delight. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to make her acquaintance; he gradually won his way into her intimacy, and paid his court to her in that unthinking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm. He never even talked of love: but there are modes of making it more eloquent than language, and which convey it subtly and irresistibly to the heart. The beam of the eye, the tone of voice, the thousand tendernesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action—these form the true eloquence of love, and can always be felt and understood, but

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never described. Can we wonder that they should readily win a heart, young, guileless, and susceptible? As to her, she loved almost unconsciously; she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling, or what were to be its consequences. She, indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes of the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature; he talked in the language of polite and cultivated life, and breathed into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion between the sexes, more pure than this innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer and the splendour of his military attire, might at first have charmed her eye; but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as to a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to a keen perception of the beautiful and grand. Of the sordid distinctions of rank and fortune she thought nothing; it was the difference of intellect, of demeanour, of manners, from those of the rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with charmed ear and downcast look of mute delight, and her cheek would mantle with enthusiasm; or if ever she ventured a sly glance of timid admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at the idea of her comparative unworthiness.

Her lover was equally impassioned; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a coarser nature. He had begun the connexion in levity; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervour. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and a dissipated life: it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle; and before he was aware of the nature of his situation, he became really in love.

What was he to do? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His rank in life—the prejudices of titled connexions—his dependence upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbid him to think of matrimony:—but when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion; and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with that cold derisive levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue: whenever he came into her

presence, she was still surrounded by that mysterious but impassive charm of virgin purity, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders for the regiment to repair to the continent completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in a state of the most painful irresolution; he hesitated to communicate the tidings, until the day for marching was at hand; when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke in at once upon her dream of felicity; she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheek; nor did he meet with a repulse, for there are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection. He was naturally impetuous; and the sight of beauty, apparently yielding in his arms, the confidence of his power over her, and the dread of losing her for ever, all conspired to overwhelm his better feelings—he ventured to propose that she should leave her home, and be the companion of his fortunes.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own baseness; but so innocent of mind was his intended victim, that she was at first at a loss to comprehend his meaning; and why she should leave her native village, and the humble roof of her parents. When at last the nature of his proposal flashed upon her pure mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep—she did not break forth into reproach—she said not a word—but she shrunk back aghast as from a viper; gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul; and, clasping her hands in agony, fled, as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness; yet, amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of garrisons, the array of armies, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scenes of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up the hawthorn hedge, and the little village maid loitering along it, leaning on his arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received, in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of the departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover born off, as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum and trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a last aching gaze after him, as the morn-

ing sun glittered about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze; he passed away like a bright vision from her sight, and left her all in darkness.

It would be trite to dwell on the particulars of her after story. It was, like other tales of love, melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer, to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late of an evening sitting in the porch of the village church; and the milkmaids, returning from the fields, would now and then overhear her singing some plaintive ditty in the hawthorn walk. She became fervent in her devotions at church; and as the old people saw her approach, so wasted away, yet with a hectic bloom, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make way for her, as for something spiritual, and, looking after her, would shake their heads in gloomy foreboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosed, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover, it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions; and, in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language, but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even depicted the sufferings which she had experienced; but concluded with saying, that she could not die in peace, until she had sent him her forgiveness and her blessing.

By degrees her strength declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to the window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the malady that was preying on her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung, in mute anxiety, over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible: it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of heaven: it seemed to have diffused

comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church; the bell had tolled for the evening service; the last villager was lagging into the porch, and every thing had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye.—Was she thinking of her faithless lover?—or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered?

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back in her chair: it was her repentant lover! He rushed into the house, and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation,—smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness,—and closed her eyes for ever!

Such are the particulars which I gathered of this village story. They are but scanty, and I am conscious have little novelty to recommend them. In the present rage, also, for strange incident and high-seasoned narrative, they may appear trite and insignificant, but they interested me strongly at the time; and, taken in connexion with the affecting ceremony which I had just witnessed, left a deeper impression on my mind than many circumstances of a more striking nature. I have passed through the place since, and visited the church again, from a better motive than mere curiosity. It was a wintry evening; the trees were stripped of their foliage, the churchyard looked naked and mournful, and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however, had been planted about the grave of the village favourite, and osiers were bent over it to keep the turf uninjured.

The church-door was open, and I stepped in. There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves, as on the day of the funeral. The flowers were withered, it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness. I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers, to awaken the sympathy of the spectator; but I have met with none that spoke more touchingly to my heart, than this simple but delicate memento of departed innocence.

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THE ANGLER.

This day dame Nature seem'd in love,
The lusty sap began to move,
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly.
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.

SIR H. WOTTON.

It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen, who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his "Complete Angler" several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and moreover that we were all completely bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year; but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand and sallied into the country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixote from reading books of chivalry.

One of our party had equalled the Don in the fulness of his equipments: being attired cap-a-pié for the enterprize. He wore a broad-skirted fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes, and leathern gaiters, a basket slung on one side for fish; a patent rod, a landing net, and a score of other inconveniences, only to be found in the true angler's armoury. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel-clad hero of La Mancha among the goatherds of the Sierra Morena. Our first essay was along a mountain brook, among the highlands of the Hudson; a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams that lavish, among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties, enough to fill the sketch book of a hunter in the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades, over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays, and long streamers hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs, and, after its termagant career, would steal forth into open country with the most placid demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill-humour, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and courtseying, and smiling upon all the world.

How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide, at such times, through some bosom of green meadowland among the mountains; where the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of a woodcutter's axe from the neighbouring forest!

For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment," and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream as they break in upon his rarely-invaded haunt; the kingfisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic-struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

I recollect also, that, after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills with a rod made from a branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as Heaven shall help me! I believe, a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earth-worm—and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day!

But, above all, I recollect the "good, honest, wholesome, hungry" repast, which we made under a beech-tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milkmaid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a bright pile of clouds, until I fell asleep. All this may appear like mere egotism; yet I cannot refrain from uttering these recollections, which are passing like a strain of music over my mind, and have been called up by an agreeable scene which I witnessed not long since.

In a morning's stroll along the banks of the Alun, a beautiful little stream which flows down from the Welsh hills and throws itself into the Dee, my attention was attracted to a group seated on the margin. On approaching, I found it to consist of a veteran angler and two rustic disciples. The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much but

very carefully patched, betokening poverty, honestly come by, and decently maintained. His face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into an habitual smile; his iron-grey locks hung about his ears, and he had altogether the good-humoured air of a constitutional philosopher who was disposed to take the world as it went. One of his companions was a ragged wight, with the skulking look of an arrant poacher, and I'll warrant could find his way to any gentleman's fish-pond in the neighbourhood in the darkest night. The other was a tall, awkward, country lad, with a lounging gait, and apparently somewhat of a rustic bean. The old man was busy in examining the maw of a trout which he had just killed, to discover by its contents what insects were seasonable for bait; and was lecturing on the subject to his companions, who appeared to listen with infinite deference. I have a kind feeling towards all "brothers of the angle," ever since I read Izaak Walton. They are men, he affirms, of a "mild, sweet, and peaceable spirit;" and my esteem for them has been increased since I met with an old "Tretyse of fishing with the Angle," in which are set forth many of the maxims of their inoffensive fraternity. "Take good heed," sayeth this honest little tretyse, "that in going about your disportes ye open no man's gates but that ye shet them again. Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafty disport for no covetousness to the encreasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the helth of your body and specially of your soule."

I thought that I could perceive in the veteran angler before me an exemplification of what I had read; and there was a cheerful contentedness in his looks that quite drew me towards him. I could not but remark the gallant manner in which he stumped from one part of the brook to another; waving his rod in the air, to keep the line from dragging on the ground, or catching among the bushes; and the adroitness with which he would throw his fly to any particular place; sometimes skimming it lightly along a little rapid; sometimes casting it into one of those dark holes made by a twisted root or overhanging bank, in which the large trout are apt to lurk. In the meanwhile, he was giving instructions to his two disciples; showing them the manner in which they should handle their rods, fix their flies, and play them along the surface of the stream. The scene brought to my mind the instructions of the sage Piscator to his scholar. The country around was of that pastoral kind which Walton is fond of describing. It was a

* From this same treatise, it would appear that angling is a more industrious and devout employment than it is generally considered.—"For when ye purpose to go on your disportes in fishynge ye will not desyre greaitye many persons with you, which might let you of your game. And that ye may serve God devoutly in sayinge effectually your customable prayers. And thus doying, ye shall eschew and also avoide many vices, as ydelnes, which is principall cause to induce man to many other vices, as it is right will known."

part of the great plain of Cheshire, close by the beautiful vale of Gessford, and just where the inferior Welsh hills begin to swell up from among fresh-smelling meadows. The day, too, like that recorded in his work, was mild and sunshiny, with now and then a soft-dropping shower, that sowed the whole earth with diamonds.

I soon fell into conversation with the old angler, and was so much entertained that, under pretext of receiving instructions in his art, I kept company with him almost the whole day; wandering along the banks of the stream, and listening to his talk. He was very communicative, having all the easy garrulity of cheerful old age; and I fancy was a little flattered by having an opportunity of displaying his piscatory lore; for who does not like now and then to play the sage?

He had been much of a rambler in his day, and had passed some years of his youth in America, particularly in Savannah, where he had entered into trade and had been ruined by the indiscretion of a partner. He had afterwards experienced many ups and downs in life, until he got into the navy, where his leg was carried away by a cannon-ball, at the battle of Camperdown. This was the only stroke of real good fortune he had ever experienced, for it got him a pension, which, together with some small paternal property, brought him in a revenue of nearly forty pounds. On this he retired to his native village, where he lived quietly and independently, and devoted the remainder of his life to the "noble art of angling."

I found that he had read Izaak Walton attentively, and he seemed to have imbibed all his simple frankness and prevalent good humour. Though he had been sorely buffeted about the world, he was satisfied that the world, in itself, was good and beautiful. Though he had been as roughly used in different countries as a poor sheep that is fleeced by every hedge and thicket, yet he spoke of every nation with candour and kindness, appearing to look only on the good side of things: and, above all, he was almost the only man I had ever met with who had been an unfortunate adventurer in America, and had honest and magnanimity enough to take the fault to his own door, and not to curse the country. The lad who was receiving his instructions, I learnt, was the son of an old widow who kept a small inn, and of course a youth of some expectation, and much courted by the idle gentlemanly personages of the place. In taking him under my care, therefore, the old man had probably an eye to a privileged corner in the tap-room, and an occasional cup of cheerful ale free of expense.

There is certainly something in angling, if we forget, which anglers are apt to do, the cruelties and tortures inflicted on worms and insects, that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure serenity of mind. As the English are methodical even in their recreations, and are the most scientific of sportsmen, it has been reduced among them to perfect rule and

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system. Indeed, it is an amusement peculiarly adapted to the mild and highly-cultivated scenery of England, where every roughness has been softened away from the landscape. It is delightful to saunter along those limpid streams which wander, like veins of silver, through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading one through a diversity of small home scenery; sometimes winding through ornamented grounds; sometimes brimming along through rich pasturage, where the fresh green is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets, and then running capriciously away into shady retreatments. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport, gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing; which are now and then agreeably interrupted by the song of a bird, the distant whistle of the peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish, leaping out of the still water, and skimming transiently about its glassy surface. "When I would beget content," says Izaak Walton, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature; and therefore trust in him."

I cannot forbear to give another quotation from one of those ancient champions of angling, which breathes the same innocent and happy spirit:

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place.
Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink,
With eager bite of pike, or bleak, or dace;
And on the world and my Creator think:
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods to embrace;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war, or wantonness.
Let them that will, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil.

On parting with the old angler I inquired after his place of abode, and happening to be in the neighbourhood of the village a few evenings afterwards, I had the curiosity to seek him out. I found him living in a small cottage, containing only one room, but perfect curiosity in its method and arrangement. It was on the skirt of the village, on a green bank, a little back from the road, with a small garden in front, stocked with kitchen herbs, and adorned with a few flowers. The whole front of the cottage was overrun with a honeysuckle. On the top was a ship's weathercock. The interior was fitted up in a purely nautical style, his ideas of comfort and convenience having been acquired on the birth-deck of a man-of-war. A hammock was slung from the ceiling, which, in the day-time, was lashed up so as to

J. Davors.

take but little room. From the centre of the chamber hung a model of a ship, of his own workmanship. Two or three chairs, a table, and a large sea chest, formed the principal moveables. About the wall were stuck up naval ballads, such as Admiral Ho-sier's Ghost, All in the Downs, and Tom Bowling, intermingled with pictures of sea-fights, among which the battle of Camperdown held a distinguished place. The mantel-piece was decorated with sea-shells; over which hung a quadrant, flanked by two wood-cuts of most bitter-looking naval commanders. His implements for angling were carefully disposed on nails and hooks about the room. On a shelf was arranged his library, containing a work on angling, much worn, a Bible covered with canvass, an old volume or two of voyages, a nautical almanac, and a book of songs.

His family consisted of a large black cat with one eye, and a parrot which he had caught and tamed, and educated himself, in the course of one of his voyages; and which uttered a variety of sea phrases with the hoarse brattling tone of a veteran boatswain. The establishment reminded me of that of the renowned Robinson Crusoe; it was kept in neat order, every thing being "stowed away" with the regularity of a ship of war: and he informed me that he "scoured the deck every morning, and swept it between meals."

I found him seated on a bench before the door, smoking his pipe in the soft evening sunshine. His cat was purring soberly on the threshold, and his parrot describing some strange evolutions in an iron ring that swung in the centre of his cage. He had been angling all day, and gave me a history of his sport with as much minuteness as a general would talk over a campaign; being particularly animated in relating the manner in which he had taken a large trout, which had completely tasked all his skill and wariness, and which he had sent as a trophy to mine hostess of the inn.

How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age; and to behold a poor fellow, like this, after being tempest-tost through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbour in the evening of his days! His happiness, however, sprung from within himself, and was independent of external circumstances; for he had that inexhaustible good-nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven; spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

On inquiring further about him, I learnt that he was a universal favourite in the village, and the oracle of the tap-room; where he delighted the rustics with his songs, and, like Sinbad, astonished them with his stories of strange lands, and shipwrecks, and sea-fights. He was much noticed too by gentlemen sportsmen of the neighbourhood; had taught several of them the art of angling; and was a privileged visitor to their kitchens. The whole tenor of his life was quiet and inoffensive, being principally passed about the neigh-

bouring streams, when the weather and season were favourable; and at other times he employed himself at home, preparing his fishing tackle for the next campaign, or manufacturing rods, nets, and flies for his patrons and pupils among the gentry.

He was a regular attendant at church on Sundays, though he generally fell asleep during the sermon. He had made it his particular request that when he died he should be buried in a green spot, which he could see from his seat in church, and which he had marked out ever since he was a boy, and had thought of when far from home on the raging sea, in danger of being food for the fishes—it was the spot where his father and mother had been buried.

I have done, for I fear that my reader is growing weary; but I could not refrain from drawing the picture of this worthy "brother of the angle;" who has made me more than ever in love with the theory, though I fear I shall never be adroit in the practice of his art: and I will conclude this rambling sketch in the words of honest Izaak Walton, by craving the blessing of St Peter's master upon my reader, "and upon all that are true lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a angling."

THE LEGEND
OF
SLEEPY HOLLOW.

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICK
KNICKERBUCKER.)

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occa-

sional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a wood-pecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was started by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander in chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle nightly, quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated

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Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New-York, that population, manners, and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbour, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut; a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely bung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a corn-field.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant

hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who skulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by the parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convey some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behoved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an Anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burthen, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labours of their

farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favour in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labour of head-work, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighbourhood; being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a super-numerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New-England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewd-

ness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there eon over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill side; the hooting cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsyturvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful

* The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.

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look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourgings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-checked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favour in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those every thing was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His strong hold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighbouring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast

barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurians winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savoury sausages; and even bright chanteleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buck-wheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a waggon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her

heels. setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighbouring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlour, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various-coloured birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprize, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight errant of yore, who seldom had any thing but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham,

or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humour at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering described this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight, with hoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurryscurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbours looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; inasmuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking" within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple jack—yielding, but tough; though he

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bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk!—he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had any thing to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in every thing. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favourable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and on the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the field, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard the boast of Bones, and he would "double the schoolmaster up, and put

him on a shelf;" and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned every thing topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Merenry, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside with-

out being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned; benches thrown down; and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time; bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the locks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough horse, that had outlived almost every thing but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gnipowder. He had, in fact, been a favourite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small woot hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighbouring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell squawks. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favourite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red tipped wings and yellow tipped tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white under clothes; screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odour of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark green and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was visible in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the glassy water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and

magnificent little dames in gowns, hom cushions, and side. Buxom mothers, exc or perhaps a novation. The rows of stup generally queue if they could being esteeme honourisler and Bron Bone having come Daredevil, a c mischief, and he was, in fac given to all ki constant risk of broken horse a Fain would harms that b ero, as he ent mansion. Not with their luxu ample charms o the sumptuo matters of cake nds, known o here was the nek, and the kes and short d the whole fa ple pies and p ces of ham an le dishes of p ars, and quira osted chickens eam, all mingl ave enumerat nting up its eaven bless th euss this hang get on with s not in so g ple justice to e He was a kind ed in propor eer; and whos er's mouth dr large eyes ro h the possibili this scene of al er. Then, he k upon the o face of Hans uly patron, an oors: that shou ol Baltus Va

magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered, little dames in close crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine riband, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favourite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of harms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlour of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, at the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up matters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty dough-nut, the tenderer oly-bek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and ears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapour from the midst—heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane is not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart expanded in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling at the possibility that he might one day be lord of this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other nightly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his

guests with a face dilated with content and good humour, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old grey-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighbourhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely-hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighbourhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighbourhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favoured places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffie Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron ninepounder from a muddy breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt in

proof of which, he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighbourhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our county places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighbourhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighbourhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favourite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favourite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly

thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the day-time; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favourite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghost, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed, that on returning one night from the neighbouring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian halted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy under-tone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their waggon, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favourite swains, and their light-hearted laughter mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen—Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sucking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene

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rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most unceremoniously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappaan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighbouring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbourhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were knarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough

upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociali-

lity, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a syllable. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow, but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wa-

vering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt: the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New-England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling: in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honour of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had receiv-

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ed his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him: the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New-York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighbourhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favourite story often told about the neighbourhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plough-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

POSTSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR KNICKERBOCKER.

THE preceding Tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of the Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor,—he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking, old gentleman, with beetling eye-brows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout: now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh, but upon good grounds,—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and, sticking the other a-kinbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove?

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed, that the story was intended most logically to prove:—

“That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures—provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

“That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

“Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress, is a certain step to high preferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length, he observed, that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don't believe one half of it myself.”

D. K.

New-York.

L'ENVOY.

Go, little booke, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayer,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.

CHAUCER'S *Belle Dame sans Merci*.

In concluding a second volume of the Sketch Book, the Author cannot but express his deep sense of the indulgence with which his first has been received, and of the liberal disposition that has been evinced to treat him with kindness as a stranger. Even the critics, whatever may be said of them by others, he has found to be a singularly gentle and good-natured race; it is true that each has in turn objected to some one or two articles, and that these individual exceptions, taken in the aggregate, would amount almost to a total condemnation of his work; but then he has been consoled by observing, that what one has particularly censured, another has particularly praised: and thus, the encomiums being set off against the objections, he finds his work, upon the whole, commended far beyond its deserts.

He is aware that he runs a risk of forfeiting much of this kind favour by not following the counsel that has been liberally bestowed upon him; for where abundance of valuable advice is given gratis, it may seem a man's own fault if he should go astray. He only can say, in his vindication, that he faithfully determined, for a time, to govern himself in his second volume by the opinions passed upon his first; but he was soon brought to a stand by the contrariety of excellent counsel. One kindly advised him to avoid the ludicrous; another to shun the pathetic; a third assured him that he was tolerable at description, but cautioned him to leave narrative alone; while a fourth declared that he had a very pretty knack at turning a story, and was really entertaining when in a pensive mood, but was grievously mistaken if he imagined himself to possess a spark of humour.

Thus perplexed by the advice of his friends, who each in turn closed some particular path, but left him all the world beside to range in, he found that to fol-

low all their counsels would, in fact, be to stand still. He remained for a time sadly embarrassed; when, all at once, the thought struck him to ramble on as he had begun; that his work being miscellaneous, and written for different humours, it could not be expected that any one would be pleased with the whole; but that if it should contain something to suit each reader, his end would be completely answered. Few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig; another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination; a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavour of venison and wild fowl; and a fourth, of truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knick-knacks, here and there dished up for the ladies. Thus each article is condemned in its turn; and yet, amidst this variety of appetites, seldom does a dish go away from the table without being tasted and relished by some one or other of the guests.

With these considerations he ventures to serve up this second volume in the same heterogeneous way with his first; simply requesting the reader, if he should find here and there something to please him, to rest assured that it was written expressly for intelligent readers like himself; but entreating him should he find any thing to dislike, to tolerate it, as one of those articles which the author has been obliged to write for readers of a less refined taste.

To be serious.—The author is conscious of the numerous faults and imperfections of his work; and well aware how little he is disciplined and accomplished in the arts of authorship. His deficiencies are also increased by a diffidence arising from his peculiar situation. He finds himself writing in a strange land, appearing before a public which he has been accustomed, from childhood, to regard with the highest feelings of awe and reverence. He is full of solicitude to deserve their approbation, yet finds that very solicitude continually embarrassing his powers, and depriving him of that ease and confidence which are necessary to successful exertion. Still the kindness with which he is treated encourages him to go on, hoping that in time he may acquire a steadier footing; and thus he proceeds, half venturing, half shrinking, surprised at his own good fortune, and wondering at his own temerity.

END OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

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BRACEBRIDGE HALL;

OR,

THE HUMORISTS.

By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

Under this cloud I walk, gentlemen, pardon my rude assault.
I am a traveller, who, having surveyed most of the terrestrial
angles of this globe, am hither arrived to peruse this little spot.

CHRISTMAS ORDINARY.

THE AUTHOR.

WORTHY READER!

ON again taking pen in hand, I would fain make a few observations at the outset, by way of bespeaking a right understanding. The volumes which I have already published have met with a reception far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I would willingly attribute this to their intrinsic merits; but, in spite of the vanity of authorship, I cannot but be sensible that their success has, in a great measure, been owing to a less flattering cause. It has been a matter of marvel, that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English. I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage, with a feather in his hand, instead of on his head; and there was a curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilized society.

This novelty is now at an end, and of course the feeling of indulgence which it produced. I must now expect to bear the scrutiny of sterner criticism, and to be measured by the same standard with contemporary writers; and the very favour which has been shown to my previous writings, will cause these to be treated with the greater rigour; as there is nothing for which the world is apt to punish a man more severely, than for having been over-praised. On this head, therefore, I wish to forestal the censoriousness of the reader; and I entreat he will not think the worse of me for the many injudicious things that may have been said in my commendation.

I am aware that I often travel over beaten ground, and treat of subjects that have already been discussed by abler pens. Indeed, various authors have been mentioned as my models, to whom I should feel flattered if I thought I bore the slightest resemblance; but in truth I write after no model that I am conscious of, and I write with no idea of imitation or competition. In venturing occasionally on topics that have already been almost exhausted by English au-

thors, I do it, not with the presumption of challenging a comparison, but with the hope that some new interest may be given to such topics, when discussed by the pen of a stranger.

If, therefore, I should sometimes be found dwelling with fondness on subjects that are trite and common-place with the reader, I beg the circumstances under which I write may be kept in recollection. Having been born and brought up in a new country, yet educated from infancy in the literature of an old one, my mind was early filled with historical and poetical associations, connected with places, and manners, and customs of Europe; but which could rarely be applied to those of my own country. To a mind thus peculiarly prepared, the most ordinary objects and scenes, on arriving in Europe, are full of strange matter and interesting novelty. England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

Indeed, it is difficult to describe the whimsical medley of ideas that throng upon his mind on landing among English scenes. He for the first time sees a world about which he has been reading and thinking in every stage of his existence. The recollected ideas of infancy, youth, and manhood; of the nursery, the school, and the study, come swarming at once upon him; and his attention is distracted between great and little objects; each of which, perhaps, awakens an equally delightful train of remembrances.

But what more especially attracts his notice are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country and an old state of society from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence, and prospective

improvement; there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, grey with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand, and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape; I for the first time beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter; the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling of a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants, and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and its cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture, and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object, that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

In this way I traversed England, a grown-up child, delighted by every object great and small; and betraying a wondering ignorance, and simple enjoyment, that provoked many a stare and a smile from my wiser and more experienced fellow-travellers. Such too was the odd confusion of associations that kept breaking upon me as I first approached London. One of my earliest wishes had been to see this great metropolis. I had read so much about it in the earliest books that had been put into my infant hands; and I had heard so much about it from those around me who had come from the "old countries." I was familiar with the names of its streets and squares, and public places, before I knew those of my native city. It was to me the great centre of the world, round which every thing seemed to revolve. I recollect contemplating so wistfully, when a boy, a paltry little print of the Thames, and London Bridge, and St Paul's, that was in front of an old magazine; and a picture of Kensing-

ton Gardens, with gentlemen in three-cornered hats and broad skirts, and ladies in boops and lappets, that hung up in my bed-room; even the venerable cut of St John's Gate, that has stood, time out of mind, in front of the Gentleman's Magazine, was not without its charms to me; and I envied the odd-looking little men that appeared to be loitering about its arches.

How then did my heart warm when the towers of Westminster Abbey were pointed out to me, rising above the rich groves of St James's Park, with a thin blue haze about their grey pinnacles! I could not behold this great mausoleum of what is most illustrious in our paternal history, without feeling my enthusiasm in a glow. With what eagerness did I explore every part of the metropolis! I was not content with those matters which occupy the dignified research of the learned traveller; I delighted to call up all the feelings of childhood, and to seek after those objects which had been the wonders of my infancy. London Bridge, so famous in nursery song; the far-famed Monument; Gog and Magog, and the Lions in the Tower, all brought back many a recollection of infantine delight, and of good old beings, now no more, who had gossiped about them to my wondering ear. Nor was it without a recurrence of childish interest that I first peeped into Mr Newberry's shop, in St Paul's Churchyard, that fountain-head of literature. Mr Newberry was the first that ever filled my infant mind with the idea of a great and good man. He published all the picture books of the day; and, out of his abundant love for children, he charged "nothing for either paper or print, and only a penny-half penny for the binding!"

I have mentioned these circumstances, worthy reader, to show you the whimsical crowd of associations that are apt to beset my mind on mingling among English scenes. I hope they may, in some measure, plead my apology, should I be found harping upon stale and trivial themes, or indulging an over-fondness for any thing antique and obsolete. I know it is the humour, not to say cant of the day, to run riot about old times, old books, old customs, and old buildings; with myself, however, as far as I have caught the contagion, the feeling is genuine. To a man from a young country all old things are in a manner new; and he may surely be excused in being a little curious about antiquities, whose native land, unfortunately, cannot boast of a single ruin.

Having been brought up, also, in the comparative simplicity of a republic, I am apt to be struck with even the ordinary circumstances incident to an aristocratical state of society. If, however, I should at any time amuse myself by pointing out some of the eccentricities, and some of the political characteristics of the latter, I would not be understood as pretending to decide upon its political merits. My only aim is to paint characters and manners. I am no politician. The more I have considered the study of politics, the more I have found it full of perplexity; and I have contented myself, as I have in my religion, with the

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faith in which I was brought up; regulating my own conduct by its precepts, but leaving to abler heads the task of making converts.

I shall continue on, therefore, in the course I have hitherto pursued; looking at things poetically, rather than politically; describing them as they are, rather than pretending to point out how they should be; and endeavouring to see the world in as pleasant a light as circumstances will permit.

I have always had an opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good humour with one another. I may be wrong in my philosophy, but I shall continue to practise it until convinced of its fallacy. When I discover the world to be all that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also; in the mean while, worthy reader, I hope you will not think lightly of me, because I cannot believe this to be so very bad a world as it is represented.

Thine truly,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

THE HALL.

The ancientest house, and the best for housekeeping in this county or the next; and though the master of it write but squire, I know no lord like him.

MERRY DEGGARS.

THE reader, if he has perused the volumes of the Sketch Book, will probably recollect something of the Bracebridge family, with which I once passed a Christmas. I am now on another visit at the Hall, having been invited to a wedding which is shortly to take place. The squire's second son, Guy, a fine, spirited young captain in the army, is about to be married to his father's ward, the fair Julia Templeton. A gathering of relations and friends has already commenced, to celebrate the joyful occasion; for the old gentleman is an enemy to quiet, private weddings. "There is nothing," he says, "like launching a young couple gaily, and cheering them from the shore; a good outset is half the voyage."

Before proceeding any farther, I would beg that the squire might not be confounded with that class of hard-riding, fox-hunting gentlemen so often described, and, in fact, so nearly extinct in England. I use this rural title partly because it is his universal appellation throughout the neighbourhood, and partly because it saves me the frequent repetition of his name, which is one of those rough old English names at which Frenchmen exclaim in despair.

The squire is, in fact, a lingering specimen of the old English country gentleman; rusticated a little by living almost entirely on his estate, and something of a humourist, as Englishmen are apt to become when they have an opportunity of living in their own way. Like his hobby passing well, however, which is, a

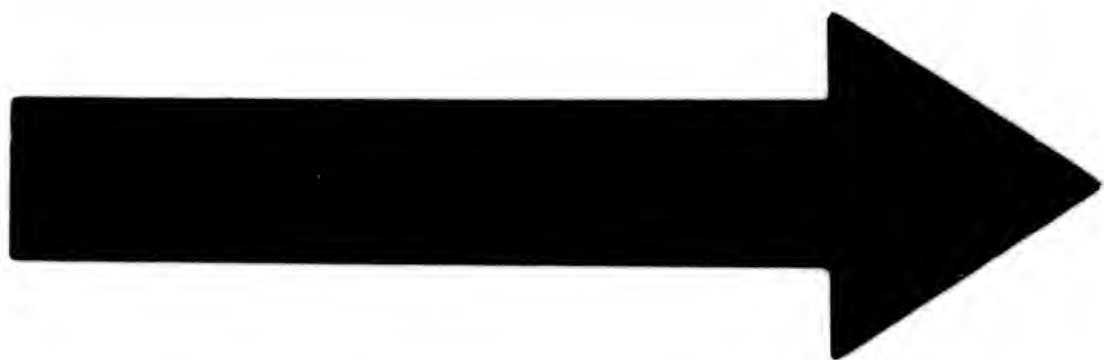
bigoted devotion to old English manners and customs; it jumps a little with my own humour, having as yet a lively and unsated curiosity about the ancient and genuine characteristics of my "father land."

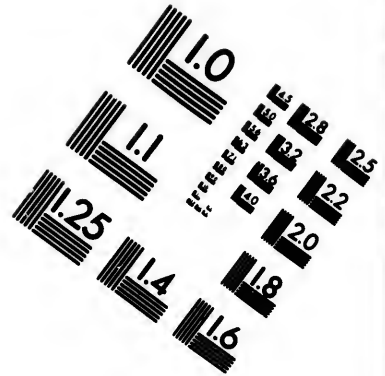
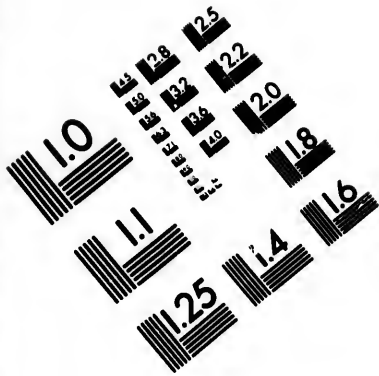
There are some traits about the squire's family also, which appear to me to be national. It is one of those old aristocratical families, which, I believe, are peculiar to England, and scarcely understood in other countries; that is to say, families of the ancient gentry, who, though destitute of titled rank, maintain a high ancestral pride; who look down upon all nobility of recent creation, and would consider it a sacrifice of dignity to merge the venerable name of their house in a modern title.

This feeling is very much fostered by the importance which they enjoy on their hereditary domains. The family mansion is an old manor-house, standing in a retired and beautiful part of Yorkshire. Its inhabitants have been always regarded through the surrounding country, as "the great ones of the earth;" and the little village near the Hall looks up to the squire with almost feudal homage. An old manor-house, and an old family of this kind, are rarely to be met with at the present day; and it is probably the peculiar humour of the squire that has retained this secluded specimen of English house-keeping in something like the genuine old style.

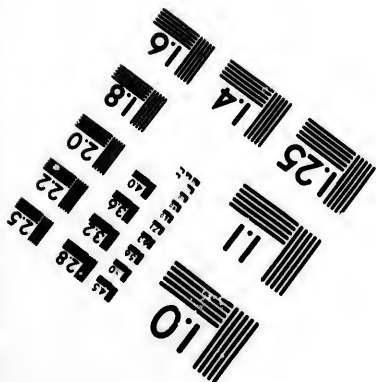
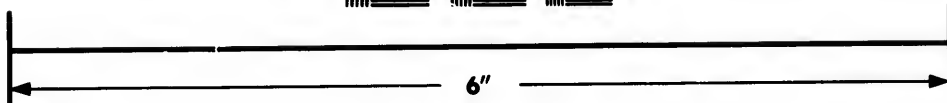
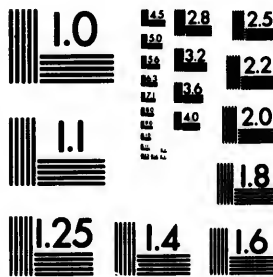
I am again quartered in the pannelled chamber, in the antique wing of the house. The prospect from my window, however, has quite a different aspect from that which it wore on my winter visit. Though early in the month of April, yet a few warm, suushy days have drawn forth the beauties of the spring, which, I think, are always most captivating on their first opening. The parterres of the old-fashioned garden are gay with flowers; and the gardener has brought out his exotics, and placed them along the stone balustrades. The trees are clothed with green buds and tender leaves; when I throw open my jingling casement, I smell the odour of mignonette, and hear the hum of the bees from the flowers against the sunny wall, with the varied song of the thrush, and the cheerful notes of the tuneful little wren.

While sojourning in this strong hold of old fashions, it is my intention to make occasional sketches of the scenes and characters before me. I would have it understood, however, that I am not writing a novel, and have nothing of intricate plot, or marvellous adventure, to promise the reader. The Hall of which I treat, has, for aught I know, neither trap-door, nor sliding-pannel, nor donjon-keep; and indeed appears to have no mystery about it. The family is a worthy well-meaning family, that, in all probability, will eat and drink, and go to bed, and get up regularly, from one end of my work to the other; and the squire is so kind-hearted an old gentleman, that I see no likelihood of his throwing any kind of distress in the way of the approaching nuptials. In a word, I cannot foresee a single extraordinary event that is likely to occur in the whole term of my sojourn at the Hall.





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I tell this honestly to the reader, lest, when he finds me dallying along, through every-day English scenes, he may hurry a-head in hopes of meeting with some marvellous adventure farther on. I invite him, on the contrary, to ramble gently on with me, as he would saunter out into the fields, stopping occasionally to gather a flower, or listen to a bird, or admire a prospect, without any anxiety to arrive at the end of his career. Should I, however, in the course of my loiterings about this old mansion, see or hear any thing curious, that might serve to vary the monotony of this every-day life, I shall not fail to report it for the reader's entertainment.

For freshest wits I know will soon be wearie
Of any book, how grave soe'er it be,
Except it have odd matter, strange and merrie,
Well sauc'd with lies and glared all with glee.

THE BUSY MAN.

A decayed gentleman, who lives most upon his own mirth and my master's means, and much good do him with it. He does hold my master up with his stories, and songs, and catches, and such tricks and jests, you would admire—he is with him now.

JOVIAL CAREW.

By no one has my return to the Hall been more heartily greeted than by Mr Simon Bracebridge, or Master Simon, as the squire most commonly calls him. I encountered him just as I entered the park, where he was breaking a pointer, and he received me with all the hospitable cordiality with which a man welcomes a friend to another one's house. I have already introduced him to the reader as a brisk old bachelor-looking little man; the wit and superannuated beau of a large family connexion, and the squire's factotum. I found him, as usual, full of bustle; with a thousand petty things to do, and persons to attend to, and in chirping good humour; for there are few happier beings than a busy idler; that is to say, a man who is eternally busy about nothing.

I visited him, the morning after my arrival, in his chamber, which is in a remote corner of the mansion, as he says he likes to be to himself, and out of the way. He has fitted it up in his own taste, so that it is a perfect epitome of an old bachelor's notions of convenience and arrangement. The furniture is made up of odd pieces from all parts of the house, chosen on account of their suiting his notions, or fitting some corner of his apartment; and he is very eloquent in praise of an ancient elbow-chair, from which he takes occasion to digress into a censure on modern chairs, as having degenerated from the dignity and comfort of high-backed antiquity.

Adjoining to his room is a small cabinet, which he calls his study. Here are some hanging shelves, of his own construction, on which are several old works

• Mirror for Magistrates.

on hawking, hunting, and farriery, and a collection or two of poems and songs of the reign of Elizabeth, which he studies out of compliment to the squire; together with the Novelists' Magazine, the Sporting Magazine, the Racing Calendar, a volume or two of the Newgate Calendar, a book of peerage, and another of heraldry.

His sporting dresses hang on pegs in a small closet; and about the walls of his apartment are hooks to hold his fishing-tackle, whips, spurs, and a favourite fowling-piece, curiously wrought and inlaid, which he inherits from his grandfather. He has also a couple of old single-keyed flutes, and a fiddle, which he has repeatedly patched and mended himself, affirming it to be a veritable Cremona: though I have never heard him extract a single note from it that was not enough to make one's blood run cold.

From this little nest his fiddle will often be heard, in the stillness of mid-day, drowsily sawing some long-forgotten tune; for he prides himself on having a choice collection of good old English music, and will scarcely have any thing to do with modern composers. The time, however, at which his musical powers are of most use, is now and then of an evening, when he plays for the children to dance in the hall, and he passes among them and the servants for a perfect Orpheus.

His chamber also bears evidence of his various avocations; there are half-copied sheets of music; designs for needlework; sketches of landscapes very indifferently executed; a camera lucida; a magic lantern, for which he is endeavouring to paint glasses; in a word, it is the cabinet of a man of many accomplishments, who knows a little of every thing, and does nothing well.

After I had spent some time in his apartment, admiring the ingenuity of his small inventions, he took me about the establishment, to visit the stables, dog-kennel, and other dependencies, in which he appeared like a general visiting the different quarters of his camp; as the squire leaves the control of all these matters to him, when he is at the Hall. He inquired into the state of the horses; examined their feet; prescribed a drench for one, and bleeding for another; and then took me to look at his own horse, on the merits of which he dwelt with great prolixity, and which, I noticed, had the best stall in the stable.

After this I was taken to a new toy of his and the squire's, which he termed the falconry, where there were several unhappy birds in durance, completing their education. Among the number was a fine falcon, which Master Simon had in especial training, and he told me that he would show me, in a few days, some rare sport of the good old-fashioned kind. In the course of our round, I noticed that the groom, game-keeper, whippers-in, and other retainers, seemed all to be on somewhat of a familiar footing with Master Simon, and fond of having a joke with him, though it was evident they had great deference for his opinion in matters relating to their functions.

There was one exception, however, in a testy old huntsman, as hot as a pepper-corn; a meagre, wiry old fellow, in a thread-bare velvet jockey-cap, and a pair of leather breeches, that, from much wear, shone as though they had been japanned. He was very contradictory and pragmatical, and apt, as I thought, to differ from Master Simon now and then, out of mere captiousness. This was particularly the case with respect to the treatment of the hawk, which the old man seemed to have under his peculiar care, and, according to Master Simon, was in a fair way to ruin; the latter had a vast deal to say about *casting*, and *imping*, and *gleaming*, and *enseaming*, and giving the hawk the *rangle*, which I saw was all heathen Greek to old Christy; but he maintained his point notwithstanding, and seemed to hold all this technical lore in utter disrespect.

I was surprised at the good humour with which Master Simon bore his contradictions till he explained the matter to me afterwards. Old Christy is the most ancient servant in the place, having lived among dogs and horses the greater part of a century, and been in the service of Mr Bracebridge's father. He knows the pedigree of every horse on the place, and has bestrode the great great grandsires of most of them. He can give a circumstantial detail of every fox-hunt for the last sixty or seventy years, and has a history of every stag's head about the house, and every hunting trophy nailed to the door of the dog-kennel.

All the present race have grown up under his eye, and humour him in his old age. He once attended the squire to Oxford, when he was a student there, and enlightened the whole university with his hunting lore. All this is enough to make the old man opinionated, since he finds on all these matters of first-rate importance, he knows more than the rest of the world. Indeed, Master Simon had been his pupil, and acknowledges that he derived his first knowledge in hunting from the instructions of Christy; and I much question whether the old man does not still look upon him as rather a greenhorn.

On our return homewards, as we were crossing the lawn in front of the house, we heard the porter's bell ring at the lodge, and shortly afterwards, a kind of cavalcade advanced slowly up the avenue. At sight of it my companion paused, considered it for a moment, and then making a sudden exclamation, hurried away to meet it. As it approached I discovered a fair, fresh-looking elderly lady, dressed in an old-fashioned riding-habit, with a broad-brimmed white beaver hat such as may be seen in Sir Joshua Reynolds' paintings. She rode a sleek white pony, and was followed by a footman in rich livery, mounted on an over-fed hunter. At a little distance in the rear came an ancient cumbersome chariot, drawn by two very corpulent horses, driven by as corpulent a coachman, beside whom sat a page dressed in a fanciful green livery. Inside of the chariot was a starched prim personage, with a look somewhat between a

lady's companion and a lady's maid, and two pampered curs, that showed their ugly faces and barked out of each window.

There was a general turning out of the garrison to receive this new comer. The squire assisted her to alight, and saluted her affectionately; the fair Julia flew into her arms, and they embraced with the romantic fervour of boarding-school friends; she was escorted into the house by Julia's lover, towards whom she showed distinguished favour; and a line of the old servants, who had collected in the hall, bowed most profoundly as she passed.

I observed that Master Simon was most assiduous and devout in his attentions upon this old lady. He walked by the side of her pony up the avenue; and, while she was receiving the salutations of the rest of the family, he took occasion to notice the fat coachman, to pat the sleek carriage horses, and, above all, to say a civil word to my lady's gentlewoman, the prim, sour-looking vestal in the chariot.

I had no more of his company for the rest of the morning. He was swept off in the vortex that followed in the wake of this lady. Once indeed he paused for a moment, as he was hurrying on some errand of the good lady's, to let me know that this was Lady Lillycraft, a sister of the squire's, of large fortune, which the captain would inherit, and that her estate lay in one of the best sporting counties in all England.

FAMILY SERVANTS.

Verily old servants are the vouchers of worthy housekeeping. They are like rats in a mansion, or mites in a cheese, bespeaking the antiquity and fatness of their abode.

In my casual anecdotes of the Hall, I may often be tempted to dwell on circumstances of a trite and ordinary nature, from their appearing to me illustrative of genuine national character. It seems to be the study of the squire to adhere, as much as possible, to what he considers the old landmarks of English manners. His servants all understand his ways, and for the most part have been accustomed to them from infancy; so that, upon the whole, his household presents one of the few tolerable specimens that can now be met with, of the establishment of an English country gentleman of the old school.

By the bye, the servants are not the least characteristic part of the household: the housekeeper, for instance, has been born and brought up at the Hall, and has never been twenty miles from it; yet she has a stately air that would not disgrace a lady that had figured at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

I am half inclined to think that she has caught it from living so much among the old family pictures. It may, however, be owing to a consciousness of her importance in the sphere in which she has always

moved; for she is greatly respected in the neighbouring village, and among the farmers' wives, and has high authority in the household, ruling over the servants with quiet, but undisputed sway.

She is a thin old lady, with blue eyes and pointed nose and chin. Her dress is always the same as to fashion. She wears a small, well-starched ruff, a laced stomacher, full petticoats, and a gown festooned and open in front, which, on particular occasions, is of ancient silk, the legacy of some former dame of the family, or an inheritance from her mother, who was housekeeper before her. I have a reverence for these old garments, as I make no doubt they have figured about these apartments in days long past, when they have set off the charms of some peerless family beauty; and I have sometimes looked from the old housekeeper to the neighbouring portraits, to see whether I could not recognize her antiquated brocade in the dress of some one of those long-waisted dames that smile on me from the walls.

Her hair, which is quite white, is frizzled out in front, and she wears over it a small cap, nicely plaited, and brought down under the chin. Her manners are simple and primitive, heightened a little by a proper dignity of station.

The Hall is her world, and the history of the family the only history she knows, excepting that which she has read in the Bible. She can give a biography of every portrait in the picture-gallery, and is a complete family chronicle.

She is treated with great consideration by the squire. Indeed, Master Simon tells me that there is a traditional anecdote current among the servants, of the squire's having been seen kissing her in the picture-gallery, when they were both young. As, however, nothing further was ever noticed between them, the circumstance caused no great scandal; only she was observed to take to reading Pamela shortly afterwards, and refused the hand of the village innkeeper, whom she had previously smiled on.

The old butler, who was formerly footman, and a rejected admirer of hers, used to tell the anecdote now and then, at those little cabals that will occasionally take place among the most orderly servants, arising from the common propensity of the governed to talk against administration; but he has left it off, of late years, since he has risen into place, and shakes his head rebukingly when it is mentioned.

It is certain that the old lady will, to this day, dwell on the looks of the squire when he was a young man at college; and she maintains that none of his sons can compare with their father when he was of their age, and was dressed out in his full suit of scarlet, with his hair craped and powdered, and his three-cornered hat.

She has an orphan niece, a pretty, soft-hearted baggage, named Phœbe Wilkins, who has been transplanted to the Hall within a year or two, and been nearly spoiled for any condition of life. She is a kind of attendant and companion of the fair Julia's; and

from loitering about the young lady's apartments, reading scraps of novels, and inheriting second-hand finery, has become something between a waiting-maid and a slipshod fine lady.

She is considered a kind of heiress among the servants, as she will inherit all her aunt's property; which, if report be true, must be a round sum of good golden guineas, the accumulated wealth of two housekeepers' savings; not to mention the hereditary wardrobe, and the many little valuables and knick-knacks treasured up in the housekeeper's room. Indeed the old housekeeper has the reputation among the servants and the villagers of being passing rich; and there is a japanned chest of drawers and a large iron-bound coffer in her room, which are supposed, by the housemaids, to hold treasures of wealth.

The old lady is a great friend of Master Simon, who, indeed, pays a little court to her, as to a person high in authority; and they have many discussions on points of family history, in which, notwithstanding his extensive information, and pride of knowledge, he commonly admits her superior accuracy. He seldom returns to the Hall, after one of his visits to the other branches of the family, without bringing Mrs Wilkins some remembrance from the ladies of the house where he has been staying.

Indeed all the children of the house look up to the old lady with habitual respect and attachment, and she seems almost to consider them as her own, from their having grown up under her eye. The Oxonian, however, is her favourite, probably from being the youngest, though he is the most mischievous, and has been apt to play tricks upon her from boyhood.

I cannot help mentioning one little ceremony, which, I believe, is peculiar to the Hall. After the cloth is removed at dinner, the old housekeeper sails into the room and stands behind the squire's chair, when he fills her a glass of wine with his own hands, in which she drinks the health of the company in a truly respectful yet dignified manner, and then retires. The squire received the custom from his father, and has always continued it.

There is a peculiar character about the servants of old English families that reside principally in the country. They have a quiet, orderly, respectful mode of doing their duties. They are always neat in their persons, and appropriately, and, if I may use the phrase, technically dressed; they move about the house without hurry or noise; there is nothing of the bustle of employment, or the voice of command; nothing of that obtrusive housewifery that amounts to a torment. You are not persecuted by the process of making you comfortable; yet every thing is done, and is done well. The work of the house is performed as if by magic, but it is the magic of system. Nothing is done by fits and starts, nor at awkward seasons; the whole goes on like well-oiled clock-work, where there is no noise nor jarring in its operations.

English servants, in general, are not treated with great indulgence, nor rewarded by many commend-

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tions: for the English are laconic and reserved towards their domestics; but an approving nod and kind word from master or mistress, goes as far here, as an excess of praise or indulgence elsewhere. Neither do servants exhibit any animated marks of affection to their employers; yet, though quiet, they are strong in their attachments; and the reciprocal regard of masters and servants, though not ardently expressed, is powerful and lasting in old English families.

The title of "an old family servant" carries with it a thousand kind associations in all parts of the world; and there is no claim upon the home-bred charities of the heart more irresistible than that of having been "born in the house." It is common to see grey-headed domestics of this kind attached to an English family of the "old school," who continue in it to the day of their death, in the enjoyment of steady unaffected kindness, and the performance of faithful, unobtrusive duty. I think such instances of attachment speak well for master and servant, and the frequency of them speaks well for national character.

These observations, however, hold good only with families of the description I have mentioned; and with such as are somewhat retired, and pass the greater part of their time in the country. As to the powdered menials that throng the walls of fashionable town residences, they equally reflect the character of the establishments to which they belong: and I know no more complete epitomes of dissolute heartlessness, and pampered inutility.

But the good "old family servant!"—The one who has always been linked, in idea, with the home of our heart; who has led us to school in the days of prattling childhood; who has been the confidant of our boyish cares, and schemes, and enterprizes; who has hailed us as we came home at vacations, and been the promoter of all our holiday sports; who, when we, in wandering manhood, have left the paternal roof, and only return thither at intervals, will welcome us with a joy inferior only to that of our parents; who, now grown grey and infirm with age, still totters about the house of our fathers in fond and faithful servitude; who claims us, in a manner, as his own; and hastens with querulous eagerness to anticipate his fellow-domestics in waiting upon us at table; and who, when we retire at night to the chamber that still goes by our name, will linger about the room to have one more kind look, and one more pleasant word about times that are past—who does not experience towards such a being a feeling of almost filial affection?

I have met with several instances of epitaphs on the gravestones of such valuable domestics, recorded with the simple truth of natural feeling. I have two before me at this moment; one copied from a tombstone of a churchyard in Warwickshire:

"Here lieth the body of Joseph Batte, confidential servant to George Birch, Esq. of Hamstead Hall. His grateful friend and master caused this inscription to be written in memory of his discretion, fidelity,

diligence, and continence. He died (a bachelor) aged 84, having lived 44 years in the same family."

The other was taken from a tombstone in Eltham churchyard:

"Here lie the remains of Mr James Tappy, who departed this life on the 8th of September, 1818, aged 84, after a faithful service of 60 years in one family; by each individual of which he lived respected, and died lamented by the sole survivor."

Few monuments, even of the illustrious, have given me the glow about the heart that I felt while copying this honest epitaph in the churchyard of Eltham. I sympathized with this "sole survivor" of a family mourning over the grave of the faithful follower of his race, who had been, no doubt, a living memento of times and friends that had passed away; and, in considering this record of long and devoted service, I called to mind the touching speech of Old Adam in "As You Like It," when tottering after the youthful son of his ancient master:

"Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with love and loyalty!"

NOTE.

I cannot but mention a tablet which I have seen somewhere in the chapel of Windsor Castle, put up by the late king to the memory of a family servant, who had been a faithful attendant of his lamented daughter, the Princess Amelia. George III. possessed much of the strong, domestic feeling of the old English country gentleman; and it is an incident curious in monumental history, and creditable to the human heart, a monarch erecting a monument in honour of the humble virtues of a menial.

THE WIDOW.

She was so charitable and pitious
She would weep if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled:
Of small hounds had she, that she fed
With roast flesh, milke, and wastel bread,
But sore wept she if any of them were dead,
Or if man smote them with a yard smart.

CHAUCER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the whimsical parade made by Lady Lillycraft on her arrival, she has none of the petty stateliness that I had imagined: but, on the contrary, she has a degree of nature, and simple-heartedness, if I may use the phrase, that mingles well with her old-fashioned manners and harmless ostentation. She dresses in rich silks, with long waist; she rouges considerably, and her hair, which is nearly white, is frizzled out, and put up with pins. Her face is pitted with the small-pox, but the delicacy of her features shows that she may once have been beautiful; and she has a very fair and well-shaped hand and arm, of which, if I mistake not, the good lady is still a little vain.

I have had the curiosity to gather a few particulars concerning her. She was a great belle in town between thirty and forty years since, and reigned for

two seasons with all the insolence of beauty, refusing several excellent offers; when, unfortunately, she was robbed of her charms and her lovers by an attack of the small-pox. She retired immediately into the country, where she some time after inherited an estate, and married a baronet, a former admirer, whose passion had suddenly revived; "having," as he said, "always loved her mind rather than her person."

The baronet did not enjoy her mind and fortune above six months, and had scarcely grown very tired of her, when he broke his neck in a fox-chase, and left her free, rich, and disconsolate. She has remained on her estate in the country ever since, and has never shown any desire to return to town, and revisit the scene of her early triumphs and fatal malady. All her favourite recollections, however, revert to that short period of her youthful beauty. She has no idea of town but as it was at that time; and continually forgets that the place and people must have changed materially in the course of nearly half a century. She will often speak of the toasts of those days as if still reigning; and, until very recently, used to talk with delight of the royal family, and the beauty of the young princes and princesses. She cannot be brought to think of the present king otherwise than as an elegant young man, rather wild, but who danced a minuet divinely; and before he came to the crown, would often mention him as the "sweet young prince."

She talks also of the walks in Kensington Garden, where the gentlemen appeared in gold-laced coats and cocked hats, and the ladies in hoops, and swept so proudly along the grassy avenues; and she thinks the ladies let themselves sadly down in their dignity, when they gave up cushioned head-dresses, and high-heeled shoes. She has much to say too of the officers who were in the train of her admirers; and speaks familiarly of many wild young blades, that are now, perhaps, hobbling about watering-places with crutches and gouty shoes.

Whether the taste the good lady had of matrimony discouraged her or not, I cannot say; but, though her merits and her riches have attracted many suitors, she has never been tempted to venture again into the happy state. This is singular too, for she seems of a most soft and susceptible heart; is always talking of love and connubial felicity; and is a great stickler for old-fashioned gallantry, devoted attentions, and eternal constancy, on the part of the gentlemen. She lives, however, after her own taste. Her house, I am told, must have been built and furnished about the time of Sir Charles Grandison: every thing about it is somewhat formal and stately; but has been softened down into a degree of voluptuousness, characteristic of an old lady very tender-hearted and romantic, and that loves her ease. The cushions of the great arm-chairs, and wide sofas, almost bury you when you sit down on them. Flowers of the most rare and delicate kind are placed

about the rooms and on little japanned stands; and sweet bags lie about the tables and mantel-pieces. The house is full of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing birds, who are as carefully waited upon as she is herself.

She is dainty in her living, and a little of an epicure, living on white meats, and little lady-like dishes, though her servants have substantial old English fare, as their looks bear witness. Indeed, they are so indulged, that they are all spoiled, and when they lose their present place, they will be fit for no other. Her ladyship is one of those easy-tempered beings that are always doomed to be much liked, but ill served by their domestics, and cheated by all the world.

Much of her time is past in reading novels, of which she has a most extensive library, and has a constant supply from the publishers in town. Her erudition in this line of literature is immense: she has kept pace with the press for half a century. Her mind is stuffed with love-tales of all kinds, from the stately amours of the old books of chivalry, down to the last blue-covered romance, recking from the press: though she evidently gives the preference to those that came out in the days of her youth, and when she was first in love. She maintains that there are no novels written now-a-days equal to Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison; and she places the Castle of Otranto at the head of all romances.

She does a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood, and is imposed upon by every beggar in the county. She is the benefactress of a village adjoining to her estate, and takes a special interest in all its love-affairs. She knows of every courtship that is going on; every love-lost damsel is sure to find a patient listener and a sage adviser in her ladyship. She takes great pains to reconcile all love-quarrels, and should any faithless swain persist in his inconstancy, he is sure to draw on himself the good lady's violent indignation.

I have learned these particulars partly from Frank Bracebridge, and partly from Master Simon. I am now able to account for the assiduous attention of the latter to her ladyship. Her house is one of his favourite resorts, where he is a very important personage. He makes her a visit of business once a year, when he looks into all her affairs; which, as she is no manager, are apt to get into confusion. He examines the books of the overseer, and shoots about the estate, which, he says, is well stocked with game, notwithstanding that it is poached by all the vagabonds in the neighbourhood.

It is thought, as I before hinted, that the captain will inherit the greater part of her property, having always been her chief favourite; for, in fact, she is partial to a red coat. She has now come to the time to be present at his nuptials, having a great disposition to interest herself in all matters of love and matrimony.

THE LOVERS.

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away : for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

SONG OF SOLOMON.

To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot; and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man, and eke of woman; to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the plants, but it is certainly as interesting.

I have therefore derived much pleasure, since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful, blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest : while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate so beauteous a prize.

I observed them yesterday in the garden, advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure, and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that "harbinger of spring," was faintly heard from a distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butterflies sported, and toyed, and coquetted in the air.

The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush on her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips, while in the hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not think it a thousand pities that the season should ever change, or that young people should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.

From what I have gathered of family anecdote, I understand that the fair Julia is the daughter of a favourite college friend of the squire; who, after leaving Oxford, had entered the army, and served for many years in India, where he was mortally wounded in a skirmish with the natives. In his last moments he died, with a faltering pen, recommended his wife and daughter to the kindness of his early friend.

The widow and her child returned to England helpless, and almost hopeless. When Mr Bracebridge received accounts of their situation, he hastened to their relief. He reached them just in time to soothe the last moments of the mother, who was dying of a consumption, and to make her happy in the assurance that her child should never want a protector.

The good squire returned with his prattling charge to his strong hold, where he had brought her up with

a tenderness truly paternal. As he has taken some pains to superintend her education, and form her taste, she has grown up with many of his notions, and considers him the wisest, as well as the best of men. Much of her time, too, has been passed with Lady Lillycraft, who has instructed her in the manners of the old school, and enriched her mind with all kinds of novels and romances. Indeed, her ladyship has had a great hand in promoting the match between Julia and the captain, having had them together at her country seat, the moment she found there was an attachment growing up between them; the good lady being never so happy as when she has a pair of turtles cooing about her.

I have been pleased to see the fondness with which the fair Julia is regarded by the old servants of the Hall. She has been a pet with them from childhood, and every one seems to lay some claim to her education; so that it is no wonder that she should be extremely accomplished. The gardener taught her to rear flowers, of which she is extremely fond. Old Christy, the pragmatist huntsman, softens when she approaches; and as she sits lightly and gracefully in her saddle, claims the merit of having taught her to ride; while the housekeeper, who almost looks upon her as a daughter, intimates that she first gave her an insight into the mysteries of the toilet, having been dressing-maid in her young days to the late Mrs Bracebridge. I am inclined to credit this last claim, as I have noticed that the dress of the young lady had an air of the old school, though managed with native taste, and that her hair was put up very much in the style of Sir Peter Lely's portraits in the picture-gallery.

Her very musical attainments partake of this old-fashioned character, and most of her songs are such as are not at the present day to be found on the piano of a modern performer. I have, however, seen so much of modern fashions, modern accomplishments, and modern fine ladies, that I relish this tinge of antiquated style in so young and lovely a girl; and I have had as much pleasure in hearing her warble one of the old songs of Herrick, or Carew, or Suckling, adapted to some simple old melody, as I have had from listening to a lady amateur sky-lark it up and down through the finest bravura of Rossini or Mozart.

We have very pretty music in the evenings, occasionally, between her and the captain, assisted sometimes by Master Simon, who scrapes, dubiously, on his violin; being very apt to get out and to halt a note or two in the rear. Sometimes he even thrums a little on the piano, and takes a part in a trio, in which his voice can generally be distinguished by a certain quavering tone, and an occasional false note.

I was praising the fair Julia's performance to him after one of her songs, when I found he took to himself the whole credit of having formed her musical taste, assuring me that she was very apt; and, indeed, summing up her whole character in his knowing way, by adding, that "she was a very nice girl, and had no nonsense about her."

FAMILY RELIQUES.

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek : and such sweet skill
flath from the cunning workman's pencil flown.
These lips look fresh and lively as her own.
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom ; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all !

DEKKER.

AN old English family mansion is a fertile subject for study. It abounds with illustrations of former times, and traces of the tastes, and humours, and manners of successive generations. The alterations and additions, in different styles of architecture ; the furniture, plate, pictures, hangings ; the warlike and sporting implements of different ages and fancies ; all furnish food for curious and amusing speculation. As the squire is very careful in collecting and preserving all family reliques, the Hall is full of remembrances of the kind. In looking about the establishment, I can picture to myself the characters and habits that have prevailed at different eras of the family history. I have mentioned on a former occasion the armour of the crusader which hangs up in the Hall. There are also several jack-boots, with enormously thick soles and high heels, that belonged to a set of Cavaliers, who filled the Hall with the din and stir of arms during the time of the Covenanters. A number of enormous drinking vessels of antique fashion, with huge Venice glasses, and green hock glasses, with the apostles in relief on them, remain as monuments of a generation or two of hard livers, that led a life of roaring revelry, and first introduced the gout into the family.

I shall pass over several more such indications of temporary tastes of the squire's predecessors ; but I cannot forbear to notice a pair of antlers in the great hall, which is one of the trophies of a hard-riding squire of former times, who was the Nimrod of these parts. There are many traditions of his wonderful feats in hunting still existing, which are related by old Christy, the huntsman, who gets exceedingly nettled if they are in the least doubted. Indeed, there is a frightful chasm, a few miles from the Hall, which goes by the name of the Squire's Leap, from his having cleared it in the ardour of the chase ; there can be no doubt of the fact, for old Christy shows the very dints of the horse's hoofs on the rocks on each side of the chasm.

Master Simon holds the memory of this squire in great veneration, and has a number of extraordinary stories to tell concerning him, which he repeats at all hunting dinners ; and I am told that they wax more and more marvellous the older they grow. He has also a pair of Rippon spurs which belonged to this mighty hunter of yore, and which he only wears on particular occasions.

The place, however, which abounds most with mementos of past times, is the picture-gallery ; and there is something strangely pleasing, though melancholy, in considering the long rows of portraits which compose the greater part of the collection. They furnish a kind of narrative of the lives of the family worthies, which I am enabled to read with the assistance of the venerable housekeeper, who is the family chronicler, prompted occasionally by Master Simon. There is the progress of a fine lady, for instance, through a variety of portraits. One represents her as a little girl, with a long waist and hoop, holding a kitten in her arms, and ogling the spectator out of the corners of her eyes, as if she could not turn her head. In another we find her in the freshness of youthful beauty, when she was a celebrated belle, and so hard-hearted as to cause several unfortunate gentlemen to run desperate and write bad poetry. In another she is depicted as a stately dame, in the maturity of her charms, next to the portrait of her husband, a gallant colonel in full-bottomed wig and gold-laced hat, who was killed abroad ; and finally, her monument is in the church, the spire of which may be seen from the window, where her effigy is carved in marble, and represents her as a venerable dame of seventy-six.

In like manner I have followed some of the family great men through a series of pictures, from early boyhood to the robe of dignity, or truncheon of command, and so on by degrees, until they were garnered up in the common repository, the neighbouring church.

There is one group that particularly interested me. It consisted of four sisters of nearly the same age, who flourished about a century since, and, if I may judge from their portraits, were extremely beautiful. I can imagine what a scene of gaiety and romance this old mansion must have been, when they were in the hey-day of their charms ; when they passed like beautiful visions through its halls, or stepped daintily to music in the revels and dances of the cedar-gallery ; or printed, with delicate feet, the velvet verdure of these lawns. How must they have been looked up to with mingled love, and pride, and reverence, by the old family servants ; and followed with almost painful admiration by the aching eyes of rival admirers ! How must melody, and song, and tender serenade, have breathed about these courts, and their echoes whispered to the loitering tread of lovers ! How must these very turrets have made the hearts of the young galliards thrill, as they first discerned them from afar, rising from among the trees, and pictured to themselves the beauties casketed in gems within these walls ! Indeed I have discovered about the place several faint records of this reign of Beauty. Several of the old romances in the library have marginal notes expressing sympathy and approbation, where there are long speeches extolling the charms, or protesting eternal fidelity, or bewailing

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Indeed I have discovered faint records of this reign. The Hall was a kind of Cor- e old romances in the libra- pressing sympathy and appro- long speeches extolling lady- ernal fidelity, or bewail-

the cruelty of some tyrannical fair one. The inter-views, and declarations, and parting scenes of tender lovers, also bear the marks of having been frequently read, and are scored, and marked with notes of admiration, and have initials written on the margins; most of which annotations have the day of the month and year annexed to them. Several of the windows, too, have scraps of poetry engraved on them with diamonds, taken from the writings of the fair Mrs Phillips, the once celebrated Orianda. Some of these seem to have been inscribed by lovers; and others, in a delicate and unsteady hand, and a little inaccurate in the spelling, have evidently been written by the young ladies themselves, or by female friends, who have been on visits to the Hall. Mrs Phillips seems to have been their favourite author, and they have distributed the names of her heroes and heroines among their circle of intimacy. Sometimes, in a male hand, the verse bewails the cruelty of beauty, and the sufferings of constant love; while in a female hand it prudishly confines itself to lamenting the parting of female friends. The bow-window of my bed-room, which has, doubtless, been inhabited by one of these beauties, has several of these inscriptions. I have one at this moment before my eyes, called "Camilla parting with Leonora:"

"How perished is the joy that's past,
The present how unsteady!
What comfort can be great and last,
When this is gone already?"

And close by it is another, written, perhaps, by some adventurous lover, who had stolen into the lady's chamber during her absence.

"THEODOSIUS TO CAMILLA.
I'd rather in your favour live,
Than in a lasting name;
And much a greater rate would give
For happiness than fame.
THEODOSIUS. 1700."

When I look at these faint records of gallantry and tenderness; when I contemplate the fading portraits of these beautiful girls, and think too that they have long since bloomed, reigned, grown old, died, and passed away, and with them all their graces, their triumphs, their rivalries, their admirers; the whole empire of love and pleasure in which they ruled—all dead, all buried, all forgotten," I find a cloud of melancholy stealing over the present gaieties around me. I was gazing, in a musing mood, this very morning, at the portrait of the lady, whose husband was killed abroad, when the fair Julia entered the gallery, leaning on the arm of the captain. The sun shone through the row of windows on her as she passed along, and she seemed to beam out each time into brightness, and relapse into shade, until the door at the bottom of the gallery closed after her. I felt a sadness of heart at the idea, that this was an emblem of her lot: a few more years of sunshine and shade, and all this life, and loveliness, and enjoyment, will have ceased, and nothing be left to commemorate this

beautiful being but one more perishable portrait; to awaken, perhaps, the trite speculations of some future loiterer, like myself, when I and my scribblings shall have lived through our brief existence and been forgotten.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

I've worn some leather out abroad; let out a heathen soul or two; fed this good sword with the black blood of pagan Christians; converted a few infidels with it.—But let that pass.

THE ORDINARY.

THE Hall was thrown into some little agitation, a few days since, by the arrival of General Harbottle. He had been expected for several days, and had been looked for, rather impatiently, by several of the family. Master Simon assured me that I would like the general hugely, for he was a blade of the old school, and an excellent table companion. Lady Lilycraft, also, appeared to be somewhat fluttered, on the morning of the general's arrival, for he had been one of her early admirers; and she recollected him only as a dashing young ensign, just come upon the town. She actually spent an hour longer at her toilet, and made her appearance with her hair uncommonly frizzled and powdered, and an additional quantity of rouge. She was evidently a little surprised and shocked, therefore, at finding the little dashing ensign transformed into a corpulent old general, with a double chin, though it was a perfect picture to witness their salutations; the graciousness of her profound curtsy, and the air of the old school with which the general took off his hat, swayed it gently in his hand, and bowed his powdered head.

All this bustle and anticipation has caused me to study the general with a little more attention than, perhaps, I should otherwise have done; and the few days that has already passed at the Hall have enabled me, I think, to furnish a tolerable likeness of him to the reader.

He is, as Master Simon observed, a soldier of the old school, with powdered head, side locks, and pig-tail. His face is shaped like the stern of a Dutch man of war, narrow at top, and wide at bottom, with full rosy cheeks and a double chin; so that, to use the cant of the day, his organs of eating may be said to be powerfully developed.

The general, though a veteran, has seen very little active service, except the taking of Seringapatam, which forms an era in his history. He wears a large emerald in his bosom, and a diamond on his finger, which he got on that occasion, and whoever is unlucky enough to notice either, is sure to involve himself in the whole history of the siege. To judge from the general's conversation, the taking of Seringapatam is the most important affair that has occurred for the last century.

On the approach of warlike times on the continent

he was rapidly promoted to get him out of the way of younger officers of merit; until, having been hoisted to the rank of general, he was quietly laid on the shelf. Since that time his campaigns have been principally confined to watering-places; where he drinks the waters for a slight touch of the liver which he got in India; and plays whist with old dowagers, with whom he has flirted in his younger days. Indeed he talks of all the fine women of the last half century, and, according to hints which he now and then drops, has enjoyed the particular smiles of many of them.

He has seen considerable garrison duty, and can speak of almost every place famous for good quarters, and where the inhabitants give good dinners. He is a diner out of first-rate currency, when in town; being invited to one place, because he has been seen at another. In the same way he is invited about the country seats, and can describe half the seats in the kingdom, from actual observation; nor is any one better versed in court gossip, and the pedigrees and inter-marriages of the nobility.

As the general is an old bachelor, and an old beau, and there are several ladies at the Hall, especially his quondam flame Lady Jocelyne, he is put rather upon his gallantry. He commonly passes some time, therefore, at his toilet, and takes the field at a late hour every morning, with his hair dressed out and powdered, and a rose in his button-hole. After he has breakfasted, he walks up and down the terrace in the sunshine, humming an air, and hemming between every stave, carrying one hand behind his back, and with the other touching his cane to the ground, and then raising it up to his shoulder. Should he, in these morning promenades, meet any of the elder ladies of the family, as he frequently does Lady Lillycraft, his hat is immediately in his hand, and it is enough to remind one of those courtly groups of ladies and gentlemen, in old prints of Windsor-terrace, or Kensington-garden.

He talks frequently about "the service," and is fond of humming the old song,

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die!

I cannot discover, however, that the general has ever run any great risk of dying, excepting from an apoplexy, or an indigestion. He criticizes all the battles on the continent, and discusses the merits of the commanders, but never fails to bring the conversation, ultimately, to Tippoo Saib and Seringapatam. I am told that the general was a perfect champion at drawing-rooms, parades, and watering-places, during the late war, and was looked to with hope and confidence by many an old lady, when labouring under the terror of Bonaparte's invasion.

He is thoroughly loyal, and attends punctually on eves when in town. He has treasured up many remarkable sayings of the late king, particularly one which the king made to him on a field-day, compli-

menting him on the excellence of his horse. He extols the whole royal family, but especially the present king, whom he pronounces the most perfect gentleman and best whist-player in Europe. The general swears rather more than is the fashion of the present day; but it was the mode in the old school. He is, however, very strict in religious matters, and a staunch churchman. He repeats the responses very loudly in church, and is emphatical in praying for the king and royal family.

At table his loyalty waxes very fervent with his second bottle, and the song of "God save the King" puts him into a perfect ecstasy. He is amazingly well contented with the present state of things, and apt to get a little impatient at any talk about national ruin and agricultural distress. He says he has travelled about the country as much as any man, and has met with nothing but prosperity; and to confess the truth, a great part of his time is spent in visiting from one country seat to another, and riding about the parks of his friends. "They talk of public distress," said the general this day to me, at dinner, as he smacked a glass of rich Burgundy, and cast his eyes about the ample board; "they talk of public distress, but where do we find it, sir? I see none. I see no reason any one has to complain. Take my word for it, sir, this talk about public distress is all humbug!"

THE WIDOW'S RETINUE.

Little dogs and all!

LEAR.

In giving an account of the arrival of Lady Lillycraft at the Hall, I ought to have mentioned the entertainment which I derived from witnessing the unpacking of her carriage, and the disposing of her retinue. There is something extremely amusing to me in the number of factitious wants, the loads of imaginary conveniences, but real incumbrances, with which the luxurious are apt to burthen themselves. I like to watch the whimsical stir and display about one of these petty progresses. The number of robust footmen and retainers of all kinds, bustling about with looks of infinite gravity and importance, to do almost nothing. The number of heavy trunks, and parcels, and bandboxes belonging to my lady; and the solicitude exhibited about some humble, odd-looking box, by my lady's maid; the cushions piled in the carriage to make a soft seat still softer, and to prevent the dreaded possibility of a jolt; the smelling-bottles, the cordials, the baskets of biscuit and fruit; the new publications; all provided to guard against hunger, fatigue, or ennui; the led-horses to vary the mode of travelling; and all this preparation and parade to move, perhaps, some very good-for-nothing personage about a little space of earth!

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servations to Lady Lillycraft, for whose simple kind-
heartedness I have a very great respect, and who is
really a most amiable and worthy being. I cannot
refrain, however, from mentioning some of the mot-
ley retinue she has brought with her; and which,
indeed, bespeak the overflowing kindness of her na-
ture, which requires her to be surrounded with ob-
jects on which to lavish it.

In the first place, her ladyship has a pampered
coachman, with a red face, and cheeks that hang
down like dew-laps. He evidently domineers over
her a little with respect to the fat horses; and only
drives out when he thinks proper, and when he thinks
it will be "good for the cattle."

She has a favourite page to attend upon her person:
a handsome boy of about twelve years of age, but a
mischievous varlet, very much spoiled, and in a fair
way to be good for nothing. He is dressed in green,
with a profusion of gold cord and gilt buttons about
his clothes. She always has one or two attendants
of the kind, who are replaced by others as soon as
they grow to fourteen years of age. She has brought
two dogs with her also, out of a number of pets which
she maintains at home. One is a fat spaniel, called
Zephyr—though heaven defend me from such a zephyr!
He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes
are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with
corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty.
The other is a little, old, grey-muzzled curmudgeon,
with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you
only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is
drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short,
he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy,
and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has
his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet
from the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than
three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as a
reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty.

These dogs are full of elegant ailments unknown to
vulgar dogs; and are petted and nursed by Lady Lilly-
craft with the tenderest kindness. They are pam-
pered and fed with delicacies by their fellow-minion,
the page; but their stomachs are often weak and out
of order, so that they cannot eat; though I have now
and then seen the page give them a mischievous
pinch, or thwack over the head, when his mistress
was not by. They have cushions for their express
use, on which they lie before the fire, and yet are apt
to shiver and moan if there is the least draught of air.
When any one enters the room, they make a most
extraneous barking that is absolutely deafening. They
are insolent to all the other dogs of the establishment.
There is a noble stag-hound, a great favourite of the
squire's, who is a privileged visitor to the parlour;
but the moment he makes his appearance, these in-
truders fly at him with furious rage; and I have ad-
mired the sovereign indifference and contempt with
which he seems to look down upon his puny assail-
ants. When her ladyship drives out, these dogs are

generally carried with her to take the air; when they
look out of each window of the carriage, and bark at
all vulgar pedestrian dogs. These dogs are a conti-
nual source of misery to the household: as they are
always in the way, they every now and then get their
toes trod on, and then there is a yelping on their
part, and a loud lamentation on the part of their
mistress, that fills the room with clamour and con-
fusion.

Lastly, there is her ladyship's waiting-gentlewo-
man, Mrs Hannah, a prim, pragmatical old maid;
one of the most intolerable and intolerant virgins that
ever lived. She has kept her virtue by her until it
has turned sour, and now every word and look
smacks of verjuice. She is the very opposite to her
mistress, for one hates, and the other loves, all man-
kind. How they first came together I cannot ima-
gine; but they have lived together for many years;
and the abigail's temper being tart and encroaching,
and her ladyship's easy and yielding, the former has
got the complete upper hand, and tyrannizes over the
good lady in secret.

Lady Lillycraft now and then complains of it, in
great confidence, to her friends, but hushes up the
subject immediately, if Mrs Hannah makes her appear-
ance. Indeed, she has been so accustomed to be at-
tended by her, that she thinks she could not do with-
out her; though one great study of her life is to keep
Mrs Hannah in good humour, by little presents and
kindnesses.

Master Simon has a most devout abhorrence, ming-
led with awe, for this ancient spinster. He told me
the other day, in a whisper, that she was a cursed
brimstone—in fact, he added another epithet, which
I would not repeat for the world. I have remarked,
however, that he is always extremely civil to her
when they meet.

READY-MONEY JACK.

My purse, it is my privy wyfe,

This song I dare both syng and say,

It keepeth men from grievous stryfe

When every man for hymself shall pay,

As I ryde in ryeche array

For gold and sylver men wyll me florysh;

By thys matter I dare well saye,

Ever gramercy myne owne purse.

BOOK OF HUNTING.

ON the skirts of the neighbouring village there lives
a kind of small potentate, who, for aught I know, is
a representative of one of the most ancient legitimate
lines of the present day; for the empire over which
he reigns has belonged to his family time out of mind.
His territories comprise a considerable number of
good fat acres; and his seat of power is in an old
farm-house, where he enjoys, unmolested, the stout
oaken chair of his ancestors. The personage to whom

I allude is a sturdy old yeoman of the name of John Tibbets, or rather Ready-Money Jack Tibbets, as he is called throughout the neighbourhood.

The first place where he attracted my attention was in the churchyard on Sunday; where he sat on a tombstone after the service, with his hat a little on one side, holding forth to a small circle of auditors, and, as I presumed, expounding the law and the prophets; until, on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse. He presented so faithful a picture of a substantial English yeoman, such as he is often described in books, heightened, indeed, by some little finery, peculiar to himself, that I could not but take note of his whole appearance.

He was between fifty and sixty, of a strong, muscular frame, and at least six feet high, with a physiognomy as grave as a lion's, and set off with short, curling, iron-grey locks. His shirt-collar was turned down, and displayed a neck covered with the same short, curling, grey hair; and he wore a coloured silk neckcloth, tied very loosely, and tucked in at the bosom, with a green paste brooch on the knot. His coat was of dark green cloth, with silver buttons, on each of which was engraved a stag, with his own name, John Tibbets, underneath. He had an inner waistcoat of figured chintz, between which and his coat was another of scarlet cloth, unbuttoned. His breeches were also left unbuttoned at the knees, not from any slovenliness, but to show a broad pair of scarlet garters. His stockings were blue, with white clocks; he wore large silver shoe-buckles; a broad paste buckle in his hatband; his sleeve-buttons were gold seven shilling pieces; and he had two or three guineas hanging as ornaments to his watch-chain.

On making some inquiries about him, I gathered, that he was descended from a line of farmers that had always lived on the same spot, and owned the same property; and that half of the churchyard was taken up with the tombstones of his race. He has all his life been an important character in the place. When a youngster, he was one of the most roaring blades of the neighbourhood. No one could match him at wrestling, pitching the bar, cudgel play, and other athletic exercises. Like the renowned Pinner of Wakefield, he was the village champion; carried off the prize at all the fairs, and threw his gauntlet at the country round. Even to this day the old people talk of his prowess, and undervalue, in comparison, all heroes of the green that have succeeded him; nay, they say, that if Ready-Money Jack were to take the field even now, there is no one could stand before him.

When Jack's father died, the neighbours shook their heads, and predicted that young hopeful would soon make away with the old homestead; but Jack falsified all their predictions. The moment he succeeded to the paternal farm he assumed a new character; took a wife; attended resolutely to his affairs, and became an industrious, thrifty farmer.

With the family property he inherited a set of old family maxims, to which he steadily adhered. He saw to every thing himself; put his own hand to the plough; worked hard; ate heartily; slept soundly; paid for every thing in cash down; and never danced except he could do it to the music of his own money in both pockets. He has never been without a hundred or two pounds in gold by him, and never allows a debt to stand unpaid. This has gained him his current name, of which, by the bye, he is a little proud; and has caused him to be looked upon as a very wealthy man by all the village.

Notwithstanding his thrift, however, he has never denied himself the amusements of life, but has taken a share in every passing pleasure. It is his maxim, that "he that works hard can afford to play." He is, therefore, an attendant at all the country fairs and wakes, and has signalized himself by feats of strength and prowess on every village-green in the shire. He often makes his appearance at horse races, and sports his half guinea, and even his guinea at a time; keeps a good horse for his own riding, and to this day is fond of following the hounds, and is generally in at the death. He keeps up the rustic revels, and hospitalities too, for which his paternal farmhouse has always been noted; has plenty of good cheer and dancing at harvest-home, and, above all, keeps the "merry night," as it is termed, at Christmas.

With all his love of amusement, however, Jack is by no means a boisterous jovial companion. He is seldom known to laugh even in the midst of his gaiety; but maintains the same grave, lion-like demeanour. He is very slow at comprehending a joke; and is apt to sit puzzling at it, with a perplexed look, while the rest of the company is in a roar. This gravity has, perhaps, grown on him with the growing weight of his character; for he is gradually rising into patriarchal dignity in his native place. Though he no longer takes an active part in athletic sports, yet he always presides at them, and is appealed to on all occasions as umpire. He maintains the peace on the village-green at holiday games, and quells all brawls and quarrels by collaring the parties and shaking them heartily, if refractory. No one ever pretends to raise a hand against him, or to contend against his decisions; the young men having grown up in habitual awe of his prowess, and in implicit deference to him as the champion and lord of the green.

He is a regular frequenter of the village inn, the landlady having been a sweetheart of his in early life, and he having always continued on kind terms with her. He seldom, however, drinks any thing but a draught of ale; smokes his pipe, and pays his reckoning before leaving the tap-room. Here he "gives his little senate laws;" decides bets, which

* MERRY NIGHT. A rustic merry-making in a farm-house about Christmas, common in some parts of Yorkshire. There is abundance of homely fare, tea, cakes, fruit, and ale; various feats of agility, amusing games, romping, dancing, and kissing without. They commonly break up at midnight.

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are very generally referred to him; determines upon the characters and qualities of horses; and indeed plays now and then the part of a judge, in settling petty disputes between neighbours, which otherwise might have been nursed by country attorneys into tolerable lawsuits. Jack is very candid and impartial in his decisions, but he has not a head to carry a long argument, and is very apt to get perplexed and out of patience if there is much pleading. He generally breaks through the argument with a strong voice, and brings matters to a summary conclusion, by pronouncing what he calls the "upshot of the business," or, in other words, "the long and the short of the matter."

Jack once made a journey to London a great many years since, which has furnished him with topics of conversation ever since. He saw the old king on the terrace at Windsor, who stopped, and pointed him out to one of the princesses, being probably struck with Jack's truly yeoman-like appearance. This is a favourite anecdote with him, and has no doubt had a great effect in making him a most loyal subject ever since, in spite of taxes and poor's rates. He was also at Bartholomew-fair, where he had half the buttons rent off his coat; and a gang of pickpockets, attracted by his external show of gold and silver, made a regular attempt to hustle him as he was gazing at a show; but for once they found that they had caught a tartar; for Jack enacted as great wonders among the gang as Samson did among the Philistines. One of his neighbours, who had accompanied him to town, and was with him at the fair, brought back an account of his exploits, which raised the pride of the whole village; who considered their champion as having subdued all London, and eclipsed the achievements of Friar Tuck, or even the renowned Robin Hood himself.

Of late years the old fellow has begun to take the world easily; he works less, and indulges in greater leisure, his son having grown up, and succeeded to him both in the labours of the farm, and the exploits of the green. Like all sons of distinguished men, however, his father's renown is a disadvantage to him, for he can never come up to public expectation. Though a fine active fellow of three and twenty, and quite the "cock of the walk," yet the old people declare he is nothing like what Ready-Money Jack was at his time of life. The youngster himself acknowledges his inferiority, and has a wonderful opinion of the old man, who indeed taught him all his athletic accomplishments, and holds such a sway over him, that I am told, even to this day, he would have no hesitation to take him in hands, if he rebelled against paternal government.

The squire holds Jack in very high esteem, and shows him to all his visitors as a specimen of old English "heart of oak." He frequently calls at his house, and tastes some of his homebrewed, which is excellent. He made Jack a present of old Tusser's "Hundred Points of good Husbandrie," which has

furnished him with reading ever since, and is his text book and manual in all agricultural and domestic concerns. He has made dog's ears at the most favourite passages, and knows many of the poetical maxims by heart.

Tibbets, though not a man to be daunted or fluttered by high acquaintances, and though he cherishes a sturdy independence of mind and manner, yet is evidently gratified by the attentions of the squire, whom he has known from boyhood, and pronounces "a true gentleman every inch of him." He is also on excellent terms with Master Simon, who is a kind of privy counsellor to the family; but his great favourite is the Oxonlan, whom he taught to wrestle and play at quarter-staff when a boy, and considers the most promising young gentleman in the whole county.

BACHELORS.

The Bachelor most joyfully
In pleasant plight doth pass his dates,
Goodfellowship and companie
He doth maintain and keepe awlwaies.

EVAN'S OLD BALLADS.

THERE is no character in the comedy of human life that is more difficult to play well, than that of an old bachelor. When a single gentleman, therefore, arrives at that critical period, when he begins to consider it an impertinent question to be asked his age, I would advise him to look well to his ways. This period, it is true, is much later with some men than with others; I have witnessed more than once the meeting of two wrinkled old lads of this kind, who had not seen each other for several years, and have been amused by the amicable exchange of compliments on each other's appearance that takes place on such occasions. There is always one invariable observation; «Why, bless my soul! you look younger than when last I saw you!» Whenever a man's friends begin to compliment him about looking young, he may be sure that they think he is growing old.

I am led to make these remarks by the conduct of Master Simon and the general, who have become great cronies. As the former is the youngest by many years, he is regarded as quite a youthful gallant by the general, who moreover looks upon him as a man of great wit and prodigious acquirements. I have already hinted that Master Simon is a family beau, and considered rather a young fellow by all the elderly ladies of the connexion; for an old bachelor, in an old family connexion, is something like an actor in a regular dramatic corps, who seems «to flourish in immortal youth,» and will continue to play the Roméos and Rangers for half a century together.

Master Simon, too, is a little of the camelion, and takes a different hue with every different companion: he is very attentive and officious, and somewhat sen-

timental, with Lady Lillycraft; copies out little namby-pamby ditties and love-songs for her, and draws quivers, and doves, and darts, and Cupids, to be worked on the corners of her pocket handkerchiefs. He indulges, however, in very considerable latitude with the other married ladies of the family; and has many sly pleasantries to whisper to them, that provoke an equivocal laugh and a tap of the fan. But when he gets among young company, such as Frank Bracebridge, the Oxonian, and the general, he is apt to put on the mad wag, and to talk in a very bachelor-like strain about the sex.

In this he has been encouraged by the example of the general, whom he looks up to as a man that has seen the world. The general, in fact, tells shocking stories after dinner, when the ladies have retired, which he gets among young company, such as Frank Bracebridge, the Oxonian, and the general, he is apt to put on the mad wag, and to talk in a very bachelor-like strain about the sex.

I saw him and Master Simon, an evening or two since, conversing with a buxom milkmaid in a meadow; and from their elbowing each other now and then, and the general's slaking his shoulders, blowing up his cheeks, and breaking out into a short fit of irrepressible laughter, I had no doubt they were playing the mischief with the girl.

I looked at them through a hedge, I could not but think they would have made a tolerable group for a modern picture of Susannah and the two elders. It is true, the girl seemed in nowise alarmed at the force of the enemy; and I question, had either of them been alone, whether she would not have been more than they would have ventured to encounter. Such veteran roysters are daring wags when together, and will put any female to the blush with their jokes; but they are as quiet as lambs when they fall singly into the clutches of a fine woman.

In spite of the general's years, he evidently is a little vain of his person, and ambitious of conquests. I have observed him on Sunday in church, eying the country girls most suspiciously; and have seen him leer upon them with a downright amorous look, even when he has been gallanting Lady Lillycraft, with great ceremony, through the churchyard. The general, in fact, is a veteran in the service of Cupid rather than of Mars, having signalized himself in all the garrison towns and country quarters, and seen service in every ball-room of England. Not a celebrated beauty but he has laid siege to; and, if his word may be taken in a matter wherein no man is apt to be over veracious, it is incredible the success he has had with the fair. At present he is like a worn-out warrior, retired from service; but who still cocks his

beaver with a military air, and talks stoutly of fighting whenever he comes within the smell of gunpowder.

I have heard him speak his mind very freely over his bottle, about the folly of the captain in taking a wife; as he thinks a young soldier should care for nothing but his "bottle and kind landlady." But, in fact, he says, the service on the continent has had a sad effect upon the young men; they have been ruined by light wines and French quadrilles. "They've nothing," he says, "of the spirit of the old service. There are none of your six-bottle men left, that were the souls of a mess-dinner, and used to play the very deuce among the women."

As to a bachelor, the general affirms that he is a free and easy man, with no baggage to take care of but his portmanteau; but, as Major Pendergast says, a married man, with his wife hanging on his arm, always puts him in mind of a chamber candlestick, with its extinguisher hitched to it. I should not mind all this if it were merely confined to the general; but I fear he will be the ruin of my friend, Master Simon, who already begins to echo his heresies, and to talk in the style of a gentleman that has seen life, and lived upon the town. Indeed the general seems to have taken Master Simon in hand, and talks of showing him the lions when he comes to town, and of introducing him to a knot of choice spirits at the Mulligatawney club; which, I understand, is composed of old nabobs, officers in the company's employ, and other "men of and," that have seen service in the East, and returned home burnt out with curry, and touched with the liver complaint. They have their regular club, where they eat Mulligatawney soup, smoke the bazaar, talk about Tipoo Saib, Seringapatam, and tiger-hunting; and are tediously agreeable in each other's company.

WIVES.

Believe me, man, there is no greater blisse
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife;
Which whoso wants, half of himselfe doth misse;
Friend without change, playfellow without strife,
Food without fuiness, counsaile without pride,
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

THERE is so much talk about matrimony going on round me, in consequence of the approaching event for which we are assembled at the Hall, that I confess I find my thoughts singularly exercised on the subject. Indeed, all the bachelors of the establishment seem to be passing through a kind of fiery ordeal: for Lady Lillycraft is one of those tender, romance-read dames of the old school, whose mind is filled with flames and darts, and who breathe nothing but constancy and wedlock. She is for ever immersed in the concerns of the heart; and, to use a poetical phrase,

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is perfectly surrounded by "the purple light of love." The very general seems to feel the influence of this sentimental atmosphere; to melt as he approaches her ladyship, and, for the time, to forget all his heresies about matrimony and the sex.

The good lady is generally surrounded by little documents of her prevalent taste; novels of a tender nature; richly bound little books of poetry, that are filled with sonnets and love-tales, and perfumed with rose-leaves; and she has always an album at hand, for which she claims the contributions of all her friends. On looking over this last repository the other day, I found a series of poetical extracts, in the squire's handwriting, which might have been intended as matrimonial hints to his ward. I was so much struck with several of them, that I took the liberty of copying them out. They are from the old play of Thomas Davenport, published in 1661, entitled "The City Night-cap;" in which is drawn out and exemplified, in the part of Abstemia, the character of a patient and faithful wife, which, I think, might vie with that of the renowned Griselda.

I have often thought it a pity that plays and novels should always end at the wedding, and should not give us another act, and another volume, to let us know how the hero and heroine conducted themselves when married. Their main object seems to be merely to instruct young ladies how to get husbands, but not how to keep them: now this last, I speak it with all due diffidence, appears to me to be a desideratum in modern married life. It is appalling to those who have not yet adventured into the holy state, to see how soon the flame of romantic love burns out, or rather is quenched in matrimony; and how deplorably the passionate, poetic lover declines into the phlegmatic, prosaic husband. I am inclined to attribute this very much to the defect just mentioned in the plays and novels, which form so important a branch of study of our young ladies; and which teach them how to be heroines, but leave them totally at a loss when they come to be wives. The play from which the quotations before me were made, however, is an exception to this remark; and I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of adducing some of them for the benefit of the reader, and for the honour of an old writer, who has bravely attempted to awaken dramatic interest in favour of a woman, even after she was married.

The following is a commendation of Abstemia to her husband Lorenzo:

She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence;
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,
She inflames love with wonder,) but because
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
She's truly chaste; yet such a foe to coyness,
The poorest call her courteous; and, which is excellent,
(Though fair and young,) she shuns to expose herself
To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom
Or never walks abroad but in your company;
And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if
She were venturing on crack'd ice, and takes delight
To step into the print your foot hath made,

And will follow you whole fields; so she will drive
Tediousness out of time with her sweet character.

Notwithstanding all this excellence, Abstemia has the misfortune to incur the unmerited jealousy of her husband. Instead, however, of resenting his harsh treatment with clamorous upbraidings, and with the stormy violence of high, windy virtue, by which the sparks of anger are so often blown into a flame; she endures it with the meekness of conscious, but patient virtue; and makes the following beautiful appeal to a friend who has witnessed her long suffering:

—Hast thou not seen me
Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers
The angry bark to plough through her bosom,
And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made?

Lorenzo, being wrought on by false representations, at length repudiates her. To the last, however, she maintains her patient sweetness, and her love for him, in spite of his cruelty. She deplores his error, even more than his unkindness; and laments the delusion which has turned his very affection into a source of bitterness. There is a moving pathos in her parting address to Lorenzo, after their divorce:

—Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my soul doth love: if you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife; so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion: and if you hear hereafter
That I am dead, Inquire but my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you.
And when you walk forth with your second choice,
Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you see me, lean and pale,
Strewing your path with flowers.—
But may she never live to pay my debts! [weeps.]
If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
In the conception of the injury.
Pray make me wealthy with one kiss: farewell, sir:
Let it not grieve you when you shall remember
That I was innocent; nor this forget,
Though innocence here suffer, sigh, and groan,
She walks but through thorns to find a throne.

In a short time Lorenzo discovers his error, and the innocence of his injured wife. In the transports of his repentance, he calls to mind all her feminine excellence; her gentle, uncomplaining, womanly fortitude under wrong and sorrows:

—Oh, Abstemia!
How lovely thou lookest now! now thou appearest
Chaster than is the morning's modesty,
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The western wind creeps softly; now I remember
How, when she sat at table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it look'd where I look'd: oh, how proud
She was, when she could cross herself to please me!
But where now is this fair soul? Like a silver cloud
She hath wept herself, I fear, into the dead sea,
And will be found no more.

It is but doing right by the reader, if interested in the fate of Abstemia by the preceding extracts, to say, that she was restored to the arms and affections of her husband, rendered fonder than ever, by that dis-

position in every good heart, to atone for past injustice, by an overflowing measure of returning kindness :

Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms ! I am now
Confirmed past all suspicion ; thou art far
sweeter in thy sincere truth than a sacrifice
Deck'd up for death with garlands. The Indian winds
That blow from off the coast, and cheer the sailor
With the sweet savour of their spices, want
The delight flows in thee.

I have been more affected and interested by this little dramatic picture than by many a popular love tale ; though, as I said before, I do not think it likely either Abstemia or patient Grizzle stand much chance of being taken for a model. Still I like to see poetry now and then extending its views beyond the wedding-day, and teaching a lady how to make herself attractive even after marriage. There is no great need of enforcing on an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable ; nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions round her. Youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no foreign aid to set it off ; it pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when he was a lover. Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imagination. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should therefore ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavour to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavour still to preserve a freshness and virgin delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of woman is to be wooed, not to woo ; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love ; bounty loses instead of winning him. The secret of a woman's power does not consist so much in giving, as in withholding. A woman may give up too much even to her husband. It is to a thousand little delicacies of conduct that she must trust to keep alive passion, and to protect herself from that dangerous familiarity, that thorough acquaintance with every weakness and imperfection incident to matrimony. By these means she may still maintain her power, though she has surrendered her person, and may continue the romance of love even beyond the honey-moon.

"She that hath a wise husband," says Jeremy Taylor, "must entice him to an eternal cleanness by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith

and charity. She must have no painting but blushings ; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship ; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies."

I have wandered into a rambling series of remarks on a trite subject, and a dangerous one for a bachelor to meddle with. That I may not, however, appear to confine my observations entirely to the wife, I will conclude with another quotation from Jeremy Taylor, in which the duties of both parties are mentioned ; while I would recommend his sermon on the marriage ring to all those who, wiser than myself, are about entering the happy state of wedlock.

"There is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by names, and hath its variety by circumstances and little accidents : and what in one is called love, in the other is called reverence ; and what in the wife is obedience, the same in the man is duty. He provides, and she dispenses ; he gives commandments, and she rules by them ; he rules her by authority, and she rules him by love ; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her."

STORY-TELLING.

A FAVOURITE evening pastime at the Hall, and one which the worthy squire is fond of promoting, is story-telling, "a good old-fashioned fire-side amusement," as he terms it. Indeed, I believe he promotes it chiefly, because it was one of the choice recreations in those days of yore, when ladies and gentlemen were not much in the habit of reading. Be this as it may, he will often, at supper table, when conversation flags, call on some one or other of the company for a story, as it was formerly the custom to call for a song ; and it is edifying to see the exemplary patience, and even satisfaction, with which the good old gentleman will sit and listen to some hackneyed tale that he has heard for at least a hundred times.

In this way one evening the current of anecdotes and stories ran upon mysterious personages that have figured at different times, and filled the world with doubt and conjecture ; such as the Wandering Jew, the Man with the Iron Mask, who tormented the curiosities of all Europe ; the invisible Girl, and last, though not least, the Pig-faced Lady.

At length one of the company was called upon, that had the most unpromising physiognomy for a story-teller that ever I had seen. He was a thin, pale, weazen-faced man, extremely nervous, that had sat at one corner of the table shrunk up, as it were, into himself, and almost swallowed up in the cape of his coat, as a turtle in its shell.

The very demand seemed to throw him into a nervous agitation, yet he did not refuse. He emerged

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his head out of his shell, made a few odd grimaces and gesticulations, before he could get his muscles into order, or his voice under command, and then offered to give some account of a mysterious personage, that he had recently encountered in the course of his travels, and one whom he thought fully entitled of being classed with the Man with the Iron Mask.

I was so much struck with his extraordinary narrative, that I have written it out to the best of my recollection, for the amusement of the reader. I think it has in it all the elements of that mysterious and romantic narrative, so greedily sought after at the present day.

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN;

A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

"I'll cross it, though it blast me!"

HAMLET.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering: but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, benched out of all life and spirit: his drooping tail flattered, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-doing cow, chewing the end, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen bench tramped backwards and forwards through the mud in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn,

excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers'-room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of, at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers'-room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday linery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers

scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter,—patter—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, covering under cotton umbrellas, and seething together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler, and that non-descript animal cyleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect—much—rain—about—this—time!"

I was dreadfully lipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar; "The Stout Gentleman in No. 43 wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr Smith, or Mr Brown, or Mr Jackson, or Mr Johnson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 43," it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The Stout Gentleman!"—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his break-

fasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of Parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were over-done, the ham was too salt.—The Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating, one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman, a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal: with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham, and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers' room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The Stout Gentleman wanted the Times of the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig, or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows, thought I, but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information; nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff colour; or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain!

such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By and bye I heard some one walking over head. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread, and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantel-piece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighbouring bed-room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her!

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the edifice in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confounded ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant! If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant maids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she wouldn't!"

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm; the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high, windy clamour for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlady ask her what was the matter; she said, "Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool."—I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor so cross, nor so ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently

met with, swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher-handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt-liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, touse the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect:—I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the travellers'-room, and that I might at length get a view of his person, but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratic in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good-living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be? My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog? "God knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers'-room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and versed in all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and

chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids, and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port-wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him! I seized a chamber-candle, and hurried up to number 45. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered; the room was deserted. There stood a large, broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubt-

able a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until, getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 45!" I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—"all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off:—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman!

FOREST TREES.

"A living gallery of aged trees."

ONE of the favourite themes of boasting with the squire is the noble trees on his estate, which, in truth, has some of the finest that I have seen in England. There is something august and solemn in the great avenues of stately oaks that gather their branches together high in air, and seem to reduce the pedestrians beneath them to mere pigmies. "An avenue of oaks or elms," the squire observes, "is the true colonnade that should lead to a gentleman's house. As to stone and marble, any one can rear them at once, they are the work of the day; but commend me to the colonnades that have grown old and great with the family, and tell by their grandeur how long the family has endured."

The squire has great reverence for certain venerable trees, grey with moss, which he considers as the ancient nobility of his domain. There is the ruin of an enormous oak, which has been so much battered by time and tempest, that scarce any thing is left; though he says Christy recollects when, in his boyhood, it was healthy and flourishing, until it was struck by lightning. It is now a mere trunk, with one twisted bough stretching up into the air, leaving a green branch at the end of it. This sturdy wreck is much valued by the squire; he calls it his standard-bearer, and compares it to a veteran warrior beaten

down in battle, but bearing up his banner to the last. He has actually had a fence built round it, to protect it as much as possible from further injury.

It is with great difficulty that the squire can ever be brought to have any tree cut down on his estate. To some he looks with reverence, as having been planted by his ancestors; to others with a kind of paternal affection, as having been planted by himself; and he feels a degree of awe in bringing down with a few strokes of the axe, what it has cost centuries to build up. I confess I cannot but sympathize, in some degree, with the good squire on the subject. Though brought up in a country overrun with forests, where trees are apt to be considered mere incumbrances, and to be laid low without hesitation or remorse, yet I could never see a fine tree hewn down without concern. The poets, who are naturally lovers of trees, as they are of every thing that is beautiful, have artfully awakened great interest in their favour, by representing them as the habitations of sylvan deities; inasmuch that every great tree had its tutelary genius, or a nymph, whose existence was limited to its duration. Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, makes several pleasing and fanciful allusions to this superstition. "As the fall," says he, "of a very aged oak, giving a crack like thunder, has often been heard at many miles distance; constrained though I often am to fell them with reluctance, I do not at any time remember to have heard the groans of those nymphs (grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations) without some emotion and pity." And again, in alluding to a violent storm that had devastated the woodlands, he says, "Methinks I still hear, sure I am that I still feel, the dismal groans of our forests; the late dreadful hurricane having subverted so many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them. The public accounts," he adds, "reckon no less than three thousand *brave oaks* in one part only of the forest of Dean blown down."

I have paused more than once in the wilderness of America, to contemplate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a long track of desolation. There was something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants; and in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, and hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strong movement of the sympathy so feelingly expressed by Evelyn. I recollect, also, hearing a traveller, of poetical temperament, expressing the kind of horror which he felt on beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been, in a manner, overpowered by an enormous wild grape-vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig,

until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoon struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python. It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable boa.

I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strong, unaffected interest they will discuss topics, which in other countries are abandoned to mere woodmen, or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descend on park and forest scenery with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate, with as much pride and technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had even gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence; and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity among tree-fanciers, from being perfect in their kind.

There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste: it argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and freeborn, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea, that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields. Indeed it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thoughts above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery, that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade. Who can walk, with soul unmoved, among the stately groves of Penshurst, where Sidney passed his boyhood; or can look without fondness upon the tree that is said to have been planted on his birthday; or can ramble among the classic bowers of Hagley; or can pause among the solitudes of Windsor Forest, and look at the oaks around, huge, grey, and time-worn, like the old castle towers, and not feel as if he were surround-

TREES.

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reverence for certain vener- es, which he considers as domain. There is the ruin has been so much battered scarce any thing is left; collect when, in his boy- flourishing, until it was now a mere trunk, with ag up into the air, leaving of it. This sturdy wreck re; he calls it his stand- a veteran warrior beaten

ed by so many monuments of long-enduring glory ! It is, when viewed in this light, that planted groves, and stately avenues, and cultivated parks, have an advantage over the more luxuriant beauties of unassisted nature. It is that they team with moral associations, and keep up the ever-interesting story of human existence.

It is incumbent, then, on the high and generous spirits of an ancient nation, to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Republican as I am by birth, and brought up as I have been in republican principles and habits, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled; but I trust that I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I can both see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men; none are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble-spirited men, who have received their heritages from foregone ages.

I cannot but applaud, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, and high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids, from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all great natures, animate and inanimate: the oak, in the pride and lustiness of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man. With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct towards heaven, bearing up its leafy honours from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be*; a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages; abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of

power, who would murmur at his fate?—"why cumbereth he the ground?"

A LITERARY ANTIQUARY.

Printed bookes he contemnes, as a novelty of this latter age; but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly; especially if the cover be all moul-eaten, and the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable.

MICO-COSMOGRAPHIE, 1622.

THE squire receives great sympathy and support, in his antiquated humours, from the parson, of whom I made some mention on my former visit to the Hall, and who acts as a kind of family chaplain. He has been cherished by the squire almost constantly since the time that they were fellow students at Oxford; for it is one of the peculiar advantages of these great universities, that they often link the poor scholar to the rich patron, by early and heart-felt ties, that last through life, without the usual humiliations of dependence and patronage. Under the fostering protection of the squire, therefore, the little parson has pursued his studies in peace. Having lived almost entirely among books, and those, too, old books, he is quite ignorant of the world, and his mind is as antiquated as the garden at the Hall, where the flowers are all arranged in formal beds, and the yew-trees clipped into urns and peacocks.

His taste for literary antiquities was first imbibed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; where, when a student, he past many an hour foraging among the old manuscripts. He has since, at different times, visited most of the curious libraries in England, and has ransacked many of the cathedrals. With all his quaint and curious learning, he has nothing of arrogance or pedantry; but that unaffected earnestness and guileless simplicity which seem to belong to the literary antiquary.

He is a dark, mouldy little man, and rather dry in his manner: yet, on his favourite theme, he kindles up, and at times is even eloquent. No fox-hunter recounting his last day's sport, could be more animated than I have seen the worthy parson, when relating his search after a curious document, which he had traced from library to library, until he fairly unearthed it in the dusty chapter-house of a cathedral. When, too, he describes some venerable manuscript with its rich illuminations, its thick creamy yellow, its glossy ink, and the odour of the cloisters that seemed to exhale from it, he rivals the enthusiasm of a Parisian epicure, expatiating on the merits of a Périgord pie, or a *pâté de Strasbourg*.

His brain seems absolutely haunted with love-dreams about gorgeous old works in "silk linings, triple gold hands, and tinted leather, locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar hands of the mere reader;" and, to continue the happy expressions of an ingenious writer, "dazzling one's eyes like

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ANTIQUARY.

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eastern beauties, peering through their jealousies."'

He has a great desire, however, to read such works in the old libraries and chapter-houses to which they belong; for he thinks a black-letter volume reads best in one of those venerable chambers where the light struggles through dusty lancet windows and painted glass; and that it loses half its zest if taken away from the neighbourhood of the quaintly-carved oaken book-case and Gothic reading-desk. At his suggestion the squire has had the library furnished in this antique taste, and several of the windows glazed with painted glass, that they may throw a properly tempered light upon the pages of their favourite old authors.

The parson, I am told, has been for some time meditating a commentary on Strutt, Brand, and Douce, in which he means to detect therein sundry dangerous errors in respect to popular games and superstitions; a work to which the squire looks forward with great interest. He is, also, a casual contributor to that long-established repository of national customs and antiquities, the Gentleman's Magazine, and is one of those that every now and then make an inquiry concerning some obsolete customs or rare legend; nay, it is said that several of his communications have been at least six inches in length. He frequently receives parcels by coach from different parts of the kingdom, containing mouldy volumes and almost illegible manuscripts; for it is singular what an active correspondence is kept up among literary antiquaries, and how soon the fame of any rare volume, or unique copy, just discovered among the rubbish of a library, is circulated among them. The parson is more busy than common just now, being a little flurried by an advertisement of a work, said to be preparing for the press, on the mythology of the middle ages. The little man has long been gathering together all the hobgoblin tales he could collect, illustrative of the superstitions of former times; and he is in a complete fever, lest this formidable rival should take the field before him.

Shortly after my arrival at the Hall, I called at the parsonage, in company with Mr Bracebridge and the general. The parson had not been seen for several days, which was a matter of some surprise, as he was an almost daily visitor at the Hall. We found him in his study; a small dusky chamber, lighted by a lattice window that looked into the churchyard, and was overshadowed by a yew-tree. His chair was surrounded by folios and quartos, piled upon the floor, and his table was covered with books and manuscripts. The cause of his seclusion was a work which he had recently received, and with which he had retired in seclusion from the world, and shut himself up to enjoy a literary honey-moon undisturbed. Never did boarding-school girl devour the pages of a sentimental novel, or Don Quixote a chivalrous romance, with more intense delight than did the little man banquet on the pages of this delicious work. It was Dibdin's

D'Israeli. Curiosities of Literature.

Bibliographical Tour; a work calculated to have as intoxicating an effect on the imaginations of literary antiquaries, as the adventures of the heroes of the Round Table, on all true knights; or the tales of the early American voyagers on the ardent spirits of the age, filling them with dreams of Mexican and Peruvian mines, and of the golden realm of El Dorado.

The good parson had looked forward to this bibliographical expedition as of far greater importance than those to Africa, or the North Pole. With what eagerness had he seized upon the history of the enterprize! with what interest had he followed the redoubtable bibliographer and his graphical squire in their adventurous roamings among Norman castles and cathedrals, and French libraries, and German convents and universities; penetrating into the prison houses of vellum manuscripts, and exquisitely illuminated missals, and revealing their beauties to the world!

When the parson had finished a rapturous eulogy on this most curious and entertaining work, he drew forth from a little drawer a manuscript, lately received from a correspondent, which had perplexed him sadly. It was written in Norman French, in very ancient characters, and so faded and mouldered away as to be almost illegible. It was apparently an old Norman drinking song, that might have been brought over by one of William the Conqueror's carousing followers. The writing was just legible enough to keep a keen antiquity-hunter on a doubtful chase; here and there he would be completely thrown out, and then there would be a few words so plainly written as to put him on the scent again. In this way he had been led on for a whole day, until he had found himself completely at fault.

The squire endeavoured to assist him, but was equally baffled. The old general listened for some time to the discussion, and then asked the parson, if he had read Captain Morris's, or George Stevens's, or Auacreon Moore's bacchanalian songs; on the other replying in the negative, "Oh, then," said the general, with a sagacious nod, "if you want a drinking song, I can furnish you with the latest collection—I did not know you had a turn for those kind of things; and I can lend you the Encyclopedia of Wit into the bargain. I never travel without them; they're excellent reading at an inn."

It would not be easy to describe the odd look of surprise and perplexity of the parson, at this proposal; or the difficulty the squire had in making the general comprehend, that though a jovial song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of wisdom, and beneath the notice of a learned man, yet a trowl, written by a tosspot several hundred years since, was a matter worthy of the gravest research, and enough to set whole colleges by the ears.

I have since pondered much on this matter, and have figured to myself what may be the fate of our current literature, when retrieved, piecemeal, by future antiquaries, from among the rubbish of ages.

What a Magnns Apollo, for instance, will Moore become, among sober divines and dusty schoolmen! Even his festive and amatory songs, which are now the mere quickeners of our social moments, or the delights of our drawing-rooms, will then become matters of laborious research and painful collation. How many a grave professor will then waste his midnight oil, or worry his brain through a long morning, endeavouring to restore the pure text, or illustrate the biographical hints of "Come, tell me, says Rosa, as kissing and kissed;" and how many an arid old book-worm, like the worthy little parson, will give up in despair, after vainly striving to fill up some fatal hiatus in "Fanny of Timmol!"

Nor is it merely such exquisite authors as Moore that are doomed to consume the oil of future antiquaries. Many a poor scribbler, who is now, apparently, sent to oblivion by pastry-cooks and cheese-mongers, will then rise again in fragments, and flourish in learned immortality.

After all, thought I, Time is not such an invariable destroyer as he is represented. If he pulls down, he likewise builds up; if he impoverishes one, he enriches another; his very dilapidations furnish matter for new works of controversy, and his rust is more precious than the most costly gilding. Under his plastic hand trifles rise into importance; the nonsense of one age becomes the wisdom of another; the levity of the wit gravitates into the learning of the pedant, and an ancient farthing moulders into infinite more value than a modern guinea.

THE FARM-HOUSE.

"Love and hay
Are thick sown, but come up full of thistles."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

I WAS so much pleased with the anecdotes which were told me of Ready-Money Jack Tibbets, that I got Master Simon, a day or two since, to take me to his house. It was an old-fashioned farm-house, built of brick, with curiously twisted chimneys. It stood at a little distance from the road, with a southern exposure, looking upon a soft, green slope of meadow. There was a small garden in front, with a row of beehives humming among beds of sweet herbs and flowers. Well-scowered milking-tubs, with bright copper hoops, hung on the garden paling. Fruit-trees were trained up against the cottage, and pots of flowers stood in the windows. A fat, superannuated mastiff lay in the sunshine at the door; with a sleek cat sleeping peacefully across him.

Mr Tibbets was from home at the time of our calling, but we were received with hearty and homely welcome by his wife; a notable, motherly woman, and a complete pattern for wives; since, according to

Master Simon's account, she never contradicts honest Jack, and yet manages to have her own way, and to control him in every thing. She received us in the main room of the house, a kind of parlour and hall, with great brown beams of timber across it, which Mr Tibbets is apt to point out with some exultation, observing, that they don't put such timber in houses now-a-days. The furniture was old-fashioned, strong, and highly polished; the walls were hung with coloured prints of the story of the Prodigal Son, who was represented in a red coat and leather breeches. Over the fire-place was a blunderbuss, and a hard-favoured likeness of Ready-Money Jack, taken when he was a young man, by the same artist that painted the tavern sign; his mother having taken a notion that the Tibbets had as much right to have a gallery of family portraits as the folks at the Hall.

The good dame pressed us very much to take some refreshment, and tempted us with a variety of household dainties, so that we were glad to compound by tasting some of her home-made wines. While we were there, the son and heir-apparent came home; a good-looking young fellow, and something of a rustic beau. He took us over the premises, and showed us the whole establishment. An air of homely but substantial plenty prevailed throughout; every thing was of the best materials, and in the best condition. Nothing was out of place, or ill-made; and you saw everywhere the signs of a man that took care to have the worth of his money, and that paid as he went.

The farm-yard was well stocked; under a shed was a taxed cart, in trim order, in which Ready-Money Jack took his wife about the country. His well-fed horse neighed from the stable, and when led out into the yard, to use the words of young Jack, "he shone like a bottle;" for he said the old man made it a rule that every thing about him should fare as well as he did himself.

I was pleased to see the pride which the young fellow seemed to have of his father. He gave us several particulars concerning his habits, which were pretty much to the effect of those I have already mentioned. He had never suffered an account to stand in his life, always providing the money before he purchased any thing; and, if possible, paying in gold and silver. He had a great dislike to paper money, and seldom went without a considerable sum in gold about him. On my observing that it was a wonder he had never been waylaid and robbed, the young fellow smiled at the idea of any one venturing upon such an exploit, for I believe he thinks the old man would be a match for Robin Hood and all his gang.

I have noticed that Master Simon seldom goes into any house without having a world of private talk with some one or other of the family, being a kind of universal counsellor and confidant. We had not been long at the farm, before the old dame got him into the corner of her parlour, where they had a long, whispering conference together; in which I saw by his shrugs that there were some dubious matters discus-

ed, and by his nods that he agreed with every thing she said.

After we had come out, the young man accompanied us a little distance, and then, drawing Master Simon aside into a green lane, they walked and talked together for nearly half an hour. Master Simon, who has the usual propensity of confidants to blab every thing to the next friend they meet with, let me know that there was a love affair in question; the young fellow having been smitten with the charms of Phœbe Wilkins, the pretty niece of the housekeeper at the Hall. Like most other love concerns it had brought its troubles and perplexities. Dame Tibbets had long been on intimate, gossiping terms with the housekeeper, who often visited the farm-house; but when the neighbours spoke to her of the likelihood of a match between her son and Phœbe Wilkins, "Marry come up!" she scouted the very idea. The girl had acted as lady's maid, and it was beneath the blood of the Tibbets, who had lived on their own lands time out of mind, and owed reverence and thanks to nobody, to have the heir-apparent marry a servant!

These vapourings had faithfully been carried to the housekeeper's ear, by one of their mutual go-between friends. The old housekeeper's blood, if not as ancient, was as quick as that of Dame Tibbets.

She had been accustomed to carry a high head at the Hall, and among the villagers; and her faded brocade rustled with indignation at the slight cast upon her alliance by the wife of a petty farmer. She maintained that her niece had been a companion rather than a waiting-maid to the young ladies. "Thank heavens, she was not obliged to work for her living, and was as idle as any young lady in the land; and, when somebody died, would receive something that would be worth the notice of some folks with all their ready-money."

A bitter feud had thus taken place between the two worthy dames, and the young people were forbidden to think of one another. As to young Jack, he was too much in love to reason upon the matter; and being a little heady, and not standing in much awe of his mother, was ready to sacrifice the whole dignity of the Tibbets to his passion. He had lately, however, had a violent quarrel with his mistress, in consequence of some coquetry on her part, and at present stood aloof. The politic mother was exerting all her ingenuity to widen this accidental breach; but, as is most commonly the case, the more she meddled with this perverse inclination of her son, the stronger it grew. In the mean time old Ready-Money was kept completely in the dark; both parties were in awe and uncertainty as to what might be his way of taking the matter, and dreaded to awaken the sleeping lion. Between father and son, therefore, the worthy Mrs Tibbets was full of business and at her wits' end. It is true there was no great danger of honest Ready-Money's finding the thing out, if left to himself; for he was of a most unsuspecting temper, and by no

means quick of apprehension; but there was daily risk of his attention being aroused by those cobwebs which his indefatigable wife was continually spinning about his nose.

Such is the distracted state of politics in the domestic empire of Ready-Money Jack; which only shows the intrigues and internal dangers to which the best regulated governments are liable. In this perplexed situation of their affairs, both mother and son have applied to Master Simon for counsel; and, with all his experience in meddling with other people's concerns, he finds it an exceedingly difficult part to play, to agree with both parties, seeing that their opinions and wishes are so diametrically opposite.

HORSEMANSHIP.

A coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of one put both horse and man into amazement. Some said it was a great crabshell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples, in which the cannibals adored the divell.

TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

I HAVE made casual mention, more than once, of one of the squire's antiquated retainers, old Christy the huntsman. I find that his crabbed humour is a source of much entertainment among the young men of the family; the Oxonian, particularly, takes a mischievous pleasure now and then in slyly rubbing the old man against the grain, and then smoothing him down again; for the old fellow is as ready to bristle up his back as a porcupine. He rides a venerable hunter called Pepper, which is a counterpart of himself, a heady, cross-grained animal, that frets the flesh off its bones; bites, kicks, and plays all manner of villanous tricks. He is as tough, and nearly as old as his rider, who has ridden him time out of mind, and is, indeed, the only one that can do any thing with him. Sometimes, however, they have a complete quarrel, and a dispute for mastery, and then, I am told, it is as good as a farce to see the heat they both get into, and the wrongheaded contest that ensues; for they are quite knowing in each other's ways and in the art of teasing and fretting each other. Notwithstanding these doughty brawls, however, there is nothing that nettles old Christy sooner than to question the merits of his horse; which he upholds as tenaciously as a faithful husband will vindicate the virtues of the termagant spouse, that gives him a curtain-lecture every night of his life.

The young men call old Christy their "professor of equitation," and in accounting for the appellation, they let me into some particulars of the squire's mode of bringing up his children. There is an odd mixture of eccentricity and good sense in all the opinions of my worthy host. His mind is like modern Gothic, where plain brickwork is set off with pointed arches and quaint tracery. Though the main ground-work

of his opinions is correct, yet he has a thousand little notions, picked up from old books, which stand out whimsically on the surface of his mind.

Thus, in educating his boys, he chose Peachem, Markham, and such old English writers, for his manuals. At an early age he took the lads out of their mother's hands, who was disposed, as mothers are apt to be, to make fine, orderly children of them, that should keep out of sun and rain, and never soil their hands, nor tear their clothes.

In place of this, the squire turned them loose to run free and wild about the park, without heeding wind or weather. He was also particularly attentive in making them bold and expert horsemen; and these were the days when old Christy, the huntsman, enjoyed great importance, as the lads were put under his care to practise them at the leaping-bars, and to keep an eye upon them in the chase.

The squire always objected to their using carriages of any kind, and is still a little tenacious on this point. He often rails against the universal use of carriages, and quotes the words of honest Nashe to that effect. "It was thought," says Nashe, in his *Quaternio*, "a kind of solecism, and to savour of effeminacy, for a young gentleman in the flourishing time of his age, to creep into a coach, and to shroud himself from wind and weather: our great delight was to out-brave the blustering Boreas upon a great horse; to arm and prepare ourselves to go with Mars and Bellona into the field, was our sport and pastime; coaches and caroches we left unto them for whom they were first invented, for ladies and gentlemen, and decrepit age and impotent people."

The squire insists that the English gentlemen have lost much of their hardiness and manhood since the introduction of carriages. "Compare," he will say, "the fine gentleman of former times, ever on horseback, booted and spurred, and travel-stained, but open, frank, manly, and chivalrous, with the fine gentleman of the present day, full of affectation and effeminacy, rolling along a turnpike in his voluptuous vehicle. The young men of those days were rendered brave, and lofty, and generous, in their notions, by almost living in their saddles, and having their foaming steeds 'like proud seas under them.' There is something," he adds, "in bestriding a fine horse that makes a man feel more than mortal. He seems to have doubled his nature, and to have added to his own courage and sagacity the power, the speed, and statelyness of the superb animal on which he is mounted."

"It is a great delight," says old Nashe, "to see a young gentleman, with his skill and cunning, by his voice, rod and spur, better to manage and to command the great Bucephalus, than the strongest Milo, with all his strength; one while to see him make him tread, trot, and gallop the ring; and one after to see him make him gather up roundly; to bear his head steadily; to run a full career swiftly; to stop a sudden lightly; anon after to see him make him advance, to

yorke, to go back and sidelong, to turn on either hand; to gallop the gallop galliard; to do the capriole, the chambetta, and dance the curvetty."

In conformity to these ideas, the squire had them all on horseback at an early age, and made them ride, slap-dash, about the country, without flinching at hedge, or ditch, or stone wall, to the imminent danger of their necks.

Even the fair Julia was partially included in this system; and, under the instructions of old Christy, has become one of the best horsewomen in the county. The squire says it is better than all the cosmetics and sweeteners of the breath that ever were invented. He extols the horsemanship of the ladies in former times, when Queen Elizabeth would scarcely suffer the rain to stop her accustomed ride. "And then think," he will say, "what nobler and sweeter beings it made them! What a difference must there be, both in mind and body, between a joyous high-spirited dame of those days, glowing with health and exercise, freshened by every breeze that blows, seated loftily and gracefully on her saddle, with plume on head, and hawk on hand, and her descendant of the present day, the pale victim of routs and ball-rooms, sunk languidly in one corner of an erranting carriage!"

The squire's equestrian system has been attended with great success, for his sons, having passed through the whole course of instruction without breaking neck or limb, are now healthful, spirited, and active, and have the true Englishman's love for a horse. If their manliness and frankness are praised in their father's hearing, he quotes the old Persian maxim, and says, they have been taught "to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth."

It is true the Oxonian has now and then practised the old gentleman's doctrines a little in the extreme. He is a gay youngster, rather fonder of his horse than his book, with a little dash of the dandy; though the ladies all declare that he is "the flower of the flock." The first year that he was sent to Oxford, he had a tutor appointed to overlook him, a dry chip of the university. When he returned home in the vacation, the squire made many inquiries about how he liked his college, his studies, and his tutor.

"Oh, as to my tutor, sir, I've parted with him some time since."

"You have; and, pray, why so?"

"Oh, sir, hunting was all the go at our college, and I was a little short of funds; so I discharged my tutor, and took a horse, you know."

"Ah, I was not aware of that, Tom," said the squire mildly.

When Tom returned to college his allowance was doubled, that he might be enabled to keep both horse and tutor.

LOVE-SYMPOMS.

I will now begin to sigh, read poets, look pale, go neatly, and be most apparently in love.

MARSTON.

I SHOULD not be surprised if we should have another pair of turtles at the Hall, for Master Simon has informed me, in great confidence, that he suspects the general of some design upon the susceptible heart of Lady Lillycraft. I have, indeed, noticed a growing attention and courtesy in the veteran towards her ladyship; he softens very much in her company, sits by her at table, and entertains her with long stories about Seringapatam, and pleasant anecdotes of the Mulligatawny club. I have even seen him present her with a full-blown rose from the hothouse, in a style of the most captivating gallantry, and it was accepted with great savvy and graciousness; for her ladyship delights in receiving the homage and attention of the sex.

Indeed, the general was one of the earliest admirers that dangled in her train during her short reign of beauty; and they flirted together for half a season in London, some thirty or forty years since. She reminded him lately, in the course of a conversation about former days, of the time when he used to ride a white horse, and to canter so gallantly by the side of her carriage in Hyde Park; whereupon I have remarked that the veteran has regularly escorted her since, when she rides out on horseback; and, I suspect, he almost persuades himself that he makes as captivating an appearance as in his youthful days.

It would be an interesting and memorable circumstance in the chronicles of Cupid, if this spark of the tender passion, after lying dormant for such a length of time, should again be fanned into a flame, from amidst the ashes of two burnt out hearts. It would be an instance of perldurable fidelity, worthy of being placed beside those recorded in one of the squire's favourite tomes, commemorating the constancy of the golden times: in which times, we are told, "Men and women could love togysers seven yeres, and no vicious lustes were betwene them, and thenne was love, trouthe and feythfulness; and lo in like wyse was used love in Kyng Arthur's dayes."

Still, however, this may be nothing but a little venerable flirtation, the general being a veteran dangler, and the good lady habituated to these kind of attentions. Master Simon, on the other hand, thinks the general is looking about him with the wary eye of an old campaigner; and now that he is on the wane, is desirous of getting into warm winter quarters.

Much allowance, however, must be made for Master Simon's uneasiness on the subject, for he looks on Lady Lillycraft's house as one of the strong holds, where he is lord of the ascendant; and, with all his admiration of the general, I much doubt whether he

• Mort d'Arthur.

would like to see him lord of the lady and the establishment.

There are certain other symptoms, notwithstanding, that give an air of probability to Master Simon's intimations. Thus, for instance, I have observed that the general has been very assiduous in his attentions to her ladyship's dogs, and has several times exposed his fingers to imminent jeopardy, in attempting to pat Beauty on the head. It is to be hoped his advances to the mistress will be more favourably received, as all his overtures towards a caress are greeted by the pestilent little cur with a wary kindling of the eye, and a most venomous growl.

He has, moreover, been very complaisant towards my lady's gentlewoman, the immaculate Mrs Hannah, whom he used to speak of in a way that I do not choose to mention. Whether she has the same suspicions with Master Simon or not, I cannot say; but she receives his civilities with no better grace than the implacable Beauty; unscrewing her mouth into a most acid smile, and looking as though she could bite a piece out of him. In short, the poor general seems to have as formidable foes to contend with as a hero of ancient fairy tale; who had to fight his way to his enchanted princess through ferocious monsters of every kind, and to encounter the brimstone terrors of some fiery dragon.

There is still another circumstance which inclines me to give very considerable credit to Master Simon's suspicions. Lady Lillycraft is very fond of quoting poetry, and the conversation often turns upon it, on which occasions the general is thrown completely out. It happened the other day that Spenser's Fairy Queen was the theme for the great part of the morning, and the poor general sat perfectly silent. I found him not long after in the library, with spectacles on nose, a book in his hand, and fast asleep. On my approach he awoke, slipt the spectacles into his pocket, and began to read very attentively. After a little while he put a paper in the place, and laid the volume aside, which I perceived was the Fairy Queen. I have had the curiosity to watch how he got on in his poetical studies; but, though I have repeatedly seen him with the book in his hand, yet I find the paper has not advanced above three or four pages; the general being extremely apt to fall asleep when he reads.

FALCONRY.

Ne is there hawk which mantleth on her perch,
Whether high low'ring or accounting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search.
And all her prey and all her diet know.

SPENSER.

THERE are several grand sources of lamentation furnished to the worthy squire, by the improvement of society, and the grievous advancement of knowledge; among which there is none, I believe, that

causes him more frequent regret than the unfortunate invention of gunpowder. To this he continually traces the decay of some favourite custom, and, indeed, the general downfall of all chivalrous and romantic usages. "English soldiers," he says, "have never been the men they were in the days of the cross-bow and the long-bow; when they depended upon the strength of the arm, and the English archer could draw a cloth-yard shaft to the head. These were the times when at the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the French chivalry was completely destroyed by the bowmen of England. The yeomanry, too, have never been what they were, when, in times of peace, they were constantly exercised with the bow, and archery was a favourite holiday pastime."

Among the other evils which have followed in the train of this fatal invention of gunpowder, the squire classes the total decline of the noble art of falconry. "Shooting," he says, "is a skulking, treacherous, solitary sport in comparison; but hawking was a gallant, open, sunshiny recreation; it was the generous sport of hunting carried into the skies."

"It was, moreover," he says, "according to Braithewate, the stately amusement of 'high and mounting spirits;' for, as the old Welsh proverb affirms, in those times 'You might know a gentleman by his hawk, horse, and greyhound.' Indeed, a cavalier was seldom seen abroad without his hawk on his fist; and even a lady of rank did not think herself completely equipped, in riding forth, unless she had her tassel-gentel held by jesses on her delicate hand. It was thought in those excellent days, according to an old writer, 'quite sufficient for noblemen to wind their horn, and to carry their hawk fair; and leave study and learning to the children of mean people.'"

Knowing the good squire's hobby, therefore, I have not been surprised at finding that, among the various recreations of former times which he has endeavoured to revive in the little world in which he rules, he has bestowed great attention on the noble art of falconry. In this he, of course, has been seconded by his indefatigable coadjutor, Master Simon; and even the parson has thrown considerable light on their labours, by various hints on the subject, which he has met with in old English works. As to the precious work of that famous dame Juliana Barnes; the Gentleman's Academie, by Markham; and the other well-known treatises that were the manuals of ancient sportsmen, they have them at their fingers' ends; but they have more especially studied some old tapestry in the house, whereon is represented a party of cavaliers and stately dames, with doublets, caps, and flaunting feathers, mounted on horse with attendants on foot, all in animated pursuit of the game.

The squire has discountenanced the killing of any hawks in his neighbourhood, but gives a liberal bounty for all that are brought him alive; so that the Hall is well stocked with all kinds of birds of prey. On these he and Master Simon have exhausted their patience and ingenuity, endeavouring to "reclaim" them, as

it is termed, and to train them up for the sport; but they have met with continual checks and disappointments. Their feathered school has turned out the most untractable and graceless scholars; nor is it the least of their trouble to drill the retainers who were to act as ushers under them, and to take immediate charge of these refractory birds. Old Christy and the gamekeeper both, for a time, set their faces against the whole plan of education; Christy having been nettled at hearing what he terms a wild-goose chase put on a par with a fox-hunt; and the gamekeeper having always been accustomed to look upon hawks as arrant poachers, which it was his duty to shoot down, and nail, in *terrorum*, against the out-house.

Christy has at length taken the matter in hand, but has done still more mischief by his intermeddling. He is as positive and wrong-headed about this, as he is about hunting. Master Simon has continual disputes with him as to feeding and training the hawks. He reads to him long passages from the old authors I have mentioned; but Christy, who cannot read, has a sovereign contempt for all book-knowledge, and persists in treating the hawks according to his own notions, which are drawn from his experience, in younger days, in the rearing of game-cocks.

The consequence is, that, between these jarring systems, the poor birds have had a most trying and unhappy time of it. Many have fallen victims to Christy's feeding and Master Simon's physicking; for the latter has gone to work *secundum artem*, and has given them all the vomitings and scourings laid down in the books; never were poor hawks so fed and physicked before. Others have been lost by being but half "reclaimed," or tamed: for on being taken into the field, they have "raked" after the game quite out of hearing of the call, and never returned to school.

All these disappointments had been petty, yet were grievances to the squire, and had made him to depend about success. He has lately, however, been made happy by the receipt of a fine Welsh falcon, which Master Simon terms a stately highflyer. It is a present from the squire's friend, Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn; and is, no doubt, a descendant of some ancient line of Welsh princes of the air, that have lorded it over their kingdom of clouds, from Wynnstap to the very summit of Snowden, or the brow of Penmanmawr.

Ever since the squire received this invaluable present, he has been as impatient to sally forth and make proof of it, as was Don Quixote to assay his suit of armour. There have been some demurs as to whether the bird was in proper health and training; but these have been over-ruled by the vehement desire to play with a new toy; and it has been determined, right or wrong, in season or out of season, to have a day's sport in hawking to-morrow.

The Hall, as usual, whenever the squire is about to make some new sally on his hobby, is all agog with the thing. Miss Templeton, who is brought up in

verence for all her guardian's humours, has proposed to be of the party, and Lady Lillycraft has talked also of riding out to the scene of action and looking on. This has gratified the old gentleman extremely; he hails it as an auspicious omen of the revival of falconry, and does not despair but the time will come when it will be again the pride of a fine lady to carry about a noble falcon in preference to a parrot or a lap-dog.

I have amused myself with the bustling preparations of that busy spirit, Master Simon, and the continual thwartings he receives from the genuine son of a pepper-box, old Christy. They have had half a dozen consultations about how the hawk is to be prepared for the morning's sport. Old Nimrod, as usual, has always got in a pet, upon which Master Simon has invariably given up the point, observing in a good-humoured tone, "Well, well, have it your own way, Christy; only don't put yourself in a passion;" a reply which always nettles the old man ten times more than ever.

HAWKING.

The soaring hawk, from fist that flies,
Her falconer doth constrain
Sometimes to range the ground about
To find her out again;
And if by sight, or sound of bell,
His falcon he may see,
Wo ho! he cries, with cheerful voice—
The gladdest man is he.

RIANDEPULL OF PLEASANT DELITES.

At an early hour this morning the Hall was in a bustle, preparing for the sport of the day. I heard Master Simon whistling and singing under my window sunrise, as he was preparing the jesses for the hawk's legs, and could distinguish now and then a stanza of one of his favourite old ditties:

"In peascod time, when hound to horn
Gives note that buck be kill'd;
And little boy with pipe of corn
Is tending sheep a-field," &c.

A hearty breakfast, well flanked by cold meats, was served up in the great hall. The whole garrison of retainers and hangers-on were in motion, reinforced by volunteer idlers from the village. The horses were led up and down before the door; every body had something to say, and something to do, and hurried here and thither; there was a direful yelping of dogs; some that were to accompany us being eager to get off, and others that were to stay at home being tipped back to their kennels. In short, for once, the good squire's mansion might have been taken as a good specimen of one of the rantipole establishments of the good old feudal times.

Breakfast being finished, the chivalry of the Hall prepared to take the field. The fair Julia was of the

party, in a hunting-dress, with a light plume of feathers in her riding-hat. As she mounted her favourite galloway, I remarked, with pleasure, that old Christy forgot his usual crustiness, and hastened to adjust her saddle and bridle. He touched his cap as she smiled on him and thanked him; and then, looking round at the other attendants, gave a knowing nod of his head, in which I read pride and exultation at the charming appearance of his pupil.

Lady Lillycraft had likewise determined to witness the sport. She was dressed in her broad white beaver, tied under the chin, and a riding-habit of the last century. She rode her sleek, ambling pony, whose motion was as easy as a rocking-chair; and was gallantly escorted by the general, who looked not unlike one of the doughty heroes in the old prints of the battle of Blenheim. The parson, likewise, accompanied her on the other side; for this was a learned amusement in which he took great interest; and, indeed, had given much counsel, from his knowledge of old customs.

At length every thing was arranged, and off we set from the Hall. The exercise on horseback puts one in fine spirits; and the scene was gay and animating. The young men of the family accompanied Miss Templeton. She sat lightly and gracefully in her saddle, her plumes dancing and waving in the air; and the group had a charming effect as they appeared and disappeared among the trees, cantering along, with the bounding animation of youth. The squire and Master Simon rode together, accompanied by old Christy, mounted on Pepper. The latter bore the hawk on his fist, as he insisted the bird was most accustomed to him. There was a rabble rout on foot, composed of retainers from the Hall, and some idlers from the village, with two or three spaniels, for the purpose of starting the game.

A kind of *corps de reserve* came on quietly in the rear, composed of Lady Lillycraft, General Harbottle, the parson, and a fat footman. Her ladyship ambled gently along on her pony, while the general, mounted on a tall hunter, looked down upon her with an air of the most protecting gallantry.

For my part, being no sportsman, I kept with this last party, or rather lagged behind, that I might take in the whole picture; and the parson occasionally slackened his pace and jogged on in company with me.

The sport led us at some distance from the Hall, in a soft meadow reeking with the moist verdure of spring. A little river ran through it, bordered by willows, which had put forth their tender early foliage. The sportsmen were in quest of herons which were said to keep about this stream.

There was some disputing, already, among the leaders of the sport. The squire, Master Simon, and old Christy, came every now and then to a pause, to consult together, like the field officers in an army; and I saw, by certain motions of the head, that Christy was as positive as any old wrong-headed German commander.

As we were prancing up this quiet meadow, every sound we made was answered by a distinct echo, from the sunny-wall of an old building, that lay on the opposite margin of the stream, and I paused to listen to this "spirit of a sound," which seems to love such quiet and beautiful places. The parson informed me that this was the ruin of an ancient grange, and was supposed, by the country people, to be haunted by a dobbie, a kind of rural sprite, something like Robin-good-fellow. They often fancied the echo to be the voice of the dobbie answering them, and were rather shy of disturbing it after dark. He added, that the squire was very careful of this ruin, on account of the superstition connected with it. As I considered this local habitation of an "airy nothing," I called to mind the fine description of an echo in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy* :

"Yond side o' th' river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you have ever heard;
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it a spirit
That answers."

The parson went on to comment on a pleasing and fanciful appellation which the Jews of old gave to the echo, which they called *Bath-kool*, that is to say, "the daughter of the voice;" they considered it an oracle, supplying in the second temple the want of the urim and thuminin, with which the first was honoured. The little man was just entering very largely and learnedly upon the subject, when we were startled by a prodigious bawling, shouting, and yelping. A flight of crows, alarmed by the approach of our forces, had suddenly risen from a meadow; a cry was put up by the rabble rout on foot. "Now, Christy! now is your time, Christy!" The squire and Master Simon, who were beating up the river banks in quest of a heron, called out eagerly to Christy to keep quiet; the old man, vexed and bewildered by the confusion of voices, completely lost his head: in his flurry he slipped off the hood, cast off the falcon, and away flew the crows, and away soared the hawk.

I had paused on a rising ground, close to Lady Lillycraft and her escort, from whence I had a good view of the sport. I was pleased with the appearance of the party in the meadow, riding along in the direction that the bird flew; their bright beaming faces turned up to the bright skies as they watched the game; the attendants on foot scampering along, looking up, and calling out, and the dogs bounding and yelping with clamorous sympathy.

The hawk had singled out a quarry from among the carrion crew. It was curious to see the efforts of the two birds to get above each other; one to make the fatal swoop, the other to avoid it. Now they crossed athwart a bright feathery cloud, and now they were against the clear blue sky. I confess, being no sportsman, I was more interested for the poor bird that was striving for its life, than for the hawk that

• Bekker's *Monde enchanté*.

was playing the part of a mercenary soldier. At length the hawk got the upper hand, and made a rushing stoop at her quarry, but the latter made as sudden a surge downwards, and slanting up again evaded the blow, screaming and making the best of his way for a dry tree on the brow of a neighbouring hill; while the hawk, disappointed of her blow, soared up again into the air, and appeared to be "raking" off. It was in vain old Christy called, and whistled, and endeavoured to lure her down; she paid no regard to him; and, indeed, his calls were drowned in the shouts and yelps of the army of militia that had followed him into the field.

Just then an exclamation from Lady Lillycraft made me turn my head. I beheld a complete confusion among the sportsmen in the little vale below us. They were galloping and running towards the edge of a bank; and I was shocked to see Miss Templeton's horse galloping at large without his rider. I rode to the place to which the others were hurrying, and when I reached the bank, which almost overhung the stream, I saw at the foot of it, the fair Julia, pale, bleeding, and apparently lifeless, supported in the arms of her frantic lover.

In galloping heedlessly along, with her eyes turned upward, she had unwarily approached too near the bank; it had given way with her, and she and her horse had been precipitated to the pebbled margin of the river.

I never saw greater consternation. The captain was distracted; Lady Lillycraft fainting; the squire in dismay, and Master Simon at his wits' end. The beautiful creature at length showed signs of returning life; she opened her eyes; looked around her upon the anxious group, and comprehending in a moment the nature of the scene, gave a sweet smile, and putting her hand in her lover's, exclaimed feebly, "I am not much hurt, Guy!" I could have taken her to my heart for that single exclamation.

It was found, indeed, that she had escaped almost miraculously, with a contusion of the head, a sprained ankle, and some slight bruises. After her wounds were stanch'd, she was taken to a neighbouring cottage, until a carriage could be summoned to convey her home; and when this had arrived, the cavalcaade which had issued forth so gaily on this enterprize returned slowly and pensively to the Hall.

I had been charmed by the generous spirit shown by this young creature, who, amidst pain and danger, had been anxious only to relieve the distress of the woman around her. I was gratified, therefore, by the universal concern displayed by the domestics on our return. They came crowding down the avenue, eager to render assistance. The butler stood ready with some curiously delicate cordials; the old house-keeper was provided with half a dozen nostrums prepared by her own hands, according to the family receipt-book; while her niece, the melting Phoebe, having no other way of assisting, stood wringing her hands, and weeping aloud.

The most material effect that is likely to follow this accident is a postponement of the nuptials, which were close at hand. Though I commiserate the impatience of the captain on that account, yet I shall not otherwise be sorry at the delay, as it will give me a better opportunity of studying the characters here assembled, with which I grow more and more entertained.

I cannot but perceive that the worthy squire is quite disconcerted at the unlucky result of his hawking experiment, and this unfortunate illustration of his eulogy on female equitation. Old Christy too is very waspish, having been sorely twitted by Master Simon for having let his hawk fly at carrion. As to the falcon, in the confusion occasioned by the fair Julia's disaster, the bird was totally forgotten. I make no doubt she has made the best of her way back to the hospitable Hall of Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn; and may very possibly, at this present writing, be planning her wings among the breezy bowers of Wynnstay.

ST MARK'S EVE.

O, 'tis a fearful thing to be no more,
Or if to be, to wander after death!
To walk, as spirits do, in brakes all day.
And, when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves; and in the silent vault,
Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden corpse.

DRYDEN.

THE conversation this evening at supper-table took a curious turn on the subject of a superstition, formerly very prevalent in this part of the country, relative to the present night of the year, which is the Eve of St Mark. It was believed, the parson informed us, that if any one would watch in the church porch on this eve, for three successive years, from eleven to one o'clock at night, he would see, on the third year, the shades of those of the parish who were to die in the course of the year, pass by him into church, clad in their usual apparel.

Dismal as such a sight would be, he assured us that it was formerly a frequent thing for persons to make the necessary vigils. He had known more than one instance in his time. One old woman, who pretended to have seen this phantom procession, was an object of great awe, for the whole year afterwards, had caused much uneasiness and mischief. If she took her head mysteriously at a person, it was like a death-warrant; and she had nearly caused the death of a sick person by looking ruefully in at the window.

There was also an old man, not many years since, of a sullen, melancholy temperament, who had kept up vigils, and began to excite some talk in the village, when, fortunately for the public comfort, he died shortly after his third watching; very probably from a cold that he had taken, as the night was tem-

pestuous. It was reported about the village, however, that he had seen his own phantom pass by him into the church.

This led to the mention of another superstition of an equally strange and melancholy kind, which, however, is chiefly confined to Wales. It is respecting what are called corpse candles, little wandering fires of a pale bluish light, that move about like tapers in the open air, and are supposed to designate the way some corpse is to go. One was seen at Lanyllar, late at night, hovering up and down, along the bank of the Istwith, and was watched by the neighbours until they were tired, and went to bed. Not long afterwards there came a comely country lass, from Montgomeryshire, to see her friends, who dwelt on the opposite side of the river. She thought to ford the stream at the very place where the light had been first seen, but was dissuaded on account of the height of the flood. She walked to and fro along the bank, just where the candle had moved, waiting for the subsiding of the water. She at length endeavoured to cross, but the poor girl was drowned in the attempt.

There was something mournful in this little anecdote of rural superstition, that seemed to affect all the listeners. Indeed, it is curious to remark how completely a conversation of the kind will absorb the attention of a circle, and sober down its gaiety, however boisterous. By degrees I noticed that every one was leaning forward over the table, with eyes earnestly fixed upon the parson, and at the mention of corpse candles which had been seen about the chamber of a young lady who died on the eve of her wedding-day, Lady Lillycraft turned pale.

I have witnessed the introduction of stories of the kind into various evening circles; they were often commenced in jest, and listened to with smiles; but I never knew the most gay or the most enlightened of audiences, that were not, if the conversation continued for any length of time, completely and solemnly interested in it. There is, I believe, a degree of superstition lurking in every mind; and I doubt if any one can thoroughly examine all his secret notions and impulses without detecting it, hidden, perhaps, even from himself. It seems indeed to be a part of our nature, like instinct in animals, and to act independently of our reason. It is often found existing in lofty natures, especially those that are poetical and aspiring. A great and extraordinary poet of our day, whose life and writings evince a mind subject to powerful exaltation, is said to believe in omens and secret intimations. Cæsar, it is well known, was greatly under the influence of such belief; and Napoleon had his good and evil days, and his presiding star.

As to the worthy parson, I have no doubt that he is strongly inclined to superstition. He is naturally credulous, and passes so much of his time searching out popular traditions and supernatural tales, that his mind has probably become infected by them. He has

• Aubrey's Miscel.

lately been immersed in the Demonolatia of Nicholas Remigius concerning supernatural occurrences in Lorraine, and the writings of Joachimus Camerarius, called by Vossius the Phoenix of Germany; and he entertains the ladies with stories from them, that make them almost afraid to go to bed at night. I have been charmed myself with some of the wild little superstitions which he has adduced from Blefenius, Scheffer, and others; such as those of the Laplanders about the domestic spirits which wake them at night, and summon them to go and fish; of Thor, the deity of thunder, who has power of life and death, health and sickness, and who, armed with the rainbow, shoots his arrows at those evil demons that live on the tops of rocks and mountains, and infest the lakes; of the Juhles or Juhlafolket, vagrant troops of spirits, which roam the air, and wander up and down by forests and mountains and the moonlight sides of hills.

The parson never openly professes his belief in ghosts, but I have remarked that he has a suspicious way of pressing great names into the defence of supernatural doctrines, and making philosophers and saints fight for him. He expatiates at large on the opinions of the ancient philosophers about larves, or nocturnal phantoms, the spirits of the wicked, which wandered like exiles about the earth; and about those spiritual beings which abode in the air, but descended occasionally to earth, and mingled among mortals, acting as agents between them and the gods. He quotes also from Philo the rabbi, the contemporary of the apostles, and, according to some, the friend of St Paul, who says that the air is full of spirits of different ranks; some destined to exist for a time in mortal bodies, from which, being emancipated, they pass and repass between heaven and earth, as agents or messengers in the service of the deity.

But the worthy little man assumes a bolder tone when he quotes from the fathers of the church; such as St Jerome, who gives it as the opinion of all the doctors, that the air is filled with powers opposed to each other; and Lactantius, who says that corrupt and dangerous spirits wander over the earth, and seek to console themselves for their own fall by effecting the ruin of the human race; and Clemens Alexandrinus, who is of opinion that the souls of the blessed have knowledge of what passes among men, the same as angels have.

I am now alone in my chamber, but these themes have taken such hold of my imagination, that I cannot sleep. The room in which I sit is just fitted to foster such a state of mind. The walls are hung with tapestry, the figures of which are faded, and look like unsubstantial shapes melting away from sight. Over the fire-place is the portrait of a lady, who, according to the housekeeper's tradition, pined to death for the loss of her lover in the battle of Blenheim. She has a most pale and plaintive countenance, and seems to fix her eyes mournfully upon me. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the distant doors clap to after them. The murmur

of voices, and the peal of remote laughter, no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing, one by one, from the distant village; and the moon rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over, and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick-coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which

"———walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity downwards to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine, inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations; to take care of the welfare of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. "Nothing," says St Jerome, "gives us a greater idea of the dignity of our soul, than that God has given each of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to have care of it."

Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been detested by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime. However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion; its prevalence in all ages and countries, and even among newly-discovered nations, that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and almost instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be perfectly eradicated; as it is concerning a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Every thing connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. Who has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul, its connexion with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and what entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even when it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present

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to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascer-
tain or to deny its powers and operations when re-
leased from its fleshly prison-house? It is more the
manner, therefore, in which this superstition has
been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has
brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivo-
lous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of
the gloom and horror with which it has been surround-
ed, and there is none of the whole circle of visionary
creeds that could more delightfully elevate the ima-
gination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would
become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, sooth-
ing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our
mortal separation. What could be more consoling
than the idea, that the souls of those whom we once
loved were permitted to return and watch over our
welfare? That affectionate and guardian spirits sat
by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over
our most helpless hours? That beauty and innocence,
which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled un-
seen around us, revealing themselves in those blest
dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past
endeavourment? A belief of this kind would, I should
think, be a new incentive to virtue; rendering us cir-
cumspect even in our most secret moments, from the
idea that those we once loved and honoured were in-
visible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from that loneliness and
desolation which we are apt to feel more and more
as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilder-
ness of this world, and find that those who set for-
ward with us, lovingly and cheerily, on the journey,
have one by one dropped away from our side. Place
the superstition in this light, and I confess I should
like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is
incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of
our religion, nor revolting to the wishes and affections
of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I
never again shall love in this world;—that have loved
me as I never again shall be loved! If such beings
could ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments
which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in
the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are per-
mitted to hold communion with those whom they
have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour
of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive
their visitation with the most solemn, but unalloyed,
delight.

In truth, such visitations would be too happy for
this world; they would be incompatible with the na-
ture of this imperfect state of being. We are here
placed in a mere scene of spiritual thralldom and re-
straint. Our souls are shut in and limited by bounds
and barriers; shackled by mortal infirmities, and sub-
ject to all the gross impediments of matter. In vain
could they seek to act independently of the body, and
mingle together in spiritual intercourse. They can
only act here through their fleshly organs. Their
truly loves are made up of transient embraces and

long separations. The most intimate friendship, of
what brief and scattered portions of time does it con-
sist! We take each other by the hand, and we ex-
change a few words and looks of kindness, and we re-
joice together for a few short moments, and then
days, months, years intervene, and we see and know
nothing of each other. Or granting that we dwell
together for the full season of this our mortal life, the
grave soon closes its gates between us, and then our
spirits are doomed to remain in separation and widow-
hood, until they meet again in that more perfect state
of being, where soul will dwell with soul in blissful
communion, and there will be neither death, nor ab-
sence, nor any thing else to interrupt our felicity.

*. In the foregoing paper I have alluded to the
writings of some of the old Jewish rabbins. They
abound with wild theories; but among them are many
truly poetical flights, and their ideas are often very
beautifully expressed. Their speculations on the na-
ture of angels are curious and fanciful, though much
resembling the doctrines of the ancient philosophers.
In the writings of the Rabbi Eleazer is an account of
the temptation of our first parents and the fall of the
angels, which the parson pointed out to me as having
probably furnished some of the groundwork for "Pa-
radise Lost."

According to Eleazer, the ministering angels said
to the Deity, "What is there in man that thou mak-
est him of such importance? Is he any thing else
than vanity? for he can scarcely reason a little on
terrestrial things." To which God replied, "Do
you imagine that I will be exalted and glorified only
by you here above? I am the same below that I am
here. Who is there among you that can call all the
creatures by their names?" There was none found
among them that could do so. At that moment Adam
arose, and called all the creatures by their names.
Seeing which, the ministering angels said among
themselves, "Let us consult together how we may
cause Adam to sin against the Creator, otherwise he
will not fail to become our master."

Sammaël, who was a great prince in the heavens,
was present at this council, with the saints of the first
order, and the seraphim of six bands. Sammaël chose
several out of the twelve orders to accompany him,
and descended below, for the purpose of visiting all
the creatures which God had created. He found none
more cunning and more fit to do evil than the serpent.

The rabbi then treats of the seduction and the fall
of man; of the consequent fall of the demon, and the
punishment which God inflicted on Adam, Eve, and
the serpent. "He made them all come before him;
pronounced nine maledictions on Adam and Eve, and
condemned them to suffer death; and he precipitated
Sammaël and all his band from heaven. He cut off
the feet of the serpent, which had before the figure
of a camel (Sammaël having been mounted on him),
and he cursed him among all beasts and animals."

GENTILITY.

— True Gentle standeth in the trade
Of virtuous life, not in the fleshly line;
For blood is knit, but Gentle is divine.

MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES.

I HAVE mentioned some peculiarities of the squire in the education of his sons; but I would not have it thought that his instructions were directed chiefly to their personal accomplishments. He took great pains also to form their minds, and to inculcate what he calls good old English principles, such as are laid down in the writings of Peachem and his contemporaries. There is one author of whom he cannot speak without indignation, which is Chesterfield. He avers that he did much, for a time, to injure the true national character, and to introduce, instead of open manly sincerity, a hollow perfidious courtliness. "His maxims," he affirms, "were calculated to chill the delightful enthusiasm of youth; to make them ashamed of that romance which is the dawn of generous manhood, and to impart to them a cold polish and a premature wordliness.

"Many of Lord Chesterfield's maxims would make a young man a mere man of pleasure; but an English gentleman should not be a mere man of pleasure. He has no right to such selfish indulgence. His ease, his leisure, his opulence, are debts due to his country, which he must ever stand ready to discharge. He should be a man at all points, simple, frank, courteous, intelligent, accomplished, and informed; upright, intrepid, and disinterested; one that can mingle among freemen; that can cope with statesmen; that can champion his country and its rights either at home or abroad. In a country like England, where there is such free and unbounded scope for the exertion of intellect, and where opinion and example have such weight with the people, every gentleman of fortune and leisure should feel himself bound to employ himself in some way towards promoting the prosperity or glory of the nation. In a country where intellect and action are trammelled and restrained, men of rank and fortune may become idlers and triflers with impunity; but an English coxcomb is inexcusable; and this, perhaps, is the reason why he is the most offensive and insupportable coxcomb in the world."

The squire, as Frank Bracebridge informs me, would often hold forth in this manner to his sons when they were about leaving the paternal roof; one to travel abroad, one to go to the army, and one to the university. He used to have them with him in the library, which is hung with the portraits of Sydney, Surrey, Raleigh, Wyatt, and others. "Look at those models of true English gentlemen, my sons," he would say with enthusiasm; "those were men that wreathed the graces of the most delicate and refined taste around the stern virtues of the soldier; that

mingled what was gentle and gracious, with what was hardy and manly; that possessed the true chivalry of spirit, which is the exalted essence of manhood. They are the lights by which the youth of the country should array themselves. They were the patterns and the idols of their country at home; they were the illustrators of its dignity abroad. 'Surrey,' says Camden, 'was the first nobleman that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning. He was acknowledged to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the completest gentleman of his time.' And as to Wyatt, his friend Surrey most amiably testifies of him, that his person was majestic and beautiful, his visage 'stern and mild;' that he sung, and played the lute with remarkable sweetness; spoke foreign languages with grace and fluency, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of wit. And see what a high commendation is passed upon these illustrious friends: 'They were the two chieftains, who, having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poetry, greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poetry from what it had been before, and therefore may be justly called the reformers of our English poetry and style.' And Sir Philip Sydney, who has left us such monuments of elegant thought, and generous sentiment, and who illustrated his chivalrous spirit so gloriously in the field. And Sir Walter Raleigh, the elegant courtier, the intrepid soldier, the enterprising discoverer, the enlightened philosopher, the magnanimous martyr. These are the men for English gentlemen to study. Chesterfield, with his cold and courtly maxims, would have chilled and impoverished such spirits. He would have blighted all the budding romance of their temperaments. Sydney would never have written his *Arcadia*, nor Surrey have challenged the world in vindication of the beauties of his *Geraldine*. These are the men, my sons, the squire will continue, "that show to what our national character may be exalted, when its strong and powerful qualities are duly wrought up and refined. The solidest bodies are capable of the highest polish, and there is no character that may be wrought to more exquisite and unsullied brightness, than that of the true English gentleman."

When Guy was about to depart for the army, the squire again took him aside, and gave him a long exhortation. He warned him against that affectation of cool-blooded indifference, which he was told was cultivated by the young British officers, among whom it was a study to "sink the soldier" in the mere show of fashion. "A soldier," said he, "without patriotism and enthusiasm in his profession, is a mere sapping and mining mercenary bravo but a spirit of patriotism, or a thirst for glory. It is the fashion, now-a-days, my son, said he, "to laugh at the spirit of chivalry; but that spirit is really extinct, the profession of a soldier becomes a mere trade of blood." He then set before him the conduct of Edward the Black

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nd gracious, with what possessed the true chivalrous essence of man- by which the youth of themselves. They were their country at home; its dignity abroad. 'Sure the first nobleman that illust- the beauty of learning, e the gallantest man, the mpletest gentleman of his, his friend Surrey most at his person was majestic stern and mild;' that he e with remarkable sweet- ings with grace and fluency, ible fund of wit. And see h is passed upon these illus- e the two chieftains, who, and there tasted the sweet style of the Italian poetry, and homely manner of vul- ad been before, and there- the reformers of our Eng- And Sir Philip Sydney, who nts of elegant thought, and who illustrated his chivalrous field. And Sir Walter Ra- er, the intrepid soldier, the the enlightened philosopher, r. These are the men for dy. Chesterfield, with his y, would have chilled and im- He would have blighted all heir temperaments. Sydney ten his Arcadia, nor Surre- ld in vindication of the beau- these are the men, my sons," "that show to what our na- exalted, when its strong and ly wrought up and refined, capable of the highest polish- er that may be wrought to d- illied brightness, than that of an."

Prince, who is his mirror of chivalry; valiant, gener- ous, affable, humane; gallant in the field: but when he came to dwell on his courtesy towards his prisoner, the king of France; how he received him into his tent, rather as a conqueror than as a captive; attended on him at table like one of his retinue; rode uncovered beside him on his entry into London, mounted on a common palfrey, while his prisoner was mounted in state on a white steed of stately beauty; the tears of enthusiasm stood in the old gentleman's eyes.

Finally, on taking leave, the good squire put in his son's hands, as a manual, one of his favourite old volumes, the *Life of the Chevalier Bayard*, by Godefroy; on a blank page of which he had written an extract from the *Mort d'Arthur*, containing the eulogy of Sir Ector over the body of Sir Launcelot of the Lake, which the squire considers as comprising the excellencies of a true soldier. "Ah, Sir Launcelot! thou wert head of all Christian knights; now there thou liest: thou wert never matched of none earthly knights' hands. And thou wert the curtiest knight that ever bare shield. And thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou wert the kindest man that ever strook with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the presse of knights. And thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies. And thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in the rest."

FORTUNE-TELLING.

Each city, each town, and every village,
Affords us either an alms or pillage,
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a barn we tumble on straw.
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock,
The fields will afford us a hedge or a bay-cock.

MERRY BEGGARS.

As I was walking one evening with the Oxonian, Master Simon, and the general, in a meadow not far from the village, we heard the sound of a fiddle, loudly played, and looking in the direction from whence it came, we saw a thread of smoke curling from among the trees. The sound of music is always attractive; for, wherever there is music, there is good humour, or good-will. We passed along a path, and had a peep, through a break in the hedge, at the musician and his party, when the Oxonian gave us a wink, and told us that if we would allow him we should have some sport. It proved to be a gipsy encampment, consisting of three or four little cabins, or tents, made of blankets and sail-cloth, spread over hoops that were stuck in the ground. It was on one side of a green lane, close

under a hawthorn hedge, with a broad beech-tree spreading above it. A small rill tingled along close by, through the fresh sward, that looked like a carpet.

A tea-kettle was hanging by a crooked piece of iron, over a fire made from dry sticks and leaves, and two old gipsies, in red cloaks, sat crouched on the grass, gossiping over their evening cup of tea; for these creatures, though they live in the open air, have their ideas of fireside comforts. There were two or three children sleeping on the straw with which the tents were littered; a couple of donkeys were grazing in the lane, and a thievish-looking dog was lying before the fire. Some of the younger gipsies were dancing to the music of a fiddle, played by a tall slender stripling, in an old frock coat, with a peacock's feather stuck in his hatband.

As we approached, a gipsy girl, with a pair of fine roguish eyes, came up, and, as usual, offered to tell our fortunes. I could not but admire a certain degree of slattern elegance about the baggage. Her long black silken hair was curiously plaited in numerous small braids, and negligently put up in a picturesque style that a painter might have been proud to have devised. Her dress was of figured chintz, rather ragged, and not over clean, but of a variety of most harmonious and agreeable colours; for these beings have a singularly fine eye for colours. Her straw hat was in her hand, and a red cloak thrown over one arm.

The Oxonian offered at once to have his fortune told, and the girl began with the usual volubility of her race; but he drew her on one side, near the hedge, as he said he had no idea of having his secrets overheard. I saw he was talking to her instead of she to him, and by his glancing towards us now and then, that he was giving the baggage some private hints. When they returned to us, he assumed a very serious air. "Zounds!" said he, "it's very astonishing how these creatures come by their knowledge; this girl has told me some things that I thought no one knew but myself!"

The girl now assailed the general: "Come, your honour," said she, "I see by your face you're a lucky man; but you're not happy in your mind; you're not, indeed, sir: but have a good heart, and give me a good piece of silver, and I'll tell you a nice fortune."

The general had received all her approaches with a banter, and had suffered her to get hold of his hand; but at the mention of the piece of silver, he hemmed, looked grave, and turning to us, asked if we had not better continue our walk. "Come, my master," said the girl, archly, "you'd not be in such a hurry if you knew all that I could tell you about a fair lady that has a notion for you. Come, sir, old love burns strong; there's many a one comes to see weddings that go away brides themselves!"—Here the girl whispered something in a low voice, at which the general coloured up, was a little fluttered, and suffered himself to be drawn aside under the hedge,

where he appeared to listen to her with great earnestness, and at the end paid her half-a-crown with the air of a man that has got the worth of his money.

The girl next made her attack upon Master Simon, who, however, was too old a bird to be caught, knowing that it would end in an attack upon his purse, about which he is a little sensitive. As he has a great notion, however, of being considered a royster, he chucked her under the chin, played her off with rather broad jokes, and put on something of the rake-helly air, that we see now and then assumed on the stage, by the sad-boy gentlemen of the old school. "Ah, your honour," said the girl, with a malicious leer, "you were not in such a tantrum last year, when I told you about the widow you know who; but if you had taken a friend's advice, you'd never have come away from Doncaster races with a flea in your ear!"

There was a secret sting in this speech that seemed quite to disconcert Master Simon. He jerked away his hand in a pet, smacked his whip, whistled to his dogs, and intimated that it was high time to go home. The girl, however, was determined not to lose her harvest. She now turned upon me, and as I have a weakness of spirit where there is a pretty face concerned, she soon wheedled me out of my money, and, in return, read me a fortune; which, if it prove true, and I am determined to believe it, will make me one of the luckiest men in the chronicles of Cupid.

I saw that the Oxonian was at the bottom of all this oracular mystery, and was disposed to amuse himself with the general, whose tender approaches to the widow have attracted the notice of the wag. I was a little curious, however, to know the meaning of the dark hints which had so suddenly disconcerted Master Simon; and took occasion to fall in the rear with the Oxonian on our way home, when he laughed heartily at my questions, and gave me ample information on the subject.

The truth of the matter is, that Master Simon has met with a sad rebuff since my Christmas visit to the Hall. He used at that time to be joked about a widow, a fine dashing woman, as he privately informed me. I had supposed the pleasure he betrayed on these occasions resulted from the usual fondness of old bachelors for being teased about getting married, and about flirting, and being fickle and false-hearted. I am assured, however, that Master Simon had really persuaded himself the widow had a kindness for him; in consequence of which he had been at some extraordinary expense in new clothes, and had actually got Frank Bracebridge to order him a coat from Stultz. He began to throw out hints about the importance of a man's settling himself in life before he grew old; he would look grave whenever the widow and matrimony were mentioned in the same sentence; and privately asked the opinion of the squire and parson about the prudence of marrying a widow with a rich jointure, but who had several children.

An important member of a great family connexion cannot harp much upon the theme of matrimony without its taking wind; and it soon got buzzed about that Mr Simon Bracebridge was actually gone to Doncaster races, with a new horse; but that he meant to return in a curriole with a lady by his side. Master Simon did, indeed, go to the races, and that with a new horse; and the dashing widow did make her appearance in her curriole; but it was unfortunately by a strapping young Irish Dragoon, with whom even Master Simon's self-complacency would not allow him to venture into competition, and to whom she was married shortly after.

It was a matter of sore chagrin to Master Simon for several months, having never before been fully committed. The dullest head in the family had a joke upon him; and there is no one that likes less to be bantered than an absolute joker. He took refuge for a time at Lady Lillycraft's, until the matter should blow over; and occupied himself by looking over her accounts, regulating the village choir, and inculcating loyalty into a pet bullfinch, by teaching him to whistle "God save the King."

He has now pretty nearly recovered from the mortification; holds up his head; and laughs as much as any one; again affects to pity married men, and is particularly facetious about widows, when Lady Lillycraft is not by. His only time of trial is when the general gets hold of him, who is infinitely heavy and persevering in his waggery, and will interweave a dull joke through the various topics of a whole dinner time. Master Simon often parries these attacks by a stanza from his old work of "Cupid's Solicitor for love:"

"'Tis in vain to wooe a widow over long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive;
Widows are subtle, be they old or young,
And by their wiles young men they will deceive."

LOVE-CHARMS.

— Come, do not weep, my girl,
Forget him, pretty pensiveness; there will
Come others, every day, as good as he.

SIN J. SUCKLING.

THE approach of a wedding in a family is always an event of great importance, but particularly so in a household like this, in a retired part of the country. Master Simon, who is a pervading spirit, and, through the means of the butler and housekeeper, knows every thing that goes forward, tells me that the maid-servants are continually trying their fortunes, and that the servants'-hall has of late been quite a scene of cantation.

It is amusing to notice how the oddities of the last of a family flow down through all the branches. The squire, in the indulgence of his love of every thing that smacks of old times, has held so many grand

a great family connexion
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conversations with the parson at table, about popular
superstitions and traditional rites, that they have been
carried from the parlour to the kitchen by the listen-
ing domestics, and, being apparently sanctioned by
such high authority, the whole house has become in-
fected by them.

The servants are all versed in the common modes
of trying luck, and the charms to ensure constancy.
They read their fortunes by drawing strokes in the
ashes, or by repeating a form of words, and looking
in a pail of water. St Mark's eve, I am told, was a
busy time with them; being an appointed night for
certain mystic ceremonies. Several of them sowed
hemp-seed to be reaped by their true lovers, and they
even ventured upon the solemn and fearful prepara-
tion of the dumb-cake. This must be done fasting,
and in silence. The ingredients are handed down
in traditional form. "An eggshell full of salt, an
eggshell full of malt, and an eggshell full of barley-
meal." When the cake is ready, it is put upon a
pan over the fire, and the future husband will appear,
turn the cake and retire; but if a word is spoken, or a
fast is broken, during this awful ceremony, there is
no knowing what horrible consequences would ensue!

The experiments, in the present instance, came to
no result; they that sowed the hemp-seed forgot the
magic rhyme that they were to pronounce, so the
true lover never appeared; and as to the dumb-cake,
that between the awful stillness they had to keep,
and the awfulness of the midnight hour, their hearts
killed them when they had put the cake in the pan;
that, on the striking of the great house-clock in the
servants'-hall, they were seized with a sudden panic,
and ran out of the room, to which they did not return
until morning, when they found the mystic cake burnt
to a cinder.

The most persevering at these spells, however, is
Phœbe Wilkins, the housekeeper's niece. As she is
kind of privileged personage, and rather idle, she
has more time to occupy herself with these matters.
She has always had her head full of love and matri-
mony. She knows the dream-book by heart, and is
quite an oracle among the little girls of the family,
who always come to her to interpret their dreams in
the mornings.

During the present gaiety of the house, however,
the poor girl has worn a face full of trouble; and, to
the housekeeper's words, "has fallen into a sad
stericky way lately." It seems that she was born
and brought up in the village, where her father was
fish clerk, and she was an early playmate and
sweetheart of young Jack Tibbets. Since she has
come to live at the Hall, however, her head has been
little turned. Being very pretty, and naturally
cheerful, she has been much noticed and indulged;
and being the housekeeper's niece, she has held an
equivocal station between a servant and a companion.
She has learnt something of fashions and notions
among the young ladies, which have effected quite a
metamorphosis; insomuch that her finery at church

on Sundays has given mortal offence to her former in-
timates in the village. This has occasioned the mis-
representations which have awakened the implacable
family pride of Dame Tibbets. But what is worse,
Phœbe, having a spice of coquetry in her disposition,
showed it on one or two occasions to her lover, which
produced a downright quarrel; and Jack, being very
proud and fiery, has absolutely turned his back upon
her for several successive Sundays.

The poor girl is full of sorrow and repentance, and
would fain make up with her lover; but he feels his
security, and stands aloof. In this he is doubtless en-
couraged by his mother, who is continually reminding
him what he owes to his family; for this same family
pride seems doomed to be the eternal bane of lovers.

As I hate to see a pretty face in trouble, I have felt
quite concerned for the luckless Phœbe, ever since I
heard her story. It is a sad thing to be thwarted in
love at any time, but particularly so at this tender
season of the year, when every living thing, even to
the very butterfly, is sporting with its mate; and the
green fields, and the budding groves, and the singing
of the birds, and the sweet smell of the flowers, are
enough to turn the head of a love-sick girl. I am
told that the coolness of young Ready-Money lies
very heavy at poor Phœbe's heart. Instead of singing
about the house as formerly, she goes about pale and
sighing, and is apt to break into tears when her com-
panions are full of merriment.

Mrs Hannah, the vestal gentlewoman of my Lady
Lillicraft, has had long talks and walks with Phœbe,
up and down the avenue, of an evening; and has en-
deavoured to squeeze some of her own verjuice into
the other's milky nature. She speaks with contempt
and abhorrence of the whole sex, and advises Phœbe
to despise all the men as heartily as she does. But
Phœbe's loving temper is not to be curdled; she has
no such thing as hatred or contempt for mankind in
her whole composition. She has all the simple fond-
ness of heart of poor, weak, loving woman; and her
only thoughts at present are, how to conciliate and
reclaim her wayward swain.

The spells and love-charms, which are matters of
sport to the other domestics, are serious concerns
with this love-stricken damsel. She is continually
trying her fortune in a variety of ways. I am told
that she has absolutely fasted for six Wednesdays and
three Fridays successively, having understood that it
was a sovereign charm to ensure being married to
one's liking within the year. She carries about, also,
a lock of her sweetheart's hair, and a riband he once
gave her, being a mode of producing constancy in her
lover. She even went so far as to try her fortune by
the moon, which has always had much to do with lov-
ers' dreams and fancies. For this purpose she went
out in the night of the full moon, knelt on a stone in
the meadow, and repeated the old traditional rhyme:

"All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee;
I pray thee, good moon, now show to me
The youth who my future husband shall be."

When she came back to the house, she was faint and pale, and went immediately to bed. The next morning she told the porter's wife that she had seen some one close by the hedge in the meadow, which she was sure was young Tibbets; at any rate, she had dreamt of him all night; both of which, the old dame assured her, were most happy signs. It has since turned out that the person in the meadow was old Christy, the huntsman, who was walking his nightly rounds with the great stag-hound; so that Phœbe's faith in the charm is completely shaken.

THE LIBRARY.

YESTERDAY the fair Julia made her first appearance down stairs since her accident; and the sight of her spread an universal cheerfulness through the household. She was extremely pale, however, and could not walk without pain and difficulty. She was assisted, therefore, to a sofa in the library, which is pleasant and retired, looking out among trees; and so quiet, that the little birds come hopping upon the windows, and peering curiously into the apartment. Here several of the family gathered round, and devised means to amuse her, and make the day pass pleasantly. Lady Lillycraft lamented the want of some new novel to while away the time; and was almost in a pet, because the "Author of Waverley" had not produced a work for the last three months.

There was a motion made to call on the parson for some of his old legends or ghost stories; but to this Lady Lillycraft objected, as they were apt to give her the vapours. General Harbottle gave a minute account, for the sixth time, of the disaster of a friend in India, who had his leg bitten off by a tiger, whilst he was hunting; and was proceeding to menace the company with a chapter or two about Tippoo Saib.

At length the captain bethought himself, and said, he believed he had a manuscript tale lying in one corner of his campaigning trunk, which, if he could find, and the company were desirous, he would read to them. The offer was eagerly accepted. He retired, and soon returned with a roll of blotted manuscript, in a very gentlemanlike, but nearly illegible, hand, and a great part written on cartridge-paper.

"It is one of the scribblings," said he, "of my poor friend, Charles Lightly, of the dragoons. He was a curious, romantic, studious, fanciful fellow; the favourite, and often the unconscious butt of his fellow officers, who entertained themselves with his eccentricities. He was in some of the hardest service in the peninsula, and distinguished himself by his gallantry. When the intervals of duty permitted, he was fond of roving about the country, visiting noted places, and was extremely fond of Moorish ruins. When at his quarters, he was a great scribbler, and passed much of his leisure with his pen in his hand.

"As I was a much younger officer, and a very young man, he took me, in a manner, under his care, and we became close friends. He used often to read his writings to me, having a great confidence in my taste, for I always praised them. Poor fellow! he was shot down close by me at Waterloo. We lay wounded together for some time, during a hard contest that took place near at hand. As I was least hurt, I tried to relieve him, and to stanch the blood which flowed from a wound in his breast. He lay with his head in my lap, and looked up thankfully in my face, but shook his head faintly, and made a sign that it was all over with him; and, indeed, he died a few minutes afterwards, just as our men had repulsed the enemy, and came to our relief. I have his favourite dog and his pistols to this day, and several of his manuscripts, which he gave to me at different times. The one I am now going to read, is a tale which he said he wrote in Spain, during the time that he lay ill of a wound received at Salamanca."

We now arranged ourselves to hear the story. The captain seated himself on the sofa, beside the fair Julia, who I had noticed to be somewhat affected by the picture he had carelessly drawn of wounds and dangers in a field of battle. She now leaned her arm fondly on his shoulder, and her eye glistened as she rested on the manuscript of the poor literary dragon. Lady Lillycraft buried herself in a deep, well-cushioned elbow-chair. Her dogs were nestled on soft mats at her feet; and the gallant general took his station in an arm-chair, at her side, and toyed with her elegantly ornamented work-bag. The rest of the circle being all equally well accommodated, the captain began his story; a copy of which I have procured for the benefit of the reader.

THE STUDENT OF SALAMANCA.

What a life do I lead with my master; nothing but blowing bellows, beating of spirits, and scraping of crosets! It is a secret science, for none almost can understand the language of Sublimation, almagation, calcination, rubification, alification and fermentation; with as many terms impossible to be uttered as the arte to be compassed.

LILLY'S GALLATEL.

ONCE upon a time, in the ancient city of Granada there sojourned a young man of the name of Antonio de Castros. He wore the garb of a student of Salamanca, and was pursuing a course of reading in the library of the university; and, at intervals of leisure, indulging his curiosity by examining those remains of Moorish magnificence for which Granada is renowned.

Whilst occupied in his studies, he frequently noticed an old man of a singular appearance, who was likewise a visitor to the library. He was lean and withered, though apparently more from study than from age. His eyes, though bright and vision

ger officer, and a very manner, under his care. He used often to read a great confidence in my am. Poor fellow! he was Waterloo. We lay wounding a hard contest that as I was least hurt, I tried in the blood which flowed. He lay with his head in fully in my face, but shook a sign that it was all over died a few minutes after. I repulsed the enemy, and his favourite dog and his several of his manuscripts, different times. The one is a tale which he said he me time that he lay ill of a malady."

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LILLY'S GALLIERY.

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his studies, he frequently made a singular appearance, who was seen in the library. He was leaning apparently more from study than from a though bright and visionary

were sunk in his head, and thrown into shade by overhanging eye-brows. His dress was always the same: a black doublet, a short black cloak, very rusty and threadbare, a small ruff, and a large over-shadowing hat.

His appetite for knowledge seemed insatiable. He would pass whole days in the library absorbed in study, consulting a multiplicity of authors, as though he were pursuing some interesting subject through all its ramifications; so that, in general, when evening came, he was almost buried among books and manuscripts.

The curiosity of Antonio was excited, and he inquired of the attendants concerning the stranger. No one could give him any information, excepting that he had been for some time past a casual frequenter of the library; that his reading lay chiefly among works treating of the occult sciences, and that he was particularly curious in his inquiries after Arabian manuscripts. They added, that he never held communication with any one, excepting to ask for particular works; that, after a fit of studious application, he would disappear for several days, and even weeks, and when he revisited the library, he would look more withered and haggard than ever. The student felt interested by this account; he was leading rather a desultory life, and had all that capricious curiosity which springs up in idleness. He determined to make himself acquainted with this book-worm, and find out who and what he was.

The next time that he saw the old man at the library he commenced his approaches, by requesting permission to look into one of the volumes with which he was unknown appeared to have done. The latter merely bowed his head in token of assent. After pretending to look through the volume with great attention, he returned it with many acknowledgments. The stranger made no reply.

"May I ask, senor," said Antonio, with some hesitation, "may I ask what you are searching after all these books?"

The old man raised his head, with an expression of surprise, at having his studies interrupted for the first time, and by so intrusive a question. He surveyed the student with a side glance from head to foot: "Wisdom, my son," said he, calmly; "and the search requires every moment of my attention." He then cast his eyes upon his book and resumed his studies.

"But, father," said Antonio, "cannot you spare a moment to point out the road to others? It is to experienced travellers, like you, that we strangers in the paths of knowledge must look for directions on our journey."

The stranger looked disturbed: "I have not time enough, my son, to learn," said he, "much less to teach. I am ignorant myself of the path of true knowledge; how then can I show it to others?"

"Well, but, father—"

"Senor," said the old man, mildly, but earnestly,

"you must see that I have but few steps more to the grave. In that short space have I to accomplish the whole business of my existence. I have no time for words; every word is as one grain of sand of my glass wasted. Suffer me to be alone."

There was no replying to so complete a closing of the door of intimacy. The student found himself calmly, but totally repulsed. Though curious and inquisitive, yet he was naturally modest, and on afterthoughts he blushed at his own intrusion. His mind soon became occupied by other objects. He passed several days wandering among the mouldering piles of Moorish architecture, those melancholy monuments of an elegant and voluptuous people. He paced the deserted halls of the Alhambra, the paradise of the Moorish kings. He visited the great court of the lions, famous for the perfidious massacre of the gallant Abencerrages. He gazed with admiration at its mosaic cupolas, gorgeously painted in gold and azure; its basins of marble, its alabaster vase, supported by lions, and storied with inscriptions.

His imagination kindled as he wandered among these scenes. They were calculated to awaken all the enthusiasm of a youthful mind. Most of the halls have anciently been beautified by fountains. The fine taste of the Arabs delighted in the sparkling purity and reviving freshness of water, and they erected, as it were, altars on every side, to that delicate element. Poetry mingles with architecture in the Alhambra. It breathes along the very walls. Whenever Antonio turned his eye, he beheld inscriptions in Arabic, wherein the perpetuity of Moorish power and splendour within these walls was confidently predicted. Alas! how has the prophecy been falsified! Many of the basins, where the fountains had once thrown up their sparkling showers, were dry and dusty. Some of the palaces were turned into gloomy convents, and the bare-foot monk paced through those courts, which had once glittered with the array, and echoed to the music of Moorish chivalry.

In the course of his rambles, the student more than once encountered the old man of the library. He was always alone, and so full of thought as not to notice any one about him. He appeared to be intent upon studying those half-buried inscriptions, which are found, here and there, among the Moorish ruins, and seem to murmur from the earth the tale of former greatness. The greater part of these have since been translated; but they were supposed by many, at the time, to contain symbolical revelations, and golden maxims of the Arabian sages and astrologers. As Antonio saw the stranger apparently decyphering these inscriptions, he felt an eager longing to make his acquaintance, and to participate in his curious researches; but the repulse he had met with at the library deterred him from making any further advances.

He had directed his steps one evening to the sacred mount, which overlooks the beautiful valley watered by the Darro, the fertile plain of the Vega, and all

that rich diversity of vale and mountain, that surrounds Granada with an earthly paradise. It was twilight when he found himself at the place, where, at the present day, are situated the chapels known by the name of the Sacred Furnaces. They are so called from grottoes, in which some of the primitive saints are said to have been burnt. At the time of Antonio's visit, the place was an object of much curiosity. In an excavation of these grottoes, several manuscripts had recently been discovered, engraved on plates of lead. They were written in the Arabian language, excepting one, which was in unknown characters. The pope had issued a bull, forbidding any one, under pain of excommunication, to speak of these manuscripts. The prohibition had only excited the greater curiosity; and many reports were whispered about, that these manuscripts contained treasures of dark and forbidden knowledge.

As Antonio was examining the place from whence these mysterious manuscripts had been drawn, he again observed the old man of the library, wandering among the ruins. His curiosity was now fully awakened; the time and place served to stimulate it. He resolved to watch this stranger after secret and forgotten lore, and to trace him to his habitation. There was something like adventure in the thing, that charmed his romantic disposition. He followed the stranger, therefore, at a little distance; at first cautiously, but he soon observed him to be so wrapped in his own thoughts, as to take little heed of external objects.

They passed along by the skirts of the mountain, and then by the shady banks of the Darro. They pursued their way, for some distance from Granada, along a lonely road that led among the hills. The gloom of evening was gathering, and it was quite dark when the stranger stopped at the portal of a solitary mansion.

It appeared to be a mere wing, or ruined fragment, of what had once been a pile of some consequence. The walls were of great thickness; the windows narrow, and generally secured by iron bars. The door was of planks, studded with iron spikes, and had been of great strength, though at present it was much decayed. At one end of the mansion was a ruinous tower, in the Moorish style of architecture. The edifice had probably been a country retreat, or castle of pleasure, during the occupation of Granada by the Moors, and rendered sufficiently strong to withstand any casual assault in those warlike times.

The old man knocked at the portal. A light appeared at a small window just above it, and a female head looked out: it might have served as a model for one of Raphael's saints. The hair was beautifully braided, and gathered in a silken net; and the complexion, as well as could be judged from the light, was that soft, rich brunette, so becoming in southern beauty.

"It is I, my child," said the old man. The face instantly disappeared, and soon after a wicket-door in

the large portal opened. Antonio, who had ventured near to the building, caught a transient sight of a delicate female form. A pair of fine black eyes darted a look of surprise at seeing a stranger hovering near, and the door was precipitately closed.

There was something in this sudden gleam of beauty that wonderfully struck the imagination of the student. It was like a brilliant flashing from its dark casket. He sauntered about, regarding the gloomy pile with increasing interest. A few simple, wild notes, from among some rocks and trees at a little distance, attracted his attention. He found there a group of Gitanas, a vagabond gipsy-race, which at that time abounded in Spain, and lived in hovels and caves of the hills about the neighbourhood of Granada. Some were busy about a fire, and others were listening to the uncatch music which one of their companions, seated on a ledge of the rock, was making with a split reed.

Antonio endeavoured to obtain some information of them concerning the old building and its inhabitants. The one who appeared to be their spokesman was a gaunt fellow, with a subtle gait, a whispering voice, and a sinister roll of the eye. He shrugged his shoulders on the student's inquiries, and said that all was not right in that building. An old man inhabited it, whom nobody knew, and whose family appeared to be only a daughter and a female servant. He and his companions, he added, lived up among the neighbouring hills; and as they had been about at night, they had often seen strange lights, and heard strange sounds from the tower. Some of the country people, who worked in the vineyards among the hills, believed the old man to be one that dealt in black art, and were not over-fond of passing near the tower at night; "but for our parts," said the Gitano, "we are not a people that trouble ourselves much with fears of that kind."

The student endeavoured to gain more precise information, but they had none to furnish him. They began to be solicitous for a compensation for what they had already imparted; and recollecting the loneliness of the place, and the vagabond character of his companions, he was glad to give them a gratuity, and hasten homewards.

He sat down to his studies, but his brain was too full of what he had seen and heard; his eye was upon the page, but his fancy still returned to the tower, and he was continually picturing the little window, with the beautiful head peeping out; or the door half open, and the nymph-like form within. He retired to bed, but the same objects haunted his dreams. He was young and susceptible; and the excited state of his feelings from wandering among the abodes of departed greatness and gallantry, had predisposed him for a sudden impression from female beauty.

The next morning he strolled again in the direction of the tower. It was still more forlorn by the glare of day than in the gloom of evening. The walls were crumbling, and weeds and moss were growing

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tonio, who had ventured a transient sight of a pair of fine black eyes darting at a stranger hovering precipitately closed.

This sudden gleam of light struck the imagination of Antonio, flashing from its dark recess, regarding the gloomy interior. A few simple, wild rocks and trees at a little distance. He found there a gipsy race, which at night, and lived in hovels and the neighbourhood of Granada. Some, and others were listening, which one of their companions, the rock, was making with

to obtain some information of the building and its inhabitants. He found there a man, a subtle gait, a whispering of the eye. He shrugged at the inquiries, and said that the building. An old man in a white knew, and whose family fighter and a female servant he added, lived up among the towers as they had been about the tower strange lights, and heard the tower. Some of the country vineyards among the hills, he one that dealt in the black and of passing near the tower parts," said the Gitano, "we trouble ourselves much with

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lies, but his brain was too full to be heard; his eye was upon the tower, and he returned to the tower, and looking through the little window, with the door half open, and he thought of his dreams. He was in an excited state of his feelings, and the abodes of departed grandeur disposed him for a sudden change of beauty.

He strolled again in the direction of the hill more forlorn by the gloom of evening. The weeds and moss were growing

in every crevice. It had the look of a prison rather than a dwelling-house. In one angle, however, he remarked a window which seemed an exception to the surrounding squalidness. There was a curtain drawn within it, and flowers standing on the window-stone. Whilst he was looking at it, the curtain was partially withdrawn, and a delicate white arm, of the most beautiful roundness, was put forth to water the flowers.

The student made a noise to attract the attention of the fair florist. He succeeded. The curtain was further drawn, and he had a glance of the same lovely face he had seen the evening before: it was but a mere glance; the curtain again fell, and the casement closed. All this was calculated to excite the feelings of a romantic youth. Had he seen the unknown under other circumstances, it is probable that he would not have been struck with her beauty; but this appearance of being shut up and kept apart gave her the value of a treasured gem. He passed and repassed before the house several times in the course of the day, but saw nothing more. He was there again in the evening. The whole aspect of the house was dreary. The narrow windows emitted no rays of cheerful light, to indicate that there was social life within. Antonio listened at the portal, but no sound of voices reached his ear. Just then he heard the clapping of a distant door, and fearing to be detected in the unworthy act of eaves-dropping, he precipitately drew off to the opposite side of the road, and stood in the shadow of a ruined archway.

He now remarked a light from a window in the tower. It was fitful and changeable; commonly feeble and yellowish, as if from a lamp; with an occasional glare of some vivid metallic colour followed by a dusky glow. A column of dense smoke would now and then rise in the air, and hang like a canopy over the tower. There was altogether such a loneliness and seeming mystery about the building and its inhabitants, that Antonio was half inclined to indulge in the country people's notions, and to fancy it the den of some powerful sorcerer, and the fair damsel he had seen to be some spell-bound beauty.

After some time had elapsed, a light appeared in the window where he had seen the beautiful arm. The curtain was down, but it was so thin that he could perceive the shadow of some one passing and passing between it and the light. He fancied that he could distinguish that the form was delicate; and from the alacrity of its movements, it was evidently youthful. He had not a doubt but this was the bed-chamber of his beautiful unknown.

Presently he heard the sound of a guitar, and a female voice singing. He drew near cautiously, and listened. It was a plaintive Moorish ballad, and he recognised in it the lamentations of one of the Abencerrages on leaving the walls of lovely Granada. It was full of passion and tenderness. It spoke of the delights of early life; the hours of love it had enjoyed on the banks of the Darro, and among the blissful

abodes of the Alhambra. It bewailed the fallen honours of the Abencerrages, and imprecated vengeance on their oppressors. Antonio was affected by the music. It singularly coincided with the place. It was like the voice of past times echoed in the present, and breathing among the monuments of its departed glories.

The voice ceased; after a time the light disappeared, and all was still. "She sleeps!" said Antonio, fondly. He lingered about the building with the devotion with which a lover lingers about the bower of sleeping beauty. The rising moon threw its silver beams on the grey walls, and glittered on the casement. The late gloomy landscape gradually became flooded with its radiance. Finding, therefore, that he could no longer move about in obscurity, and fearful that his loiterings might be observed, he reluctantly retired.

The curiosity which had at first drawn the young man to the tower was now seconded by feelings of a more romantic kind. His studies were almost entirely abandoned. He maintained a kind of blockade of the old mansion; he would take a book with him, and pass a great part of the day under the trees in its vicinity; keeping a vigilant eye upon it, and endeavouring to ascertain what were the walks of his mysterious charmer. He found, however, that she never went out except to mass, when she was accompanied by her father. He waited at the door of the church, and offered her the holy water, in the hopes of touching her hand; a little office of gallantry common in catholic countries. She, however, modestly declined, without raising her eyes to see who made the offer, and always took it herself from the font. She was attentive in her devotion; her eyes were never taken from the altar or the priest; and, on returning home, her countenance was almost entirely concealed by her mantilla.

Antonio had now carried on the pursuit for several days, and was hourly getting more and more interested in the chase, but never a step nearer to the game. His lurkings about the house had probably been noticed, for he no longer saw the fair face at the window, nor the white arm put forth to water the flowers. His only consolation was to repair nightly to his post of observation and listen to her warbling, and if by chance he could catch a sight of her shadow, passing and repassing before the window, he thought himself most fortunate.

As he was indulging in one of these evening vigils, which were complete revels of the imagination, the sound of approaching footsteps made him withdraw into the deep shadow of the ruined archway, opposite to the tower. A cavalier approached, wrapped in a large Spanish cloak. He paused under the window of the tower, and after a little while began a serenade, accompanied by his guitar, in the usual style of Spanish gallantry. His voice was rich and manly; he touched the instrument with skill, and sang with amorous and impassioned eloquence. The plume of his hat was buckled by jewels that sparkled in the

moon-beams; and, as he played on the guitar, his cloak falling off from one shoulder, showed him to be richly dressed. It was evident that he was a person of rank.

The idea now flashed across Antonio's mind, that the affections of his unknown beauty might be engaged. She was young, and doubtless susceptible; and it was not in the nature of Spanish females to be deaf and insensible to music and admiration. The surmise brought with it a feeling of dreariness. There was a pleasant dream of several days suddenly dispelled. He had never before experienced any thing of the tender passion; and, as its morning dreams are always delightful, he would fain have continued in the delusion.

"But what have I to do with her attachments?" thought he, "I have no claim on her heart, nor even on her acquaintance. How do I know that she is worthy of affection? Or if she is, must not so gallant a lover as this, with his jewels, his rank, and his delectable music, have completely captivated her? What idle humour is this that I have fallen into? I must again to my books. Study, study will soon chase away all these idle fancies."

The more he thought, however, the more he became entangled in the spell which his lively imagination had woven round him; and now that a rival had appeared, in addition to the other obstacles that environed this enchanted beauty, she appeared ten times more lovely and desirable. It was some slight consolation to him to perceive that the gallantry of the unknown met with no apparent return from the tower. The light of the window was extinguished. The curtain remained undrawn, and none of the customary signals were given to intimate that the serenade was accepted.

The cavalier lingered for some time about the place, and sang several other tender airs with a taste and feeling that made Antonio's heart ache; at length he slowly retired. The student remained with folded arms, leaning against the ruined arch, endeavouring to summon up resolution enough to depart; but there was a romantic fascination that still enchained him to the place. "It is the last time," said he, willing to compromise between his feelings and his judgment, "it is the last time; then let me enjoy the dream a few moments longer."

As his eye ranged about the old building to take a farewell look, he observed the strange light in the tower, which he had noticed on a former occasion. It kept beaming up and declining as before. A pillar of smoke rose in the air, and hung in sable volumes. It was evident the old man was busied in some of those operations that had gained him the reputation of a sorcerer throughout the neighbourhood.

Suddenly an intense and brilliant glare shone through the casement, followed by a loud report, and then a fierce and ruddy glow. A figure appeared at the window, uttering cries of agony or alarm, but immediately disappeared; and a body of smoke and

flame whirled out of the narrow aperture. Antonio rushed to the portal, and knocked at it with violence. He was only answered by loud shrieks, and found that the females were already in helpless consternation. With an exertion of desperate strength he forced the wicket from its hinges, and rushed into the house.

He found himself in a small vaulted hall, and by the light of the moon which entered at the door, he saw a staircase to the left. He hurried up it to a narrow corridor, through which was rolling a volume of smoke. He found here the two females in a frantic state of alarm; one of them clasped her hands, and implored him to save her father.

The corridor terminated in a spiral flight of steps, leading up to the tower. He sprang up it to a small door, through the chinks of which came a glow of light, and smoke was spuming out. He burst it open, and found himself in an antique vaulted chamber, furnished with a furnace, and various chemical apparatus. A shattered retort lay on the stone floor; a quantity of combustibles, nearly consumed, with various half-burnt hooks and papers, were sending up an expiring flame, and filling the chamber with stifling smoke. Just within the threshold lay the reputed conjuror. He was bleeding, his clothes were scorched, and he appeared lifeless. Antonio caught him up, and bore him down the stairs to a chamber in which there was a light, and laid him on a bed. The female domestic was dispatched for such appliances as the house afforded; but the daughter threw herself frantically beside her parent, and could not be reasoned out of her alarm. Her dress was in disorder; her dishevelled hair hung in rich confusion about her neck and bosom, and never was there beheld a lovelier picture of terror and affliction.

The skilful assiduities of the scholar soon produced signs of returning animation in his patient. The old man's wounds, though severe, were not dangerous. They had evidently been produced by the bursting of the retort; in his bewilderment he had been enveloped in the stifling metallic vapours, which had overpowered his feeble frame, and had not Antonio assisted to his assistance, it is possible he might never have recovered.

By slow degrees he came to his senses. He looked about with a bewildered air at the chamber, the agitated group around, and the student who was leaning over him.

"Where am I?" said he, wildly.

At the sound of his voice his daughter uttered a faint exclamation of delight. "My poor Inez!" said she, embracing her; then putting his hand to his head, and taking it away stained with blood, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and to be overcome with emotion.

"Ay!" cried he, "all is over with me! all gone! all vanished! gone in a moment! the labour of a life-time lost!"

His daughter attempted to soothe him, but he became slightly delirious, and raved incoherently about

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 ed, and such other remedies administered as his si-
 tuation required, he sunk into a state of quiet. An-
 tonio now turned his attention to the daughter, whose
 sufferings had been little inferior to those of her fa-
 ther. Having with great difficulty succeeded in tran-
 quillizing her fears, he endeavoured to prevail upon
 her to retire, and seek the repose so necessary to her
 frame, proffering to remain by her father until morn-
 ing. "I am a stranger," said he, "it is true, and
 my offer may appear intrusive; but I see you are
 lonely and helpless, and I cannot help venturing over
 the limits of mere ceremony. Should you feel any
 scruple or doubt, however, say but a word, and I
 will instantly retire."

There was a frankness, a kindness, and a modesty
 mingled in Antonio's deportment that inspired instant
 confidence; and his simple scholar's garb was a re-
 commendation in the house of poverty. The females
 consented to resign the sufferer to his care, as they
 would be the better able to attend to him on the
 morrow. On retiring, the old domestic was profuse
 in her benedictions; the daughter only looked her
 thanks; but as they shone through the tears that filled
 her fine black eyes, the student thought them a thou-
 sand times the most eloquent.

Here, then, he was, by a singular turn of chance,
 completely housed within this mysterious mansion.
 When left to himself, and the bustle of the scene was
 over, his heart throbbled as he looked round the
 chamber in which he was sitting. It was the daugh-
 ter's room, the promised land towards which he had
 cast so many a longing gaze. The furniture was old,
 and had probably belonged to the building in its pro-
 sperous days; but every thing was arranged with pro-
 priety. The flowers that he had seen her attend
 stood in the window; a guitar leaned against the table,
 on which stood a crucifix, and before it lay a missal
 and a rosary. There reigned an air of purity and
 serenity about this little nestling place of innocence;
 it was the emblem of a chaste and quiet mind. Some
 few articles of female dress lay on the chairs; and
 there was the very bed on which she had slept; the
 pillow on which her soft cheek had reclined! The
 poor scholar was treading enchanted ground; for
 what fairy land has more of magic in it than the bed-
 chamber of innocence and beauty?

From various expressions of the old man in his rav-
 ings, and from what he had noticed on a subsequent
 visit to the tower, to see that the fire was extinguish-
 ed, Antonio had gathered that his patient was an al-
 chymist. The philosopher's stone was an object
 eagerly sought after by visionaries in those days; but
 the consequence of the superstitious prejudices of the
 times, and the frequent persecutions of its votaries,
 they were apt to pursue their experiments in secret;
 in lonely houses, in caverns and ruins, or in the pri-
 vacy of cloistered cells.

In the course of the night the old man had several

fits of restlessness and delirium; he would call out
 upon Theophrastus, and Geber, and Albertus Mag-
 nus, and other sages of his art; and anon would mur-
 mur about fermentation and projection, until, towards
 daylight, he once more sunk into a salutary sleep.
 When the morning sun darted his rays into the case-
 ment, the fair Inez, attended by the female domestic,
 came blushing into the chamber. The student now
 took his leave, having himself need of repose, but ob-
 tained ready permission to return and inquire after
 the sufferer.

When he called again, he found the alchymist
 languid and in pain, but apparently suffering more in
 mind than in body. His delirium had left him, and
 he had been informed of the particulars of his deli-
 verance, and of the subsequent attentions of the scho-
 lar. He could do little more than look his thanks,
 but Antonio did not require them; his own heart re-
 paid him for all that he had done, and he almost re-
 joiced in the disaster that had gained him an entrance
 into this mysterious habitation. The alchymist was
 so helpless as to need much assistance; Antonio re-
 mained with him, therefore, the greater part of the
 day. He repeated his visit the next day, and the next.
 Every day his company seemed more pleasing to the
 invalid; and every day he felt his interest in the lat-
 ter increasing. Perhaps the presence of the daughter
 might have been at the bottom of this solicitude.

He had frequent and long conversations with the
 alchymist. He found him, as men of his pursuits
 were apt to be, a mixture of enthusiasm and simplici-
 ty; of curious and extensive reading on points of little
 utility, with great inattention to the every-day oc-
 currences of life, and profound ignorance of the world.
 He was deeply versed in singular and obscure branch-
 es of knowledge, and much given to visionary specu-
 lations. Antonio, whose mind was of a romantic
 cast, had himself given some attention to the occult
 sciences, and he entered upon those themes with an
 ardour that delighted the philosopher. Their conver-
 sations frequently turned upon astrology, divination,
 and the great secret. The old man would forget his
 aches and wounds, rise up like a spectre in his bed,
 and kindle into eloquence on his favourite topics.
 When gently admonished of his situation, it would
 but prompt him to another sally of thought.

"Alas, my son!" he would say, "is not this very
 decrepitude and suffering another proof of the import-
 ance of those secrets with which we are surrounded?
 Why are we trammelled by disease, withered by old
 age, and our spirits quenched, as it were, within us,
 but because we have lost those secrets of life and
 youth which were known to our parents before their
 fall? To regain these have philosophers been ever
 since aspiring; but just as they are on the point of
 securing the precious secrets for ever, the brief period
 of life is at an end; they die, and with them all their
 wisdom and experience. 'Nothing,' as De Nuysment
 observes, 'nothing is wanting for man's perfection
 but a longer life, less crossed with sorrows and ma-

ladies, to the attaining of the full and perfect knowledge of things.”

At length Antonio so far gained on the heart of his patient, as to draw from him the outlines of his story.

Felix de Vasquez, the alchymist, was a native of Castile, and of an ancient and honourable line. Early in life he had married a beautiful female, a descendant from one of the Moorish families. The marriage displeased his father, who considered the pure Spanish blood contaminated by this foreign mixture. It is true, the lady traced her descent from one of the Abencerrages, the most gallant of Moorish cavaliers, who had embraced the Christian faith on being exiled from the walls of Granada. The injured pride of the father, however, was not to be appeased. He never saw his son afterwards; and on dying left him but a scanty portion of his estate; bequeathing the residue, in the piety and bitterness of his heart, to the erection of convents, and the performance of masses for souls in purgatory. Don Felix resided for a long time in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, in a state of embarrassment and obscurity. He devoted himself to intense study, having, while at the university of Salamanca, imbibed a taste for the secret sciences. He was enthusiastic and speculative; he went on from one branch of knowledge to another, until he became zealous in the search after the grand Arcanum.

He had at first engaged in the pursuit with the hopes of raising himself from his present obscurity, and resuming the rank and dignity to which his birth entitled him; but, as usual, it ended in absorbing every thought, and becoming the business of his existence. He was at length aroused from this mental abstraction by the calamities of his household. A malignant fever swept off his wife and all his children, excepting an infant daughter. These losses for a time overwhelmed and stupelled him. His home had in a manner died away from around him, and he felt lonely and forlorn. When his spirit revived within him, he determined to abandon the scene of his humiliation and disaster; to bear away the child that was still left him, beyond the scene of contagion, and never to return to Castile until he should be enabled to reclaim the honours of his line.

He had ever since been wandering and unsettled in his abode. Sometimes the resident of populous cities, at other times of absolute solitudes. He had searched libraries, meditated on inscriptions, visited adepts of different countries, and sought to gather and concentrate the rays which had been thrown by various minds upon the secrets of alchymy. He had at one time travelled quite to Padua to search for the manuscripts of Pietro d' Abano, and to inspect an urn which had been dug up near Este, supposed to have been buried by Maximus Olybius, and to have contained the grand elixir.

¹ This urn was found in 1333. It contained a lesser one, in which was a burning lamp betwixt two small vials, the one of gold, the other of silver, both of them full of a very clear liquor. On the largest was an inscription, stating that Maximus Olybius

While at Padua he had met with an adept versed in Arabian lore, who talked of the invaluable manuscripts that must remain in the Spanish libraries, preserved from the spoils of the Moorish academies and universities; of the probability of meeting with precious unpublished writings of Geber, and Alfarabius, and Avicenna, the great physicians of the Arabian schools, who, it is well known, had treated much of Alchymy; but above all, he spoke of the Arabian tablets of lead, which had recently been dug up in the neighbourhood of Granada, and which, it was confidently believed among adepts, contained the lost secrets of the art.

The indefatigable alchymist once more bent his steps for Spain, full of renovating hope. He had made his way to Granada: he had wearied himself in the study of Arabic, in decyphering inscriptions, in rummaging libraries, and exploring every possible trace left by the Arabian sages.

In all his wanderings he had been accompanied by Inez; through the rough and the smooth, the pleasant and the adverse; never complaining, but rather seeking to soothe his cares by her innocent and playful caresses. Her instruction had been the employment and the delight of his hours of relaxation. She had grown up while they were wandering, and had scarcely ever known any home but by his side. He was family, friends, home, every thing to her. He had carried her in his arms when they first began their wayfaring; had nestled her, as an eagle does its young, among the rocky heights of the Sierra Morena; she had sported about him in childhood in the solitudes of the Bateucas; had followed him, as a lamb does the shepherd, over the rugged Pyrenees, and into the fair plains of Languedoc; and now she was grown up to support his feeble steps among the ruined abodes of her maternal ancestors.

His property had gradually wasted away in the course of his travels and his experiments. Still hopeful, the constant attendant of the alchymist, had led him on; ever on the point of reaping the reward of his labours, and ever disappointed. With the credulity that often attended his art, he attributed many of his disappointments to the machinations of the malignant spirits that beset the path of the alchymist, and torment him in his solitary labours. “It is their constant endeavour,” he observed, “to close up every avenue to those sublime truths, which would enable man to rise above the abject state into which he has fallen, and to return to his original perfection.” To the evil offices of these demons he attributed his late disaster. He had been on the very verge of the

shut up in this small vessel elements which he had prepared with great toil. There were many disquisitions among the learned on the subject. It was the most received opinion, that this Maximus Olybius was an inhabitant of Padua, that he had discovered the great secret, and that these vessels contained liquor, one to transmute metals to gold, the other to silver. The peasants who found the urn, imagining this precious liquor to be common water, sold every drop, so that the art of transmuting metals remains almost a secret as ever.

rious discovery; never were the indications more completely auspicious; all was going on prosperously, when, at the critical moment which should have crowned his labours with success, and have placed him at the very summit of human power and felicity, the bursting of a retort had reduced his laboratory and himself to ruins.

"I must now," said he, "give up at the very threshold of success. My books and papers are burnt; my apparatus is broken. I am too old to bear up against these evils. The ardour that once inspired me is gone; my poor frame is exhausted by study and watchfulness, and this last misfortune has hurried me towards the grave." He concluded in a tone of deep dejection. Antonio endeavoured to comfort and reassure him; but the poor alchemist had for once awakened to a consciousness of the worldly ills that were gathering around him, and had sunk into despondency. After a pause, and some thoughtfulness and perplexity of brow, Antonio ventured to make a proposal.

"I have long," said he, "been filled with a love for the secret sciences, but have felt too ignorant and confident to give myself up to them. You have acquired experience; you have amassed the knowledge of a lifetime; it were a pity it should be thrown away. You say you are too old to renew the toils of the laboratory, suffer me to undertake them. Add your knowledge to my youth and activity, and what shall we not accomplish? As a probationary fee, and a fund on which to proceed, I will bring into the common stock a sum of gold, the residue of a legacy, which has enabled me to complete my education. A poor scholar cannot boast much; but I trust we shall soon put ourselves beyond the reach of want; and if we should fail, why, I must depend, like other scholars, upon my brains to earn me through the world." The philosopher's spirits, however, were more depressed than the student had imagined. This last check, following in the rear of so many disappointments, had almost destroyed the reaction of his mind. The fire of an enthusiast, however, is never so low, but that it may be blown again into a flame. By degrees the old man was cheered and reanimated by the buoyancy and ardour of his sanguine companion. He at length agreed to accept of the services of the student, and once more to renew his experiments. He objected, however, to using the student's gold, notwithstanding that his own was nearly exhausted; but this objection was soon overcome; the student insisted on making it a common stock and common cause; and then how absurd was any delicacy about such trifles, with men who looked forward to discovering the philosopher's stone!

While, therefore, the alchemist was slowly recovering, the student busied himself in getting the laboratory once more in order. It was strewed with the wrecks of retorts and alembics, with old crucibles, flasks and phials of powders and tinctures, and half-burnt books and manuscripts.

As soon as the old man was sufficiently recovered, the studies and experiments were renewed. The student became a privileged and frequent visitor, and was indefatigable in his toils in the laboratory. The philosopher daily derived new zeal and spirits from the animation of his disciple. He was now enabled to prosecute the enterprize with continued exertion, having so active a coadjutor to divide the toil. While he was poring over the writings of Sandivogius, and Philaethes, and Dominus de Nuyssent, and endeavouring to comprehend the symbolical language in which they have locked up their mysteries, Antonio would occupy himself among the retorts and crucibles, and keep the furnace in a perpetual glow.

With all his zeal, however, for the discovery of the golden art, the feelings of the student had not cooled as to the object that first drew him to this ruinous mansion. During the old man's illness, he had frequent opportunities of being near the daughter; and every day made him more sensible to her charms. There was a pure simplicity, and an almost passive gentleness in her manners; yet with all this was mingled something, whether mere maiden shyness, or a consciousness of high descent, or a dash of Castilian pride, or perhaps all united, that prevented undue familiarity, and made her difficult of approach. The danger of her father, and the measures to be taken for his relief, had at first overcome this coyness and reserve; but as he recovered and her alarm subsided, she seemed to shrink from the familiarity she had indulged with the youthful stranger, and to become every day more shy and silent.

Antonio had read many books, but this was the first volume of womankind that he had ever studied. He had been captivated with the very title-page; but the farther he read the more he was delighted. She seemed formed to love; her soft black eye rolled languidly under its long silken lashes, and wherever it turned, it would linger and repose; there was tenderness in every beam. To him alone she was reserved and distant. Now that the common cares of the sick room were at an end, he saw little more of her than before his admission to the house. Sometimes he met her on his way to and from the laboratory, and at such times there was ever a smile and a blush; but, after a simple salutation, she glided on and disappeared.

"Tis plain," thought Antonio, "my presence is indifferent, if not irksome to her. She has noticed my admiration, and is determined to discourage it; nothing but a feeling of gratitude prevents her treating me with marked distaste—and then has she not another lover, rich, gallant, splendid, musical? how can I suppose she would turn her eyes from so brilliant a cavalier, to a poor obscure student, raking among the cinders of her father's laboratory?"

Indeed, the idea of the amorous serenader continually haunted his mind. He felt convinced that he was a favoured lover; yet, if so, why did he not frequent the tower? Why did he not make his ap-

proaches by noon-day? There was mystery in this eaves-dropping and musical courtship. Surely Inez could not be encouraging a secret intrigue! Oh, no! she was too artless, too pure, too ingenuous! But then Spanish females were so prone to love and intrigue; and music and moonlight were so seductive, and Inez had such a tender soul languishing in every look.—“Oh!” would the poor scholar exclaim, clasping his hands, “Oh that I could but once behold those loving eyes beaming on me with affection!”

It is incredible to those who have not experienced it, on what scanty aliment human life and human love may be supported. A dry crust, thrown now and then to a starving man, will give him a new lease of existence; and a faint smile, or a kind look, bestowed at casual intervals, will keep a lover loving on, when a man in his sober senses would despair.

When Antonio found himself alone in the laboratory, his mind would be haunted by one of these looks, or smiles, which he had received in passing. He would set it in every possible light, and argue on it with all the self-pleasing, self-teasing logic of a lover.

The country around him was enough to awaken that voluptuousness of feeling so favourable to the growth of passion. The window of the tower rose above the trees of the romantic valley of the Darro, and looked down upon some of the loveliest scenery of the Vega, where groves of citron and orange were refreshed by cool springs and brooks of the purest water. The Xenil and the Darro wound their shining streams along the plain, and gleamed from among its bowers. The surrounding hills were covered with vineyards, and the mountains, crowned with snow, seemed to melt into the blue sky. The delicate airs that played about the tower were perfumed by the fragrance of myrtle and orange blossoms, and the ear was charmed with the fond warbling of the nightingale, which, in these happy regions, sings the whole day long. Sometimes, too, there was the idle song of the muleteer, sauntering along the solitary road; or the notes of the guitar from some group of peasants dancing in the shade. All these were enough to fill the head of a young lover with poetic fancies; and Antonio would picture to himself how he could loiter among those happy groves, and wander by those gentle rivers, and love away his life with Inez.

He felt at times impatient at his own weakness, and would endeavour to brush away these cobwebs of the mind. He would turn his thought, with sudden effort, to his occult studies, or occupy himself in some perplexing process; but often, when he had partially succeeded in fixing his attention, the sound of Inez' lute, or the soft notes of her voice, would come stealing upon the stillness of the chamber, and, as it were, floating round the tower. There was no great art in her performance; but Antonio thought he had never heard music comparable to this. It was perfect witchcraft to hear her warble forth some of her national melodies; those little Spanish romances and Moorish ballads that transport the hearer, in idea, to

the banks of the Guadalquivir, or the walls of the Alhambra, and make him dream of beauties, and balconies, and moonlight serenades.

Never was poor student more sadly beset than Antonio. Love is a troublesome companion in a study at the best of times; but in the laboratory of an alchemist his intrusion is terribly disastrous. Instead of attending to the retorts and crucibles, and watching the process of some experiment intrusted to his charge, the student would get entranced in one of these love-dreams, from which he would often be aroused by some fatal catastrophe. The philosopher, on returning from his researches in the libraries, would find every thing gone wrong, and Antonio in despair over the ruins of the whole day's work. The old man, however, took all quietly, for his had been a life of experiment and failure.

“We must have patience, my son,” would he say, “as all the great masters that have gone before us have had. Errors, and accidents, and delays, are what we have to contend with. Did not Pontannus err two hundred times before he could obtain even the matter on which to found his experiments? The great Flamel, too, did he not labour four and twenty years, before he ascertained the first agent? What difficulties and hardships did not Cartilaceus encounter, at the very threshold of his discoveries? And Bernard de Trèves, even after he had attained a knowledge of all the requisites, was he not delayed full three years? What you consider accidents, my son, are the machinations of our invisible enemies. The treasures and golden secrets of nature are surrounded by spirits hostile to man. The air about us teems with them. They lurk in the fire of the furnace, and are ever on the alert to take advantage of those moments when our minds are wandering from intense meditation on the great truth that we are seeking. We must only strive the more to purify ourselves from those gross and earthly feelings which becloud the soul, and prevent her from piercing into nature's arcana.”

“Alas!” thought Antonio, “if to be purified from all earthly feeling requires that I should cease to love Inez, I fear I shall never discover the philosopher's stone!”

In this way matters went on for some time at the alchemist's. Day after day was sending the student gold in vapour up the chimney; every blast of the furnace made him a ducat the poorer, without apparently helping him a jot nearer to the golden secret. Still the young man stood by, and saw piece after piece disappearing without a murmur: he had had an opportunity of seeing Inez, and felt as if her face would be better than silver or gold, and that even a smile was worth a ducat.

Sometimes, in the cool of the evening, when the toils of the laboratory happened to be suspended, he would walk with the alchemist in what had once been a garden belonging to the mansion. There was

still the remains of terraces and balustrades, and here and there a marble urn, or mutilated statue overturned, and buried, among weeds and flowers run wild. It was the favourite resort of the alchemist in his hours of relaxation, where he would give full scope to his visionary flights. His mind was tinctured with the Rosicrucian doctrines. He believed in elementary beings; some favourable, others adverse to his pursuits; and, in the exaltation of his fancy, had often imagined that he held communion with them in his solitary walks about the whispering groves and echoing walls of this old garden.

When accompanied by Antonio, he would prolong these evening recreations. Indeed, he sometimes did sit out of consideration for his disciple, for he feared lest his too close application, and his incessant seclusion in the tower, should be injurious to his health. He was delighted and surprised by this extraordinary zeal and perseverance in so young a tyro, and looked upon him as destined to be one of the great luminaries of the art. Lest the student should repine at the time lost in these relaxations, the good alchemist would fill them up with wholesome knowledge, in matters connected with their pursuits; and would walk up and down the alleys with his disciple, imparting oral instruction, like an ancient philosopher. In all his visionary schemes there breathed a spirit of nobility, though chimerical, philanthropy, that won the admiration of the scholar. Nothing sordid, nor sensual; nothing petty nor selfish seemed to enter into his views, in respect to the grand discoveries he was anticipating. On the contrary, his imagination kindled with conceptions of widely dispensed happiness. He looked forward to the time when he should be able to go about the earth relieving the indigent, comforting the distressed; and, by his unlimited means, devising and executing plans for the complete extinction of poverty, and all its attendant sufferings and ills. Never were grander schemes for general good, for the distribution of boundless wealth and universal competence, devised, than by this poor indigent alchemist in his ruined tower.

Antonio would attend these peripatetic lectures with all the ardour of a devotee; but there was another circumstance which may have given a secret charm to them. The garden was the resort also of the student, where she took her walks of recreation; the only exercise that her secluded life permitted. As Antonio was dutifully pacing by the side of his instructor, he would often catch a glimpse of the student, walking pensively about the alleys in the twilight. Sometimes they would meet her unexpectedly, and the heart of the student would throb with agitation. A blush too would crimson the cheek of the student, but still she passed on, and never joined them. She had remained one evening, until rather a late hour, with the alchemist in this favourite resort. It was a delightful night after a sultry day, and the very air of the garden was peculiarly reviving. The old man was seated on a fragment of a pedestal,

looking like a part of the ruin on which he sat. He was edifying his pupil by long lessons of wisdom from the stars, as they shone out with brilliant lustre in the dark blue vault of a southern sky; for he was deeply versed in Behmen, and other of the Rosicrucians, and talked much of the signature of earthly things, and passing events, which may be discerned in the heavens; of the power of the stars over corporeal beings, and their influence on the fortunes of the sons of men.

By degrees the moon rose, and shed her gleaming light among the groves. Antonio apparently listened with fixed attention to the sage, but his ear was drinking in the melody of Inez' voice, who was singing to her lute in one of the moonlight glades of the garden. The old man, having exhausted his theme, sat gazing in silent reverie at the heavens. Antonio could not resist an inclination to steal a look at this coy beauty, who was thus playing the part of the nightingale, so sequestered and musical. Leaving the alchemist in his celestial reverie, he stole gently along one of the alleys. The music had ceased, and he thought he heard the sound of voices. He came to an angle of a cove that had screened a kind of green recess, ornamented by a marble fountain. The moon shone full upon the place, and by its light, he beheld his unknown serenading rival at the feet of Inez. He was detaining her by the hand, which he covered with kisses; but at sight of Antonio he started up and half drew his sword, while Inez, disengaged, fled back to the house.

All the jealous doubts and fears of Antonio were now confirmed. He did not remain to encounter the resentment of his happy rival at being thus interrupted, but turned from the place in sudden wretchedness of heart. That Inez should love another would have been misery enough; but that she should be capable of a dishonourable amour, shocked him to the soul. The idea of deception in so young and apparently artless a being, brought with it that sudden distrust in human nature, so sickening to a youthful and ingenuous mind; but when he thought of the kind simple parent she was deceiving, whose affections all centered in her, he felt for a moment a sentiment of indignation, and almost of aversion.

He found the alchemist still seated in his visionary contemplation of the moon. "Come hither, my son," said he, with his usual enthusiasm, come, "read with me in this vast volume of wisdom, thus nightly unfolded for our perusal. Wisely did the Chaldean sages affirm, that the heaven is as a mystic page, uttering speech to those who can rightly understand; warning them of good and evil, and instructing them in the secret decrees of fate."

The student's heart ached for his venerable master; and, for a moment, he felt the futility of all his occult wisdom. "Alas! poor old man!" thought he, "of what avails all thy study? Little dost thou dream, while busied in airy speculations among the stars, what a treason against thy happiness is going

on under thine eyes; as it were, in thy very bosom! —Oh Inez! Inez! where shall we look for truth and innocence; where shall we repose confidence in woman, if even you can deceive?"

It was a trite apostrophe, such as every lover makes when he finds his mistress not quite such a goddess as he had painted her. With the student, however, it sprung from honest anguish of heart. He returned to his lodgings in pitiable confusion of mind. He now deplored the infatuation that had led him on until his feelings were so thoroughly engaged. He resolved to abandon his pursuits at the tower, and trust to absence to dispel the fascination by which he had been spell-bound. He no longer thirsted after the discovery of the grand elixir; the dream of alchemy was over; for without Inez, what was the value of the philosopher's stone?

He rose, after a sleepless night, with the determination of taking his leave of the alchemist, and tearing himself from Granada. For several days did he rise with the same resolution, and every night saw him come back to his pillow to repine at his want of resolution, and to make fresh determinations for the morrow. In the mean while he saw less of Inez than ever. She no longer walked in the garden, but remained almost entirely in her apartment. When she met him, she blushed more than usual; and once hesitated, as if she would have spoken; but after a temporary embarrassment, and still deeper blushes, she made some casual observation, and retired. Antonio read in this confuser a consciousness of fault, and of that fault's being discovered. "What could she have wished to communicate? Perhaps to account for the scene in the garden;—but how can she account for it, or why should she account for it to me? What am I to her?—or rather, what is she to me?" exclaimed he, impatiently; with a new resolution to break through these entanglements of the heart, and fly from this enchanted spot for ever.

He was returning that very night to his lodgings, full of this excellent determination, when, in a shadowy part of the road, he passed a person, whom he recognised, by his height and form, for his rival: he was going in the direction of the tower. If any lingering doubts remained, here was an opportunity of settling them completely. He determined to follow this unknown cavalier, and under favour of the darkness, observe his movements. If he obtained access to the tower, or in any way a favourable reception, Antonio felt as if it would be a relief to his mind, and would enable him to fix his wavering resolution.

The unknown, as he came near the tower, was more cautious and stealthy in his approaches. He was joined under a clump of trees by another person, and they had much whispering together. A light was burning in the chamber of Inez, the curtain was down, but the casement was left open, as the night was warm. After some time, the light was extinguished. A considerable interval elapsed. The cavalier and his companion remained under cover of

the trees, as if keeping watch. At length they approached the tower with silent and cautious steps. The cavalier received a dark lantern from his companion, and threw off his cloak. The other then softly brought something from the clump of trees, which Antonio perceived to be a light ladder: he placed it against the wall, and the serenader gently ascended. A sickening sensation came over Antonio. Here was indeed a confirmation of every fear. He was about to leave the place, never to return, when he heard a stifled shriek from Inez' chamber.

In an instant the fellow that stood at the foot of the ladder lay prostrate on the ground. Antonio wrested a stiletto from his nerveless hand, and hurried up the ladder. He sprang in at the window, and found Inez struggling in the grasp of his fancied rival: the latter, disturbed from his prey, caught up his lantern, turned its light full upon Antonio, and drawing his sword, made a furious assault; luckily the student saw the light gleam along the blade, and parried the thrust with the stiletto. A fierce, but unequal combat ensued. Antonio fought exposed to the full glare of the light, while his antagonist was in shadow: his stiletto, too, was but a poor defence against a rapier. He saw that nothing would save him, but closing with his adversary and getting within his weapon: he rushed furiously upon him, and gave him a severe blow with the stiletto; but received a wound in return from the shortened sword. At the same moment a blow was inflicted from behind, by the confederate who had ascended the ladder; it felled him to the floor, and his antagonists made their escape.

By this time the cries of Inez had brought her father and the domestic to the room. Antonio was found weltering in his blood, and senseless. He was conveyed to the chamber of the alchemist, who repaid in kind the attentions which the student had once bestowed upon him. Among his varied knowledge he possessed some skill in surgery, which at this moment was of more value than even his chemical lore. He stanchd and dressed the wounds of his disciple, which on examination proved less desperate than he had at first apprehended. For a few days, however, his case was anxious, and attended with danger. The old man watched over him with the affection of a parent. He felt a double debt of gratitude towards him on account of his daughter's safety; he loved him too as a faithful and zealous disciple; and he dreaded lest the world should be deprived of the promising talents of so aspiring an alchemist.

An excellent constitution soon medicined the wounds; and there was a balsam in the looks of Inez, that had a healing effect on still severe wounds which he carried in his heart. She displayed the strongest interest in his safety; she called him deliverer, her preserver. It seemed as if her grateful disposition sought, in the warmth of its acknowledgments, to repay him for past coldness. But the most contributed to Antonio's recovery, was her

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planation concerning his supposed rival. It was some
 time since he had first beheld her at church, and he
 had ever since persecuted her with his attentions.
 He had beset her in her walks, until she had been
 obliged to confine herself to the house, except when
 accompanied by her father. He had besieged her
 with letters, serenades, and every art by which he
 could urge a vehement, but clandestine and disho-
 nourable suit. The scene in the garden was as much
 of a surprise to her as to Antonio. Her persecutor
 had been attracted by her voice, and had found his
 way over a ruined part of the wall. He had come
 upon her unawares; was detaining her by force, and
 pleading his insulting passion, when the appearance
 of the student interrupted him, and enabled her to
 make her escape. She had forborne to mention to
 her father the persecution which she suffered; she
 wished to spare him unavailing anxiety and distress,
 and had determined to confine herself more rigorously
 to the house; though it appeared that even here she
 had not been safe from his daring enterprize.

Antonio inquired whether she knew the name of
 his impetuous admirer? She replied that he had
 made his advances under a fictitious name; but that
 she had heard him once called by the name of Don
 Ambrosio de Loxa.

Antonio knew him by report, for one of the most
 celebrated and dangerous libertines in all Granada.
 He was bold, accomplished, and, if he chose to be so, insi-
 gating; but daring and headlong in the pursuit of
 his pleasures; violent and implacable in his resent-
 ments. He rejoiced to find that Inez had been proof
 against his seductions, and had been inspired with
 aversion by his splendid profligacy; but he trembled
 to think of the dangers she had run, and he felt soli-
 tude about the dangers that must yet environ her.

At present, however, it was probable the enemy
 had a temporary quietus. The traces of blood had
 been found for some distance from the ladder, until
 they were lost among thickets; and as nothing had
 been heard or seen of him since, it was concluded that
 he had been seriously wounded.

As the student recovered from his wounds, he was
 enabled to join Inez and her father in their domestic
 intercourse. The chamber in which they usually
 met had probably been a saloon of state in former
 times. The floor was of marble; the walls partially
 covered with the remains of tapestry; the chairs,
 richly carved and gilt, were crazed with age, and cov-
 ered with tarnished and tattered brocade. Against
 the wall hung a long rusty rapier, the only relique
 of the old man retained of the chivalry of his an-
 cestors. There might have been something to pro-
 duce a smile in the contrast between the mansion and
 its inhabitants; between present poverty and the
 traces of departed grandeur; but the fancy of the stu-
 dent had thrown so much romance about the edifice
 and its inmates, that every thing was clothed with
 magic. The philosopher, with his broken-down
 countenance, and his strange pursuits, seemed to comport

with the melancholy ruin he inhabited; and there
 was a native elegance of spirit about the daughter,
 that showed she would have graced the mansion in
 its happier days.

What delicious moments were these to the student!
 Inez was no longer coy and reserved. She was na-
 turally artless and confiding; though the kind of per-
 secution she had experienced from one admirer had
 rendered her, for a time, suspicious and circumspect
 toward the other. She now felt an entire confidence
 in the sincerity and worth of Antonio, mingled with
 an overflowing gratitude. When her eyes met his,
 they beamed with sympathy and kindness; and An-
 tonio, no longer haunted by the idea of a favoured
 rival, once more aspired to success.

At these domestic meetings, however, he had little
 opportunity of paying his court, except by looks. The
 alchemist supposing him, like himself, absorbed in
 the study of alchymy, endeavoured to cheer the te-
 diousness of his recovery by long conversations on the
 art. He even brought several of his half-burnt vo-
 lumes, which the student had once rescued from the
 flames, and rewarded him for their preservation, by
 reading copious passages. He would entertain him
 with the great and good acts of Flamel, which he
 effected through the means of the philosopher's stone,
 relieving widows and orphans, founding hospitals,
 building churches, and what not; or with the inter-
 rogatories of King Kalid, and the answers of Morienus,
 the Roman hermit of Hierusalem; or the profound
 questions which Elardus, a neeromancer of the pro-
 vince of Catalonia, put to the Devil, touching the se-
 crets of alchymy, and the Devil's replies.

All these were couched in occult language, almost
 unintelligible to the unpractised ear of the disciple.
 Indeed, the old man delighted in the mystic phrases
 and symbolical jargon in which the writers that have
 treated of alchymy have wrapped their communica-
 tions; rendering them incomprehensible except to
 the initiated. With what rapture would he elevate
 his voice at a triumphant passage, announcing the
 grand discovery! "Thou shalt see," would he ex-
 claim in the words of Henry Kuhnrade, "the stone
 of the philosophers (our king) go forth of the bed-
 chamber of his glassy sepulchre into the theatre of
 this world; that is to say, regenerated and made per-
 fect, a shining carbuncle, a most temperate splen-
 dour, whose most subtle and depurated parts are
 inseparable, united into one with a concordial mix-
 ture, exceeding equal, transparent as crystal, shining
 red like a ruby, permanently colouring or ringing,
 fixt in all temptations or trials; yea, in the examina-
 tion of the burning sulphur itself, and the devouring
 waters, and in the most vehement persecution of the
 fire, always incombustible and permanent as a sala-
 mander!"

The student had a high veneration for the fathers
 of alchymy, and a profound respect for his instructor;
 but what was Henry Kuhnrade, Geber, Lully, or

1 Amphitheatre of the Eternal Wisdom.

even Albertus Magnus himself, compared to the countenance of Inez, which presented such a page of beauty to his perusal? While, therefore, the good alchemist was doling out knowledge by the hour, his disciple would forget books, alchemy, every thing but the lovely object before him. Inez, too, unpractised in the science of the heart, was gradually becoming fascinated by the silent attentions of her lover. Day by day she seemed more and more perplexed by the kindling and strangely pleasing emotions of her bosom. Her eye was often cast down in thought. Blushes stole to her cheek without any apparent cause, and light, half-suppressed sighs, would follow these short fits of musing. Her little ballads, though the same that she had always sung, yet breathed a more tender spirit. Either the tones of her voice were more soft and touching, or some passages were delivered with a feeling which she had never before given them. Antonio, besides his love for the abstruse sciences, had a pretty turn for music; and never did philosopher touch the guitar more tastefully. As, by degrees, he conquered the mutual embarrassment that kept them asunder, he ventured to accompany Inez in some of her songs. He had a voice full of fire and tenderness: as he sang, one would have thought, from the kindling blushes of his companion, that he had been pleading his own passion in her ear. Let those who would keep two youthful hearts asunder beware of music. Oh! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music-book, and entwining the voices, and melting away in harmonies!—the German waltz is nothing to it.

The worthy alchemist saw nothing of all this. His mind could admit of no idea that was not connected with the discovery of the grand Arcanum, and he supposed his youthful coadjutor equally devoted. He was a mere child as to human nature; and, as to the passion of love, whatever he might once have felt of it, he had long since forgotten that there was such an idle passion in existence. But, while he dreamed, the silent amour went on. The very quiet and seclusion of the place were favourable to the growth of romantic passion. The opening bud of love was able to put forth leaf by leaf, without an adverse wind to check its growth. There was neither officious friendship to chill by its advice, nor insidious envy to wither by its sneers, nor an observing world to look on and stare it out of countenance. There was neither declaration, nor vow, nor any other form of Cupid's canting school. Their hearts mingled together, and understood each other without the aid of language. They lapsed into the full current of affection, unconscious of its depth, and thoughtless of the rocks that might lurk beneath its surface. Happy lovers! who wanted nothing to make their felicity complete, but the discovery of the philosopher's stone!

At length Antonio's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to return to his lodgings in Granada. He felt uneasy, however, at leaving the tower, while lurking danger might surround its almost defenceless

inmates. He dreaded lest Don Ambrosio, recovered from his wounds, might plot some new attempt, by secret art, or open violence. From all that he had heard, he knew him to be too implacable to suffer his defeat to pass unavenged, and too rash and fearless, when his arts were unavailing, to stop at any daring deed in the accomplishment of his purposes. He urged his apprehensions to the alchemist and his daughter, and proposed that they should abandon the dangerous vicinity of Granada.

"I have relations," said he, "in Valencia, poor indeed, but worthy and affectionate. Among them you will find friendship and quiet, and we may there pursue our labours unmolested." He went on to paint the beauties and delights of Valencia with all the fondness of a native, and all the eloquence with which a lover paints the fields and groves which he is picturing as the future scenes of his happiness. His eloquence, backed by the apprehensions of Inez, was successful with the alchemist, who, indeed, had led too unsettled a life to be particular about the place of his residence; and it was determined, that as soon as Antonio's health was perfectly restored, they should abandon the tower, and seek the delicious neighbourhood of Valencia.

To recruit his strength, the student suspended his toils in the laboratory, and spent the few remaining days, before departure, in taking a farewell look at the enchanting environs of Granada. He felt returning health and vigour as he inhaled the pure temperate breezes that play about its hills; and the happy state of his mind contributed to his rapid recovery. Inez was often the companion of his walks. Her descent, by the mother's side, from one of the ancient Moorish families, gave her an interest in this once favourite seat of Arabian power. She gazed with enthusiasm upon its magnificent monuments, and her memory was filled with the traditional tales and legends of Moorish chivalry. Indeed the solitary life she had led, and the visionary turn of her father's mind, had produced an effect upon her character, and given it a tinge of what, in modern days, would be termed romance. All this was called into full force by the new passion; for, when a woman first begins to love, life is all romance to her.

In one of their evening strolls, they had ascended to the mountain of the Sun, where is situated the general life, the palace of pleasure in the days of Moorish dominion, but now a gloomy convent of capuchins. They had wandered about its garden, among groves of orange, citron and cypress, where the waters, by

Here are the strongest alkalis, the sweetest wines, the excellent almonds, the best oils and beautifulst females of all Spain. Every fruit animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and fragrant flowers hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he comes sight of it many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it emits. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperat'st climate in Spain, and they commonly call it the second Italy; which many Moors, whereof many thousands were distressed and banished thence to Barbary, to think that Paradise was in that part of heaven which hung over this cittle.

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HOWELL'S LITERATURE

ing in torrents or gushing in fountains, or tossed aloft
 in sparkling jets, fill the air with music and freshness.
 There is a melancholy mingled with all the beauties
 of this garden, that gradually stole over the feelings
 of the lovers. The place is full of the sad story of
 past times. It was the favourite abode of the lovely
 queen of Granada, where she was surrounded by the
 delights of a gay and voluptuous court. It was here,
 too, amidst her own bowers of roses, that her slan-
 derers laid the base story of her dishonour, and struck
 a fatal blow to the line of the gallant Abencerrages.

The whole garden has a look of ruin and neglect.
 Many of the fountains are dry and broken; the streams
 have wandered from their marble channels, and are
 choked by weeds and yellow leaves. The reed
 whistles to the wind where it had once sported among
 roses, and shaken perfume from the orange blossom.
 The convent bell flings its sullen sound, or the drowsy
 vesper hymn floats along these solitudes, which once
 resounded with the song, and the dance, and the
 lover's serenade. Well may the Moors lament over
 the loss of this earthly paradise; well may they re-
 member it in their prayers, and beseech heaven to
 restore it to the faithful; well may their ambassadors
 smite their breasts when they behold these monu-
 ments of their race, and sit down and weep among
 the fading glories of Granada!

It is impossible to wander about these scenes of
 departed love and gaiety, and not feel the tenderness
 of the heart awakened. It was then that Antonio
 first ventured to breathe his passion, and to express
 by words what his eyes had long since so eloquently
 revealed. He made his avowal with fervour, but
 with frankness. He had no gay prospects to hold
 out; he was a poor scholar, dependent on his "good
 spirits to feed and clothe him." But a woman in
 love is no interested calculator. Inez listened to him
 with downcast eyes, but in them was a humid gleam
 that showed her heart was with him. She had no
 crudery in her nature; and she had not been sufficient-
 ly in society to acquire it. She loved him with all the
 absence of worldliness of a genuine woman; and,
 amidst timid smiles and blushes, he drew from her a
 modest acknowledgment of her affection.

They wandered about the garden with that sweet
 intoxication of the soul which none but happy lovers
 know. The world about them was all fairy land; and,
 indeed, it spread forth one of its fairest scenes before
 their eyes, as if to fulfil their dream of earthly hap-
 piness. They looked out from between groves of
 orange upon the towers of Granada below them; the
 magnificent plain of the Vega beyond, streaked with
 evening sunshine, and the distant hills tinted with
 grey and purple hues; it seemed an emblem of the
 happy future that love and hope was decking out for
 them.

As if to make the scene complete, a group of Andalusians struck up a dance, in one of the vistas of the garden, to the guitars of two wandering musicians. The Spanish music is wild and plaintive, yet the people

dance to it with spirit and enthusiasm. The pictu-
 resque figures of the dancers; the girls with their hair
 in silken nets that hung in knots and tassels down their
 backs, their mantillas floating round their graceful
 forms, their slender feet peeping from under their
 basquinas, their arms tossed up in the air to play the
 castanets, had a beautiful effect on this airy height,
 with the rich evening landscape spreading out below
 them.

When the dance was ended, two of the parties
 approached Antonio and Inez; one of them began a
 soft and tender Moorish ballad, accompanied by the
 other on the lute. It alluded to the story of the garden,
 the wrongs of the fair queen of Granada, and the mis-
 fortunes of the Abencerrages. It was one of those
 old ballads that abound in this part of Spain, and live,
 like echoes, about the ruins of Moorish greatness.
 The heart of Inez was at that moment open to every
 tender impression; the tears rose into her eyes as she
 listened to the tale. The singer approached nearer to
 her; she was striking in her appearance; young,
 beautiful, with a mixture of wildness and melancholy
 in her fine black eyes. She fixed them mournfully
 and expressively on Inez, and suddenly varying her
 manner, sang another ballad, which treated of impend-
 ing danger and treachery. All this might have pass-
 ed for a mere accidental caprice of the singer, had
 there not been something in her look, manner, and
 gesticulation, that made it pointed and startling.

Inez was about to ask the meaning of this evident-
 ly personal application of the song, when she was in-
 terrupted by Antonio, who gently drew her from the
 place. Whilst she had been lost in attention to the
 music, he had remarked a group of men, in the sha-
 dows of the trees, whispering together. They were
 enveloped in the broad hats and great cloaks so much
 worn by the Spanish, and while they were regarding
 himself and Inez attentively, seemed anxious to avoid
 observation. Not knowing what might be their cha-
 racter or intention, he hastened to quit a place where
 the gathering shadows of evening might expose them
 to intrusion and insult. On their way down the hill,
 as they passed through the woods of elms, mingled
 with poplars and oleanders, that skirt the road lead-
 ing from the Alhambra, he again saw these men, ap-
 parently following at a distance; and he afterwards
 caught sight of them among the trees on the banks of
 the Darro. He said nothing on the subject to Inez,
 nor her father, for he would not awaken unnecessary
 alarm; but he felt at a loss how to ascertain or to
 avert any machinations that might be devising against
 the helpless inhabitants of the tower.

He took his leave of them late at night, full of this
 perplexity. As he left the dreary old pile, he saw
 some one lurking in the shadow of the wall, apparent-
 ly watching his movements. He hastened after the
 figure, but it glided away, and disappeared among
 some ruins. Shortly after he heard a low whistle,
 which was answered from a little distance. He had
 no longer a doubt but that some mischief was on foot,

and turned to hasten back to the tower, and put its inmates on their guard. He had scarcely turned, however, before he found himself suddenly seized from behind by some one of Herculean strength. His struggles were in vain; he was surrounded by armed men. One threw a mantle over him that stifled his cries, and enveloped him in its folds; and he was hurried off with irresistible rapidity.

The next day passed without the appearance of Antonio at the alchemist's. Another, and another day succeeded, and yet he did not come; nor had any thing been heard of him at his lodgings. His absence caused, at first, surprise and conjecture, and at length alarm. Inez recollected the singular intimations of the ballad-singer upon the mountain, which seemed to warn her of impending danger, and her mind was full of vague forebodings. She sat listening to every sound at the gate, or footstep on the stairs. She would take up her guitar and strike a few notes, but it would not do; her heart was sickening with suspense and anxiety. She had never before felt what it was to be really lonely. She now was conscious of the force of that attachment which had taken possession of her breast; for never do we know how much we love, never do we know how necessary the object of our love is to our happiness, until we experience the weary void of separation.

The philosopher, too, felt the absence of his disciple almost as sensibly as did his daughter. The animating buoyancy of the youth had inspired him with new ardour, and had given to his labours the charm of full companionship. However, he had resources and consolations of which his daughter was destitute. His pursuits were of a nature to occupy every thought, and keep the spirits in a state of continual excitement. Certain indications, too, had lately manifested themselves, of the most favourable nature. Forty days and forty nights had the process gone on successfully; the old man's hopes were constantly rising, and he now considered the glorious moment once more at hand, when he should obtain not merely the major lunaria, but likewise the tinctura solaris, the means of multiplying gold, and of prolonging existence. He remained, therefore, continually shut up in his laboratory, watching his furnace; for a moment's inadvertency might once more defeat all his expectations.

He was sitting one evening at one of his solitary vigils, wrapped up in meditation; the hour was late, and his neighbour, the owl, was hooting from the battlement of the tower, when he heard the door open behind him. Supposing it to be his daughter coming to take her leave of him for the night, as was her frequent practice, he called her by name, but a harsh voice met his ear in reply. He was grasped by the arms, and looking up, perceived three strange men in the chamber. He attempted to shake them off, but in vain. He called for help, but they scoffed at his cries.

"Peace, dotard!" cried one, "think'st thou the

servants of the most holy inquisition are to be daunted by thy clamours? Comrades, away with him!"

Without heeding his remonstrances and entreaties, they seized upon his books and papers, took some note of the apartment and the utensils, and then bore him off a prisoner.

Inez, left to herself, had passed a sad and lonely evening; seated by a casement which looked into the garden, she had pensively watched star after star sparkle out of the blue depths of the sky, and was indulging a crowd of anxious thoughts about her lover, until the rising tears began to flow. She was suddenly alarmed by the sound of voices that seemed to come from a distant part of the mansion. There was not long after a noise of several persons descending the stairs. Surprised at these unusual sounds in their lonely habitation, she remained for a few moments in a state of trembling, yet indistinct apprehension, when the servant rushed into the room, with terror in her countenance, and informed her that her father was carried off by armed men.

Inez did not stop to hear further, but flew down stairs to overtake them. She had scarcely passed the threshold, when she found herself in the grasp of strangers. — "Away! — away!" cried she, wildly; "do not stop me—let me follow my father."

"We come to conduct you to him, senora," said one of the men, respectfully.

"Where is he, then?"

"He is gone to Granada," replied the man; "an unexpected circumstance requires his presence there immediately; but he is among friends."

"We have no friends in Granada," said Inez, drawing back; but then the idea of Antonio rushed into her mind; something relating to him might have called her father thither. "Is Senor Antonio de Castros with him?" demanded she with agitation.

"I know not, senora," replied the man. "It is very possible. I only know that your father is among friends, and is anxious for you to follow him."

"Let us go, then," cried she, eagerly. The men led her a little distance to where a mule was waiting, and, assisting her to mount, they conducted her slowly towards the city.

Granada was on that evening a scene of fanciful revel. It was one of the festivals of the Maestranza, an association of the nobility to keep up some of the gallant customs of ancient chivalry. There had been a representation of a tournament in one of the squares; the streets would still occasionally resound with the beat of a solitary drum, or the bray of a trumpet, from some straggling party of revellers. Sometimes they were met by cavaliers, richly dressed in ancient costumes, attended by their squires, and at one time they passed in sight of a palace brilliantly illuminated from whence came the mingled sounds of music and the dance. Shortly after they came to the square where the mock tournament had been held. It was thronged by the populace, recreating themselves among booths and stalls where refreshments were

sold, and the glare of torches showed the temporary galleries, and gay-coloured awnings, and armorial trophies, and other paraphernalia of the show. The conductors of Inez endeavoured to keep out of observation, and to traverse a gloomy part of the square; but they were detained at one place by the pressure of a crowd surrounding a party of wandering musicians, singing one of those ballads of which the Spanish populace are so passionately fond. The torches which were held by some of the crowd, threw a strong mass of light upon Inez, and the sight of so beautiful a being, without mantilla or veil, looking so bewildered, and conducted by men, who seemed to take no gratification in the surrounding gaiety, occasioned expressions of curiosity. One of the ballad-singers approached, and striking her guitar with peculiar earnestness, began to sing a doleful air, full of sinister forebodings. Inez started with surprise. It was the same ballad-singer that had addressed her in the garden of Generalife. It was the same air that she had then sung. It spoke of impending dangers; they seemed, indeed, to be thickening around her. She was anxious to speak with the girl, and to ascertain whether she really had a knowledge of any definite evil that was threatening her; but as she attempted to address her, the mule, on which she rode, was suddenly seized, and led forcibly through the throng by one of her conductors, while she saw another addressing menacing words to the ballad-singer. The latter raised her hand with a warning gesture as Inez lost sight of her.

While she was yet lost in perplexity, caused by this singular occurrence, they stopped at the gate of the large mansion. One of her attendants knocked, the door was opened, and they entered a paved court. "Where are we?" demanded Inez, with anxiety. "At the house of a friend, senora," replied the man. "Ascend this staircase with me, and in a moment you will meet your father." They ascended a staircase that led to a suite of splendid apartments. They passed through several until they came to an inner chamber. The door opened, some one approached: but what was her error at perceiving, not her father, but Don Amrosio!

The men who had seized upon the alchemist had, at least, been more honest in their professions. They were, indeed, familiars of the inquisition. He was conducted in silence to the gloomy prison of that terrible tribunal. It was a mansion whose very aspect withered joy, and almost shut out hope. It was one of those hideous abodes which the bad passions of men conjure up in this fair world, to rival the faded dens of demons and the accursed. Day after day went heavily by without any thing to mark the lapse of time, but the decline and reappearance of the light that feebly glimmered through the narrow window of the dungeon, in which the unfortunate alchemist was buried, rather than concealed. His mind was harassed with uncertainties and

fears about his daughter, so helpless and inexperienced. He endeavoured to gather tidings of her from the man who brought his daily portion of food. The fellow stared, as if astonished, at being asked a question in that mansion of silence and mystery, but departed without saying a word. Every succeeding attempt was equally fruitless.

The poor alchemist was oppressed by many griefs; and it was not the least that he had been again interrupted in his labours on the very point of success. Never was alchemist so near attaining the golden secret—a little longer, and all his hopes would have been realized. The thoughts of these disappointments afflicted him more even than the fear of all that he might suffer from the merciless inquisition. His waking thoughts would follow him into his dreams. He would be transported in fancy to his laboratory, busied again among retorts and alembics, and surrounded by Lully, by D'Abano, by Olybius, and the other masters of the sublime art. The moment of projection would arrive; a seraphic form would rise out of the furnace, holding forth a vessel, containing the precious elixir; but before he could grasp the prize, he would awake, and find himself in a dungeon.

All the devices of inquisitorial ingenuity were employed to ensnare the old man, and to draw from him evidence that might be brought against himself, and might corroborate certain secret information that had been given against him. He had been accused of practising necromancy and judicial astrology, and a cloud of evidence had been secretly brought forward to substantiate the charge. It would be tedious to enumerate all the circumstances, apparently corroborative, which had been industriously cited by the secret accuser. The silence which prevailed about the tower, its desolateness, the very quiet of its inhabitants, had been adduced as proofs that something sinister was perpetrated within. The alchemist's conversations and soliloquies in the garden had been overheard and misrepresented. The lights and strange appearances at night, in the tower, were given with violent exaggerations. Shrieks and yells were said to have been heard from thence at midnight, when, it was confidently asserted, the old man raised familiar spirits by his incantations, and even compelled the dead to rise from their graves, and answer to his questionings.

The alchemist, according to the custom of the inquisition, was kept in complete ignorance of his accuser; of the witnesses produced against him; even of the crimes of which he was accused. He was examined generally, whether he knew why he was arrested, and was conscious of any guilt that might deserve the notice of the holy office? He was examined as to his country, his life, his habits, his pursuits, his actions, and opinions. The old man was frank and simple in his replies; he was conscious of no guilt, capable of no art, practised in no dissimulation. After receiving a general admonition to bethink himself whether he had not committed any act

deserving of punishment, and to prepare, by confession, to secure the well-known mercy of the tribunal, he was remanded to his cell.

He was now visited in his dungeon by crafty familiars of the inquisition; who, under pretence of sympathy and kindness, came to beguile the tediousness of his imprisonment with friendly conversation. They casually introduced the subject of alchymy, on which they touched with great caution and pretended indifference. There was no need of such craftiness. The honest enthusiast had no suspicion in his nature: the moment they touched upon his favourite theme, he forgot his misfortunes and imprisonment, and broke forth into rhapsodies about the divine science.

The conversation was artfully turned to the discussion of elementary beings. The alchymist readily avowed his belief in them; and that there had been instances of their attending upon philosophers, and administering to their wishes. He related many miracles said to have been performed by Apollonius Thyaneus through the aid of spirits or demons; in-somuch that he was set up by the heathens in opposition to the Messiah, and was even regarded with reverence by many Christians. The familiars eagerly demanded whether he believed Apollonius to be a true and worthy philosopher. The unaffected piety of the alchymist protected him even in the midst of his simplicity; for he condemned Apollonius as a sorcerer and an impostor. No art could draw from him an admission that he had ever employed or invoked spiritual agencies in the prosecution of his pursuits, though he believed himself to have been frequently impeded by their invisible interference.

The inquisitors were sorely vexed at not being able to inveigle him into a confession of a criminal nature; they attributed their failure to craft, to obstinacy, to every cause but the right one, namely, that the harmless visionary had nothing guilty to confess. They had abundant proof of a secret nature against him; but it was the practice of the inquisition to endeavour to procure confession from the prisoners. An *auto da fe* was at hand; the worthy fathers were eager for his conviction, for they were always anxious to have a good number of culprits condemned to the stake, to grace these solemn triumphs. He was at length brought to a final examination.

The chamber of trial was spacious and gloomy. At one end was a huge crucifix, the standard of the inquisition. A long table extended through the centre of the room, at which sat the inquisitors and their secretary; at the other end a stool was placed for the prisoner.

He was brought in, according to custom, bare-headed and bare-legged. He was enfeebled by confinement and affliction; by constantly brooding over the unknown fate of his child, and the disastrous interruption of his experiments. He sat bowed down and listless; his head sunk upon his breast; his whole appearance that of one "past hope, abandoned, and by himself given over."

The accusation alleged against him was now brought forward in a specific form; he was called by name, Felix de Vasquez, formerly of Castile, to answer to the charges of necromancy and demonology. He was told that the charges were amply substantiated; and was asked whether he was ready, by full confession, to throw himself upon the well-known mercy of the holy inquisition.

The philosopher testified some slight surprise at the nature of the accusation, but simply replied, "I am innocent."

"What proof have you to give of your innocence?"

"It rather remains for you to prove your charges," said the old man. "I am a stranger and a sojourner in the land, and know no one out of the doors of my dwelling. I can give nothing in my vindication but the word of a nobleman and a Castilian."

The inquisitor shook his head, and went on to repeat the various inquiries that had before been made as to his mode of life and pursuits. The poor alchymist was too feeble and too weary at heart to make any but brief replies. He requested that some man of science might examine his laboratory, and all his books and papers, by which it would be made abundantly evident that he was merely engaged in the study of alchymy.

To this the inquisitor observed, that alchymy had become a mere covert for secret and deadly sins. That the practisers of it were apt to scruple at no means to satisfy their inordinate greediness of gold. Some had been known to use spells and impious ceremonies; to conjure the aid of evil spirits; nay, even to sell their souls to the enemy of mankind, so that they might riot in boundless wealth while living.

The poor alchymist had heard all patiently, or, at least, passively. He had disdained to vindicate his name otherwise than by his word; he had smiled at the accusations of sorcery, when applied merely to himself; but when the sublime art, which had been the study and passion of his life, was assailed, he could no longer listen in silence. His head gradually rose from his bosom; a hectic colour came in faint streaks to his cheek, played about there, disappeared, returned, and at length kindled into a burning glow. The clammy dampness dried from his forehead; his eyes, which had been nearly extinguished, lighted up again, and burned with their wonted and visionary fires. He entered into a vindication of his favourite art. His voice at first was feeble and broken; but he gathered strength as he proceeded, until it rolled in a deep and sonorous volume. He gradually rose from his seat as he rose with his subject; he threw back the scanty black mantle which had hitherto wrapped his limbs; the very uncouthness of his form and looks gave an impressive effect to what he uttered; it was as though a corpse had become suddenly animated.

He repelled with scorn the aspersions cast upon alchymy by the ignorant and vulgar. He affirmed to be the mother of all art and science, citing the

nions of Paracelsus, Sandivoglus, Raymond Lully, and others, in support of his assertions. He maintained that it was pure and innocent, and honourable both in its purposes and means. What were its objects? The perpetuation of life and youth, and the production of gold. "The elixir vite," said he, "is no charmed potion, but merely a concentration of those elements of vitality which nature has scattered through her works. The philosopher's stone, or tincture, or powder, as it is variously called, is no necromantic talisman, but consists simply of those particles which gold contains within itself for its reproduction; for gold, like other things, has its seed within itself, though bound up with inconceivable firmness, from the vigour of innate fixed salts and sulphurs. In seeking to discover the elixir of life, then," continued he, "we seek only to apply some of nature's own specifics against the disease and decay to which our bodies are subjected; and what else does the physician, when he tasks his art, and uses subtle compounds and cunning distillations to revive our languishing powers, and avert the stroke of death for a season?"

"In seeking to multiply the precious metals, also, we seek but to germinate and multiply, by natural means, a particular species of nature's productions; and what else does the husbandman, who consults times and seasons, and, by what might be deemed a natural magic, from the mere scattering of his hand, covers a whole plain with golden vegetation? The mysteries of our art, it is true, are deeply and darkly hidden; but it requires so much the more innocence and purity of thought to penetrate unto them. No, father! the true alchemist must be pure in mind and body: he must be temperate, patient, chaste, watchful, meek, humble, devout. 'My son,' says Hermes Trismegistes, the great master of our art, 'My son, I recommend you above all things to fear God.' And indeed it is only by devout castigation of the senses and purification of the soul, that the alchemist is enabled to enter into the sacred chambers of truth. 'Labour, pray, and read,' is the motto of our science. As De Nuysment well observes, 'these high and singular favours are granted unto none, save only unto the sons of God, (that is to say, the virtuous and devout,) who, under his paternal benediction, have obtained the opening of the same, by the helping hand of the queen of arts, divine Philosophy.' Indeed, so sacred has the nature of this knowledge been considered, that we are told it has four times been expressly communicated by God to man, having made part of that cabalistical wisdom which was revealed to Adam to console him for the loss of Paradise, and to Moses in the bush, and to Solomon in a dream, and to Esdras by the angel.

"So far from demons and malign spirits being the friends and abettors of the alchemist, they are the continual foes with which he has to contend. It is their constant endeavour to shut up the avenues to those truths which would enable him to rise above

the abject state into which he has fallen, and return to that excellence which was his original birth right. For what would be the effect of this length of days, and this abundant wealth, but to enable the possessor to go on from art to art, from science to science, with energies unimpaired by sickness, uninterrupted by death? For this have sages and philosophers shut themselves up in cells and solitudes; buried themselves in caves and dens of the earth; turning from the joys of life, and the pleasure of the world; enduring scorn, poverty, persecution. For this was Raymond Lully stoned to death in Mauritania. For this did the immortal Pietro D'Abano suffer persecution at Padua, and when he escaped from his oppressors by death, was despitely burnt in effigy. For this have illustrious men of all nations intrepidly suffered martyrdom. For this, if unmolested, have they assiduously employed the latest hour of life, the expiring throb of existence; hoping to the last that they might yet seize upon the prize for which they had struggled, and pluck themselves back even from the very jaws of the grave!

"For, when once the alchemist shall have attained the object of his toils; when the sublime secret shall be revealed to his gaze, how glorious will be the change in his condition! How will he emerge from his solitary retreat, like the sun breaking forth from the darksome chamber of the night, and darting his beams throughout the earth! Gifted with perpetual youth and boundless riches, to what heights of wisdom may he attain! How may he carry on, uninterrupted, the thread of knowledge, which has hitherto been snapped at the death of each philosopher! And, as the increase of wisdom is the increase of virtue, how may he become the benefactor of his fellow-men; dispensing with liberal, but cautious and discriminating hand, that inexhaustible wealth which is at his disposal; banishing poverty, which is the cause of so much sorrow and wickedness; encouraging the arts; promoting discoveries, and enlarging all the means of virtuous enjoyment! His life will be the connecting band of generations. History will live in his recollection; distant ages will speak with his tongue. The nations of the earth will look to him as their preceptor, and kings will sit at his feet and learn wisdom. Oh glorious! Oh celestial alchemy!"—

Here he was interrupted by the inquisitor, who had suffered him to go on thus far, in hopes of gathering something from his unguarded enthusiasm. "Senor," said he, "this is all rambling, visionary talk. You are charged with sorcery, and in defence you give us a rhapsody about alchemy. Have you nothing better than this to offer in your defence?"

The old man slowly resumed his seat, but did not deign a reply. The fire that had beamed in his eye gradually expired. His cheek resumed its wonted paleness; but he did not relapse into inanity. He sat with a steady, serene, patient look, like one prepared not to contend but to suffer.

His trial continued for a long time, with cruel

mockery of justice, for no witnesses were ever, in this court, confronted with the accused, and the latter had continually to defend himself in the dark. Some unknown and powerful enemy had alleged charges against the unfortunate alchemist, but who he could not imagine. Stranger and sojourner as he was in the land; solitary and harmless in his pursuits, how could he have provoked such hostility? The tide of secret testimony, however, was too strong against him; he was convicted of the crime of magic, and condemned to expiate his sins at the stake, at the approaching *auto da fe*.

While the unhappy alchemist was undergoing his trial at the inquisition, his daughter was exposed to trials no less severe. Don Ambrosio, into whose hands she had fallen, was, as has before been intimated, one of the most daring and lawless profligates in all Granada. He was a man of hot blood and fiery passions, who stopped at nothing in the gratification of his desires; yet with all this he possessed manners, address and accomplishments, that had made him eminently successful among the sex. From the palace to the cottage he had extended his amorous enterprizes; his serenades harassed the slumbers of half the husbands in Granada; no balcony was too high for his adventurous attempts, nor any cottage too lowly for his perfidious seductions. Yet he was as fickle as he was ardent; success had made him vain and capricious; he had no sentiment to attach him to the victim of his arts; and many a pale cheek and fading eye, languishing amidst the sparkling of jewels, and many a breaking heart, throbbing under the rustic boddice, bore testimony to his triumphs and his faithlessness.

He was sated, however, by easy conquests, and wearied of a life of continual and prompt gratification. There had been a degree of difficulty and enterprize in the pursuit of Inez, that he had never before experienced. It had aroused him from the monotony of mere sensual life, and stimulated him with the charm of adventure. He had become an epicure in pleasure; and now that he had this coy beauty in his power, he was determined to protract his enjoyment, by the gradual conquest of her scruples, and downfall of her virtue. He was vain of his person and address, which he thought no woman could long withstand; and it was a kind of trial of skill, to endeavour to gain by art and fascination, what he was secure of obtaining at any time by violence.

When Inez, therefore, was brought into his presence by his emissaries, he affected not to notice her terror and surprise, but received her with formal and stately courtesy. He was too wary a fowler to flutter the bird when just entangled in the net. To her eager and wild inquiries about her father, he begged her not to be alarmed; that he was safe, and had been there, but was engaged elsewhere in an affair of moment, from which he would soon return; in the mean time he had left word, that she should await his return in patience. After some stately ex-

pressions of general civility, Don Ambrosio made a ceremonious bow and retired.

The mind of Inez was full of trouble and perplexity. The stately formality of Don Ambrosio was so unexpected as to check the accusations and reproaches that were springing to her lips. Had he had evil designs, would he have treated her with such frigid ceremony when he had her in his power? But why, then, was she brought to his house? Was not the mysterious disappearance of Antonio connected with this? A thought suddenly darted into her mind. Antonio had again met with Don Ambrosio—they had fought—Antonio was wounded—perhaps dying!—It was him to whom her father had gone.—It was at his request that Don Ambrosio had sent for them to soothe his dying moments! These, and a thousand such horrible suggestions, harassed her mind; but she tried in vain to get information from the domestics; they knew nothing but that her father had been there, had gone, and would soon return.

Thus passed a night of tumultuous thought and vague yet cruel apprehensions. She knew not what to do, or what to believe: whether she ought to fly, or to remain; but if to fly, how was she to extricate herself? and where was she to seek her father? At the day dawned without any intelligence of him, her alarm increased; at length a message was brought from him, saying that circumstances prevented his return to her, but begging her to hasten to him without delay.

With an eager and throbbing heart did she set forth with the men that were to conduct her. She little thought, however, that she was merely changing her prison-house. Don Ambrosio had feared lest she should be traced to his residence in Granada; or that he might be interrupted there before he could accomplish his plan of seduction. He had her now conveyed, therefore, to a mansion which he possessed in one of the mountain solitudes in the neighbourhood of Granada, a lonely, but beautiful retreat. In vain, on her arrival, did she look around for her father, or Antonio; none but strange faces met her eye; menials profoundly respectful, but who knew nor saw anything but what their master pleased.

She had scarcely arrived before Don Ambrosio made his appearance, less stately in his manner, but still treating her with the utmost delicacy and deference. Inez was too much agitated and alarmed to be baffled by his courtesy, and became vehemently to demand to be conducted to her father.

Don Ambrosio now put on an appearance of the greatest embarrassment and emotion. After some delay, and much pretended confusion, he at length confessed that the seizure of her father was all a stratagem; a mere false alarm to procure him the present opportunity of having access to her, and endeavouring to mitigate that obduracy, and conquer that repugnance, which he declared had almost driven her to distraction.

He assured her that her father was again at hand

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in safety, and occupied in his usual pursuits; having been fully satisfied that his daughter was in honourable hands, and would soon be restored to him. It was in vain that she threw herself at his feet, and implored to be set at liberty; he only replied, by gentle entreaties, that she would pardon the seeming violence he had to use; and that she would trust a little while to his honour. "You are here," said he, "absolute mistress of every thing; nothing shall be said or done to offend you; I will not even intrude upon your ear the unhappy passion that is devouring my heart. Should you require it, I will even absent myself from your presence; but to part with you entirely at present, with your mind full of doubts and resentments, would be worse than death to me. No, beautiful Inez, you must first know me a little better, and know by my conduct, that my passion for you is as delicate and respectful as it is vehement."

The assurance of her father's safety had relieved Inez from one cause of torturing anxiety, only to render her fears the more violent on her own account. Don Ambrosio, however, continued to treat her with artful deference, that insensibly lulled her apprehensions. It is true she found herself a captive, but no advantage appeared to be taken of her helplessness. She soothed herself with the idea that a little while would suffice to convince Don Ambrosio of the fallacy of his hopes, and that he would be induced to restore her to her home. Her transports of terror and affliction, therefore, subsided, in a few days, into a passive, yet anxious melancholy, with which she awaited the hoped-for event.

In the mean while all those artifices were employed that are calculated to charm the senses, ensnare the feelings, and dissolve the heart into tenderness. Don Ambrosio was a master of the subtle arts of seduction. His very mansion breathed an enervating atmosphere of languor and delight. It was here, amidst twilight saloons and dreamy chambers, buried among groves of orange and myrtle, that he shut himself up at times from the prying world, and gave free scope to the gratification of his pleasures.

The apartments were furnished in the most sumptuous and voluptuous manner; the silken couches yielded to the touch, and sunk in downy softness beneath the slightest pressure. The paintings and statues all told some classic tale of love, managed, however, with an insidious delicacy; which, while it diminished the grossness that might disgust, was the more calculated to excite the imagination. There the coming Adonis was seen, not breaking away to pursue the boisterous chase, but crowned with flowers, and languishing in the embraces of celestial beauty. Here Acis wooed his Galatea in the shade, with the Eolian sea spreading in halcyon serenity before them. There were depicted groups of fauns and dryads, idly reclining in summer bowers, and listening to the liquid piping of the reed; or the wanton satyrs surprising some wood-nymph during her noontide slumber. There, too, on the storied tapestry, might

be seen the chaste Diana, stealing, in the mystery of moonlight, to kiss the sleeping Endymion; while Cupid and Psyche, entwined in immortal marble, breathed on each other's lips the early kiss of love.

The ardent rays of the sun were excluded from these balmy halls; soft and tender music from unseen musicians floated around, seeming to mingle with the perfumes that were exhaled from a thousand flowers. At night, when the moon shed a fairy light over the scene, the tender serenade would rise from among the bowers of the garden, in which the fine voice of Don Ambrosio might often be distinguished; or the amorous flute would be heard along the mountain, breathing in its pensive cadences the very soul of a lover's melancholy.

Various entertainments were also devised to dispel her loneliness, and to charm away the idea of confinement. Groups of Andalusian dancers performed, in the splendid saloons, the various picturesque dances of their country; or represented little amorous ballets, which turned upon some pleasing scene of pastoral coquetry and courtship. Sometimes there were bands of singers who, to the romantic guitar, warbled forth ditties full of passion and tenderness.

Thus all about her enticed to pleasure and voluptuousness; but the heart of Inez turned with distaste from this idle mockery. The tears would rush into her eyes as her thoughts reverted from this scene of profligate splendour, to the humble but virtuous home from whence she had been betrayed; or if the witching power of music ever soothed her into a tender reverie, it was to dwell with fondness on the image of Antonio. But if Don Ambrosio, deceived by this transient calm, should attempt at such time to whisper his passion, she would start as from a dream, and recoil from him with involuntary shuddering.

She had passed one long day of more than ordinary sadness, and in the evening a band of these hired performers were exerting all the animating powers of song and dance to amuse her. But while the lofty saloon resounded with their warblings, and the light sound of feet upon its marble pavement kept time to the cadence of the song, poor Inez, with her face buried in the silken couch on which she reclined, was only rendered more wretched by the sound of gaiety.

At length her attention was caught by the voice of one of the singers, that brought with it some indefinite recollections. She raised her head, and cast an anxious look at the performers, who, as usual, were at the lower end of the saloon. One of them advanced a little before the others. It was a female, dressed in a fanciful, pastoral garb, suited to the character she was sustaining; but her countenance was not to be mistaken. It was the same ballad-singer that had twice crossed her path, and given her mysterious intimations of the lurking mischief that surrounded her. When the rest of the performances were concluded, she seized a tambourine, and tossing it aloft, danced alone to the melody of her own voice. In the course of her dancing she approached to where Inez reclined;

and as she struck the tambourine, contrived, dexterously, to throw a folded paper on the couch. Inez seized it with avidity, and concealed it in her bosom. The singing and dancing were at an end; the motley crew retired; and Inez, left alone, hastened with anxiety to unfold the paper thus mysteriously conveyed. It was written in an agitated, and almost illegible, hand-writing; "Be on your guard! you are surrounded by treachery. Trust not to the forbearance of Don Ambrosio; you are marked out for his prey. An humble victim to his perfidy gives you this warning; she is encompassed by too many dangers to be more explicit.—Your father is in the dungeons of the inquisition!"

The brain of Inez reeled as she read this dreadful scroll. She was less filled with alarm at her own danger, than horror at her father's situation. The moment Don Ambrosio appeared, she rushed and threw herself at his feet, imploring him to save her father. Don Ambrosio started with astonishment; but immediately regaining his self-possession, endeavoured to soothe her by his blandishments, and by assurances that her father was in safety. She was not to be pacified; her fears were too much aroused to be trifled with. She declared her knowledge of her father's being a prisoner of the inquisition, and reiterated her frantic supplications that he would save him.

Don Ambrosio paused for a moment in perplexity, but was too adroit to be easily confounded. "That your father is a prisoner," replied he, "I have long known. I have concealed it from you, to save you from fruitless anxiety. You now know the real reason of the restraint I have put upon your liberty: I have been protecting instead of detaining you. Every exertion has been made in your father's favour; but I regret to say, the proofs of the offences of which he stands charged have been too strong to be controverted. Still," added he, "I have it in my power to save him; I have influence, I have means at my beck; it may involve me, it is true, in difficulties, perhaps in disgrace; but what would I not do in the hopes of being rewarded by your favour? Speak, beautiful Inez," said he, his eyes kindling with sudden eagerness, "it is with you to say the word that seals your father's fate. One kind word, say but you will be mine, and you will behold me at your feet, your father at liberty and in affluence, and we shall all be happy!"

Inez drew back from him with scorn and disbelief. "My father," exclaimed she, "is too innocent and blameless to be convicted of crime; this is some base, some cruel artifice!" Don Ambrosio repeated his asseverations, and with them also his dishonourable proposals; but his eagerness overshot its mark; her indignation and her incredulity were alike awakened by his base suggestions; and he retired from her presence checked and awed by the sudden pride and dignity of her demeanour.

The unfortunate Inez now became a prey to the most harrowing anxieties. Don Ambrosio saw that

the mask had fallen from his face, and that the nature of his machinations was revealed. He had gone too far to retrace his steps, and assume the affectation of tenderness and respect; indeed he was mortified and incensed at her insensibility to his attractions, and now only sought to subdue her through her fears. He daily represented to her the dangers that threatened her father, and that it was in his power alone to avert them. Inez was still incredulous. She was too ignorant of the nature of the inquisition to know that even innocence was not always a protection from its cruelties; and she confided too surely in the virtue of her father to believe that any accusation could prevail against him.

At length, Don Ambrosio, to give an effectual blow to her confidence, brought her the proclamation of the approaching *auto da fe*, in which the prisoners were enumerated. She glanced her eye over it, and beheld her father's name, condemned to the stake for sorcery.

For a moment she stood transfixed with horror. Don Ambrosio seized upon the transient calm. "Think, now, beautiful Inez," said he, with a tone of affected tenderness, "his life is still in your hands; one word from you, one kind word, and I can yet save him."

"Monster! wretch!" cried she, coming to herself, and recoiling from him with insuperable abhorrence: "'tis you that are the cause of this—'tis you that are his murderer!" Then, wringing her hands, she broke forth into exclamations of the most frantic agony.

The perfidious Ambrosio saw the torture of her soul, and anticipated from it a triumph. He saw that she was in no mood, during her present paroxysm, to listen to his words; but he trusted that the horrors of lonely rumination would break down her spirit, and subdue her to his will. In this, however, he was disappointed. Many were the vicissitudes of mind of the wretched Inez; one time she would embrace his knees with piercing supplications; at another she would shrink with nervous horror at his very approach; but any intimation of his passion only excited the same emotion of loathing and detestation.

At length the fatal day drew nigh. "To-morrow," said Don Ambrosio, as he left her one evening, "To-morrow is the *auto da fe*. To-morrow you will hear the sound of the bell that tolls your father to his death. You will almost see the smoke that rises from his funeral pile. I leave you to yourself. It is yet in my power to save him. Think whether you can stand to-morrow's horrors without shrinking. Think whether you can endure the after-reflection, that you were the cause of his death, and that merely through a perversity in refusing proffered happiness."

What a night was it to Inez! Her heart, already harassed and almost broken by repeated and protracted anxieties; her strength wasted and enfeebled. Every side horrors awaited her; her father's death, her own dishonour; there seemed no escape but misery or perdition. "Is there no relief from man-

no pity in heaven?" exclaimed she. "What—what have we done that we should be thus wretched?"

As the dawn approached, the fever of her mind arose to agony; a thousand times did she try the doors and windows of her apartment, in the desperate hope of escaping. Alas! with all the splendour of her prison, it was too faithfully secured for her weak hands to work deliverance. Like a poor bird, that beats its wings against its gilded cage, until it sinks panting in despair, so she threw herself on the floor in hopeless anguish. Her blood grew hot in her veins, her tongue was parched, her temples throbbled with violence, she gasped rather than breathed; it seemed as if her brain was on fire. "Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands and turning up her strained eyes, "look down with pity, and support me in this dreadful hour!"

Just as the day began to dawn, she heard a key turn softly in the door of her apartment. She dreaded lest it should be Don Ambrosio; and the very thought of him gave her a sickening pang. It was a female, clad in a rustic dress, with her face concealed by her mantilla. She stepped silently into the room, looked cautiously round, and then, uncovering her face, revealed the well-known features of the ballad-singer. Inez uttered an exclamation of surprise, almost of joy. The unknown started back, pressed her finger on her lips enjoining silence, and beckoned her to follow. She hastily wrapped herself in her veil and obeyed. They passed with quick but noiseless steps through an anti-chamber, across a spacious hall, and along a corridor; all was silent; the household was yet locked in sleep. They came to a door, by which the unknown applied a key. Inez' heart misgave her; she knew not but some new treachery was menacing her; she laid her cold hand on the stranger's arm: "Whither are you leading me?" said she. "To liberty," replied the other, in a whisper.

"Do you know the passages about this mansion?" "But too well!" replied the girl, with a melancholy shake of the head. There was an expression of sad veracity in her countenance that was not to be trusted. The door opened on a small terrace, which was over-looked by several windows of the mansion.

"We must move across this quickly," said the girl, "or we may be observed."

They glided over it as if scarce touching the ground. A flight of steps led down into the garden; a wicket the bottom was readily unbolted: they passed with breathless velocity along one of the alleys, still in sight of the mansion, in which, however, no person appeared to be stirring. At length they came to a low private-door in the wall, partly hidden by a fig-tree. It was secured by rusty bolts, that refused to yield to their feeble efforts.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the stranger, "what is to be done? one moment more, and we may be discovered."

She seized a stone that lay near by; a few blows, and the bolts flew back; the door grated harshly as they opened it, and the next moment they found themselves in a narrow road.

"Now," said the stranger, "for Granada as quick as possible! The nearer we approach it, the safer we shall be; for the road will be more frequented."

The imminent risk they ran of being pursued and taken gave supernatural strength to their limbs; they flew rather than ran. The day had dawned; the crimson streaks on the edge of the horizon gave tokens of the approaching sunrise: already the light clouds that floated in the western sky were tinged with gold and purple; though the broad plain of the Vega, which now began to open upon their view, was covered with the dark haze of morning. As yet they only passed a few straggling peasants on the road, who could have yielded them no assistance in case of their being overtaken. They continued to hurry forward and had gained a considerable distance, when the strength of Inez, which had only been sustained by the fever of her mind, began to yield to fatigue: she slackened her pace, and faltered.

"Alas!" said she, "my limbs fail me! I can go no farther!" "Bear up, bear up," replied her companion cheerfully; "a little farther, and we shall be safe: look! yonder is Granada, just showing itself in the valley below us. A little farther, and we shall come to the main road, and then we shall find plenty of passengers to protect us."

Inez, encouraged, made fresh efforts to get forward, but her weary limbs were unequal to the eagerness of her mind; her mouth and throat were parched by agony and terror: she gasped for breath, and leaned for support against a rock. "It is all in vain!" exclaimed she; "I feel as though I should faint."

"Lean on me," said the other; "let us get into the shelter of yon thicket, that will conceal us from the view; I hear the sound of water, which will refresh you."

With much difficulty they reached the thicket, which overhung a small mountain stream, just where its sparkling waters leaped over the rock and fell into a natural basin. Here Inez sank upon the ground exhausted. Her companion brought water in the palms of her hands, and bathed her pallid temples. The cooling drops revived her; she was enabled to get to the margin of the stream, and drink of its crystal current; then, reclining her head on the bosom of her deliverer, she was first enabled to murmur forth her heartfelt gratitude.

"Alas!" said the other, "I deserve no thanks; I deserve not the good opinion you express. In me you behold a victim of Don Ambrosio's arts. In early years he seduced me from the cottage of my parents: look! at the foot of yonder blue mountain in the distance lies my native village: but it is no longer a home for me. From thence he lured me when I was too young for reflection; he educated me, taught

me various accomplishments, made me sensible to love, to splendour, to refinement; then having grown weary of me, he neglected me, and cast me upon the world. Happily the accomplishments he taught me have kept me from utter want; and the love with which he inspired me has kept me from further degradation. Yes! I confess my weakness; all his perfidy and wrongs cannot efface him from my heart. I have been brought up to love him; I have no other idol: I know him to be base, yet I cannot help adoring him. I am content to mingle among the hireling throng that administer to his amusements, that I may still hover about him, and linger in those halls where I once reigned mistress. What merit, then, have I in assisting your escape? I scarce know whether I am acting from sympathy, and a desire to rescue another victim from his power; or jealousy and an eagerness to remove too powerful a rival!"

While she was yet speaking, the sun rose in all its splendour; first lighting up the mountain summits, then stealing down height by height, until its rays gilded the domes and towers of Granada, which they could partially see from between the trees, below them. Just then the heavy tones of a bell came sounding from a distance, echoing, in sullen clang, along the mountain. Inez turned pale at the sound. She knew it to be the great bell of the cathedral, rung at sunrise on the day of the *auto da fé*, to give note of funeral preparation. Every stroke beat upon her heart, and inflicted an absolute, corporeal pang. She started up wildly. "Let us be gone!" cried she; "there is not a moment for delay!"

"Stop!" exclaimed the other, "yonder are horsemen coming over the brow of that distant height; if I mistake not, Don Ambrosio is at their head—Alas! 'tis he; we are lost. Hold!" continued she, "give me your scarf and veil; wrap yourself in this mantilla. I will fly up yon foot-path that leads to the heights. I will let the veil flutter as I ascend; perhaps they may mistake me for you, and they must dismount to follow me. Do you hasten forward: you will soon reach the main road. You have jewels on your fingers: bribe the first muleteer you meet to assist you on your way."

All this was said with hurried and breathless rapidity. The exchange of garments was made in an instant. The girl darted up the mountain-path, her white veil fluttering among the dark shrubbery; while Inez, inspired with new strength, or rather new terror, flew to the road, and trusted to Providence to guide her tottering steps to Granada.

All Granada was in agitation on the morning of this dismal day. The heavy bell of the cathedral continued to utter its clanging tones, that pervaded every part of the city, summoning all persons to the tremendous spectacle that was about to be exhibited. The streets through which the procession was to pass were crowded with the populace. The windows, the roofs, every place that could admit a face or a foothold, was alive with spectators. In the great

square a spacious scaffolding, like an amphitheatre, was erected, where the sentences of the prisoners were to be read, and the sermon of faith to be preached; and close by were the stakes prepared, where the condemned were to be burnt to death. Seats were arranged for the great, the gay, the beautiful; for such is the horrible curiosity of human nature, that this cruel sacrifice was attended with more eagerness than a theatre, or even a bull feast.

As the day advanced, the scaffolds and balconies were filled with expecting multitudes; the sun shone brightly upon fair faces and gallant dresses; one would have thought it some scene of elegant festivity, instead of an exhibition of human agony and death. But what a different spectacle and ceremony was this from those which Granada exhibited in the days of her Moorish splendour! "Her galas, her tournaments, her sports of the ring, her fêtes of St John, her music, her Zambras, and admirable tilts of canes! Her serenades, her concerts, her songs in Generalife! The costly liveries of the Abencerrages, their exquisite inventions, the skill and valour of the Alabaces, the superb dresses of the Zegries, Mazas, and Gomeles!"—All these were at an end. The day of chivalry were over. Instead of the prancing cavalcade, with neighing steed and lively trumpet; with burnished lance, and helm, and buckler; with rich confusion of plume, and scarf, and banner, where purple, and scarlet, and green, and orange, and every gay colour were mingled with cloth of gold and fine embroidery; instead of this crept on the gloomy pageant of superstition, in cowl and sackcloth; with cross and coffin, and frightful symbols of human suffering. In place of the frank, hardy knight, open and brave, with his lady's favour in his casque, and amorous motto on his shield, looking, by gallant deeds, to win the smile of beauty, came the slaven, unmanly monk, with downcast eyes, and head and heart bleached by the cold cloister, secretly exulting in this big triumph.

The sound of bells gave notice that the dismal procession was advancing. It passed slowly through the principal streets of the city, bearing in advance the awful banner of the holy office. The prisoners walked singly, attended by confessors, and guarded by familiars of the inquisition. They were clad in different garments according to the nature of their punishments; those who were to suffer death wore the hideous Samarra, painted with flames and demons. The procession was swelled by choirs of boys, by different religious orders and public dignitaries, and above all, by the fathers of the faith, moving "in slow pace, and profound gravity, truly triumphant, as becomes the principal generals of that great victory."

As the sacred banner of the inquisition advanced, the countless throng sunk on their knees before it; they bowed their faces to the very earth as it passed.

¹ Rodd's Civil Wars of Granada.

² Gousalvius, p. 153.

like an amphitheatre, and then slowly rose again, like a great undulating billow. A murmur of tongues prevailed as the prisoners approached, and eager eyes were strained, and fingers pointed, to distinguish the different orders of penitents, whose habits denoted the degree of punishment they were to undergo. But as those drew near whose frightful garb marked them as destined to the flames, the noise of the rabble subsided; they seemed almost to hold in their breaths; filled with that strange and dismal interest with which we contemplate a human being on the verge of suffering and death.

It is an awful thing—a voiceless, noiseless multitude! The hushed and gazing stillness of the surrounding thousands, heaped on walls, and gates, and posts, and hanging, as it were, in clusters, heightened the effect of the pageant that moved drearily on. The low murmuring of the priests could now be heard in prayer and exhortation, with the faint responses of the prisoners, and now and then the voices of the choir at a distance, chanting the litanies of the saints.

The faces of the prisoners were ghastly and disconsolate. Even those who had been pardoned, and wore the San-benito, or penitential garment, bore traces of the horrors they had undergone. Some were feeble and tottering from long confinement; some crippled and distorted by various tortures; every countenance was a dismal page, on which might be read the secrets of their prison-house. But the looks of those condemned to death there was something fierce and eager. They seemed men harrowed up by the past, and desperate as to the future. They were anticipating, with spirits fevered by despair, and fixed and clenched determination, the vehement struggle with agony and death which they were about to undergo. Some cast now and then a wild, languished look about them upon the shining day, the "sun-bright palaces," the gay, the beautiful world, which they were soon to quit for ever; or a glance of sudden indignation at the thronging thousands, happy in liberty and life, who seemed, in contemplating their frightful situation, to exult in their comparative security.

One among the condemned, however, was an exception to these remarks. It was an aged man, somewhat bowed down, with a serene, though dejected countenance, and a beaming, melancholy eye. It was the alchymist. The populace looked upon him with a degree of compassion, which they were not wont to feel towards criminals condemned by the law; but when they were told that he was convicted of the crime of magic, they drew back with horror and abhorrence.

The procession had reached the grand square. The first part had already mounted the scaffolding, and the condemned were approaching. The press of the populace became excessive, and was repelled, and were, in billows by the guards. Just as the condemned were entering the square, a shrieking

was heard from the crowd. A female, pale, frantic, dishevelled, was seen struggling through the multitude. "My father! my father!" was all the cry she uttered, but it thrilled through every heart. The crowd instinctively drew back, and made way for her as she advanced.

The poor alchymist had made his peace with Heaven, and, by hard struggle, had closed his heart upon the world; the voice of his child called him once more back to worldly thought and agony. He turned towards the well-known voice; his knees smote together; he endeavoured to stretch forth his pinioned arms, and felt himself clasped in the embraces of his child. The emotions of both were too agonizing for utterance. Convulsive sobs, and broken exclamations, and embraces more of anguish than tenderness, were all that passed between them. The procession was interrupted for a moment. The astonished monks and familiars were filled with involuntary respect at this agony of natural affection. Ejaculations of pity broke from the crowd, touched by the filial piety, the extraordinary and hopeless anguish of so young and beautiful a being.

Every attempt to soothe her, and prevail on her to retire, was unheeded; at length they endeavoured to separate her from her father by force. The movement roused her from her temporary abandonment. With a sudden paroxysm of fury, she snatched a sword from one of the familiars. Her late pale countenance was flushed with rage, and fire flashed from her once soft and languishing eyes. The guards shrunk back with awe. There was something in this filial frenzy, this feminine tenderness wrought up to desperation, that touched even their hardened hearts. They endeavoured to pacify her, but in vain. Her eye was eager and quick as the she-wolf's guarding her young. With one arm she pressed her father to her bosom, with the other she menaced every one that approached.

The patience of the guards was soon exhausted. They had held back in awe, but not in fear. With all her desperation the weapon was soon wrested from her feeble hand, and she was borne shrieking and struggling among the crowd. The rabble murmured compassion; but such was the dread inspired by the inquisition, that no one attempted to interfere.

The procession again resumed its march. Inez was ineffectually struggling to release herself from the hands of the familiars that detained her, when suddenly she saw Don Ambrosio before her. "Wretched girl!" exclaimed he with fury, "why have you fled from your friends? Deliver her," said he to the familiars, "to my domestics; she is under my protection."

His creatures advanced to seize her. "Oh no! oh no!" cried she, with new terrors, and clinging to the familiars, "I have fled from no friends. He is not my protector! He is the murderer of my father!"

The familiars were perplexed; the crowd pressed on with eager curiosity. "Stand off!" cried the fiery

Ambrosio, dashing the throng from around him. Then turning to the familiars, with sudden moderation, "My friends," said he, "deliver this poor girl to me. Her distress has turned her brain; she has escaped from her friends and protectors this morning; but a little quiet and kind treatment will restore her to tranquillity."

"I am not mad! I am not mad!" cried she vehemently. "Oh, save me!—save me from these men! I have no protector on earth but my father, and him they are murdering!"

The familiars shook their heads; her wildness corroborated the assertions of Don Ambrosio, and his apparent rank commanded respect and belief. They relinquished their charge to him, and he was consigning the struggling Inez to his creatures.—

"Let go your hold, villain!" cried a voice from among the crowd, and Antonio was seen eagerly tearing his way through the press of people.

"Seize him! seize him!" cried Don Ambrosio to the familiars: "'tis an accomplice of the sorcerer's."

"Liar!" retorted Antonio, as he thrust the mob to the right and left, and forced himself to the spot.

The sword of Don Ambrosio flashed in an instant from the scabbard; the student was armed, and equally alert. There was a fierce clash of weapons; the crowd made way for them as they fought, and closed again, so as to hide them from the view of Inez. All was tumult and confusion for a moment; when there was a kind of shout from the spectators, and the mob again opening, she beheld, as she thought, Antonio weltering in his blood.

This new shock was too great for her already overstrained intellect. A giddiness seized upon her; every thing seemed to whirl before her eyes; she gasped some incoherent words, and sunk senseless upon the ground.

Days—weeks elapsed before Inez returned to consciousness. At length she opened her eyes, as if out of a troubled sleep. She was lying upon a magnificent bed, in a chamber richly furnished with pier glasses and massive tables inlaid with silver, of exquisite workmanship. The walls were covered with tapestry; the cornices richly gilded; through the door, which stood open, she perceived a superb saloon, with statues and crystal lustres, and a magnificent suite of apartments beyond. The casements of the room were open to admit the soft breath of summer, which stole in, laden with perfumes from a neighbouring garden; from whence, also, the refreshing sound of fountains and the sweet notes of birds came in mingled music to her ear.

Female attendants were moving, with noiseless step, about the chamber; but she feared to address them. She doubted whether this were not all delusion, or whether she was not still in the palace of Don Ambrosio, and that her escape, and all its circumstances, had not been but a feverish dream. She closed her eyes again, endeavouring to recall the past, and to separate the real from the imaginary. The last scenes

of consciousness, however, rushed too forcibly, with all their horrors, to her mind to be doubted, and she turned shuddering from the recollection, to gaze once more on the quiet and serene magnificence around her. As she again opened her eyes, they rested on an object that at once dispelled every alarm. At the head of her bed sat a venerable form watching over her with a look of fond anxiety—it was her father!

I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued nor the moments of rapture which more than repaid all the sufferings that her affectionate heart had undergone. As soon as their feelings had become more calm, the alchemist stepped out of the room to introduce a stranger, to whom he was indebted for his life and liberty. He returned, leading in Antonio no longer in his poor scholar's garb, but in the dress of a nobleman.

The feelings of Inez were almost overpowered by these sudden reverses, and it was some time before she was sufficiently composed to comprehend the explanation of this seeming romance.

It appeared that the lover, who had sought her affections in the lowly guise of a student, was the son and heir of a powerful grandee of Valencia. He had been placed at the university of Salamanca; by a lively curiosity and an eagerness for adventure he induced him to abandon the university, without his father's consent, and to visit various parts of Spain. His rambling inclination satisfied, he had remained incognito for a time at Granada, until, by further study and self-regulation, he could prepare himself to return home with credit, and atone for his transgressions against paternal authority.

How hard he had studied does not remain on record. All that we know is his romantic adventure in the tower. It was at first a mere youthful caprice, excited by a glimpse of a beautiful face. In becoming a disciple of the alchemist, he probably thought of nothing more than pursuing a light love-affair. Further acquaintance, however, had completely fixed his affections; and he had determined to conduct to and her father to Valencia, and to trust to her means to secure his father's consent to their union.

In the mean time he had been traced to his concealment. His father had received intelligence of his being entangled in the snares of a mysterious adventurer and his daughter, and likely to become the dupe of the fascinations of the latter. Trusty messengers had been dispatched to seize upon him by force, and convey him without delay to the paternal home.

What eloquence he had used with his father to convince him of the innocence, the honour, and the high descent of the alchemist, and of the exalted worth of his daughter, does not appear. All that we know is, that the father, though a very passionate man, was a very reasonable man, as appears by his consent that his son should return to Granada, and marry Inez, as his affianced bride, to Valencia.

Away, then, Don Antonio hurried back, leaving

joyous anticipations. He still forbore to throw off his disguise, fondly picturing to himself what would be the surprise of Inez, when, having won her heart and hand as a poor wandering scholar, he should raise her and her father at once to opulence and splendour.

On his arrival he had been shocked at finding the tower deserted by its inhabitants. In vain he sought for intelligence concerning them; a mystery hung over their disappearance which he could not penetrate, until he was thunderstruck, on accidentally reading a list of the prisoners at the impending *auto da fe*, to find the name of his venerable master among the condemned.

It was the very morning of the execution. The procession was already on its way to the grand square. Not a moment was to be lost. The grand inquisitor was a relation of Don Antonio, though they had never met. His first impulse was to make himself known; to exert all his family influence, the weight of his name, and the power of his eloquence, in vindication of the alchemist. But the grand inquisitor was already proceeding in all his pomp, to the place where the fatal ceremony was to be performed. How was he to be approached? Antonio threw himself into the crowd, in a fever of anxiety, and was forcing his way to the scene of horror, when he arrived just in time to rescue Inez, as has been mentioned.

It was Don Ambrosio that fell in their contest, being desperately wounded, and thinking his end approaching, he had confessed, to an attending father of the inquisition, that he was the sole cause of the alchemist's condemnation, and that the evidence on which it was grounded was altogether false. The testimony of Don Antonio came in corroboration of his avowal; and his relationship to the grand inquisitor had, in all probability, its proper weight. Thus the poor alchemist snatched, in a manner, from the very flames; and so great had been the sympathy awakened in his case, that for once a populace repented at being disappointed of an execution.

The residue of the story may readily be imagined every one versed in this valuable kind of history. Don Antonio espoused the lovely Inez, and took her to his father with him to Valencia. As she had been a loving and dutiful daughter, so she proved a tender and wife. It was not long before Don Antonio succeeded to his father's titles and estates, and he and his fair spouse were renowned for being the handsomest and happiest couple in all Valencia. As to Don Ambrosio, he partially recovered to the enjoyment of a broken constitution and a blasted name, and hid his remorse and disgraces in a convent; while the poor victim of his arts, who had assisted Inez in her escape, unable to conquer the early opinion that he had awakened in her bosom, though convinced of the baseness of the object, retired from the world, and became an humble sister in a nunnery. The worthy alchemist took up his abode with his children. A pavilion, in the garden of their palace,

was assigned to him as a laboratory, where he resumed his researches, with renovated ardour, after the grand secret. He was now and then assisted by his son-in-law: but the latter slackened grievously in his zeal and diligence, after marriage. Still he would listen with profound gravity and attention to the old man's rhapsodies, and his quotations from Paracelsus, Sandivogius, and Pietro D'Abano, which daily grew longer and longer. In this way the good alchemist lived on quietly and comfortably, to what is called a good old age, that is to say, an age that is good for nothing, and, unfortunately for mankind, was hurried out of life in his ninetieth year, just as he was on the point of discovering the Philosopher's Stone.

Such was the story of the captain's friend, with which we whiled away the morning. The captain was, every now and then, interrupted by questions and remarks, which I have not mentioned, lest I should break the continuity of the tale. He was a little disturbed, also, once or twice, by the general, who fell asleep, and breathed rather hard to the great horror and annoyance of Lady Lillycraft. In a long and tender love-scene, also, which was particularly to her ladyship's taste, the unlucky general, having his head a little sunk upon his breast, kept making a sound at regular intervals, very much like the word *fish*, long drawn out. At length he made an odd abrupt guttural sound, that suddenly awoke him; he hemmed, looked about with a slight degree of consternation, and then began to play with her ladyship's work-bag, which, however, she rather pettishly withdrew. The steady sound of the captain's voice was still too potent a soporific for the poor general; he kept gleaming up and sinking in the socket, until the cessation of the tale again roused him, when he started awake, put his foot down upon Lady Lillycraft's cur, the sleeping Beauty, which yelped, and seized him by the leg, and, in a moment, the whole library resounded with yelpings and exclamations. Never did a man more completely mar his fortunes while he was asleep. Silence being at length restored, the company expressed their thanks to the captain, and gave various opinions of the story. The parson's mind, I found, had been continually running upon the leaden manuscripts, mentioned in the beginning, as dug up at Granada, and he put several eager questions to the captain on the subject. The general could not well make out the drift of the story, but thought it a little confused. "I am glad, however," said he, "that they burnt the old chap of the tower; I have no doubt he was a notorious impostor."

ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
 Is full of thousand sweets and rich content ;
 The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
 With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent.
 His life is neither tost in boisterous seas
 Or the vexatious world ; or lost in slothful ease.
 Pleased and full blest he lives when he his God can please.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

I TAKE great pleasure in accompanying the squire in his perambulations about his estate, in which he is often attended by a kind of cabinet council. His prime minister, the steward, is a very worthy and honest old man, that assumes a right of way ; that is to say, a right to have his own way, from having lived time out of mind on the place. He loves the estate even better than he does the squire ; and thwarts the latter sadly in many of his projects of improvement, being a little prone to disapprove of every plan that does not originate with himself.

In the course of one of these perambulations, I have known the squire to point out some important alteration which he was contemplating, in the disposition or cultivation of the grounds ; this of course would be opposed by the steward, and a long argument would ensue over a stile, or on a rising piece of ground, until the squire, who has a high opinion of the other's ability and integrity, would be fain to give up the point. This concession, I observed, would immediately mollify the old man, and, after walking over a field or two in silence, with his hands behind his back, chewing the cud of reflection, he would suddenly turn to the squire and observe, that "he had been turning the matter over in his mind, and, upon the whole, he believed he would take his honour's advice."

Christy, the huntsman, is another of the squire's occasional attendants, to whom he continually refers in all matters of local history, as to a chronicle of the estate, having, in a manner, been acquainted with many of the trees, from the very time that they were acorns. Old Nimrod, as has been shown, is rather pragmatical in those points of knowledge on which he values himself ; but the squire rarely contradicts him, and is, in fact, one of the most indulgent potentates that ever was hen-pecked by his ministry.

He often laughs about it himself, and evidently yields to these old men more from the bent of his own humour, than from any want of proper authority. He likes this honest independence of old age, and is well aware that these trusty followers love and honour him in their hearts. He is perfectly at ease about his own dignity and the respect of those around him ; nothing disgusts him sooner than any appearance of fawning or sycophancy.

I really have seen no display of royal state that could compare with one of the squire's progresses about his paternal fields and through his hereditary woodlands, with several of these faithful adherents about

him, and followed by a body-guard of dogs. He encourages a frankness and manliness of deportment among his dependents, and is the personal friend of his tenants ; inquiring into their concerns, and assisting them in times of difficulty and hardship. This has rendered him one of the most popular, and of course one of the happiest of landlords.

Indeed, I do not know a more enviable condition of life, than that of an English gentleman, of sound judgment and good feelings, who passes the greater part of his time on an hereditary estate in the country. From the excellence of the roads and the rapidity and exactness of the public conveyances, he is enabled to command all the comforts and conveniences, all the intelligence and novelties of the capital, while he is removed from its hurry and distraction. He has ample means of occupation and amusement within his own domains ; he may diversify his time by rural occupations, by rural sports, by study, and by the delights of friendly society collected within his own hospitable halls.

Or if his views and feelings are of a more extensive and liberal nature, he has it greatly in his power to do good, and to have that good immediately reflected back upon himself. He can render essential service to his country, by assisting in the disinterested administration of the laws ; by watching over the opinions and principles of the lower orders around him ; by diffusing among them those lights which may be important to their welfare ; by mingling frankness among them, gaining their confidence, becoming the immediate auditor of their complaints, informing himself of their wants, making himself a channel through which their grievances may be quietly communicated to the proper sources of mitigation and relief ; or, if becoming, if need be, the intrepid and incorrupt guardian of their liberties—the enlightened champion of their rights.

All this, it appears to me, can be done without sacrifice of personal dignity, without any degradation of popularity, without any truckling to vulgar prejudices, or concurrence in vulgar clamour ; by the steady influence of sincere and friendly counsel of fair, upright, and generous deportment. What ever may be said of English mobs and English dogues, I have never met with a people more open to reason, more considerate in their tempers, more tractable by argument in the roughest times, than the English. They are remarkably quick at discerning and appreciating whatever is manly and honourable. They are by nature and habit methodical and orderly, and they feel the value of all that is regular and respectable. They may occasionally be deceived by sophistry, and excited into turbulence by public tresses and the misrepresentations of designing men ; but open their eyes, and they will eventually surround the land-marks of steady truth and deliberate good sense. They are fond of established customs ; they are fond of long-established names ; and that love of order and quiet which characterizes the nation

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gives a vast influence to the descendants of the old
families, whose forefathers have been lords of the soil
from time immemorial.

It is when the rich and well-educated and highly
privileged classes neglect their duties, when they
neglect to study the interests, and conciliate the af-
fections, and instruct the opinions and champion the
rights of the people, that the latter become discontent-
ed and turbulent, and fall into the hands of dema-
gogues: the demagogue always steps in where the
patriot is wanting. There is a common high-handed
cant among the high-fed, and, as they fancy them-
selves, high-minded men, about putting down the
mob; but all true physicians know that it is better to
sweeten the blood than attack the tumour, to apply
the emollient rather than the cautery. It is absurd
in a country like England, where there is so much
freedom, and such a jealousy of right, for any man to
assume an aristocratical tone, and to talk superci-
ously of the common people. There is no rank
that makes him independent of the opinions and af-
fections of his fellow-men; there is no rank nor dis-
tinction that severs him from his fellow-subject; and
by any gradual neglect or assumption on the one
side, and discontent and jealousy on the other, the
orders of society should really separate, let those who
stand on the eminence beware that the chasm is not
widening at their feet. The orders of society in all well
constituted governments are mutually bound together,
and important to each other; there can be no such
thing in a free government as a vacuum; and when-
ever one is likely to take place by the drawing off of
the rich and intelligent from the poor, the bad passions
of society will rush in to fill up the space, and rend
the whole asunder.

Though born and brought up in a republic, and
more and more confirmed in republican principles by
every year's observation and experience, yet I am not
insensible to the excellence that may exist in other
forms of government, nor to the fact that they may
be more suitable to the situation and circumstances of
the countries in which they exist: I have endeavoured
rather to look at them as they are, and to observe how
they are calculated to effect the end which they pro-
pose. Considering, therefore, the mixed nature of
the government of this country, and its representative
form, I have looked with admiration at the manner
in which the wealth and influence and intelligence
are spread over its whole surface; not as in some
monarchies, drained from the country, and collected
in towns and cities. I have considered the great rural
establishments of the nobility, and the lesser establish-
ments of the gentry, as so many reservoirs of wealth
and intelligence distributed about the kingdom, apart
from the towns, to irrigate, freshen, and fertilize the
surrounding country. I have looked upon them, too,
the august retreats of patriots and statesmen, where,
in the enjoyment of honourable independence and
of quiet leisure, they might train up their minds to
bear in those legislative assemblies, whose debates

and decisions form the study and precedents of other
nations, and involve the interests of the world.

I have been both surprised and disappointed, there-
fore, at finding, that on this subject I was often in-
dulging in an Utopian dream, rather than a well-
founded opinion. I have been concerned at finding
that these fine estates were too often involved, and
mortgaged, or placed in the hands of creditors, and
the owners exiled from their paternal lands. There
is an extravagance, I am told, that runs parallel with
wealth; a lavish expenditure among the great; a
senseless competition among the aspiring; a heedless,
joyless dissipation, among all the upper ranks, that
often beggars even these splendid establishments,
breaks down the pride and principles of their pos-
sors, and makes too many of them mere place-
hunters, or shifting absentees. It is thus that so
many are thrown into the hands of government; and
a court, which ought to be the most pure and ho-
nourable in Europe, is so often degraded by noble,
but importunate time-servers. It is thus, too, that
so many become exiles from their native land, crowd-
ing the hotels of foreign countries, and expending
upon thankless strangers the wealth so hardly drained
from their laborious peasantry. I have looked upon
these latter with a mixture of censure and concern.
Knowing the almost bigoted fondness of an English-
man for his native home, I can conceive what must
be their compunction and regret, when, amidst the
sunburnt plains of France, they call to mind the green
fields of England; the hereditary groves which they
have abandoned, and the hospitable roof of their fa-
thers, which they have left desolate, or to be inha-
bited by strangers. But retrenchment is no plea for
an abandonment of country. They have risen with
the prosperity of the land; let them abide its fluctua-
tions, and conform to its fortunes. It is not for the
rich to fly because the country is suffering: let them
share, in their relative proportion, the common lot;
they owe it to the land that has elevated them to ho-
nour and affluence. When the poor have to diminish
their scanty morsel of bread; when they have to com-
pound with the cravings of nature, and study with
how little they can do, and not be starved; it is not
then for the rich to fly, and diminish still further the
resources of the poor, that they themselves may live
in splendour in a cheaper country. Let them rather
retire to their estates, and there practise retrench-
ment. Let them return to that noble simplicity, that
practical good sense, that honest pride, which form
the foundation of true English character, and from
them they may again rear the edifice of fair and ho-
nourable prosperity.

On the rural habits of the English nobility and
gentry; on the manner in which they discharge their
duties on their patrimonial possessions, depend great-
ly the virtue and welfare of the nation. So long as
they pass the greater part of their time in the quiet
and purity of the country; surrounded by the monu-
ments of their illustrious ancestors; surrounded by

every thing that can inspire generous pride, noble emulation, and amiable and magnanimous sentiment; so long they are safe, and in them the nation may repose its interests and its honour. But the moment that they become the servile throngers of court avenues, and give themselves up to the political intrigues and heartless dissipations of the metropolis, that moment they lose the real nobility of their natures, and become the mere leeches of the country.

That the great majority of nobility and gentry in England are endowed with high notions of honour and independence, I thoroughly believe. They have evidenced it lately on very important questions, and have given an example of adherence to principle, in preference to party and power, that must have astonished many of the venal and obsequious courts of Europe. Such are the glorious effects of freedom, when infused into a constitution. But it seems to me that they are apt to forget the positive nature of their duties, and to fancy that their eminent privileges are only so many means of self-indulgence. They should recollect that in a constitution like that of England, the titled orders are intended to be as useful as they are ornamental, and it is their virtues alone that can render them both. Their duties are divided between the sovereign and the subject; surrounding and giving lustre and dignity to the throne, and at the same time tempering and mitigating its rays, until they are transmitted in mild and genial radiance to the people. Born to leisure and opulence, they owe the exercise of their talents, and the expenditure of their wealth, to their native country. They may be compared to the clouds; which, being drawn up by the sun, and elevated in the heavens, reflect and magnify his splendour; while they repay the earth, from which they derive their sustenance, by returning their treasures to its bosom in fertilizing showers.

A BACHELOR'S CONFESSIONS.

"I'll live a private, pensive, single life."

THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

I WAS sitting in my room a morning or two since, reading, when some one tapped at the door, and Master Simon entered. He had an unusually fresh appearance; he had put on a bright green riding-coat, with a bunch of violets in the button-hole, and had the air of an old bachelor trying to rejuvenate himself. He had not, however, his usual briskness and vivacity, but loitered about the room with somewhat of absence of manner, humming the old song,—“Go, lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time and me;” and then, leaning against the window, and looking upon the landscape, he uttered a very audible sigh. As I had not been accustomed to see Master Simon in

a pensive mood, I thought there might be some vexation preying on his mind, and I endeavoured to introduce a cheerful strain of conversation; but he was not in the vein to follow it up, and proposed that we should take a walk.

It was a beautiful morning, of that soft vernal temperature, that seems to thaw all the frost out of one's blood, and to set all nature in a ferment. The very fishes felt its influence; the cautious trout ventured out of his dark hole to seek his mate, the roach and the dace rose up to the surface of the brook to bask in the sunshine, and the amorous frog piped from among the rushes. If ever an oyster can really fall in love, as has been said or sung, it must be on such a morning.

The weather certainly had its effect even upon Master Simon, for he seemed obstinately bent upon the pensive mood. Instead of stepping briskly along, smacking his dog-whip, whistling quaint ditties, or telling sporting anecdotes, he leaned on my arm, and talked about the approaching nuptials; from whence he made several digressions upon the character of womankind, touched a little upon the tender passion, and made sundry very excellent, though rather trite observations upon disappointments in love. It was evident that he had something on his mind which he wished to impart, but felt awkward in approaching it. I was curious to see to what this strain would lead; but I was determined not to assist him. Indeed, I mischievously pretended to turn the conversation, and talked of his usual topics, dogs, horses, and hunting; but he was very brief in his replies, and invariably got back, by hook or by crook, into the sentimental vein.

At length we came to a clump of trees that overhung a whispering brook, with a rustic bench at their feet. The trees were grievously scored with letters and devices, which had grown out of all shape and size by the growth of the bark; and it appeared that this grove had served as a kind of register of the family loves from time immemorial. Here Master Simon made a pause, pulled up a tuft of flowers, and threw them one by one into the water, and at length, turning somewhat abruptly upon me, asked me if I had ever been in love. I confess the question startled me a little, as I am not over fond of making confessions of my amorous follies; and above all should never dream of choosing my friend Master Simon for a confidant. He did not wait, however, for a reply; the inquiry was merely a prelude to a confession of his own part, and after several circumlocutions and whimsical preambles, he fairly disburthened himself of a very tolerable story of his having been crossed in love.

The reader will, very probably, suppose that it related to the gay widow who jilted him not long since at Doncaster races;—no such thing. It was about a sentimental passion that he once had for a most beautiful young lady, who wrote poetry and played the harp. He used to serenade her; and indeed

described several tender and gallant scenes, in which he was evidently picturing himself in his mind's eye as some elegant hero of romance, though, unfortunately for the tale, I only saw him as he stood before me, a dapper little old bachelor, with a face like an apple that has dried with the bloom on it.

What were the particulars of this tender tale I have already forgotten; indeed I listened to it with a heart like a very pebble stone, having hard work to repress a smile while Master Simon was putting on the amorous swain, uttering every now and then a sigh, and endeavouring to look sentimental and melancholy.

All that I recollect is, that the lady, according to his account, was certainly a little touched; for she refused to accept all the music that he copied for her harp, and all the patterns that he drew for her dresses; and he began to flatter himself, after a long course of delicate attentions, that he was gradually fanning up a gentle flame in her heart, when she suddenly accepted the hand of a rich, boisterous, fox-hunting baronet, without either music or sentiment, who carried her by storm, after a fortnight's courtship.

Master Simon could not help concluding by some observation about "modest merit," and the power of gold over the sex. As a remembrance of his passion, he pointed out a heart carved on the bark of one of the trees; but which, in the process of time, had grown out into a large excrescence: and he showed me a lock of her hair, which he wore in a true lover's knot, in a large gold brooch.

I have seldom met with an old bachelor that had not, at some time or other, his nonsensical moment, when he would become tender and sentimental, talk about the concerns of the heart, and have some conception of a delicate nature to make. Almost every man has some little trait of romance in his life, which he looks back to with fondness, and about which he is apt to grow garrulous occasionally. He recollects himself as he was at the time, young and gamesome; and forgets that his hearers have no other idea of the hero of the tale, but such as he may appear at the time of telling it; peradventure, a withered, whimsical, spindle-shanked old gentleman. With married men, it is true, this is not so frequently the case; their amorous romance is apt to decline after marriage; but, I cannot for the life of me imagine; but with a bachelor, though it may slumber, it never dies. It is always liable to break out again in transient flashes, and never so much as on a spring morning in the country; or on a winter evening, when seated in his study chamber, stirring up the fire and talking of matrimony.

The moment that Master Simon had gone through his confession, and, to use the common phrase, "had made a clean breast of it," he became quite himself again. He had settled the point which had been troubling his mind, and doubtless considered himself established as a man of sentiment in my opinion. Before we had finished our morning's stroll, he was as blithe as a grasshopper, whistling to his

dogs, and telling droll stories; and I recollect that he was particularly facetious that day at dinner, on the subject of matrimony, and uttered several excellent jokes, not to be found in Joe Miller, that made the bride elect blush and look down; but set all the old gentlemen at the table in a roar, and absolutely brought tears into the general's eyes.

ENGLISH GRAVITY.

"Merrie England!"

ANCIENT PHRASE.

THERE is nothing so rare as for a man to ride his hobby without molestation. I find the squire has not so undisturbed an indulgence in his humours as I had imagined; but has been repeatedly thwarted of late, and has suffered a kind of well-meaning persecution from a Mr Faddy, an old gentleman of some weight, at least of purse, who has recently moved into the neighbourhood. He is a worthy and substantial manufacturer, who, having accumulated a large fortune by dint of steam-engines and spinning jennies, has retired from business, and set up for a country gentleman. He has taken an old country seat and refitted it; and painted and plastered it, until it looks not unlike his own manufactory. He has been particularly careful in mending the walls and hedges, and putting up notices of spring-guns and man-traps in every part of his premises. Indeed he shows great jealousy about his territorial rights, having stopped up a foot-path that led across his fields; and given warning, in staring letters, that whoever should be found trespassing on those grounds would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. He has brought into the country with him all the practical maxims of town, and the bustling habits of business; and is one of those sensible, useful, prosing, troublesome, intolerable old gentlemen that go about wearying and worrying society with excellent plans for public utility.

He is very much disposed to be on intimate terms with the squire, and calls on him every now and then, with some project for the good of the neighbourhood, which happens to run diametrically opposite to some one or other of the squire's peculiar notions; but which is "too sensible a measure" to be openly opposed. He has annoyed him excessively by enforcing the vagrant laws; persecuting the gipsies, and endeavouring to suppress country wakes and holiday games; which he considers great nuisances, and reprobates as causes of the deadly sin of idleness.

There is evidently in all this a little of the ostentation of newly acquired consequence; the tradesman is gradually swelling into the aristocrat; and he begins to grow excessively intolerant of every thing that is not genteel. He has a great deal to say about "the common people;" talks much of his park, his preserves,

and the necessity of enforcing the game laws more strictly; and makes frequent use of the phrase, "the gentry of the neighbourhood."

He came to the Hall lately, with a face full of business, that he and the squire, to use his own words, "might lay their heads together," to hit upon some mode of putting a stop to the frolicking at the village on the approaching May-day. It drew, he said, idle people together from all parts of the neighbourhood, who spent the day fiddling, dancing, and carousing, instead of staying at home to work for their families.

Now, as the squire, unluckily, is at the bottom of these May-day revels, it may be supposed that the suggestions of the sagacious Mr Faddy were not received with the best grace in the world. It is true, the old gentleman is too courteous to show any temper to a guest in his own house, but no sooner was he gone than the indignation of the squire found vent, at having his poetical cobwebs invaded by this buzzing, blue-bottle fly of traffic. In his warmth he inveighed against the whole race of manufacturers, who, I found, were sore disturbers of his comfort. "Sir," said he, with emotion, "it makes my heart bleed to see all our fine streams dammed up and bestrode by cotton-mills; our valleys smoking with steam-engines, and the din of the hammer and the loom scaring away all our rural delights. What's to become of merry old England, when its manor-houses are all turned into manufactories, and its sturdy peasantry into pin-makers and stocking-weavers? I have looked in vain for merry Sherwood, and all the greenwood haunts of Robin Hood; the whole country is covered with manufacturing towns. I have stood on the ruins of Dndley Castle, and looked round, with an aching heart, on what were once its feudal domains of verdant and beautiful country. Sir, I beheld a mere campus phlegmæ; a region of fire; reeking with coal-pits, and furnaces, and smelting-houses, vomiting forth flames and smoke. The pale and ghastly people, toiling among vile exhalations, looked more like demons than human beings; the clanking wheels and engines, seen through the murky atmosphere, looked like instruments of torture in this pandemonium. What is to become of the country with these evils rankling in its very core? Sir, these manufactures will be the ruin of our rural manners; they will destroy the national character; they will not leave materials for a single line of poetry!"

The squire is apt to wax eloquent on such themes; and I could hardly help smiling at this whimsical lamentation over national industry and public improvement. I am told, however, that he really grieves at the growing spirit of trade, as destroying the charm of life. He considers every new short-hand mode of doing things, as an inroad of snug sordid method; and thinks that this will soon become a mere matter-of-fact world, where life will be reduced to a mathematical calculation of conveniences, and every thing will be done by steam.

He maintains also, that the nation has declined in

its free and joyous spirit in proportion as it has turned its attention to commerce and manufactures; and that in old times, when England was an idler, it was also a merrier little island. In support of this opinion he adduces the frequency and splendour of ancient festivals and merry-makings, and the hearty spirit with which they were kept up by all classes of people. His memory is stored with the accounts given by Stow, in his Survey of London, of the holiday revels at the inns of court, the Christmas mummeries, and the masquings and bonfires about the streets. London, he says, in those days, resembled the continental cities in its picturesque manners and amusements. The court used to dance after dinner on public occasions. After the coronation-dinner of Richard II. for example, the king, the prelates, the nobles, the knights, and the rest of the company danced in Westminster Hall to the music of the minstrels. The example of the court was followed by the middling classes, and so down to the lowest, and the whole nation was a dancing, jovial nation. He quotes a city-picture of the times, given by Stow, which resembles the lively scenes one may often see in the gay city of Paris; for he tells us that on holidays, after evening prayers, the maidens in London used to assemble before the door, in sight of their masters and dantes, and while one played on a tumbrel, the others danced for garlands, hanged athwart the street.

"Where will we meet with such merry groups now-a-days?" the squire will exclaim, shaking his head mournfully;—"and then as to the gaiety that prevailed in dress throughout all ranks of society, and made the very streets so fine and picturesque. 'I have myself,' says Gervaise Markham, 'met an ordinary tapster in his silk stockings, garters deep fringed with gold lace, the rest of his apparel suitable with cloak lined with velvet!' Nashe, too, who wrote in 1595, exclaims at the finery of the nation, 'England, the players' stage of gorgeous attire, the ape of all nations superfluities, the continual masquerade in outlandish habiliments.'"

Such are a few of the authorities quoted by the squire by way of contrasting what he supposes have been the former vivacity of the nation with the present monotonous character. "John Bull," he will say, "was then a gay cavalier, with a sword by his side and a feather in his cap; but he is now a plodding citizen, in snuff-coloured coat and gaiters."

By the bye, there really appears to have been some change in the national character since the days when this little island acquired its favourite old name of "merry England." This may be attributed partly to the growing hardships of the times, and the necessity of turning the whole attention to the means of subsistence; but England's gayest customs prevailed at times when her common people enjoyed comparatively few of the comforts and conveniences they do at present. It may be still more attributed to the universal spirit of gain, and the calculation

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habits that commerce has introduced; but I am inclined to attribute it chiefly to the gradual increase of the liberty of the subject, and the growing freedom and activity of opinion.

A free people are apt to be grave and thoughtful. They have high and important matters to occupy their minds. They feel that it is their right, their interest, and their duty to mingle in public concerns, and to watch over the general welfare. The continual exercise of the mind on political topics gives intenser habits of thinking and a more serious and earnest demeanour. A nation becomes less gay, but more intellectually active and vigorous. It evinces less play of the fancy, but more power of the imagination; less taste and elegance, but more grandeur of mind; less animated vivacity, but deeper enthusiasm.

It is when men are shut out of the regions of manly thought by a despotic government; when every grave and lofty theme is rendered perilous to discussion and almost to reflection; it is then that they turn to the safer occupations of taste and amusement; trifles rise to importance, and occupy the craving activity of intellect. No being is more void of care and reflection than the slave; none dances more gaily in his intervals of labour: but make him free, give him rights and interests to guard, and he becomes thoughtful and laborious.

The French are a gayer people than the English. Why? Partly from temperament, perhaps; but greatly because they have been accustomed to governments which surrounded the free exercise of thought with danger, and where he only was safe who shut his eyes and ears to public events, and enjoyed the passing pleasure of the day. Within late years they have had more opportunity of exercising their minds; and within late years the national character has essentially changed. Never did the French enjoy such a degree of freedom as they do at this moment: and at this moment the French are comparatively a grave people.

GIPSIES.

What's that to absolute freedom; such as the very beggars have; feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next day where they please; and so on still, the whole country or kingdom?
? There's liberty! the birds of the air can take no more.

JOVIAL CARV.

SINCE the meeting with the gipsies, which I have related in a former paper, I have observed several of them haunting the purlieus of the Hall, in spite of a positive interdiction of the squire. They are part of a gang that has long kept about this neighbourhood, to the great annoyance of the farmers, whose poultry-yards often suffer from their nocturnal invasions. They are, however, in some measure, patronized by the squire, who considers the race as belonging to good old times; which, to confess the private

truth, seem to have abounded with good-for-nothing characters.

This roving crew is called "Star-light Tom's Gang," from the name of its chieftain, a notorious poacher. I have heard repeatedly of the misdeeds of this "minion of the moon;" for every midnight depredation that takes place in park, or fold, or farm-yard, is laid to his charge. Star-light Tom, in fact, answers to his name; he seems to walk in darkness, and, like a fox, to be traced in the morning by the mischief he has done. He reminds me of that fearful personage in the nursery rhyme:

Who goes round the house at night?
None but bloody Tom!
Who steals all the sheep at night?
None but one by one!

In short, Star-light Tom is the scape-goat of the neighbourhood; but so cunning and adroit, that there is no detecting him. Old Christy and the game-keeper have watched many a night in hopes of entrapping him; and Christy often patrols the park with his dogs, for the purpose, but all in vain. It is said that the squire winks hard at his misdeeds, having an indulgent feeling towards the vagabond, because of his being very expert at all kinds of games, a great shot with the cross-bow, and the best morris-dancer in the country.

The squire also suffers the gang to lurk unmolested about the skirts of his estate, on condition that they do not come about the house. The approaching wedding, however, has made a kind of Saturnalia at the Hall, and has caused a suspension of all sober rule. It has produced a great sensation throughout the female part of the household; not a housemaid but dreams of wedding-favours, and has a husband running in her head. Such a time is a harvest for the gipsies: there is a public foot-path leading across one part of the park, by which they have free ingress, and they are continually hovering about the grounds, telling the servant girls' fortunes, or getting smuggled in to the young ladies.

I believe the Oxonian amuses himself very much by furnishing them with hints in private, and bewildering all the weak brains in the house with their wonderful revelations. The general certainly was very much astonished by the communications made to him the other evening by the gipsy girl: he kept a wary silence towards us on the subject, and affected to treat it lightly; but I have noticed that he has since redoubled his attentions to Lady Lillycraft and her dogs.

I have seen also Phœbe Wilkins, the housekeeper's pretty and love-sick niece, holding a long conference with one of these old sibyls behind a large tree in the avenue, and often looking round to see that she was not observed. I make no doubt that she was endeavouring to get some favourable augury about the result of her love-quarrel with young Ready-Money, as oracles have always been more consulted on love-affairs than upon any thing else. I fear, however,

that in this instance the response was not so favourable as usual, for I perceived poor Phœbe returning pensively towards the house; her head hanging down, her hat in her hand, and the riband trailing along the ground.

At another time, as I turned a corner of a terrace, at the bottom of the garden, just by a clump of trees, and a large stone urn, I came upon a bevy of the young girls of the family, attended by this same Phœbe Wilkins. I was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of their blushing and giggling, and their apparent agitation, until I saw the red cloak of a gipsy vanishing among the shrubbery. A few moments after I caught sight of Master Simon and the Oxonian stealing along one of the walks of the garden, chuckling and laughing at their successful waggery; having evidently put the gipsy up to the thing, and instructed her what to say.

After all, there is something strangely pleasing in these tamperings with the future, even where we are convinced of the fallacy of the prediction. It is singular how willingly the mind will half deceive itself, and with what a degree of awe we will listen even to these babblers about futurity. For my part, I cannot feel angry with these poor vagabonds, that seek to deceive us into bright hopes and expectations. I have always been something of a castle-builder, and have found my liveliest pleasures to arise from the illusions which fancy has cast over common-place realities. As I get on in life, I find it more difficult to deceive myself in this delightful manner; and I should be thankful to any prophet, however false, that would conjure the clouds which hang over futurity into palaces, and all its doubtful regions into fairy-land.

The squire, who, as I have observed, has a private good-will towards gipsies, has suffered considerable annoyance on their account. Not that they require his indulgence with ingratitude, for they do not depredate very flagrantly on his estate; but because their pilferings and misdeeds occasion loud murmurs in the village. I can readily understand the old gentleman's humour on this point; I have a great toleration for all kinds of vagrant sunshiny existence, and must confess I take a pleasure in observing the ways of gipsies. The English, who are accustomed to them from childhood, and often suffer from their petty depredations, consider them as mere nuisances; but I have been very much struck with their peculiarities. I like to behold their clear olive complexions, their romantic black eyes, their raven locks, their lithe slender figures, and to hear them, in low silver tones, dealing forth magnificent promises of honours and estates, of world's wealth, and ladies' love.

Their mode of life, too, has something in it very fanciful and picturesque. They are the free denizens of nature, and maintain a primitive independence, in spite of law and gospel; of county goals and country magistrates. It is curious to see this obstinate adherence to the wild unsettled habits of savage life

transmitted from generation to generation, and preserved in the midst of one of the most cultivated, populous, and systematic countries in the world. They are totally distinct from the busy, thrifty people about them. They seem to be, like the Indians of America, either above or below the ordinary cares and anxieties of mankind. Heedless of power, of honours, of wealth; and indifferent to the fluctuations of the times; the rise or fall of grain, or stock, or empires, they seem to laugh at the toiling, fretting world around them, and to live according to the philosophy of the old song:

“Who would ambition shun,
And loves to lie 't the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy.
But winter and rough weather.”

In this way they wander from county to county; keeping about the purlieus of villages, or in plentiful neighbourhoods, where there are fat farms and rich country-seats. Their encampments are generally made in some beautiful spot; either a green shady nook of a road; or on the border of a common, under a sheltering hedge; or on the skirts of a fine spreading wood. They are always to be found lurking about fairs and races, and rustic gatherings, wherever there is pleasure, and throng, and idleness. They are the oracles of milk-maids and simple serving girls; and sometimes have even the honour of perusing the white hands of gentlemen's daughters, when rambling about their fathers' grounds. They are the bane of good housewives and thrifty farmers, and odious in the eyes of country justices; but, like all other vagabond beings, they have something to commend them to the fancy. They are among the last traces, in these matter-of-fact days, of the mobile population of former times; and are whimsically associated in my mind with fairies and witches, Robin Good Fellow, Robin Hood, and the other fantastic personages of poetry.

MAY-DAY CUSTOMS.

Happy the age, and harmless were the dayes,
(For then true love and amity was found)
When every village did a May-pole raise,
And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound;
And all the lusty yonkers in a rout,
With merry lasses danced the rot about,
Then friendship to their banquets bid the guests,
And poore men far'd the better for their feasts.

PASQUIL'S PALINODIUM.

THE month of April has nearly passed away, and we are fast approaching that poetical day, which was considered, in old times, as the boundary that parted the frontiers of winter and summer. With all its

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prices, however, I like the month of April. I like these laughing and crying days, when sun and shade seem to run in billows over the landscape. I like to see the sudden shower coursing over the meadow and giving all nature a greener smile; and the bright sunbeams chasing the flying cloud, and turning all its drops into diamonds.

I was enjoying a morning of the kind in company with the squire in one of the finest parts of the park. We were skirting a beautiful grove, and he was giving me a kind of biographical account of several of his favourite forest-trees, when we heard the strokes of an axe from the midst of a thick copse. The squire paused and listened, with manifest signs of uneasiness. He turned his steps in the direction of the sound. The strokes grew louder and louder as we advanced; there was evidently a vigorous arm wielding the axe. The squire quickened his pace, but in vain; a loud crack and a succeeding crash told that the mischief had been done, and some child of the forest laid low. When we came to the place, we found Master Simon and several others standing about a tall and beautifully straight young tree, which had just been felled.

The squire, though a man of most harmonious dispositions, was completely put out of tune by this circumstance. He felt like a monarch witnessing the murder of one of his liege subjects, and demanded, with some asperity, the meaning of the outrage. It turned out to be an affair of Master Simon's, who had selected the tree, from its height and straightness, for May-pole, the old one which stood on the village green being unfit for further service. If any thing could have soothed the ire of my worthy host, it would have been the reflection that his tree had fallen in good cause; and I saw that there was a great struggle between his fondness for his groves, and his devotion to May-day. He could not contemplate the substrate tree, however, without indulging in lamentation, and making a kind of funeral eulogy, like Mark Antony over the body of Caesar; and he forbade that the tree should thenceforward be cut down on his estate without a warrant from himself; being determined, he said, to hold the sovereign power of life and death in his own hands.

This mention of the May-pole struck my attention, and I inquired whether the old customs connected with it were really kept up in this part of the country. The squire shook his head mournfully; and I found I touched on one of his tender points, for he grew melancholy in beavailing the total decline of old May-day. Though it is regularly celebrated in the neighbouring village, yet it has been merely resuscitated by the worthy squire, and is kept up in a forced mode of existence at his expense. He meets with continual discouragements; and finds great difficulty in getting the country bumpkins to play their parts tolerably.

He manages to have every year a "Queen of May;" but as to Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, the Merry Men, the Hobby Horse, and all the other motley

crew that used to enliven the day with their mummery, he has not ventured to introduce them.

Still I look forward with some interest to the promised shadow of old May-day, even though it be but a shadow; and I feel more and more pleased with the whimsical, yet harmless hobby of my host, which is surrounding him with agreeable associations, and making a little world of poetry about him. Brought up, as I have been, in a new country, I may appreciate too highly the faint vestiges of ancient customs which I now and then meet with, and the interest I express in them may provoke a smile from those who are negligently suffering them to pass away. But with whatever indifference they may be regarded by those "to the manner born," yet in my mind the lingering flavour of them imparts a charm to rustic life, which nothing else could readily supply.

I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place; the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plain of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which "the Deva wound its wizard stream," my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia.

Whether it be owing to such poetical associations early instilled into my mind, or whether there is, as it were, a sympathetic revival and budding forth of the feelings at this season, certain it is, that I always experience, wherever I may be placed, a delightful expansion of the heart at the return of May. It is said that birds about this time will become restless in their cages, as if instinct with the season, conscious of the revelry that is going on in the groves, and impatient to break from their bondage, and join in the jubilee of the year. In like manner I have felt myself excited, even in the midst of the metropolis, when the windows, which had been churlishly closed all winter, were again thrown open to receive the balmy breath of May, when the sweets of the country were breathed into the town, and flowers were cried about the streets. I have considered the treasures of flowers thus poured in, as so many missives from nature inviting us forth to enjoy the virgin beauty of the year, before its freshness is exhaled by the heats of sunny summer.

One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat

was decked with hawthorn, and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers, were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city.

I am not a bigoted admirer of old times and old customs merely because of their antiquity. But while I rejoice in the decline of many of the rude usages and coarse amusements of former days, I cannot but regret that this innocent and fanciful festival has fallen into disuse. It seemed appropriate to this verdant and pastoral country, and calculated to light up the too pervading gravity of the nation. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment.

Some attempts, the squire informs me, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by, the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic, the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city :

“For O, for O, the Hobby Horse is forgot.”

VILLAGE WORTHIES.

Nay, I tell you, I am so well beloved in our town, that not the worst dog in the street will hurt my little finger.

COLLIER OF CROYDON.

As the neighbouring village is one of those out-of-the-way, but gossiping little places, where a small matter makes a great stir, it is not to be supposed that the approach of a festival like that of May-day can be regarded with indifference, especially since it is made a matter of such moment by the great folks at the Hall. Master Simon, who is the faithful factotum of the worthy squire, and jumps with his humour in every thing, is frequent just now in his visits to the village, to give directions for the impending fête; and as I have taken the liberty occasionally of accompanying him, I have been enabled to get some insight into the characters and internal politics of this very sagacious little community.

Master Simon is in fact the Cæsar of the village. It is true the squire is the protecting power, but his factotum is the active and busy agent. He intermeddles in all its concerns, is acquainted with all the in-

habitants and their domestic history, gives counsel to the old folks in their business matters, and the young folks in their love affairs, and enjoys the proud satisfaction of being a great man in a little world.

He is the dispenser too of the squire's charity, which is bounteous; and, to do Master Simon justice, he performs this part of his functions with great alacrity. Indeed I have been entertained with the mixture of bustle, importance, and kind-heartedness which he displays. He is of too vivacious a temperament to comfort the afflicted by sitting down moping and whining and blowing noses in concert; but goes whisking about like a sparrow, chirping consolation into every hole and corner of the village. I have seen an old woman, in a red cloak, hold him for half an hour together with some long phibistical tale of distress, which Master Simon listened to with many a bob of the head, smack of his dog-whip, and other symptoms of impatience, though he afterwards made a most faithful and circumstantial report of the case to the squire. I have watched him, too, during one of his pop visits into the cottage of a superannuated villager, who is a pensioner of the squire, where he sidged about the room without sitting down, made many excellent off-hand reflections with the old invalid, who was propped up in his chair, about the shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the necessity of preparing for “that awful change;” quoted several texts of Scripture very incorrectly, he much to the edification of the cottager's wife; and coming out pinched the daughter's rosy cheek, and wondered what was in the young men, that such a pretty face did not get a husband.

He has also his cabinet counsellors in the village with whom he is very busy just now, preparing for the May-day ceremonies. Among these is the village tailor, a pale-faced fellow, that plays the clarinet in the church choir; and being a great musical genius has frequent meetings of the band at his house, where they “make night hideous” by their concerts. He is, in consequence, high in favour with Master Simon, and, through his influence, has the making, or rather marring, of all the liveries of the Hall; which generally look as though they had been cut out by one of those scientific tailors of the Flying Island of Laputa, who took measure of their customers with a quadrant. The tailor, in fact, might rise to be one of the most men of the village, was he not rather too prone to gossip, and keep holidays, and give concerts, and blow all his substance, real and personal, through a clarinet; which literally keeps him poor both body and estate. He has for the present thrown up all his regular work, and suffered the breeches of the village to go unmade and unmended, while he has occupied in making garlands of party-coloured rags, and imitation of flowers, for the decoration of the May-day.

Another of Master Simon's counsellors is the thecary, a short, and rather fat man, with a pair of prominent eyes, that diverge like those of a hawk. He is the village wise man; very sententious, and

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the young men, that such
a husband.

et counsellors in the village
busy just now, preparing
w. Among these is the village
w, that plays the clarinet,
being a great musical genius
of the band at his house, who
eous" by their concerts. He
in favour with Master Simon
nce, has the making, or rather
ries of the Hall; which gen-
ey had been cut out by one
of the Flying Island of Lap-
eir customers with a quadran-
ht rise to be one of the most
as he not rather too prone
days, and give concerts, of a
real and personal, through-
rally keeps him poor both
has for the present thrown
and suffered the breeches of
and unattended, while he is
ands of party-coloured rags,
the decoration of the May-
Simon's counsellors is the
rather fat man, with a pair
diverge like those of a hal-
man; very sententious, and

of profound remarks on shallow subjects. Master Simon often quotes his sayings, and mentions him as rather an extraordinary man; and even consults him occasionally in desperate cases of the dogs and horses. Indeed he seems to have been overwhelmed by the apothecary's philosophy, which is exactly one observation deep, consisting of indisputable maxims, such as may be gathered from the mottoes of tobacco-boxes. I had a specimen of his philosophy in my very first conversation with him; in the course of which he observed, with great solemnity and emphasis, that "man is a compound of wisdom and folly;" upon which Master Simon, who had hold of my arm, pressed very hard upon it, and whispered in my ear, "that's a devilish shrewd remark!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

There will no mosse stick to the stone of Sisiphus, no grasso-
g on the heels of Mercury, no butter cleave on the bread of a
traveller. For as the eagle at every flight loatheth a feather, which
maketh her bauld in her age, so the traveller in every country
seeketh some fleece, which maketh him a beggar in his youth. By
saying that for a pound which he cannot sell again for a penny—
repentance.

LILLY'S EUPHUES.

AMONG the worthies of the village, that enjoy the
ecular confidence of Master Simon, is one who has
struck my fancy so much, that I have thought him
worthy of a separate notice. It is Slingsby, the school-
master, a thin elderly man, rather threadbare and
sowenly, somewhat indolent in manner, and with an
easy good-humoured look, not often met with in his
rank. I have been interested in his favour by a few
anecdotes which I have picked up concerning him.
He is a native of the village, and was a contempora-
ry and playmate of Ready-Money Jack in the days of
their boyhood. Indeed, they carried on a kind of
league of mutual good offices. Slingsby was rather
easy, and withal somewhat of a coward, but very apt
in his learning: Jack, on the contrary, was a bully-
boy out of doors, but a sad laggard at his books.
Slingsby helped Jack, therefore, to all his lessons;
Jack fought all Slingsby's battles; and they were in-
separable friends. This mutual kindness continued
even after they left the school, notwithstanding the
similarity of their characters. Jack took to plough-
ing and reaping, and prepared himself to till his pa-
ternal acres; while the other loitered negligently on
the path of learning, until he penetrated even into
the confines of Latin and mathematics.

In an unlucky hour however, he took to reading
pages and travels, and was smitten with a desire
to see the world. This desire increased upon him as
he grew up; so, early one bright sunny morning he
took all his effects in a knapsack, slung it on his back,
took staff in hand, and called in his way to take leave
of his early schoolmate. Jack was just going out with
his plough: the friends shook hands over the farm-

house gate; Jack drove his team afield, and Slingsby
whistled "over the hills and far away," and sallied
forth gaily to "seek his fortune."

Years and years passed by, and young Tom Slings-
by was forgotten; when, one mellow Sunday after-
noon in autumn, a thin man, somewhat advanced in
life, with a coat out at elbows, a pair of old nankeen
gaiters, and a few things tied in a handkerchief, and
slung on the end of a stick, was seen loitering
through the village. He appeared to regard several
houses attentively, to peer into the windows that
were open, to eye the villagers wistfully as they re-
turned from church, and then to pass some time in
the churchyard, reading the tomb-stones.

At length he found his way to the farm-house of
Ready-Money Jack, but paused ere he attempted the
wicket; contemplating the picture of substantial inde-
pendence before him. In the porch of the house sat
Ready-Money Jack, in his Sunday dress; with his hat
upon his head, his pipe in his mouth, and his yard
before him, the monarch of all he surveyed. Beside
him lay his fat house-dog. The varied sounds of poul-
try were heard from the well-stocked farm-yard; the
bees hummed from their hives in the garden; the cattle
lowed in the rich meadow; while the crammed barns
and ample stacks bore proof of an abundant harvest.

The stranger opened the gate and advanced du-
biously towards the house. The mastiff growled at
the sight of the suspicious-looking intruder, but was
immediately silenced by his master; who, taking his
pipe from his mouth, awaited with inquiring aspect
the address of this equivocal personage. The stranger
eyed old Jack for a moment, so portly in his dimen-
sions, and decked out in gorgeous apparel; then cast
a glance upon his own threadbare and starveling con-
dition, and the scanty bundle which he held in his
hand; then giving his shrunk waistcoat a twitch to
make it meet his receding waistband, and casting
another look, half sad, half humorous, at the sturdy
yeoman, "I suppose," said he, "Mr Tibbets, you
have forgot old times and old playmates."

The latter gazed at him with scrutinizing look, but
acknowledged that he had no recollection of him.

"Like enough, like enough," said the stranger;
"every body seems to have forgotten poor Slingsby!"

"Why, no sure! it can't be Tom Slingsby!"

"Yes, but it is, though!" replied the stranger, shak-
ing his head.

Ready-Money Jack was on his feet in a twinkling;
thrust out his hand, gave his ancient crony the gripe
of a giant, and slapping the other hand on a bench,
"Sit down there," cried he, "Tom Slingsby!"

A long conversation ensued about old times, while
Slingsby was regaled with the best cheer that the
farm-house afforded; for he was hungry as well as
way-worn, and had the keen appetite of a poor pedes-
trian. The early playmates then talked over their
subsequent lives and adventures. Jack had but little
to relate, and was never good at a long story. A
prosperous life, passed at home, has little incident

for narrative; it is only poor devils, that are tossed about the world, that are the true heroes of story. Jack had stuck by the paternal farm, followed the same plough that his forefathers had driven, and had waxed richer and richer as he grew older. As to Tom Slingsby, he was an exenuplication of the old proverb, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." He had sought his fortune about the world, without ever finding it, being a thing oftener found at home than abroad. He had been in all kinds of situations, and had learnt a dozen different modes of making a living; but had found his way back to his native village rather poorer than when he left it, his knapsack having dwindled down to a scanty bundle.

As luck would have it, the squire was passing by the farm-house that very evening, and called there, as is often his custom. He found the two schoolmates still gossiping in the porch, and, according to the good old Scottish song, "taking a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne." The squire was struck by the contrast in appearance and fortunes of these early playmates. Ready-Money Jack, seated in lordly state, surrounded by the good things of this life, with golden guineas hanging to his very watch-chain, and the poor pilgrim Slingsby, thin as a weasel, with all his worldly effects, his bundle, hat, and walking-staff, lying on the ground beside him.

The good squire's heart warmed towards the luckless cosmopolite, for he is a little prone to like such half-vagrant characters. He cast about in his mind how he should contrive once more to anchor Slingsby in his native village. Honest Jack had already offered him a present shelter under his roof, in spite of the hints, and winks, and half remonstrances of the shrewd Dame Tibbets; but how to provide for his permanent maintenance was the question. Luckily the squire bethought himself that the village school was without a teacher. A little further conversation convinced him that Slingsby was as fit for that as for any thing else, and in a day or two he was seen swaying the rod of empire in the very school-house where he had often been horsed in the days of his boyhood.

Here he has remained for several years, and, being honoured by the countenance of the squire, and the fast friendship of Mr Tibbets, he has grown into much importance and consideration in the village. I am told, however, that he still shows, now and then, a degree of restlessness, and a disposition to rove abroad again, and see a little more of the world; an inclination which seems particularly to haunt him about spring-time. There is nothing so difficult to conquer as the vagrant humour, when once it has been fully indulged.

Since I have heard these anecdotes of poor Slingsby, I have more than once mused upon the picture presented by him and his schoolmate Ready-Money Jack, on their coming together again after so long a separation. It is difficult to determine between lots in life, where each is attended with its peculiar discontents. He who never leaves his home repines at

his monotonous existence, and envies the traveller, whose life is a constant tissue of wonder and adventure; while he, who is tossed about the world, looks back with many a sigh to the safe and quiet shore which he has abandoned. I cannot help thinking, however, that the man that stays at home, and cultivates the comforts and pleasures daily springing up around him, stands the best chance for happiness. There is nothing so fascinating to a young mind as the idea of travelling; and there is very witchcraft in the old phrase found in every nursery tale, of "going to seek one's fortune." A continual change of place, and change of object, promises a continual succession of adventure and gratification of curiosity. But there is a limit to all our enjoyments, and every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle. He who has sallied forth into the world, like poor Slingsby, full of sunny anticipations, finds too soon how different the distant scene becomes when visited. The smooth place roughens as he approaches; the wild place becomes tame and barren; the fairy tints that beguiled him on still fly to the distant hill, or gather upon the land he has left behind, and every part of the landscape seems greener than the spot he stands on.

THE SCHOOL.

But to come down from great men and higher matters to little children and poor school-rooms again; I will, God willing, go forward orderly, as I purposed, to instruct children and young men both for learning and manners. ROGER ASCHAN.

HAVING given the reader a slight sketch of the village schoolmaster, he may be curious to learn something concerning his school. As the squire takes much interest in the education of the neighbouring children, he put into the hands of the teacher, on first installing him in office, a copy of Roger Aschan Schoolmaster, and advised him, moreover, to concur in that portion of old Peachem which treats of the duties of masters, and which condemns the favourite method of making boys wise by flagellation.

He exhorted Slingsby not to break down or depress the free spirit of the boys, by harshness and slavish fear, but to lead them freely and joyously on the path of knowledge, making it pleasant and desirable in their eyes. He wished to see the youth trained up in the manners and habitudes of the peasantry of the good old times, and thus to lay a foundation for the accomplishment of his favourite object, the revival of old English customs and character. He recommended that all the ancient holidays should be observed, and that the sports of the boys, in their hours of play, should be regulated according to the standards and authorities laid down in Strutt; a copy of whose

and envies the traveller, the of wonder and adventure about the world, looks the safe and quiet shore. I cannot help thinking, it stays at home, and cultivates daily springing up best chance for happiness, relating to a young mind as there is very witchcraft in every nursery tale, of "going continual change of place, misuses a continual succession of curiosity. But there are, and every desire bears satisfaction. Curiosity languishes, novelties cease to excite surprise, cannot wonder even at a mile forth into the world, like many anticipations, finds too distant scene becomes when roughens as he approaches, tame and barren; the fairy a still fly to the distant hill, he has left behind, and every seems greener than the spot be-

SCHOOL.

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nder a slight sketch of the village may be curious to learn some school. As the squire takes education of the neighbouring hands of the teacher, he gives, a copy of Roger Ascham's book, and, moreover, to can of them which treats of the duties of a schoolmaster, and condemns the favourite method of flagellation. I do not break down or depress the boys, by harshness and slavish obedience, but I encourage them freely and joyously on in thinking it pleasant and desirable to see the youth trained in the habitudes of the peasantry, and thus to lay a foundation for his favourite object, the improvement of his mind, and his manners and character. He reserves the ancient holidays should be sports of the boys, in their boyhood, according to the standard in Strutt; a copy of whose

valuable work, decorated with plates, was deposited in the school-house. Above all, he exhorted the pedagogue to abstain from the use of the birch, an instrument of instruction which the good squire regards with abhorrence, as fit only for the coercion of brute natures, that cannot be reasoned with.

Mr Slingsby has followed the squire's instructions to the best of his disposition and abilities. He never flogs the boys, because he is too easy, good-humoured a creature to inflict pain on a worm. He is bountiful in holidays, because he loves holiday himself, and has a sympathy with the urelins' impatience of confinement, from having divers times experienced its irksomeness during the times that he was seeing the world. As to sports and pastimes, the boys are faithfully exercised in all that are on record, quoits, races, prison-bars, tipcat, trap-ball, bandy-ball, wrestling, leaping, and what not. The only misfortune is, that having banished the birch, honest Slingsby has not studied Roger Ascham sufficiently to find out a substitute, or rather he has not the management in his nature to apply one; his school, therefore, though one of the happiest, is one of the most unruly in the country; and never was a pedagogue more liked, or less heeded, by his disciples than Slingsby.

He has lately taken a coadjutor: worthy of himself, being another stray sheep that has returned to the village fold. This is no other than the son of the musical tailor, who had bestowed some cost upon his education, hoping to see him one day arrive at the dignity of an exciseman, or at least of a parish clerk. The lad grew up, however, as idle and musical as his father; and, being captivated by the drum and fife of a recruiting party, he followed them off to the army. He returned not long since, out of money, and out at the elbows, the prodigal son of the village. He remained for some time lounging about the place in a half-tattered soldier's dress, with a foraging cap on one side of his head, jerking stones across the brook, or loitering about the tavern door, a burthen to his father, and regarded with great coldness by all warm house-holders.

Something, however, drew honest Slingsby towards the youth. It might be the kindness he bore to his father, who is one of the schoolmaster's great ironies; it might be that secret sympathy which draws men of vagrant propensities towards each other; for there is something truly magnetic in the vagabond's calling; or it might be, that he remembered the time, when he himself had come back like this youngster, wreck to his native place. At any rate, whatever the motive, Slingsby drew towards the youth. They had many conversations in the village tap-room about foreign parts, and the various scenes and places they had witnessed during their wayfaring about the world. The more Slingsby talked with him, the more he liked him to his taste: and finding him almost as learned as himself, he forthwith engaged him as an assistant, or usher, in the school.

Under such admirable tuition, the school, as may

be supposed, flourishes apace; and if the scholars do not become versed in all the holiday accomplishments of the good old times, to the squire's heart's content, it will not be the fault of their teachers. The prodigal son has become almost as popular among the boys as the pedagogue himself. His instructions are not limited to school-hours; and having inherited the musical taste and talents of his father, he has bitten the whole school with the mania. He is a great hand at beating a drum, which is often heard rumbling from the rear of the school-house. He is teaching half the boys of the village, also, to play the lute, and the pandean pipes; and they wear the whole neighbourhood with their vague pipings, as they sit perched on stiles, or loitering about the barn-doors in the evenings. Among the other exercises of the school, also, he has introduced the ancient art of archery, one of the squire's favourite themes, with such success, that the whipsters roam in truant bands about the neighbourhood, practising with their bows and arrows upon the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field; and not unfrequently making a foray into the squire's domains, to the great indignation of the game-keepers. In a word, so completely are the ancient English customs and habits cultivated at this school, that I should not be surprised if the squire should live to see one of his poetic visions realized, and a brood reared up, worthy successors to Robin Hood, and his merry gang of outlaws.

A VILLAGE POLITICIAN.

I am a rogue if I do not think I was designed for the helm of state; I am so full of nimble stratagems, that I should have ordered affairs, and carried it against the stream of a faction, with as much ease as a skipper would laver against the wind.

THE GOBLINS.

In one of my visits to the village with Master Simon, he proposed that we should stop at the inn, which he wished to show me, as a specimen of a real country inn, the head-quarters of village gossip. I had remarked it before, in my perambulations about the place. It has a deep old-fashioned porch, leading into a large hall, which serves for tap-room and travellers'-room; having a wide fire-place, with high-backed settles on each side, where the wise men of the village gossip over their ale, and hold their sessions during the long winter evenings. The landlord is an easy, indolent fellow, shaped a little like one of his own beer barrels, and is apt to stand gossiping at his door, with his wig on one side, and his hands in his pockets, whilst his wife and daughter attend to customers. His wife, however, is fully competent to manage the establishment; and, indeed, from long habitude, rules over all the frequenters of the tap-room as completely as if they were her dependents instead of her patrons. Not a veteran ale-bibber but

pays homage to her, having, no doubt, been often in her arrears. I have already hinted that she is on very good terms with Ready-Money Jack. He was a sweetheart of hers in early life, and has always commended the tavern on her account. Indeed, he is quite the "cock of the walk" at the tap-room.

As we approached the inn, we heard some one talking with great volubility, and distinguished the ominous words, "taxes," "poor's rates," and "agricultural distress." It proved to be a thin, loquacious fellow, who had penned the landlord up in one corner of the porch, with his hands in his pockets as usual, listening with an air of the most vacant acquiescence.

The sight seemed to have a curious effect on Master Simon, as he squeezed my arm, and altering his position, sheered wide of the porch, as though he had not had any idea of entering. This evident evasion induced me to notice the orator more particularly. He was meagre, but active in his make, with a long, pale, bilious face; a black, ill-shaven beard, a feverish eye, and a hat sharpened up at the sides, into a most pragmatical shape. He had a newspaper in his hand, and seemed to be commenting on its contents, to the thorough conviction of mine host.

At sight of Master Simon the landlord was evidently a little flurried, and began to rub his hands, edge away from his corner, and make several profound publican bows; while the orator took no other notice of my companion than to talk rather louder than before, and with, as I thought, something of an air of defiance. Master Simon, however, as I have before said, sheered off from the porch, and passed on, pressing my arm within his, and whispering as we got by, in a tone of awe and horror, "That's a radical! he reads Cobbett!"

I endeavoured to get a more particular account of him from my companion, but he seemed unwilling even to talk about him, answering only in general terms, that he was "a cursed busy fellow, that had a confounded trick of talking, and was apt to bother one about the national debt, and such nonsense;" from which I suspected that Master Simon had been rendered wary of him by some accidental encounter on the field of argument; for these radicals are continually roving about in quest of wordy warfare, and never so happy as when they can tilt a gentleman-logician out of his saddle.

On subsequent inquiry my suspicions have been confirmed. I find the radical has but recently found his way into the village, where he threatens to commit fearful devastations with his doctrines. He has already made two or three complete converts, or new lights; has shaken the faith of several others; and has grievously puzzled the brains of many of the oldest villagers, who had never thought about politics, or scarce any thing else, during their whole lives.

He is lean and meagre from the constant restlessness of mind and body; worrying about with news-

papers and pamphlets in his pockets, which he is ready to pull out on all occasions. He has shocked several of the stanchest villagers by talking lightly of the squire and his family; and hinting that it would be better the park should be cut up into small farms and kitchen-gardens, or feed good mutton instead of worthless deer.

He is a great thorn in the side of the squire, who is sadly afraid that he will introduce politics into the village, and turn it into an unhappy, thinking community. He is a still greater grievance to Master Simon, who has hitherto been able to sway the political opinions of the place, without much cost of learning or logic; but has been very much puzzled of late to weed out the doubts and heresies already sown by this champion of reform. Indeed, the latter has taken complete command at the tap-room of the tavern, not so much because he has convinced, as because he has out-talked all the old established oracles. The apothecary, with all his philosophy, was as naught before him. He has convinced and converted the landlord at least a dozen times; who, however, is liable to be convinced and converted the other way by the next person with whom he talks. It is true the radical has a violent antagonist in the landlady, who is vehemently loyal, and thoroughly devoted to the king, Master Simon, and the squire. She now and then comes out upon the reformer with all the fierceness of a cat-o'-mountain, and does not spare her own soft-headed husband, for listening to what she terms such "low-lived politics." What makes the good woman the more violent, is the perfect coolness with which the radical listens to her attacks, drawing his face up into a provoking, supercilious smile; and when she has talked herself out of breath, quietly asking her for a taste of her homebrewed.

The only person that is in any way a match for this redoubtable politician is Ready-Money Jack Cobbetts; who maintains his stand in the tap-room, in defiance of the radical and all his works. Jack is one of the most loyal men in the country, without being able to reason about the matter. He has the admirable quality for a tough arguer, also, that he never knows when he is beat. He has half a dozen old maxims, which he advances on all occasions, and though his antagonist may overturn them never so often, yet he always brings them anew to the field. He is like the jester in Ariosto, who, though his head might be cut off half a hundred times, returned as sound a man as ever to the charge.

Whatever does not square with Jack's simple and obvious creed, he sets down for "French politics;" for, notwithstanding the peace, he cannot be persuaded that the French are not still laying plots to ruin the nation, and to get hold of the Bank of England. The radical attempted to overwhelm him one day by a long passage from a newspaper; but he neither reads nor believes in newspapers. In re-

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he gave him one of the stanzas which he has by heart
 from his favourite, and indeed only author, old Tus-
 ser, and which he calls his Golden Rules :

Leave princes' affairs undescanted on,
 And tend to such doings as stand thee upon ;
 Fear God, and offend not the king nor his laws,
 And keep thyself out of the magistrate's claws.

When Tibbets had pronounced this with great em-
 phasis he pulled out a well-filled leathern purse, took
 out a handful of gold and silver, paid his score at the
 bar with great punctuality, returned his money,
 piece by piece, into his purse, his purse into his poc-
 ket, which he buttoned up; and then, giving his
 budget a stout thump upon the floor, and bidding the
 radical "good morning, sir!" with the tone of a
 man who conceives he has completely done for his
 antagonist, he walked with lion-like gravity out of
 the house. Two or three of Jack's admirers who
 were present, and had been afraid to take the field
 themselves, looked upon this as a perfect triumph,
 and winked at each other when the radical's back
 was turned. "Ay, ay!" said mine host, as soon as
 the radical was out of hearing, "let old Jack alone;
 'll warrant he'll give him his own!"

THE ROOKERY.

But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 in still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.

COWPER.

Is a grove of tall oaks and beeches, that crowns a
 terrace-walk, just on the skirts of the garden, is an
 ancient rookery, which is one of the most important
 provinces in the squire's rural domains. The old
 gentleman sets great store by his rooks, and will not
 suffer one of them to be killed; in consequence of
 which they have increased amazingly; the tree-tops
 are loaded with their nests; they have encroached
 upon the great avenue, and have even established, in
 times long past, a colony among the elms and pines
 of the churchyard, which, like other distant colonies,
 has already thrown off allegiance to the mother-
 country.

The rooks are looked upon by the squire as a very
 ancient and honourable line of gentry, highly aristoc-
 ratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached
 to church and state; as their building so loftily, keep-
 ing about churches and cathedrals, and in the vener-
 able groves of old castles and manor-houses, suffi-
 ciently manifests. The good opinion thus expressed
 by the squire put me upon observing more narrowly
 these very respectable birds; for I confess, to my
 shame, I had been apt to confound them with their
 business-german the crows, to whom, at the first
 glance, they bear so great a family resemblance.

Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious
 than such a mistake. The rooks and crows are,
 among the feathered tribes, what the Spaniards and
 Portuguese are among nations, the least loving, in
 consequence of their neighbourhood and similarity.
 The rooks are old-established housekeepers, high-
 minded gentlefolk, that have had their hereditary
 abodes time out of mind; but as to the poor crows,
 they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gipsy race,
 roving about the country without any settled home;
 "their hands are against every body, and every
 body's against them," and they are gibbeted in every
 corn-field. Master Simon assures me that a female
 rook, that should so far forget herself as to consort
 with a crow, would inevitably be disinherited, and
 indeed would be totally discarded by all her genteel
 acquaintance.

The squire is very watchful over the interests and
 concerns of his sable neighbours. As to Master Si-
 mon, he even pretends to know many of them by
 sight, and to have given names to them; he points
 out several, which he says are old heads of families,
 and compares them to worthy old citizens, beforehand
 in the world, that wear cocked hats, and silver
 buckles in their shoes. Notwithstanding the protect-
 ing benevolence of the squire, and their being resi-
 dents in his empire, they seem to acknowledge no
 allegiance, and to hold no intercourse or intimacy.
 Their airy tenements are built almost out of the reach
 of gun-shot; and notwithstanding their vicinity to the
 Hall, they maintain a most reserved and distrustful
 shyness of mankind.

There is one season of the year, however, which
 brings all birds in a manner to a level, and tames the
 pride of the loftiest highflyer; which is the season of
 building their nests. This takes place early in the
 spring, when the forest-trees first begin to show their
 buds; the long, withy ends of the branches to turn
 green; when the wild strawberry, and other herbages
 of the sheltered woodlands, put forth their tender
 and tinted leaves, and the daisy and the primrose
 peep from under the hedges. At this time there is a
 general bustle among the feathered tribes; an inces-
 sant fluttering about, and a cheerful chirping, indica-
 tive, like the germination of the vegetable world, of
 the reviving life and fecundity of the year.

It is then that the rooks forget their usual state-
 liness, and their shy and lofty habits. Instead of
 keeping up in the high regions of the air, swinging
 on the breezy tree-tops, and looking down with
 sovereign contempt upon the humble crawlers upon
 earth, they are fain to throw off for a time the
 dignity of the gentleman, to come down to the ground,
 and put on the pains-taking and industrious character
 of a labourer. They now lose their natural shyness,
 become fearless and familiar, and may be seen plying
 about in all directions, with an air of great assiduity,
 in search of building materials. Every now and then
 your path will be crossed by one of these busy old
 gentlemen, worrying about with awkward gait, as if

troubled with the gout, or with corns on his toes, casting about many a prying look, turning down first one eye, then the other, in earnest consideration, upon every straw he meets with, until, espying some mighty twig, large enough to make a rafter for his air-castle, he will seize upon it with avidity, and hurry away with it to the tree-top; fearing, apparently, lest you should dispute with him the invaluable prize.

Like other castle-builders, these airy architects seem rather fanciful in the materials with which they build, and to like those most which come from a distance. Thus, though there are abundance of dry twigs on the surrounding trees, yet they never think of making use of them, but go foraging in distant lands, and come sailing home, one by one, from the ends of the earth, each bearing in his bill some precious piece of timber.

Nor must I avoid mentioning what, I grieve to say, rather derogates from the grave and honourable character of these ancient gentlefolk, that, during the architectural season, they are subject to great dissensions among themselves; that they make no scruple to defraud and plunder each other; and that sometimes the rookery is a scene of hideous brawl and commotion, in consequence of some delinquency of the kind. One of the partners generally remains on the nest to guard it from depredation; and I have seen severe contests, when some sly neighbour has endeavoured to filch away a tempting rafter that had captivated his eye. As I am not willing to admit any suspicion hastily that should throw a stigma on the general character of so worshipful a people, I am inclined to think that these larcenies are very much discountenanced by the higher classes, and even rigorously punished by those in authority; for I have now and then seen a whole gang of rooks fall upon the nest of some individual, pull it all to pieces, carry off the spoils, and even buffet the luckless proprietor. I have concluded this to be some signal punishment inflicted upon him, by the officers of the police, for some pilfering misdemeanour; or, perhaps, that it was a crew of bailiffs carrying an execution into his house.

I have been amused with another of their movements during the building-season. The steward has suffered a considerable number of sheep to graze on a lawn near the house, somewhat to the annoyance of the squire, who thinks this an innovation on the dignity of a park, which ought to be devoted to deer only. Be this as it may, there is a green knoll, not far from the drawing-room window, where the ewes and lambs are accustomed to assemble towards evening, for the benefit of the setting sun. No sooner were they gathered here, at the time when these politic birds were building, than a stately old rook, who Master Simon assured me was the chief magistrate of this community, would settle down upon the head of one of the ewes, who, seeming conscious of this condescension, would desist from grazing, and stand fixed in motionless reverence of her august burthen; the rest of the rookery would then come wheeling

down, in imitation of their leader, until every ewe had two or three of them cawing, and fluttering, and battling upon her back. Whether they required the submission of the sheep, by levying a contribution upon their fleece for the benefit of the rookery, I am not certain; though I presume they followed the usual custom of protecting powers.

The latter part of May is the time of great tribulation among the rookeries, when the young are just able to leave the nests, and balance themselves on the neighbouring branches. Now comes on the season of "rook shooting;" a terrible slaughter of the innocents. The squire, of course, prohibits all invasion of the kind on his territories; but I am told that a lamentable havoc takes place in the colony about the old church. Upon this devoted commonwealth the village charges "with all its chivalry." Every ill-wight that is lucky enough to possess an old gun or blunderbuss, together with all the archery of Slingsby's school, take the field on the occasion. In vain does the little parson interfere, or remonstrate, in angry tones, from his study window that looks into the churchyard; there is a continual popping from morning till night. Being no great marksmen, their shots are not often effective; but every now and then a great shout from the besieging army of bumpkins makes known the downfall of some unlucky, squab rook, which comes to the ground with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling.

Nor is the rookery entirely free from other troubles and disasters. In so aristocratical and lofty-minded a community, which boasts so much ancient blood and hereditary pride, it is natural to suppose that questions of etiquette will sometimes arise, and affairs of honour ensue. In fact, this is very often the case. Bitter quarrels break out between individuals, which produce sad scufflings on the tree-tops, and I have more than once seen a regular duel take place between two doughty heroes of the rookery. Their field of battle is generally the air; and their contest is managed in the most scientific and elegant manner, wheeling round and round each other, and towering higher and higher to get the 'vantage ground, until they sometimes disappear in the clouds before the combat is determined.

They have also fierce combats now and then with an invading hawk, and will drive him off from their territories by a *posse comitatus*. They are also extremely tenacious of their domains, and will suffer no other bird to inhabit the grove or its vicinity. There was a very ancient and respectable old haddock-owl that had long had his lodgings in a corner of the grove, but has been fairly ejected by the rook, and has retired, disgusted with the world, to a neighbouring wood, where he leads the life of a hermit, and makes nightly complaints of his ill treatment.

The whootings of this unhappy gentleman may generally be heard in the still evenings, when the rooks are all at rest; and I have often listened to them on moonlight night, with a kind of mysterious gratifica-

tion. This grey-bearded misanthrope of course is highly respected by the squire; but the servants have superstitious notions about him; and it would be difficult to get the dairy-maid to venture after dark near to the wood which he inhabits.

Besides the private quarrels of the rooks, there are other misfortunes to which they are liable, and which often bring distress into the most respectable families of the rookery. Having the true baronial spirit of the good old feudal times, they are apt now and then to issue forth from their castles on a foray, and to lay the plebeian fields of the neighbouring country under contribution; in the course of which chivalrous expeditions they now and then get a shot from the rusty artillery of some refractory farmer. Occasionally, too, while they are quietly taking the air: beyond the park boundaries, they have the incaution to come within the reach of the truant bowmen of Slingsby's school, and receive a slight shot from some unlucky urchin's arrow. In such case the wounded adventurer will sometimes have just strength enough to bring himself home, and, giving up the ghost at the rookery, will hang dangling "all abroad" on a bough, like a thief on a gibbet; an awful warning to his friends, and an object of great commiseration to the squire.

But, maugre all these untoward incidents, the rooks have, upon the whole, a happy holiday life of it. When their young are reared, and fairly launched upon their native element, the air, the cares of the old folks seem over, and they resume all their aristocratical dignity and idleness. I have envied them the enjoyment which they appear to have in their ethereal heights, sporting with clamorous exultation about their lofty bowers; sometimes hovering over them, sometimes partially alighting upon the topmost branches, and there balancing with outstretched wings, and swinging in the breeze. Sometimes they seem to take a fashionable drive to the church, and amuse themselves by circling in airy rings about its spire; at other times a mere garrison is left at home to mount guard in their strong hold at the grove, while the rest roam abroad to enjoy the fine weather. About sunset the garrison gives notice of their return; their faint cawing will be heard from a great distance, and they will be seen far off like a sable cloud, and then, nearer and nearer, until they all come soaring home. Then they perform several grand circuits in the air, over the Hall and garden, wheeling closer and closer, until they gradually settle down upon the grove, when a prodigious cawing takes place, as though they were relating their day's adventures.

I like at such times to walk about these dusky groves, and hear the various sounds of these airy people roosted so high above me. As the gloom increases, their conversation subsides, and they seem to be gradually dropping asleep; but every now and then there is a querulous note, as if some one was parrelling for a pillow, or a little more of the blanket. It is late in the evening before they completely

sink to repose, and then their old anchorite neighbour, the owl, begins his lonely hootings from his bachelor's-hall, in the wood.

MAY-DAY.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

ACTÆON AND DIANA.

As I was lying in bed this morning, enjoying one of those half dreams, half reveries, which are so pleasant in the country, when the birds are singing about the window, and the sunbeams peeping through the curtains, I was roused by the sound of music. On going down stairs, I found a number of villagers dressed in their holiday clothes, bearing a pole, ornamented with garlands and ribands, and accompanied by the village band of music, under the direction of the tailor, the pale fellow who plays on the clarinet. They had all sprigs of hawthorn, or, as it is called, "the May," in their hats; and had brought green branches and flowers to decorate the Hall door and windows. They had come to give notice that the May-pole was reared on the green, and to invite the household to witness the sports. The Hall, according to custom, became a scene of hurry and delightful confusion. The servants were all agog with May and music; and there was no keeping either the tongues or the feet of the maids quiet, who were anticipating the sports of the green, and the evening dance.

I repaired to the village at an early hour to enjoy the merry-making. The morning was pure and sunny, such as a May morning is always described. The fields were white with daisies, the hawthorn was covered with its fragrant blossoms, the bee hummed about every bank, and the swallow played high in the air about the village steeple. It was one of those genial days when we seem to draw in pleasure with the very air we breathe, and to feel happy we know not why. Whoever has felt the worth of worthy man, or has doted on lovely woman, will, on such a day, call them tenderly to mind, and feel his heart all alive with long-buried recollections. "For thenne," says the excellent romance of King Arthur, "lovers call ageyne to their mynde old gentilnes and old servyge, and many kind dedes that were forgotten by neglyence."

Before reaching the village, I saw the May-pole towering above the cottages, with its gay garlands and streamers, and heard the sound of music. I found that there had been booths set up near it, for the reception of company; and a bower of green branches

and flowers for the Queen of May, a fresh, rosy-cheeked girl of the village.

A band of morris-dancers were capering on the green in their fantastic dresses, jingling with hawks' bells, with a boy dressed up as Maid Marian, and the attendant fool rattling his box to collect contributions from the by-standers. The gipsy-women too were already plying their mystery in by-corners of the village, reading the hands of the simple country girls, and no doubt promising them all good husbands and tribes of children.

The squire made his appearance in the course of the morning, attended by the parson, and was received with loud acclamations. He mingled among the country people throughout the day, giving and receiving pleasure wherever he went. The amusements of the day were under the management of Slingsby, the schoolmaster, who is not merely lord of misrule in his school, but master of the revels to the village. He was bustling about with the perplexed and anxious air of a man who has the oppressive burthen of promoting other people's merriment upon his mind. He had involved himself in a dozen scrapes in consequence of a politic intrigue, which, by the bye, Master Simon and the Oxonian were at the bottom of, which had for object the election of the Queen of May. He had met with violent opposition from a faction of ale-drinkers, who were in favour of a bouncing bar-maid, the daughter of the innkeeper; but he had been too strongly backed not to carry his point, though it shows that these rural crowns, like all others, are objects of great ambition and heart-burning. I am told that Master Simon takes great interest, though in an underhand way, in the election of these May-day Queens, and that the chaplet is generally secured for some rustic beauty that has found favour in his eyes.

In the course of the day there were various games of strength and agility on the green, at which a knot of village veterans presided, as judges of the lists. Among these I perceived that Ready-Money Jack took the lead, looking with a learned and critical eye on the merits of the different candidates; and though he was very laconic, and sometimes merely expressed himself by a nod, yet it was evident that his opinions far outweighed those of the most loquacious.

Young Jack Tibbets was the hero of the day, and carried off most of the prizes, though in some of the feats of agility he was rivalled by the "prodigal son," who appeared much in his element on this occasion; but his most formidable competitor was the notorious gipsy, the redoubtable "Star-light Tom." I was rejoiced at having an opportunity of seeing this "minion of the moon" in broad daylight. I found him a tall, swarthy, good-looking fellow, with a lofty air, something like what I have seen in an Indian chieftain; and with a certain lounging, easy, and almost graceful carriage, which I have often remarked in beings of the lazaroni order, that lead an idle, loitering life, and have a gentlemanlike contempt of labour.

Master Simon and the old general reconnoitred the ground together, and indulged a vast deal of harmless raking among the buxom country girls. Master Simon would give some of them a kiss on meeting with them, and would ask after their sisters, for he is acquainted with most of the farmers' families. Sometimes he would whisper, and affect to talk mischievously with them, and, if bantered on the subject, would turn it off with a laugh, though it was evident he liked to be suspected of being a gay Lothario amongst them.

He had much to say to the farmers about their farms; and seemed to know all their horses by name. There was an old fellow, with a round ruddy face, and a night-cap under his hat, the village wit, who took several occasions to crack a joke with him in the hearing of his companions, to whom he would turn and wink hard when Master Simon had passed.

The harmony of the day, however, had nearly, at one time, been interrupted, by the appearance of the radical on the ground, with two or three of his disciples. He soon got engaged in argument in the very thick of the throng, above which I could hear his voice, and now and then see his meagre hand, half a mile out of the sleeve, elevated in the air in violent gesticulation, and flourishing a pamphlet by way of truncheon. He was decrying these idle nonsensical amusements in times of public distress, when it was every one's business to think of other matters, and to be miserable. The honest village logicians could make no stand against him, especially as he was seconded by his proselytes; when, to their great joy, Master Simon and the general came drifting down into the field of action. I saw that Master Simon was for making off, as soon as he found himself in the neighbourhood of this fire-ship; but the general was too loyal to suffer such talk in his hearing, and thought no doubt, that a look and a word from a gentleman would be sufficient to shut up so shabby an orator. The latter, however, was no respecter of persons, but rather seemed to exult in having such important antagonists. He talked with greater volubility than ever, and soon drowned them in declamation on the subject of taxes, poors' rates, and the national debt. Master Simon endeavoured to brush along in his usual escapist manner, which had always answered amazingly well with the villagers; but the radical was one of those pestilent fellows that pin a man down to fact, and, indeed, he had two or three pamphlets in his pocket, to support every thing he advanced by printed documents. The general, too, found himself betrayed into a more serious action than his dignity could brook, and looked like a mighty Dutch Indian, grievously peppered by a petty privateer. It was vain that he swelled and looked big, and talked large, and endeavoured to make up by pomp of manner the poverty of matter; every home-thrust of the radical made him wheeze like a bellows, and seemed to blow volume of wind out of him. In a word, the town worthies from the Hall were completely dumb-fou-

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ed, and this too in the presence of several of Master Simon's staunch admirers, who had always looked up to him as infallible. I do not know how he and the general would have managed to draw their forces decently from the field, had there not been a match at grinning through a horse-collar announced, whereupon the radical retired with great expression of contempt, and, as soon as his back was turned, the argument was carried against him all hollow.

"Did you ever hear such a pack of stuff, general?" said Master Simon; "there's no talking with one of these chaps when he once gets that confounded Cobbett in his head."

"Shlood, sir!" said the general, wiping his forehead, "such fellows ought all to be transported!"

In the latter part of the day the lalies from the Hall paid a visit to the green. The fair Julia made her appearance, leaning on her lover's arm, and looking extremely pale and interesting. As she is a great favourite in the village, where she has been known from childhood; and as her late accident had been much talked about, the sight of her caused very manifest delight, and some of the old women of the village blessed her sweet face as she passed.

While they were walking about, I noticed the schoolmaster in earnest conversation with the young girl that represented the Queen of May, evidently endeavouring to spirit her up to some formidable undertaking. At length, as the party from the Hall approached her bower, she came forth, faltering at every step, until she reached the spot where the fair Julia stood between her lover and Lady Lillycraft. The little Queen then took the chaplet of flowers from her head, and attempted to put it on that of the bride elect; but the confusion of both was so great, that the breath would have fallen to the ground, had not the officer caught it, and, laughing, placed it upon the flushing brows of his mistress. There was something charming in the very embarrassment of these two young creatures, both so beautiful, yet so different in their kinds of beauty. Master Simon told me, afterwards, that the Queen of May was to have spoken a few verses which the schoolmaster had written for her; but that she had neither wit to understand, nor memory to recollect them. "Besides," added he, "between you and I, she murders the king's English nominally; so she has acted the part of a wise woman holding her tongue, and trusting to her pretty face."

Among the other characters from the Hall was Mrs Hannah, my Lady Lillycraft's gentlewoman: to my surprise she was escorted by old Christy the huntsman, and followed by his ghost of a greyhound; but I find they are very old acquaintances, being drawn together by some sympathy of disposition. Mrs Hannah moved about with starched dignity among the rustics, who drew back from her with more awe than they did from her mistress. Her mouth seemed shut as with a clasp; excepting that I now and then heard the word "fellows!" escape from between her lips, as she accidentally jostled in the crowd.

But there was one other heart present that did not enter into the merriment of the scene, which was that of the simple Phœbe Wilkins, the housekeeper's niece. The poor girl has continued to pine and whine for some time past, in consequence of the obstinate coldness of her lover; never was a little flirtation more severely punished. She appeared this day on the green, gallanted by a smart servant out of livery, and had evidently resolved to try the hazardous experiment of awakening the jealousy of her lover. She was dressed in her very best; affected an air of great gaiety; talked loud and girlishly, and laughed when there was nothing to laugh at. There was, however, an aching, heavy heart, in the poor baggage's bosom, in spite of all her levity. Her eye turned every now and then in quest of her reckless lover, and her cheek grew pale, and her fictitious gaiety vanished, on seeing him paying his rustic homage to the little May-day Queen.

My attention was now diverted by a fresh stir and bustle. Music was heard from a distance; a banner was seen advancing up the road, preceded by a rustic band playing something like a march, and followed by a sturdy throng of country lads, the chivalry of a neighbouring and rival village.

No sooner had they reached the green than they challenged the heroes of the day to new trials of strength and activity. Several gymnastic contests ensued for the honour of the respective villages. In the course of these exercises, young Tibbets and the champion of the adverse party had an obstinate match at wrestling. They tugged, and strained, and panted, without either getting the mastery, until both came to the ground, and rolled upon the green. Just then the disconsolate Phœbe came by. She saw her recreant lover in fierce contest, as she thought, and in danger. In a moment, pride, pique, and coquetry were forgotten: she rushed into the ring, seized upon the rival champion by the hair, and was on the point of wreaking on him her puny vengeance, when a buxom, strapping country lass, the sweetheart of the prostrate swain, pounced upon her like a hawk, and would have stripped her of her fine plumage in a twinkling, had she also not been seized in her turn.

A complete tumult ensued. The chivalry of the two villages became embroiled. Blows began to be dealt, and sticks to be flourished. Phœbe was carried off from the field in hysterics. In vain did the sages of the village interfere. The sententious apothecary endeavoured to pour the soothing oil of his philosophy upon this tempestuous sea of passion, but was tumbled into the dust. Slingsby the pedagogue, who is a great lover of peace, went into the midst of the throng, as marshal of the day, to put an end to the commotion; but was rent in twain, and came out with his garment hanging in two strips from his shoulders: upon which the prodigal son dashed in with fury to revenge the insult which his patron had sustained. The tumult thickened; I caught glimpses of the jockey cap of old Christy, like the helmet of a chieftain, bob-

ling about in the midst of the scuffle; while Mistress Hannah, separated from her doughty protector, was squalling and striking at right and left with a faded parasol; being tossed and touzled about by the crowd in such wise as never happened to maiden gentleman before.

At length I beheld old Ready-Money Jack making his way into the very thickest of the throng; tearing it, as it were, apart, and enforcing peace, *vi et armis*. It was surprising to see the sudden quiet that ensued. The storm settled down at once into tranquillity. The parties, having no real grounds of hostility, were readily pacified, and in fact were a little at a loss to know why and how they had got by the ears. Slingsby was speedily stitched together again by his friend the tailor, and resumed his usual good humour. Mrs Hannah drew on one side to plume her rumpled feathers; and old Christy, having repaired his damages, took her under his arm, and they swept back again to the Hall, ten times more bitter against mankind than ever.

The Tibbets family alone seemed slow in recovering from the agitation of the scene. Young Jack was evidently very much moved by the heroism of the unlucky Phæbe. His mother, who had been summoned to the field of action by news of the affray, was in a sad panic, and had need of all her management to keep him from following his mistress, and coming to a perfect reconciliation.

What heightened the alarm and perplexity of the good managing dame was, that the matter had roused the slow apprehension of old Ready-Money himself; who was very much struck by the intrepid interference of so pretty and delicate a girl, and was sadly puzzled to understand the meaning of the violent agitation in his family.

When all this came to the ears of the squire, he was grievously scandalized that his May-day fête should have been disgraced by such a brawl. He ordered Phæbe to appear before him, but the girl was so frightened and distressed, that she came sobbing and trembling, and, at the first question he asked, fell again into hysterics. Lady Lillycraft, who had understood that there was an affair of the heart at the bottom of this distress, immediately took the girl into great favour and protection, and made her peace with the squire. This was the only thing that disturbed the harmony of the day, if we except the discomfiture of Master Simon and the general by the radical. Upon the whole, therefore, the squire had very fair reason to be satisfied that he had rode his hobby throughout the day without any other molestation.

The reader, learned in these matters, will perceive that all this was but a faint shadow of the once gay and fanciful rites of May. The peasantry have lost the proper feeling for these rites, and have grown almost as strange to them as the boors of La Mancha were to the customs of chivalry in the days of the valorous Don Quixote. Indeed, I considered it a proof of the discretion with which the squire rides his hobby,

that he had not pushed the thing any further, nor attempted to revive many obsolete usages of the day, which, in the present matter-of-fact times, would appear affected and absurd. I must say, though I do it under the rose, the general brawl in which this festival had nearly terminated, has made me doubt whether these rural customs of the good old times were always so very loving and innocent as we are apt to fancy them; and whether the peasantry in those times were really so Arcadian as they have been fondly represented. I begin to fear—

—“Those days were never airy dreams
sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it; I still must envy them an age
That favour'd such a dream.”

THE MANUSCRIPT.

YESTERDAY was a day of quiet and repose after the bustle of May-day. During the morning I joined the ladies in a small sitting-room, the windows of which came down to the floor, and opened upon a terrace of the garden, which was set out with delicate shrubs and flowers. The soft sunshine that fell into the room through the branches of trees that overhung the windows, the sweet smell of the flowers, and the singing of the birds, seemed to produce a pleasing, yet calming effect on the whole party, for some time elapsed without any one speaking. Lady Lillycraft and Miss Templeton were sitting by an elegant work-table, near one of the windows, occupied with some pretty lady-like work. The captain was on a stool by his mistress' feet, looking over some music; and poor Phæbe Wilkins, who has always been a kind of peacemaker among the ladies, but who has risen vastly in favour with Lady Lillycraft, in consequence of some tender confessions, sat in one corner of the room, with some eyes, working pensively at some of the fair Julia's wedding ornaments.

The silence was interrupted by her ladyship, who suddenly proposed a task to the captain. “I am in your debt,” said she, “for that tale you read to us the other day; I will now furnish one in return, if you read it; and it is just suited to this sweet May morning, for it is all about love!”

The proposition seemed to delight every one present. The captain smiled assent. Her ladyship rung for a page, and dispatched him to her room for the manuscript. “As the captain,” said she, “gave us an account of the author of his story, it is but right should give one of mine. It was written by a clergyman of the parish where I reside. He is an elderly man, of a delicate constitution, but possibly one of the most charming men that ever lived. I lost his wife a few years since, one of the sweetest women you ever saw. He has two sons, whom

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ful poetry. His parsonage is a lovely place, close by
the church, all overrun with ivy and honeysuckles,
with the sweetest flower-garden about it; for, you
know, our country clergymen are almost always fond of
flowers, and make their parsonages perfect pictures.
"His living is a very good one, and he is very much
loved, and does a great deal of good in the neigh-
bourhood, and among the poor. And then such ser-
mons as he preaches! Oh, if you could only hear
one taken from a text in Solomon's Song, all about
love and matrimony, one of the sweetest things you
ever heard! He preaches it at least once a-year, in
spring time, for he knows I am fond of it. He always
comes with me on Sundays, and often brings me some
of the sweetest pieces of poetry, all about the pleasures
of melancholy and such subjects, that make me cry so,
you can't think. I wish he would publish. I think
he has some things as sweet as any thing in Moore or
Lord Byron.

"He fell into very ill health some time ago, and
was advised to go to the continent; and I gave him
peace until he went, and promised to take care of
the two boys until he returned.

"He was gone for above a year, and was quite
restored. When he came back, he sent me the tale
I am going to show you. — Oh, here it is!" said she,
and she put in her hands a beautiful box of satin-
wood. She unlocked it, and from among several
sheets of notes on embossed paper, cards of char-
ades, and copies of verses, she drew out a crimson
velvet case, that smelt very much of perfumes. From
it she took a manuscript, daintily written on gilt-
edged vellum paper, and stitched with a light blue
band. This she handed to the captain, who read
the following tale, which I have procured for the en-
tainment of the reader.

ANNETTE DELARBRE.

The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main,
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again.
When day is gone, and night is come,
And a' are bound to sleep,
I think on them that's far awa
The lee-lang night and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night and weep.

— OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

In the course of a tour that I once made in Lower
Normandy, I remained for a day or two at the old
town of Honfleur, which stands near the mouth of
the Seine. It was the time of a fête, and all the
world was thronging in the evening to dance at the
table held before the chapel of Our Lady of Grace.

As I like all kinds of innocent merry-making, I joined
the throng.

The chapel is situated at the top of a high hill, or
promontory, from whence its bell may be heard at a
distance by the mariner at night. It is said to have
given the name to the port of Havre de Grace, which
lies directly opposite on the other side of the Seine.
The road up to the chapel went in a zig-zag course,
along the brow of the steep coast; it was shaded by
trees, from between which I had beautiful peeps at
the ancient towers of Honfleur below, the varied
scenery of the opposite shore, the white buildings of
Havre in the distance, and the wide sea beyond. The
road was enlivened by groups of peasant girls, in
their bright crimson dresses, and tall caps; and I
found all the flower of the neighbourhood assembled
on the green that crowns the summit of the hill.

The chapel of Notre-Dame de Grace is a favourite
resort of the inhabitants of Honfleur and its vicinity,
both for pleasure and devotion. At this little chapel
prayers are put up by the mariners of the port pre-
vious to their voyages, and by their friends during
their absence; and votive offerings are hung about its
walls, in fulfilment of vows made during times of
shipwreck and disaster. The chapel is surrounded
by trees. Over the portal is an image of the Virgin and
Child, with an inscription which struck me as being
quite poetical:

"Étoile de la mer, priez pour nous!"
(Star of the sea, pray for us.)

On a level spot near the chapel, under a grove of
noble trees, the populace dance on fine summer even-
ings; and here are held frequent fairs and fêtes, which
assemble all the rustic beauty of the loveliest parts of
Lower Normandy. The present was an occasion of
the kind. Booths and tents were erected among the
trees: there were the usual displays of finery to tempt
the rural coquette, and of wonderful shows to entice
the curious; mountebanks were exerting their elo-
quence; jugglers and fortune-tellers astonishing the
credulous; while whole rows of grotesque saints, in
wood and wax-work, were offered for the purchase
of the pious.

The fête had assembled in one view all the pic-
turesque costumes of the Pays d'Ange, and the Côte
de Caux. I beheld tall, stately caps, and trim bod-
dices, according to fashions which have been handed
down from mother to daughter for centuries, the
exact counterparts of those worn in the time of the
Conqueror; and which surprised me by their faithful
resemblance to those which I had seen in the old pic-
tures of Froissart's Chronicles, and in the paintings of
illuminated manuscripts. Any one, also, that has
been in Lower Normandy, must have remarked the
beauty of the peasantry, and that air of native elegance
which prevails among them. It is to this country,
undoubtedly, that the English owe their good looks.
It was from hence that the bright carnation, the fine
blue eye, the light auburn hair, passed over to Eng-

land in the train of the Conqueror, and filled the land with beauty.

The scene before me was perfectly enchanting: the assemblage of so many fresh and blooming faces; the gay groups in fanciful dresses, some dancing on the green, others strolling about, or seated on the grass; the fine clumps of trees in the fore-ground, bordering the brow of this airy height; and the broad green sea, sleeping in summer tranquillity, in the distance.

Whilst I was regarding this animated picture, I was struck with the appearance of a beautiful girl, who passed through the crowd without seeming to take any interest in their amusements. She was slender and delicate in her form; she had not the bloom upon her cheek that is usual among the peasantry of Normandy, and her blue eyes had a singular and melancholy expression. She was accompanied by a venerable-looking man, whom I presumed to be her father. There was a whisper among the by-standers, and a wistful look after her as she passed; the young men touched their hats, and some of the children followed her at a little distance, watching her movements. She approached the edge of the hill, where there is a little platform, from whence the people of Honfleur look out for the approach of vessels. Here she stood for some time waving her handkerchief, though there was nothing to be seen but two or three fishing-boats, like mere specks on the bosom of the distant ocean.

These circumstances excited my curiosity, and I made some inquiries about her, which were answered with readiness and intelligence by a priest of the neighbouring chapel. Our conversation drew together several of the by-standers, each of whom had something to communicate, and from them all I gathered the following particulars.

Annette Delarbre was the only daughter of one of the higher order of farmers, or small proprietors, as they are called, who lived at Pont-l'Évêque, a pleasant village not far from Honfleur, in that rich pastoral part of Lower Normandy called the Pays d'Auge. Annette was the pride and delight of her parents, and was brought up with the fondest indulgence. She was gay, tender, petulant, and susceptible. All her feelings were quick and ardent; and having never experienced contradiction or restraint, she was little practised in self-control: nothing but the native goodness of her heart kept her from running continually into error.

Even while a child, her susceptibility was evinced in an attachment which she formed to a playmate, Eugene La Forgue, the only son of a widow who lived in the neighbourhood. Their childish love was an epitome of maturer passion; it had its caprices, and jealousies, and quarrels, and reconciliations. It was assuming something of a graver character as Annette entered her fifteenth, and Eugene his nineteenth year, when he was suddenly carried off to the army by the conscription.

It was a heavy blow to his widowed mother, for he was her only pride and comfort; but it was one of those sudden bereavements which mothers were perpetually doomed to feel in France, during the time that continual and bloody wars were incessantly draining her youth. It was a temporary affliction also to Annette, to lose her lover. With tender embraces, half childish, half womanish, she parted from him. The tears streamed from her blue eyes, as she bound a braid of her fair hair round his wrist; but the smiles still broke through; for she was yet too young to feel how serious a thing is separation, and how many chances there are, when parting in this wide world, against our ever meeting again.

Weeks, months, years flew by. Annette increased in beauty as she increased in years, and was the reigning belle of the neighbourhood. Her time passed innocently and happily. Her father was a man of some consequence in the rural community, and his house was the resort of the gayest of the village. Annette held a kind of rural court; she was always surrounded by companions of her own age, among whom she shone unrivalled. Much of their time was past in making lace, the prevalent manufacture of the neighbourhood. As they sat at this delicate and feminine labour, the merry tale and sprightly song went round: none laughed with a lighter heart than Annette; and if she sang, her voice was perfect melody. Their evenings were enlivened by the dance, or by those pleasant social games so prevalent among the French; and when she appeared at the village ball on Sunday evening, she was the theme of universal admiration.

As she was a rural heiress, she did not want for suitors. Many advantageous offers were made her, but she refused them all. She laughed at the pretensions of her admirers, and triumphed over them with the caprice of buoyant youth and conscious beauty. With all her apparent levity, however, could any man have read the story of her heart, they might have traced in it some fond remembrance of her early playmate, not so deeply graven as to be painful, but too deep to be easily obliterated; and they might have noticed, amidst all her gaiety, the tenderness that marked her manner towards the mother of Eugene. She would often steal away from her youthful companions and their amusements, to pass whole days with the good widow; listening to her fond talk of her boy, and blushing with secret pleasure when his letters were read, at finding herself a constant theme of recollection and inquiry.

At length the sudden return of peace, which brought many a warrior to his native cottage, brought back Eugene, a young, sun-burnt soldier, to the village. I need not say how rapturously his return was greeted by his mother, who saw in him the pride and merit of her old age. He had risen in the service by merit; but brought away little from the wars, excepting a soldier-like air, a gallant name, and a scar across the forehead. He brought back, however,

his widowed mother, for comfort; but it was one of those which mothers were wont to find in France, during the time of the wars were incessantly warring. It was a temporary affliction to a lover. With tender emotion, she parted from her blue eyes, as she had seen his hair round his wrist; but she was yet to be parted from him, and she was, when parting in the ever meeting again.

She flew by. Annette increased in years, and was the same in her neighbourhood. Her time passed as usual. Her father was a man of the rural community, and he was the gayest of the village at the rural court; she was always the object of the eyes of the young men of her own age, among the village. Much of their time was spent in the manufacture of the cloth. She sat at this delicate and delicate work, and her merry tale and sprightly song, and her voice was perfect melody. She was enlivened by the dances and the games so prevalent among the young people. She appeared at the village, and she was the theme of un-

der, she did not want for suitors. Offers were made her, but she laughed at the pretensions, and triumphed over them with youth and conscious beauty. Her heart, they might have thought, was over her early play, but she remembered as to be painful, but she was not; and they might have thought, the tenderness she showed towards the mother of Eugene, away from her youthful courtships, to pass whole days listening to her fond talk about with secret pleasure when she was finding herself a constant theme of conversation.

On the return of peace, which she saw in her native cottage, brought back a burnt soldier, to the village. His return was greeted with pride and admiration. He saw in him the pride and admiration risen in the service by the way little from the wars, and a gallant name, and a name. He brought back, however,

unspoiled by the camp. He was frank, open, generous, and ardent. His heart was quick and kind in its impulses, and was perhaps a little softer from having suffered: it was full of tenderness for Annette. He had received frequent accounts of her from his mother; and the mention of her kindness to his lonely parent had rendered her doubly dear to him. He had been wounded; he had been a prisoner; he had been in various troubles, but he had always preserved the braid of her hair, which she had bound round his arm. It had been a kind of talisman to him; he had many a time looked upon it as he lay on the hard ground, and the thought that he might one day see Annette again, and the fair fields about his native village, had cheered his heart, and enabled him to bear up against every hardship.

He had left Annette almost a child; he found her a growing woman. If he had loved her before, he now adored her. Annette was equally struck with the improvement which time had made in her lover. She noticed, with secret admiration, his superiority to the other young men of the village: the frank, lofty, military air, that distinguished him from all the rest of their rural gatherings. The more she saw him, the more her light, playful fondness of former years opened into ardent and powerful affection. But Annette was a rural belle. She had tasted the sweets of dominion, and had been rendered wilful and capricious by constant indulgence at home, and admission abroad. She was conscious of her power over Eugene, and delighted in exercising it. She sometimes treated him with petulant caprice, enjoying the idea which she inflicted by her friends, from the idea which she would chase it away again by her smiles. She took a pleasure in alarming his fears, by affecting temporary preference to some one or other of his rivals; and then would delight in allaying them by an ample measure of returning kindness. Perhaps there was some degree of vanity gratified by all this; it might be a matter of triumph to shew her absolute power over the young soldier, who was the universal object of female admiration. Eugene, however, was too serious and ardent a nature to be trifled with. He loved too fervently not to be filled with doubt. He saw Annette surrounded by admirers, and full of admiration; the gayest among the gay at all their rural festivities, and apparently most gay when he was most dejected. Every one saw through this caprice of himself; every one saw that in reality she doted on him; but Eugene alone suspected the sincerity of his affection. For some time he bore this coquetry with secret impatience and distrust; but his feelings were so sore and irritable, and overcame his self-command. A slight misunderstanding took place; a quarrel ensued. Annette, unaccustomed to be thwarted and contradicted, and full of the insolence of youth and beauty, assumed an air of disdain. She refused explanations to her lover, and they parted in anger. The very evening Eugene saw her, full of gaiety, and laughing with one of his rivals; and as her eye caught

his, fixed on her with unfeigned distress, it sparkled with more than usual vivacity. It was a finishing blow to his hopes, already so much impaired by secret distrust. Pride and resentment both struggled in his breast, and seemed to rouse his spirit to all its wonted energy. He retired from her presence with the hasty determination never to see her again.

A woman is more considerate in affairs of love than a man, because love is more the study and business of her life. Annette soon repented of her indiscretion: she felt that she had used her lover unkindly; she felt that she had trifled with his sincere and generous nature—and then he looked so handsome when he parted after their quarrel—his fine features lighted up by indignation. She had intended making up with him at the evening dance; but his sudden departure prevented her. She now promised herself that when next they met she would amply repay him by the sweets of a perfect reconciliation, and that, thenceforward, she would never—never tease him more! That promise was not to be fulfilled. Day after day passed; but Eugene did not make his appearance. Sunday evening came, the usual time when all the gaiety of the village assembled; but Eugene was not there. She inquired after him; he had left the village. She now became alarmed, and, forgetting all coyness and affected indifference, called on Eugene's mother for an explanation. She found her full of affliction, and learnt with surprise and consternation that Eugene had gone to sea.

While his feelings were yet smarting with affected disdain, and his heart a prey to alternate indignation and despair, he had suddenly embraced an invitation which had repeatedly been made him by a relation, who was fitting out a ship from the port of Honfleur, and who wished him to be the companion of his voyage. Absence appeared to him the only cure for his unlucky passion; and in the temporary transports of his feelings, there was something gratifying in the idea of having half the world intervene between them. The hurry necessary for his departure left no time for cool reflection; it rendered him deaf to the remonstrances of his afflicted mother. He hastened to Honfleur just in time to make the needful preparations for the voyage; and the first news that Annette received of this sudden determination was a letter delivered by his mother, returning her pledges of affection, particularly the long-treasured braid of her hair, and bidding her a last farewell, in terms more full of sorrow and tenderness than upbraiding.

This was the first stroke of real anguish that Annette had ever received, and it overcame her. The vivacity of her spirits was apt to hurry her to extremes; she for a time gave way to ungovernable transports of affliction and remorse, and manifested, in the violence of her grief, the real ardour of her affection. The thought occurred to her that the ship might not yet have sailed; she seized on the hope with eagerness, and hastened with her father to Honfleur. The ship had sailed that very morning.

From the heights above the town she saw it lessening to a speck on the broad bosom of the ocean, and before evening the white sail had faded from her sight. She turned full of anguish to the neighbouring chapel of Our Lady of Grace, and throwing herself on the pavement, poured out prayers and tears for the safe return of her lover.

When she returned home the cheerfulness of her spirits was at an end. She looked back with remorse and self-upbraiding at her past caprices; she turned with distaste from the adulation of her admirers, and had no longer any relish for the amusements of the village. With humiliation and diffidence she sought the widowed mother of Eugene; but was received by her with an overflowing heart, for she only beheld in Annette one who could sympathize in her doting fondness for her son. It seemed some alleviation of her remorse to sit by the mother all day, to study her wants, to beguile her heavy hours, to hang about her with the caressing endearments of a daughter, and to seek by every means, if possible, to supply the place of the son, whom she reproached herself with having driven away.

In the mean time the ship made a prosperous voyage to her destined port. Eugene's mother received a letter from him, in which he lamented the precipitancy of his departure. The voyage had given him time for sober reflection. If Annette had been unkind to him, he ought not to have forgotten what was due to his mother, who was now advanced in years. He accused himself of selfishness in only listening to the suggestions of his own inconsiderate passions. He promised to return with the ship, to make his mind up to his disappointment, and to think of nothing but making his mother happy—"And when he does return," said Annette, clasping her hand with transport, "it shall not be my fault if he ever leaves us again."

The time approached for the ship's return. She was daily expected, when the weather became dreadfully tempestuous. Day after day brought news of vessels foundered, or driven on shore, and the sea coast was strewn with wrecks. Intelligence was received of the looked-for ship having been dismasted in a violent storm, and the greatest fears were entertained for her safety.

Annette never left the side of Eugene's mother. She watched every change of her countenance with painful solicitude, and endeavoured to cheer her with hopes, while her own mind was racked by anxiety. She tasked her efforts to be gay; but it was a forced and unnatural gaiety: a sigh from the mother would completely check it; and when she could no longer restrain the rising tears, she would hurry away and pour out her agony in secret. Every anxious look, every anxious inquiry of the mother, whenever a door opened, or a strange face appeared, was an arrow to her soul. She considered every disappointment as a pang of her own infliction, and her heart sickened under the care-worn expression of the maternal eye.

At length this suspense became insupportable. She left the village and hastened to Honfleur, hoping every hour, every moment, to receive some tidings of her lover. She paced the pier, and wearied the seamen of the port with her inquiries. She made daily pilgrimage to the chapel of Our Lady of Grace hung votive garlands on the wall, and passed hours either kneeling before the altar, or looking out from the brow of the hill upon the angry sea.

At length word was brought that the long-wished-for vessel was in sight. She was seen standing in the mouth of the Seine, shattered and crippled, bearing marks of having been sadly tempest-tossed. There was a general joy diffused by her return; and there was not a brighter eye, nor a lighter heart than Annette's in the little port of Honfleur. The ship came to anchor in the river; and shortly after boat put off for the shore. The populace crowded down to the pier-head to welcome it. Annette stood blushing, and smiling, and trembling, and weeping for a thousand painfully pleasing emotions agitated her breast at the thoughts of the meeting and reconciliation about to take place. Her heart throbbled pour itself out, and atone to her gallant lover for its errors. At one moment she would place herself in a conspicuous situation, where she might catch his view at once, and surprise him by her welcome; but the next moment a doubt would come across her mind, and she would shrink among the throng, trembling and faint, and gasping with her emotions. Her agitation increased as the boat drew near, and it became distressing; and it was almost a relief to her when she perceived that her lover was not there. She presumed that some accident had detained him on board of the ship; and she felt that the delay would enable her to gather more self-possession for the meeting. As the boat neared the shore, many inquiries were made, and laconic answers returned. At length Annette heard some inquiries after her lover. Her heart palpitated; there was a momentary pause; the reply was brief, but awful. He had been washed from the deck, with two of the crew, in the midst of a stormy night, when it was impossible to render any assistance. A piercing shriek broke from among the crowd; and Annette had nearly fallen into the waves.

The sudden revulsion of feelings after such a transient gleam of happiness, was too much for her rassed frame. She was carried home senseless. Her life was for some time despaired of, and it was many months before she recovered her health; but she never perfectly recovered her mind: it still remained unsettled with respect to her lover's fate.

"The subject," continued my informer, "is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it herself, and it seems as though there were a vague train of impressions in her mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled; some imperfect recollection of her lover's shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

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"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her, and to banish these gloomy images from her thoughts. They assemble round her the young companions in whose society she used to delight; and they will work, and chat, and sing, and laugh, as formerly; but she will sit silently among them, and will sometimes weep in the midst of their gaiety; and, if spoken to, will make no reply, but look up with streaming eyes, and sing a dismal little song, which she has learned somewhere, about a shipwreck. It makes every one's heart ache to see her in this way, for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

"She passes the greater part of the time with Eugene's mother; whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother's tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood. The poor girl seems, as formerly, to make an effort to be cheerful in her company; but will sometimes gaze upon her with the most piteous look, and then kiss her grey hairs, and fall on her neck and weep.

"She is not always melancholy, however; she has occasional intervals when she will be bright and animated for days together; but there is a degree of wildness attending these fits of gaiety, that prevents their yielding any satisfaction to her friends. At such times she will arrange her room, which is all covered with pictures of ships and legends of saints; and will breathe a white chaplet, as if for a wedding, and prepare wedding-ornaments. She will listen anxiously at the door, and look frequently out at the window, as if expecting some one's arrival. It is supposed that at such times she is looking for her lover's return; but, as no one touches upon the theme, or mentions his name in her presence, the current of her thoughts is mere matter of conjecture. Now and then she will make a pilgrimage to the chapel of Notre-Dame de Grace; where she will pray for hours at the altar, and decorate the images with wreaths that she has woven; or will wave her hand-kerchief from the terrace, as you have seen, if there is any vessel in the distance."

Upwards of a year, he informed me, had now passed without effacing from her mind this singular sort of insanity; still her friends hoped it might gradually wear away. They had at one time removed her to a distant part of the country, in hopes that absence from the scenes connected with her story might have a salutary effect; but, when her periodical melancholy returned, she became more restless and wretched than usual, and, secretly escaping from her friends, set out on foot, without knowing the road, on one of her pilgrimages to the chapel.

This little story entirely drew my attention from the gay scene of the fête, and fixed it upon the beautiful Annette. While she was yet standing on the terrace, the vesper-bell was rung from the neighbouring chapel. She listened for a moment, and then, drawing a small rosary from her bosom, walked that direction. Several of the peasantry followed

her in silence; and I felt too much interested not to do the same.

The chapel, as I said before, is in the midst of a grove, on the high promontory. The inside is hung round with the little models of ships, and rude paintings of wrecks and perils at sea, and providential deliverances; the votive offerings of captains and crews that have been saved. On entering, Annette paused for a moment before a picture of the Virgin, which, I observed, had recently been decorated with a wreath of artificial flowers. When she reached the middle of the chapel she knelt down, and those who followed her involuntarily did the same at a little distance. The evening sun shone softly through the chequered grove into one window of the chapel. A perfect stillness reigned within; and this stillness was the more impressive, contrasted with the distant sound of music and merriment from the fair. I could not take my eyes off from the poor suppliant; her lips moved as she told her beads, but her prayers were breathed in silence. It might have been mere fancy excited by the scene, that, as she raised her eyes to heaven, I thought they had an expression truly seraphic. But I am easily affected by female beauty, and there was something in this mixture of love, devotion, and partial insanity, that was inexpressibly touching.

As the poor girl left the chapel, there was a sweet serenity in her looks; and I was told that she would return home, and in all probability be calm and cheerful for days, and even weeks; in which time it was supposed that hope predominated in her mental malady; and that, when the dark side of her mind, as her friends call it, was about to turn up, it would be known by her neglecting her distaff or her lace, singing plaintive songs, and weeping in silence.

She passed on from the chapel without noticing the fête, but smiling and speaking to many as she passed. I followed her with my eye as she descended the winding road towards Honfleur, leaning on her father's arm. "Heaven," thought I, "has ever its store of balms for the hurt mind and wounded spirit, and may in time rear up this broken flower to be once more the pride and joy of the valley. The very delusion in which the poor girl walks may be one of those mists kindly diffused by Providence over the regions of thought, when they become too fruitful of misery. The veil may gradually be raised which obscures the horizon of her mind, as she is enabled steadily and calmly to contemplate the sorrows at present hidden in mercy from her view."

On my return from Paris, about a year afterwards, I turned off from the beaten route at Rouen, to revisit some of the most striking scenes of Lower Normandy. Having passed through the lovely country of the Pays d'Auge, I reached Honfleur on a fine afternoon, intending to cross to Havre the next morning, and embark for England. As I had no better way of passing the evening, I strolled up the hill to

enjoy the fine prospect from the chapel of Notre-Dame de Grace; and while there, I thought of inquiring after the fate of poor Annette Delarbre. The priest who had told me her story was officiating at vespers, after which I accosted him, and learnt from him the remaining circumstances. He told me that from the time I had seen her at the chapel, her disorder took a sudden turn for the worse, and her health rapidly declined. Her cheerful intervals became shorter and less frequent, and attended with more incoherency. She grew languid, silent, and moody in her melancholy; her form was wasted, her looks pale and disconsolate, and it was feared she would never recover. She became impatient of all sounds of gaiety, and was never so contented as when Eugene's mother was near her. The good woman watched over her with patient, yearning solicitude; and in seeking to beguile her sorrows, would half forget her own. Sometimes, as she sat looking upon her pallid face, the tears would fill her eyes, which, when Annette perceived, she would anxiously wipe them away, and tell her not to grieve, for that Eugene would soon return; and then she would affect a forced gaiety, as in former times, and sing a lively air; but a sudden recollection would come over her, and she would burst into tears, hang on the poor mother's neck, and entreat her not to curse her for having destroyed her son.

Just at this time, to the astonishment of every one, news was received of Eugene, who, it appeared, was still living. When almost drowned, he had fortunately seized upon a spar which had been washed from the ship's deck. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he had fastened himself to it, and floated for a day and night, until all sense had left him. On recovering, he had found himself on board a vessel bound to India, but so ill as not to move without assistance. His health had continued precarious throughout the voyage; on arriving in India he had experienced many vicissitudes, and had been transferred from ship to ship, and hospital to hospital. His constitution had enabled him to struggle through every hardship; and he was now in a distant port, waiting only for the sailing of a ship to return home.

Great caution was necessary in imparting these tidings to the mother, and even then she was nearly overcome by the transports of her joy. But how to impart them to Annette was a matter of still greater perplexity. Her state of mind had been so morbid; she had been subject to such violent changes, and the cause of her derangement had been of such an inconsolable and hopeless kind, that her friends had always forbore to tamper with her feelings. They had never even hinted at the subject of her griefs, nor encouraged the theme when she adverted to it, but had passed it over in silence, hoping that time would gradually wear the traces of it from her recollection, or, at least, would render them less painful. They now felt at a loss how to undeceive her even in her misery, lest the sudden recurrence of happiness might confirm the estrangement of her reason, or might overpower her

enfeebled frame. They ventured, however, to probe those wounds which they formerly did not dare to touch, for they now had the balm to pour into them. They led the conversation to those topics which they had hitherto shunned, and endeavoured to ascertain the current of her thoughts in those varying moods that had formerly perplexed them. They found, however, that her mind was even more affected than they had imagined. All her ideas were confused and wandering. Her bright and cheerful moods, which now grew seldomer than ever, were all the effects of mental delusion. At such times she had no recollection of her lover's having been in danger, but was only anticipating his arrival. "When the winter has passed away," said she, "and the trees put on their blossoms, and the swallow comes back over the sea, he will return." When she was drooping and desponding, it was in vain to remind her of what she had said in her gayest moments, and to assure her that Eugene would indeed return shortly. She wept on in silence, and appeared insensible to their words. But at times her agitation became violent, when she would upbraid herself with having driven Eugene from his mother, and brought sorrow on her grey hairs. Her mind admitted but one leading idea at a time, which nothing could divert or efface; or if she ever succeeded in interrupting the current of her fancy, it only became the more incoherent, and increased the feverishness that preyed upon both mind and body. Her friends felt more alarm for her than ever, for they feared that her senses were irretrievably gone, and her constitution completely undermined.

In the mean time Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected when the story of Annette was told him. With bitterness of heart he upbraided his own rashness and infatuation that had hurried him away from her, and accused himself as the author of all her woes. His mother would describe to him all the anguish and remorse of poor Annette; the tenderness with which she clung to her, and endeavoured, even in the midst of her insanity, to console her for the loss of her son, and the touching expressions of affection that were mingled with her most incoherent wanderings of thought, until his feelings would be wound up to agony, and he would entreat her to assist from the recital. They did not dare as yet to bring him into Annette's sight; but he was permitted to see her when she was sleeping. The tears streamed down his sunburnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made; his heart swelled almost to breaking as he beheld round her neck the very braid of hair which she had given him in token of girlish affection, and which she had returned to her in anger.

At length the physician that attended her determined to adventure upon an experiment; to take advantage of one of those cheerful moods when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavour to ingratiate it were, the reality upon the delusions of her fancy. These moods had now become very rare, for

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was sinking under the continual pressure of her mental malady, and the principle of reaction was daily growing weaker. Every effort was tried to bring on a cheerful interval of the kind. Several of her most favourite companions were kept continually about her; they chatted gaily, they laughed, and sang, and danced; but Annette reclined with languid frame and hollow eye, and took no part in their gaiety. At length the winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swallows began to build in the eaves of the house, and the robin and wren piped all day beneath the window. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care; and bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreath a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet. "What!" said she with a smile, "have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding dresses of blossom? Has not the swallow flown back over the sea? Do you not know that the time is come for Eugene to return? that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

Her words were repeated to the physician, and he seized on them at once. He directed that her idea should be encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was resumed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the village. "Eugene coming!" was the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed with a shriek into his arms. Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as if in a dream, to whom a tide of unlooked-for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed his waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, showed that her senses were wandering. There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gaiety that at times was incoherent.

The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. The occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind as though they had been the mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and distracted, and as she dressed herself, was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered her parlour her eyes were swollen with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing, like one endeavouring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced towards her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and, before he could reach her, sank on the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind; how that the first shock was over, the physician

ordered that Eugene should keep continually in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and when he was not present, she would speak of him as if buried in the ocean, and would sit, with clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

As the agitation of her feelings subsided, and her frame recovered from the shock which it had received, she became more placid and coherent. Eugene kept almost continually near her. He formed the real object round which her scattered ideas once more gathered, and which linked them once more with the realities of life. But her changeful disorder now appeared to take a new turn. She became languid and inert, and would sit for hours silent, and almost in a state of lethargy. If roused from this stupor, it seemed as if her mind would make some attempts to follow up a train of thought, but would soon become confused. She would regard every one that approached her with an anxious and inquiring eye that seemed continually to disappoint itself. Sometimes, as her lover sat holding her hand, she would look pensively in his face without saying a word, until his heart was overcome; and after these transient fits of intellectual exertion, she would sink again into lethargy.

By degrees this stupor increased; her mind appeared to have subsided into a stagnant and almost death-like calm. For the greater part of the time her eyes were closed; her face almost as fixed and passionless as that of a corpse. She no longer took any notice of surrounding objects. There was an awfulness in this tranquillity that filled her friends with apprehension. The physician ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet; or that, if she evinced any agitation, she should be gently lulled, like a child, by some favourite tune.

She remained in this state for hours, hardly seeming to breathe, and apparently sinking into the sleep of death. Her chamber was profoundly still. The attendants moved about it with noiseless tread; every thing was communicated by signs and whispers. Her lover sat by her side watching her with painful anxiety, and fearing that every breath which stole from her pale lips would be the last.

At length she heaved a deep sigh; and from some convulsive motions appeared to be troubled in her sleep. Her agitation increased, accompanied by an indistinct moaning. One of her companions, remembering the physician's instructions, endeavoured to lull her by singing, in a low voice, a tender little air, which was a particular favourite of Annette's. Probably it had some connexion in her mind with her own story; for every fond girl has some ditty of the kind, linked in her thoughts with sweet and sad remembrances.

As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided. A streak of faint colour came into her cheeks; her eyelids became swollen with rising tears, which trembled there for a moment, and then, stealing forth, coursed down her pallid cheek. When the song was ended,

she opened her eyes and looked about her, as one awaking in a strange place.

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream: what has happened, and what has been the matter with me?"

The questions were embarrassing; and before they could be answered, the physician, who was in the next room, entered. She took him by the hand, look up in his face, and made the same inquiry. He endeavoured to put her off with some evasive answer;—"No, no!" cried she, "I know I've been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us—and that he had gone to sea—and that—and that he was drowned!—But he has been to sea!" added she earnestly, as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked—and we were all so wretched—and he came home again one bright morning—and—Oh!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead with a sickly smile, "I see how it is; all has not been right here, I begin to recollect—but it is all past now—Eugene is here! and his mother is happy—and we shall never—never part again—shall we, Eugene?"

She sunk back in her chair exhausted; the tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgment. "You are all so good to me!" said she, faintly.

The physician drew the father aside. "Your daughter's mind is restored," said he; "she is sensible that she has been deranged; she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present. All that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health is re-established, and then let her be married, in God's name!"

"The wedding took place," continued the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last fête during their honey-moon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen as they danced under yonder trees. The young man, his wife, and mother, now live on a fine farm at Pont-l'Évêque; and that model of a ship which you see yonder, with white flowers wreathed round it, is Annette's offering of thanks to Our Lady of Grace, for having listened to her prayers, and protected her lover in the hour of peril!"

The captain having finished, there was a momentary silence. The tender-hearted Lady Lillycraft, who

Whoever has seen the pathetic ballet of Nina, may be reminded of it by some of the passages in the latter part of the above tale. The story, it is true, was sketched before seeing that ballet; but in re-writing it, the author's memory was haunted by the inimitable performance of Bigottini, in Nina, and the vivid recollection of it may have produced an occasional similarity. He is in some measure prompted to make this acknowledgment, for the purpose of expressing his admiration of the wonderful powers of that actress, who has given a dignity and pathos to the ballet, of which he had not supposed it capable.

knew the story by heart, had led the way in weeping, and indeed had often begun to shed tears before they had come to the right place.

The fair Julia was a little flurried at the passage where wedding preparations were mentioned; but the auditor most affected was the simple Phœbe Wilkins. She had gradually dropt her work in her lap, and sat sobbing through the latter part of the story, until towards the end, when the happy reverse had nearly produced another scene of hysterics. "Go, take this case to my room again, child," said Lady Lillycraft kindly, "and don't cry so much."

"I won't, an't please your ladyship, if I can help it;—but I'm glad they made all up again, and were married!"

By the way, the case of this love-lorn damsel begins to make some talk in the household, especially among certain little ladies, not far in their teens, of whom she has made confidants. She is a great favourite with them all, but particularly so since she has confided to them her love secrets. They enter into her concerns with all the violent zeal and overwhelming sympathy with which little boarding-school ladies engage in the politics of a love affair.

I have noticed them frequently clustering about her in private conferences, or walking up and down the garden terrace under my window, listening to some long and dolorous story of her afflictions; of which I could now and then distinguish the ever-recurring phrases "says he," and "says she."

I accidentally interrupted one of these little councils of war, when they were all huddled together under a tree, and seemed to be earnestly considering some interesting document. The flutter at my approach showed that there were some secrets under discussion; and I observed the disconsolate Phœbe crumpling into her bosom either a love-letter or an old valentine, and brushing away the tears from her cheeks.

The girl is a good girl, of a soft melting nature, and shows her concern at the cruelty of her lover only by tears and drooping looks; but with the little ladies who have espoused her cause, it sparkles up into fire of indignation; and I have noticed on Sunday many a glance darted at the pew of the Tibbets's, enough even to melt down the silver buttons on old Ready-Money jacket.

TRAVELLING.

A citizen, for recreation sake,
To see the country would a journey take
Some dozen mile, or very little more;
Taking his leave with friends two months before,
With drinking healths, and shaking by the hand,
As he had travail'd to some new-found land.

DOCTOR MENNIE-MAN, 1682.

The squire has lately received another shock in saddle, and been almost unseated by his mare.

neighbour, the indefatigable Mr Faddy, who rides his jog-trot hobby with equal zeal; and is so bent upon improving and reforming the neighbourhood, that the squire thinks, in a little while, it will be scarce worth living in. The enormity that has just discomposed my worthy host, is an attempt of the manufacturer to have a line of coaches established, that shall diverge from the old route, and pass through the neighbouring village.

I believe I have mentioned that the Hall is situated in a retired part of the country, at a distance from any great coach road; insomuch that the arrival of a traveller is apt to make every one look out of the window, and to cause some talk among the ale-drinkers at the little inn. I was at a loss, therefore, to account for the squire's indignation at a measure apparently fraught with convenience and advantage, until I found that the conveniences of travelling were among his greatest grievances.

In fact, he rails against stage-coaches, postchaises, and turnpike-roads, as serious causes of the corruption of English rural manners. They have given facilities, he says, to every hum-drum citizen to trundle his family about the kingdom, and have sent the follies and fashions of town whirling, in coach-loads, to the remotest parts of the island. The whole country, he says, is traversed by these flying cargoes; every by-road is explored by enterprising tourists from Cheapside and the Poultry, and every gentleman's park and lawns invaded by cockney sketchers of both sexes, with portable chairs and portfolios for drawing.

He laments over this as destroying the charm of privacy, and interrupting the quiet of country life; but more especially as affecting the simplicity of the peasantry, and filling their heads with half city notions. A great coach inn, he says, is enough to ruin the manners of a whole village. It creates a horde of idlers; makes gapers and gazers and news-mongers of the common people, and knowing jockeys of the country bumpkins.

The squire has something of the old feudal feeling. He looks back with regret to the "good old times," when journeys were only made on horseback, and the extraordinary difficulties of travelling, owing to bad roads, bad accommodations, and highway robbers, seemed to separate each village and hamlet from the rest of the world. The lord of the manor was then the kind of monarch in the little realm around him. He held his court in his paternal hall, and was looked up to with almost as much loyalty and deference as the king himself. Every neighbourhood was a little world within itself, having its local manners and customs, its local history, and local opinions. The inhabitants were fonder of their homes, and thought less of wandering. It was looked upon as an expedition to travel out of sight of the parish steeple; and a man that had been to London was a village oracle for the rest of his life.

What a difference between the mode of travelling

in those days and at present! At that time, when a gentleman went on a distant visit, he sallied forth like a knight-errant on an enterprize, and every family excursion was a pageant. How splendid and fanciful must one of those domestic cavalcades have been, where the beautiful dames were mounted on palfries magnificently caparisoned, with embroidered harness, all tinkling with silver bells; attended by cavaliers richly attired on prancing steeds, and followed by pages and serving-men, as we see them represented in old tapestry. The gentry, as they travelled about in those days, were like moving pictures. They delighted the eyes and awakened the admiration of the common people, and passed before them like superior beings; and indeed they were so; there was a hardy and healthful exercise connected with this equestrian style, that made them generous and noble.

In his fondness for the old style of travelling, the squire makes most of his journeys on horseback, though he laments the modern deficiency of incident on the road, from the want of fellow-wayfarers, and the rapidity with which every one is whirled along in coaches and post-chaises. In the "good old times," on the contrary, a cavalier jogged on through bog and mire, from town to town, and hamlet to hamlet, conversing with friars and franklins, and all other chance companions of the road; beguiling the way with travellers' tales, which then were truly wonderful, for every thing beyond one's neighbourhood was full of marvel and romance; stopping at night at some "hostel," where the bush over the door proclaimed good wine, or a pretty hostess made bad wine palatable; meeting at supper with travellers like himself; discussing their day's adventures, or listening to the song or merry story of the host, who was generally a boon companion, and presided at his own board; for, according to old Tusser's "Innholder's Posie,"

"At meales my friend who vilteth here
And sitteth with his host,
Shall both be sure of better cheere,
And scape with lesser cost."

The squire is fond, too, of stopping at those inns which may be met with, here and there, in ancient houses of wood and plaster, or calimanco houses, as they are called by antiquaries, with deep porches, diamond-paned bow-windows, panelled rooms and great fire-places. He will prefer them to more spacious and modern inns, and will cheerfully put up with bad cheer and bad accommodations in the gratification of his humour. They give him, he says, the feeling of old times, insomuch that he almost expects, in the dusk of the evening, to see some party of weary travellers ride up to the door, with plumes and mantles, trunk-hose, wide boots, and long rapiers.

The good squire's remarks brought to mind a visit that I once paid to the Tabard Inn, famous for being the place of assemblage from whence Chaucer's pilgrims set forth for Canterbury. It is in the borough

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ELLING.

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DOCTOR MENNIE-MAN, 1608.

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of Southwark, not far from London Bridge, and bears, at present, the name of "the Talbot." It has sadly declined in dignity since the days of Chaucer, being a mere rendezvous and packing-place of the great waggons that travel into Kent. The court-yard, which was anciently the mustering-place of the pilgrims previous to their departure, was now lumbered with huge waggons. Crates, boxes, hampers, and baskets, containing the good things of town and country, were piled about them; while, among the straw and litter, the motherly hens scratched and clucked, with their hungry broods at their heels. Instead of Chaucer's motley and splendid throng, I only saw a group of waggoners and stable-boys enjoying a circulating pot of ale; while a long-bodied dog sat by, with head on one side, ear cocked up, and wistful gaze, as if waiting for his turn at the tankard.

Notwithstanding this grievous declension, however, I was gratified at perceiving that the present occupants were not unconscious of the poetical renown of their mansion. An inscription over the gateway proclaimed it to be the inn where Chaucer's pilgrims slept on the night previous to their departure, and at the bottom of the yard was a magnificent sign, representing them in the act of sallying forth. I was pleased, too, at noticing, that though the present inn was comparatively modern, yet the form of the old inn was preserved. There were galleries round the yard, as in old times, on which opened the chambers of the guests. To these ancient inns have antiquaries ascribed the present forms of our theatres. Plays were originally acted in inn-yards. The guests lolled over the galleries which answered to our modern dress-circle; the critical mob clustered in the yard instead of the pit; and the groups gazing from the garret windows, were no bad representatives of the gods of the shilling-gallery. When, therefore, the drama grew important enough to have a house of its own, the architects took a hint for its construction from the yard of the ancient "hostel."

I was so well pleased at finding these reminiscences of Chaucer and his poem, that I ordered my dinner in the little parlour of the Talbot. Whilst it was preparing, I sat at the window, musing and gazing into the court-yard, and conjuring up recollections of the scenes depicted in such lively colours by the poet, until by degrees, bales, boxes and hampers, boys, waggoners, and dogs, faded from sight, and my fancy peopled the place with the motley throng of Canterbury pilgrims. The galleries once more swarmed with idle gazers, in the rich dresses of Chaucer's time, and the whole cavalcade seemed to pass before me. There was the stately knight on sober steed, who had ridden in Christendom and heathenness, and had "foughten for our faith at Tramissene;"—and his son, the young squire, a lover, and a lusty bachelor, with curled locks and gay embroidery; a bold rider, a dancer, and a writer of verses, singing and fluting all day long, and "fresh as the month of May;"—and his "knot-headed"

yeoman; a bold forester, in green, with horn and baudrick, and dagger, a mighty bow in hand, and a sheaf of peacock arrows shining beneath his belt;—and the coy, smiling, simple nun, with her grey eyes, her small red mouth and fair forehead, her dainty person clad in feathly cloak and "ypinched wimple," her coral beads about her arm, her golden brooch with a love motto, and her pretty oath "by Saint Eloy;"—and the merchant, solemn in speech and high on horse, with forked beard and "Flandrish heaver hat;"—and the lusty monk, "full fat and in good point," with berry-brown palfrey, his hood fastened with gold pin, wrought with a love-knot, his bald head shining like glass, and his face glistening as though it had been anointed;—and the lean, logical sententious clerke of Oxenforde, upon his half-starved, scholar-like horse;—and the bowing sumpuour, with fiery cherub face, all knobbed with pimples, an eater of garlick and onions, and drinker of "strong wine, red as blood," that carried a cake for a buckler, and babbled Latin in his cups, of whose brinestone visage "children were sore afeard;"—and the buxom wife of Bath, the widow of five husbands, upon her ambling nag, with her hat braided as a buckler, her red stockings and sharp spurs;—and the slender, choleric reeve of Norfolk, bestriding his good grey stot; with close-shaven beard, his hair cropped round his ears, long, lean, callous legs, and a rusty blade by his side;—and the jolly Limtoc with lispng tongue and twinkling eye, well beloved of franklins and housewives, a great promoter of marriages among young women, known at the tavern in every town, and by every "hosteler and tapstere." In short, before I was roused from reverie by the less poetical, but more substantial apparition of a smoking beefsteak, I had seen the whole cavalcade issue forth from the hostel-gate, with the brawny, double-jointed, red-haired miller, playing the bagpipes before them, and the ancient host of the Tabard giving them his farewell God-send to Canterbury.

When I told the squire of the existence of this illegitimate descendant of the ancient Tabard Inn, his eyes absolutely glistened with delight. He determined to hunt it up the very first time he visited London, and to eat a dinner there, and drink a cup of the host's best wine, in memory of old Chaucer. The general, who happened to be present, immediately begged to be of the party, for he liked to encourage these long-established houses, as they are apt to have choice old wines.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Farewell rewards and fairies.

Good housewives now may say ;

For now fowls slutt in dairies

Do fare as well as they :

And though they sweep their hearths no lesse

Than maids were wont to doe,

Yet who of late for cleantlinesse

Finds sixpence in her shoe? "

BISHOP CORNET.

I HAVE mentioned the squire's fondness for the marvellous, and his predilection for legends and romances. His library contains a curious collection of old works of this kind, which bear evident marks of having been much read. In his great love for all that is antiquated, he cherishes popular superstitions, and listens, with very grave attention, to every tale, however strange; so that, through his countenance, the household, and, indeed, the whole neighbourhood, is well stocked with wonderful stories; and if ever a doubt is expressed of any one of them, the narrator will generally observe, that "the squire thinks there's something in it."

The Hall of course comes in for its share, the common people having always a propensity to furnish a great superannuated building of the kind with supernatural inhabitants. The gloomy galleries of such old family mansions; the stately chambers, adorned with grotesque carvings and faded paintings; the sounds that vaguely echo about them; the moaning of the wind; the cries of rooks and ravens from the trees and chimney-tops; all produce a state of mind favourable to superstitious fancies.

In one chamber of the Hall, just opposite a door which opens upon a dusky passage, there is a full-length portrait of a warrior in armour: when, suddenly turning into the passage, I have caught a sight of the portrait, thrown into strong relief by the dark panelling against which it hangs, I have more than once been startled, as though it were a figure advancing towards me.

To superstitious minds, therefore, predisposed by the strange and melancholy stories that are connected with family paintings, it needs but little stretch of fancy, on a moonlight night, or by the flickering light of a candle, to set the old pictures on the walls in motion, sweeping in their robes and trains about the galleries.

To tell the truth, the squire confesses that he used to take a pleasure in his younger days in setting marvellous stories afloat, and connecting them with the petty and peculiar places of the neighbourhood. Whenever he read any legend of a striking nature, he endeavoured to transplant it, and give it a local habitation among the scenes of his boyhood. Many of these stories took root, and he says he is often asked by him in some old woman's narrative, after they have been circulating for years among the pea-

santry, and undergoing rustic additions and amendments. Among these may doubtless be numbered that of the crusader's ghost, which I have mentioned in the account of my Christmas visit; and another about the hard riding squire of yore, the family Nimrod; who is sometimes heard on stormy winter nights, galloping, with hound and horn, over a wild moor a few miles distant from the Hall. This I apprehend to have had its origin in the famous story of the wild huntsman, the favourite goblin in German tales; though, by the bye, as I was talking on the subject with Master Simon the other evening in the dark avenue, he hinted, that he had himself once or twice heard odd sounds at night, very like a pack of hounds in cry; and that once, as he was returning rather late from a hunting-dinner, he had seen a strange figure galloping along this same moor; but as he was riding rather fast at the time, and in a hurry to get home, he did not stop to ascertain what it was.

Popular superstitions are fast fading away in England, owing to the general diffusion of knowledge, and the bustling intercourse kept up throughout the country; still they have their strong holds and lingering places, and a retired neighbourhood like this is apt to be one of them. The parson tells me that he meets with many traditional beliefs and notions among the common people, which he has been able to draw from them in the course of familiar conversation, though they are rather shy of avowing them to strangers, and particularly to "the gentry," who are apt to laugh at them. He says there are several of his old parishioners who remember when the village had its bar-guest, or bar-ghost; a spirit supposed to belong to a town or village, and to predict any impending misfortune by midnight shrieks and wailings. The last time it was heard was just before the death of Mr Bracebridge's father, who was much beloved throughout the neighbourhood; though there are not wanting some obstinate unbelievers, who insisted that it was nothing but the howling of a watch-dog. I have been greatly delighted, however, at meeting with some traces of my old favourite, Robin Good-fellow, though under a different appellation from any of those by which I have heretofore heard him called. The parson assures me that many of the peasantry believe in household goblins, called Dobbies, which live about particular farms and houses, in the same way that Robin Good-fellow did of old. Sometimes they haunt the barns and outhouses, and now and then will assist the farmer wondrously, by getting in all his hay or corn in a single night. In general, however, they prefer to live within doors, and are fond of keeping about the great hearths, and basking at night, after the family have gone to bed, by the glowing embers. When put in particular good humour by the warmth of their lodgings, and the tidiness of the housemaids, they will overcome their natural laziness, and do a vast deal of household work before morning; churning the cream, brewing the beer, or spinning all the

good dame's flax. All this is precisely the conduct of Robin Good-fellow, described so charmingly by Milton :

"Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lays him down the lubber-fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full, out of door he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings."

But beside these household Dobbies, there are others of a more gloomy and unsocial nature, that keep about lonely barns at a distance from any dwelling-house, or about ruins and old bridges. These are full of mischievous, and often malignant tricks, and are fond of playing pranks upon benighted travellers. There is a story, among the old people, of one that haunted a ruined mill, just by a bridge that crosses a small stream ; how that late one night, as a traveller was passing on horseback, the Dobbie jumped up behind him, and grasped him so close round the body that he had no power to help himself, but expected to be squeezed to death : luckily his heels were loose, with which he plied the sides of his steed, and was carried, with the wonderful instinct of a traveller's horse, straight to the village inn. Had the inn been at any greater distance, there is no doubt but he would have been strangled to death ; as it was, the good people were a long time in bringing him to his senses, and it was remarked that the first sign he showed of returning consciousness was to call for a bottom of brandy.

These mischievous Dobbies bear much resemblance in their natures and habits to those sprites which Heywood in his *Hierarchy* calls pugs or hobgoblins :

—"Their dwellings be
In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood, and these convented,
Make fearful noise in butteries and in dairies ;
Robin Good-fellow some, some call them fairies.
In solitary rooms these uprores keep,
And beate at doores, to wake men from their slepe,
Seeming to force lockes, be they nere so strong,
And keeping Christmase gambols all night long.
Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pannes and kettles
They will make dance about the shelves and settles,
As if about the kitchen tost and cast,
Yet in the morning nothing found misplac't.
Others such houses to their use have fitted
In which base murders have been once committed ;
Some have their fearful habitations taken
In desolat houses, ruin'd and forsaken."

In the account of our unfortunate hawking expedition, I mentioned an instance of one of these sprites supposed to haunt the ruined grange that stands in a lonely meadow, and has a remarkable echo. The parson informs me also, that the belief was once very prevalent, that a household Dobbie kept about the old farm-house of the Tibbets. It has long been traditional, he says, that one of these good-natured goblins

is attached to the Tibbets' family, and came with them when they moved into this part of the country ; for it is one of the peculiarities of these household sprites, that they attach themselves to the fortunes of certain families, and follow them in all their removals.

There is a large old-fashioned fire-place in the farm-house, which affords fine quarters for a chimney-corner sprite that likes to lie warm ; especially as Ready-Money Jack keeps up rousing fires in the winter time. The old people of the village recollect many stories about this goblin that were current in their young days. It was thought to have brought good luck to the house, and to be the reason why the Tibbets were always beforehand in the world, and why their farm was always in better order, their hay got in sooner, and their corn better stacked than that of their neighbours. The present Mrs Tibbets, at the time of her courtship, had a number of these stories told her by the country gossips ; and when married was a little fearful about living in a house where such a hobgoblin was said to haunt : Jack, however, who has always treated this story with great contempt, assured her that there was no spirit kept about his house that he could not at any time lay in the Past Sea with one flourish of his cudgel. Still his wife has never got completely over her notions on the subject, but has a horseshoe nailed on the threshold and keeps a branch of rantry, or mountain-ash with its red berries, suspended from one of the great beams in the parlour,—a sure protection from all evil spirits.

These stories, however, as I before observed, are fast fading away, and in another generation or two will probably be completely forgotten. There is something, however, about these rural superstitions that is extremely pleasing to the imagination ; particularly those which relate to the good-humoured race of household demons, and indeed to the whole fairy mythology. The English have given an inexpressible charm to these superstitions, by the manner in which they have associated them with whatever is most homely and delightful in rustic life, or refreshing and beautiful in nature. I do not know a more fascinating race of beings than these little fabled people that haunted the southern sides of hills and mountains, lurked in flowers and about fountain-heads, glided through key-holes into ancient halls, watched over farm-houses and dairies, danced on the green by summer moonlight, and on the kitchen hearth in winter. They seem to me to accord with the nature of English housekeeping and English scenery. I always have them in mind when I see a fine old English mansion, with its wide hall and spacious kitchen, or a venerable farm-house, in which there is so much fire-side comfort and good housewifery. There is something of national character in their love of order and cleanliness ; in the vigilance with which they watched over the economy of the kitchen, and the functions of the servant ; munificently rewarding

family, and came with this part of the country; cities of these household themselves to the fortunes saw them in all their re-

tioned fire-place in the fine quarters for a chimney to lie warm; especially as p rousing fires in the window of the village recollect that were current in thought to have brought I to be the reason why the land in the world, and why better order, their hay got better stacked than that of present Mrs Tibbets, at the a number of these stories; and when married, living in a house where such name: Jack, however, who story with great contempt. As no spirit kept about his at any time lay in the Red of his cudgel. Still his wife over her notions on the sube nailed on the threshold. rauntry, or mountain-ash, depended from one of the great a sure protection from all evil

er, as I before observed, and another generation or two, completely forgotten. There is out these rural superstitions, ing to the imagination; particularly to the good-humoured race, and indeed to the whole fair, which have given an inexpressible charm, by the manner in which them with whatever is met in rustic life, or refreshing. I do not know a more beautiful than these little fabled people on sides of hills and mountains and about fountain-heads, as into ancient halls, watching fairies, danced on the green, and on the kitchen hearth, I come to accord with the nature of English scenery. I find when I see a fine old English hall and spacious kitchen, in which there is so much of housewifery. There is a character in their love of order, vigilance with which they tidy the roomy of the kitchen, and their munificently rewarding

with silver sixpence in shoe, the tidy housemaid, but venting their direful wrath, in midnight bobs and pinches, upon the sluttish dairy-maid. I think I can trace the good effects of this ancient fairy sway over household concerns, in the care that prevails to the present day among English housemaids to put their kitchens in order before they go to bed.

I have said, too, that these fairy superstitions seemed to me to accord with the nature of English scenery. They suit these small landscapes, which are divided by honeysuckled hedges into sheltered fields and meadows, where the grass is mingled with daisies, buttercups, and hare-bells. When I first found myself among English scenery, I was continually reminded of the sweet pastoral images which distinguish their fairy mythology; and when for the first time a circle in the grass was pointed out to me as one of the rings where they were formerly supposed to have held their moonlight revels, it seemed for a moment as if fairy-land were no longer fable. Brown, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, gives a picture of the kind of scenery to which I allude:

"A pleasant mead
Where fairies often did their measures tread;
Which in the meadows makes such circles green
As if with carlands it had crowned been.
Within one of these rounds was to be seen
A hillock rise, where oft the fairy queen
At twilight sat."

And there is another picture of the same, in a poem ascribed to Ben Jonson.

"By wells and fills in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise,
And to our fairy kings and queen
We chant our moonlight minstrelries."

Indeed it seems to me, that the older British poets, with that true feeling for nature which distinguishes them, have closely adhered to the simple and familiar imagery which they found in these popular superstitions, and have thus given to their fairy mythology those continual allusions to the farm-house and the fairy, the green meadow and the fountain-head, that fill our minds with the delightful associations of rural life. It is curious to observe how the most beautiful fictions have their origin among the rude and ignorant. There is an indescribable charm about the illusions with which chimerical ignorance once clothed every subject. These twilight views of nature are often more captivating than any which are revealed by the rays of enlightened philosophy. The most accomplished and poetical minds, therefore, have often vainly search back into these accidental conceptions of what are termed barbarous ages, and to draw from them their finest imagery and machinery. We look through our most admired poets, we shall find that their minds have been impregnated by these popular fancies, and that those have succeeded best who have adhered closest to the simplicity of their poetic originals. Such is the case with Shakspeare in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which so minutely

describes the employments and amusements of fairies, and embodies all the notions concerning them which were current among the vulgar. It is thus that poetry in England has echoed back every rustic note, softened into perfect melody; it is thus that it has spread its charms over every-day life, displacing nothing, taking things as it found them, but tinting them up with its own magical hues, until every green hill and fountain-head, every fresh meadow, nay, every humble flower, is full of song and story.

I am dwelling too long, perhaps, upon a threadbare subject; yet it brings up with it a thousand delicious recollections of those happy days of childhood, when the imperfect knowledge I have since obtained had not yet dawned upon my mind, and when a fairy-tale was true history to me. I have often been so transported by the pleasure of these recollections, as almost to wish that I had been born in the days when the fictions of poetry were believed. Even now I cannot look upon those fanciful creations of ignorance and credulity, without a lurking regret that they have all passed away. The experience of my early days tells me that they were sources of exquisite delight; and I sometimes question whether the naturalist who can dissect the flowers of the field, receives half the pleasure from contemplating them, that he did who considered them the abode of elves and fairies. I feel convinced that the true interests and solid happiness of man are promoted by the advancement of truth; yet I cannot but mourn over the pleasant errors which it has trampled down in its progress. The fauns and sylphs, the household-sprite, the moonlight revel, Oberon, Queen Mab, and the delicious realms of fairy-land, all vanish before the light of true philosophy; but who does not sometimes turn with distaste from the cold realities of morning, and seek to recall the sweet visions of the night?

THE CULPRIT.

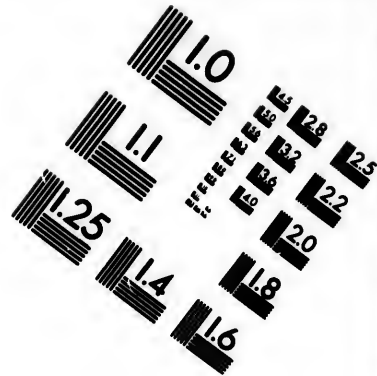
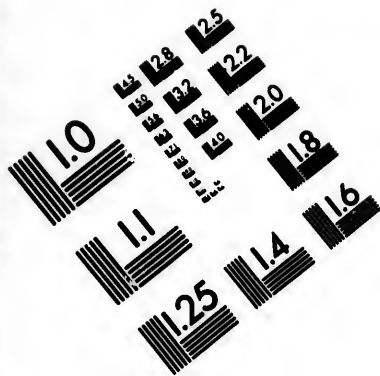
From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest Justice.

THE WINDOW.

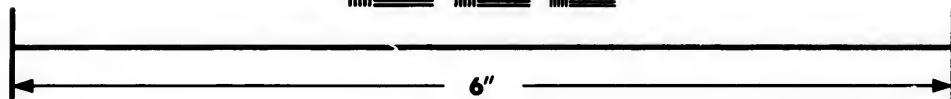
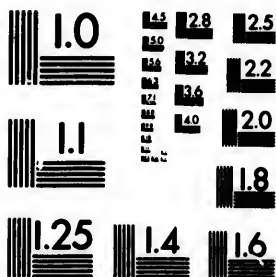
THE serenity of the Hall has been suddenly interrupted by a very important occurrence. In the course of this morning a posse of villagers was seen trooping up the avenue, with boys shouting in advance. As it drew near, we perceived Ready-Money Jack Tibbets striding along, wickling his cudgel in one hand, and with the other grasping the collar of a tall fellow, whom, on still nearer approach, we recognized for the redoubtable gipsy hero Star-light Tom. He was now, however, completely cowed and crestfallen, and his courage seemed to have quailed in the iron-grip of the lion-hearted Jack.

The whole gang of gipsy-women and children came dragging in the rear; some in tears, others





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making a violent clamour about the ears of old Ready-Money, who, however, trudged on in silence with his prey, heeding their abuse as little as a hawk that has pounced upon a barn-door hero regards the outcries and cacklings of his whole feathered seraglio.

He had passed through the village on his way to the Hall, and of course had made a great sensation in that most excitable place, where every event is a matter of gaze and gossip. The report flew like wildfire, that Star-light Tom was in custody. The ale-drinkers forthwith abandoned the tap-room; Slingsby's school broke loose, and master and boys swelled the tide that came rolling at the heels of old Ready-Money and his captive.

The uproar increased as they approached the Hall; it aroused the whole garrison of dogs, and the crew of hangers-on. The great mastiff barked from the dog-house; the stag-hound and the grey-hound and the spaniel issued barking from the hall-door, and my Lady Lillycraft's little dogs rained and barked from the parlour window. I remarked, however, that the gipsy dogs made no reply to all these menaces and insults, but crept close to the gang, looking round with a guilty, poaching air, and now and then glancing up a dubious eye to their owners; which shows that the moral dignity, even of dogs, may be ruined by bad company!

When the throng reached the front of the house, they were brought to a halt by a kind of advanced-guard, composed of old Christy, the gamekeeper, and two or three servants of the house, who had been brought out by the noise. The common herd of the village fell back with respect; the boys were driven back by Christy and his compeers; while Ready-Money Jack maintained his ground and his hold of the prisoner; and was surrounded by the tailor, the schoolmaster, and several other dignitaries of the village, and by the clamorous brood of gipsies, who were neither to be silenced nor intimidated.

By this time the whole household were brought to the doors and windows, and the squire to the portal. An audience was demanded by Ready-Money Jack, who had detected the prisoner in the very act of sheep-stealing on his domains, and had borne him off to be examined before the squire, who is in the commission of the peace.

A kind of tribunal was immediately held in the servants' hall, a large chamber, with a stone floor and a long table in the centre, at one end of which, just under an enormous clock, was placed the squire's chair of justice, while Master Simon took his place at the table as clerk of the court. An attempt had been made by old Christy to keep out the gipsy gang, but in vain; and they, with the village worthies, and the household, half filled the hall. The old housekeeper and the butler were in a panic at this dangerous irruption. They hurried away all the valuable things and portable articles that were at hand, and even kept a dragon watch on the gipsies, lest they should carry off the house-clock, or the deal table.

Old Christy, and his faithful coadjutor the gamekeeper, acted as constables to guard the prisoner, triumphing in having at last got this terrible offender in their clutches. Indeed I am inclined to think the old man bore some peevish recollection of having been handled rather roughly by the gipsy in the chance-medley affair of May-day.

Silence was now commanded by Master Simon; but it was difficult to be enforced in such a motley assemblage. There was a continual snarling and yelping of dogs, and as fast as it was quelled in one corner, it broke out in another. The poor gipsy cur, who, like errant thieves, could not hold up their heads in an honest house, were worried and insulted by the gentlemen dogs of the establishment, without offering to make resistance; the very curs of my Lady Lillycraft bullied them with impunity.

The examination was conducted with great mildness and indulgence by the squire, partly from the kindness of his nature, and partly, I suspect, because his heart yearned towards the culprit, who had found great favour in his eyes, as I have already observed, from the skill he had at various times displayed in archery, morris-dancing, and other obsolete accomplishments. Proofs, however, were too strong. Ready-Money Jack told his story in a straight-forward independent way, nothing daunted by the presence in which he found himself. He had suffered from various depredations on his sheepfold and poultry-yard, and had at length kept watch, and caught the delinquent in the very act of making off with a sheep on his shoulders.

Tibbets was repeatedly interrupted, in the course of his testimony, by the culprit's mother, a furious old beldame, with an insufferable tongue, and who in fact, was several times kept, with some difficulty, from flying at him tooth and nail. The wife, too, of the prisoner, whom I am told he does not beat above half a dozen times a week, completely interested Lady Lillycraft in her husband's behalf, by her tears and supplications; and several of the other gipsy women were awakening strong sympathy among the young girls and maid servants in the back-ground. The pretty black-eyed gipsy-girl, whom I have mentioned on a former occasion as the sibilant that read the fortunes of the general, endeavoured to wheedle the doughty warrior into their interests, and even made some approaches to her old acquaintance, Master Simon; but was repelled by the latter with all the dignity of office, having assumed a look of gravity and importance suitable to the occasion.

I was a little surprised, at first, to find how Slingsby, the schoolmaster, rather opposed to his cronyn Tibbets, and coming forward as a kind of advocate for the accused. It seems that he had taken a great passion on the forlorn fortunes of Star-light Tom, and had been trying his eloquence in his favour the while way from the village, but without effect. During the examination of Ready-Money Jack, Slingsby stood like "dejected piety at his side," seeking every

now and then, by a soft word, to soothe any exacerbation of his ire, or to qualify any harsh expression. He now ventured to make a few observations to the squire in palliation of the delinquent's offence; but poor Slingsby spoke more from the heart than the head, and was evidently actuated merely by a general sympathy for every poor devil in trouble, and a liberal toleration for all kinds of vagabond existence.

The ladies, too, large and small, with the kind-heartedness of the sex, were zealous on the side of mercy, and interceded strenuously with the squire; insomuch that the prisoner, finding himself unexpectedly surrounded by active friends, once more reared his crest, and seemed disposed for a time to put on the air of injured innocence. The squire, however, with all his benevolence of heart and his lurking weakness towards the prisoner, was too conscientious to swerve from the strict path of justice. There was abundant concurring testimony that made the proof of guilt incontrovertible, and Star-light Tom's mittimus was made out accordingly.

The sympathy of the ladies was now greater than ever; they even made some attempts to mollify the ire of Ready-Money Jack; but that sturdy potentate had been too much incensed by the repeated discussions that had been made into his territories by the predatory band of Star-light Tom, and he was resolved, he said, to drive the "varmint reptiles" out of the neighbourhood. To avoid all further importunities, as soon as the mittimus was made out, he girded up his loins, and strode back to his seat of empire, accompanied by his interceding friend, Slingsby, and followed by a detachment of the gipsy gang, who hung on his rear, assailing him with mingled prayers and execrations.

The question now was, how to dispose of the prisoner; a matter of great moment in this peaceful establishment, where so formidable a character as Star-light Tom was like a hawk entrapped in a dove-cot. As the hubbub and examination had occupied a considerable time, it was too late in the day to send him to the county-prison, and that of the village was fully out of repair from long want of occupation. Old Christy, who took great interest in the affair, proposed that the culprit should be committed for the night to an upper loft of a kind of tower in one of the outhouses, where he and the gamekeeper would mount guard. After much deliberation this measure was adopted; the premises in question were examined and made secure, and Christy and his trusty ally, the one armed with a fowling-piece, the other with an ancient blunderbuss, turned out as sentries to keep watch over this down-keep. Such is the momentous affair that has just taken place, and it is an event of no great moment in this quiet little world, not to turn it completely topsy-turvy. Labour is at a stand. The house has been a scene of confusion the whole evening. It has been beleaguered by gipsy-women, with their children on their backs, wailing and lamenting; while the old virago of a mother has cruised

up and down the lawn in front, shaking her head and muttering to herself, or now and then breaking into a paroxysm of rage, brandishing her fist at the Hall, and denouncing ill luck upon Ready-Money Jack, and even upon the squire himself.

Lady Lillycraft has given repeated audiences to the culprit's weeping wife, at the Hall door; and the servant-maids have stolen out to confer with the gipsy-women under the trees. As to the little ladies of the family, they are all outrageous at Ready-Money Jack, whom they look upon in the light of a tyrannical giant of fairy-tale. Phoebe Wilkins, contrary to her usual nature, is the only one that is pitiless in the affair. She thinks Mr Tibbets quite in the right; and thinks the gipsies deserve to be punished severely for meddling with the sheep of the Tibbets's.

In the mean time the females of the family have evinced all the provident kindness of the sex, ever ready to soothe and succour the distressed, right or wrong. Lady Lillycraft has had a mattress taken to the outhouse, and comforts and delicacies of all kinds have been taken to the prisoner; even the little girls have sent their cakes and sweetmeats; so that, I'll warrant, the vagabond has never fared so well in his life before. Old Christy, it is true, looks upon every thing with a wary eye; struts about with his blunderbuss with the air of a veteran campaigner, and will hardly allow himself to be spoken to. The gipsy-women dare not come within gunshot, and every tatterdemalion of a boy has been frightened from the park. The old fellow is determined to lodge Star-light Tom in prison with his own hands; and hopes, he says, to see one of the poaching crew made an example of.

I doubt, after all, whether the worthy squire is not the greatest sufferer in the whole affair. His honourable sense of duty obliges him to be rigid, but the overflowing kindness of his nature makes this a grievous trial to him.

He is not accustomed to have such demands upon his justice in his truly patriarchal domain; and it wounds his benevolent spirit, that, while prosperity and happiness are flowing in thus bounteously upon him, he should have to inflict misery upon a fellow-being.

He has been troubled and cast down the whole evening; took leave of the family, on going to bed, with a sigh, instead of his usual hearty and affectionate tone; and will, in all probability, have a far more sleepless night than his prisoner. Indeed this unlucky affair has cast a damp upon the whole household, as there appears to be an universal opinion that the unlucky culprit will come to the gallows.

Morning.—The clouds of last evening are all blown over. A load has been taken from the squire's heart, and every face is once more in smiles. The gamekeeper made his appearance at an early hour, completely shamefaced and crestfallen. Star-light Tom had made his escape in the night; how he had got out of the loft no one could tell; the Devil they think must

have assisted him. Old Christy was so mortified that he would not show his face, but had shut himself up in his strong hold at the dog-kennel, and would not be spoken with. What has particularly relieved the squire is, that there is very little likelihood of the culprit's being retaken, having gone off on one of the old gentleman's best hunters.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES.

"The night has been unruly; where we lay,
The chimneys were blown down.

MACBETH.

WE have for a day or two past had a flaw of unruly weather, which has intruded itself into this fair and flowery month, and for a time has quite marred the beauty of the landscape. Last night the storm attained its crisis; the rain beat in torrents against the casements, and the wind piped and blustered about the old Hall with quite a wintry vehemence. The morning, however, dawned clear and serene; the face of the heavens seemed as if newly washed, and the sun shone with a brightness that was undimmed by a single vapour. Nothing over-head gave traces of the recent storm; but on looking from my window I beheld sad ravage among the shrubs and flowers; the garden walks had formed the channels for little torrents; trees were lopped of their branches, and a small silver stream that wound through the park, and ran at the bottom of the lawn, had swelled into a turbid, yellow sheet of water.

In an establishment like this, where the mansion is vast, ancient, and somewhat afflicted with the infirmities of age, and where there are numerous and extensive dependencies, a storm is an event of a very grave nature, and brings in its train a multiplicity of cares and disasters.

While the squire was taking his breakfast in the great hall, he was continually interrupted by some bearer of ill tidings from some part or other of his domains; he appeared to me like the commander of a besieged city, after some grand assault, receiving at his head-quarters reports of damages sustained in the various quarters of the place. At one time the house-keeper brought him intelligence of a chimney blown down, and a desperate leak sprung in the roof over the picture-gallery, which threatened to obliterate a whole generation of his ancestors. Then the steward came in with a doleful story of the mischief done in the woodlands; while the gamekeeper bemoaned the loss of one of his finest bucks, whose bloated carcass was seen floating along the swollen current of the river.

When the squire issued forth, he was accosted, before the door, by the old, paralytic gardener, with a face full of trouble, reporting, as I supposed, the devastation of his flower-beds, and the destruction of his wall-fruit. I remarked, however, that his intelli-

gence caused a peculiar expression of concern not only with the squire and Master Simon, but with the fair Julia and Lady Lillycraft, who happened to be present. From a few words which reached my ear, I found there was some tale of domestic calamity in the case, and that some unfortunate family had been rendered houseless by the storm. Many ejaculations of pity broke from the ladies; I heard the expressions of "poor helpless beings," and "unfortunate little creatures," several times repeated; to which the old gardener replied by very melancholy shakes of the head.

I felt so interested, that I could not help calling to the gardener, as he was retiring, and asking what unfortunate family it was that had suffered so severely? The old man touched his hat, and gazed at me for an instant, as if hardly comprehending my question. "Family!" replied he: "there be no family in the case, your honour; but here have been sad mischief done in the rookery!"

I had noticed the day before that the high and gusty winds which prevailed had occasioned great disquiet among these airy house-holders; their nests being all filled with young, who were in danger of being tilted out of their tree-rocked cradles. Indeed, the old birds themselves seemed to have hard work to maintain a foothold; some kept hovering and cawing in the air; or if they ventured to alight, they had to hold fast, flap their wings, and spread their tails, and thus remain see-sawing on the topmost twigs.

In the course of the night, however, an awful calamity had taken place in this most sage and polite community. There was a great tree, the tallest in the grove, which seemed to have been the kind of court-end of the metropolis, and crowded with the residences of those whom Master Simon considers the nobility and gentry. A decayed limb of this tree had given way with the violence of the storm, and had come down with all its air-castles.

One should be well aware of the humours of the good squire and his household, to understand the general concern expressed at this disaster. It was quite a public calamity in this rural empire, and seemed to feel for the poor rooks as for fellow-citizens in distress.

The ground had been strewed with the callow young, which were now cherished in the aprons and bosoms of the maid-servants, and the little ladies of the family. I was pleased with this touch of nature, and this feminine sympathy in the sufferings of the offspring, and the maternal anxiety of the parent birds.

It was interesting, too, to witness the general agitation and distress that seemed to prevail throughout the feathered community; the common cause that was made of it; and the incessant hovering, and fluttering, and lamenting, that took place in the whole rookery. There is a chord of sympathy that runs through the whole feathered race as to any misfortunes of the young; and the cries of a wounded bird in the breeding-season will throw a whole grove in a flutter.

an alarm. Indeed, why should I confine it to the feathered tribe? Nature seems to me to have implanted an exquisite sympathy on this subject, which extends through all her works. It is an invariable attribute of the female heart, to melt at the cry of early helplessness, and to take an instinctive interest in the distresses of the parent and its young. On the present occasion the ladies of the family were full of pity and commiseration; and I shall never forget the look that Lady Lillycraft gave the general, on his observing that the young birds would make an excellent curry, or an especial good rook-pie.

LOVERS' TROUBLES.

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Sing all a green willow must be my garland."
OLD SONG.

The fair Julia having nearly recovered from the effects of her hawking disaster, it begins to be thought high time to appoint a day for the wedding. As every domestic event in a venerable and aristocratic family connexion like this is a matter of moment, the fixing upon this important day has, of course, given rise to much conference and debate.

Some slight difficulties and demurs have lately sprung up, originating in the peculiar humours that are prevalent at the Hall. Thus, I have overheard a very solemn consultation between Lady Lillycraft, the parson, and Master Simon, as to whether the marriage ought not to be postponed until the coming month.

With all the charms of the flowery month of May, here is, I find, an ancient prejudice against it as a marrying month. An old proverb says, "To wed in May is to wed poverty." Now, as Lady Lillycraft is very much given to believe in lucky and unlucky times and seasons, and indeed is very superstitious on all points relating to the tender passion, this old proverb seems to have taken great hold upon her mind. She recollects two or three instances in her own knowledge of matches that took place in this month, and proved very unfortunate. Indeed, an own cousin of hers, who married on a May-day, lost her husband by a fall from his horse, after they had lived happily together for twenty years.

The parson appeared to give great weight to her ladyship's objections, and acknowledged the existence of a prejudice of the kind, not merely confined to modern times, but prevalent likewise among the ancients. In confirmation of this, he quoted a passage from Ovid, which had a great effect on Lady Lillycraft, being given in a language which she did not understand. Even Master Simon was staggered by

it; for he listened with a puzzled air; and then, shaking his head, sagaciously observed, that Ovid was certainly a very wise man.

From this sage conference I likewise gathered several other important pieces of information relative to weddings; such as that, if two were celebrated in the same church, on the same day, the first would be happy, the second unfortunate. If, on going to church, the bridal party should meet the funeral of a female, it was an omen that the bride would die first; if of a male, the bridegroom. If the newly married couple were to dance together on their wedding-day, the wife would thenceforth rule the roast; with many other curious and unquestionable facts of the same nature, all which made me ponder more than ever upon the perils which surround this happy state, and the thoughtless ignorance of mortals as to the awful risks they run in venturing upon it. I abstain, however, from enlarging upon this topic, having no inclination to promote the increase of bachelors.

Notwithstanding the due weight which the squire gives to traditional saws and ancient opinions, yet I am happy to find that he makes a firm stand for the credit of this loving month, and brings to his aid a whole legion of poetical authorities; all which, I presume, have been conclusive with the young couple, as I understand they are perfectly willing to marry in May, and abide the consequences. In a few days, therefore, the wedding is to take place, and the Hall is in a buzz of anticipation. The housekeeper is bustling about from morning till night, with a look full of business and importance, having a thousand arrangements to make, the squire intending to keep open house on the occasion; and as to the housemaids, you cannot look one of them in the face, but the rogue begins to colour up and simper.

While, however, this leading love-affair is going on with a tranquillity quite inconsistent with the rules of romance, I cannot say that the underplots are equally propitious. The "opening bud of love" between the general and Lady Lillycraft seems to have experienced some blight in the course of this genial season. I do not think the general has ever been able to retrieve the ground he lost, when he fell asleep during the captain's story. Indeed, Master Simon thinks his case is completely desperate, his ladyship having determined that he is quite destitute of sentiment.

The season has been equally unpropitious to the love-lorn Phœbe Wilkins. I fear the reader will be impatient at having this humble amour so often alluded to; but I confess I am apt to take a great interest in the love-troubles of simple girls of this class. Few people have an idea of the world of care and perplexity that these poor damsels have in managing the affairs of the heart.

We talk and write about the tender passion; we give it all the colourings of sentiment and romance, and lay the scene of its influence in high life; but, after all, I doubt whether its sway is not more abso-

lute among females of a humbler sphere. How often, could we but look into the heart, should we find the sentiment throbbing in all its violence, in the bosom of the poor lady's-maid, rather than in that of the brilliant beauty she is decking out for conquest; whose brain is probably bewildered with beaux, ball-rooms, and wax-light chandeliers!

With these humble beings love is an honest, engrossing concern. They have no ideas of settlements, establishments, equipages, and pin-money. The heart—the heart is all-in-all with them, poor things! There is seldom one of them but has her love-cares, and love-secrets; her doubts, and hopes, and fears, equal to those of any heroine of romance, and ten times as sincere. And then, too, there is her secret hoard of love-documents;—the broken sapphire, the gilded brooch, the lock of hair, the unintelligible love-scrawl, all treasured up in her box of Sunday finery, for private contemplation.

How many crosses and trials is she exposed to from some lynx-eyed dame, or staid old vestal of a mistress, who keeps a dragon watch over her virtue, and scouts the lover from the door! But then, how sweet are the little love scenes, snatched at distant intervals of holiday, and fondly dwelt on through many a long day of household labour and confinement! If in the country—it is the dance at the fair or wake, the interview in the churchyard after service, or the evening stroll in the green lane. If in town, it is perhaps merely a stolen moment of delicious talk between the bars of the area, fearful every instant of being seen;—and then, how lightly will the simple creature carol all day afterwards at her labour!

Poor baggage! after all her crosses and difficulties, when she marries, what is it but to exchange a life of comparative ease and comfort, for one of toil and uncertainty! Perhaps, too, the lover, for whom in the fondness of her nature she has committed herself to fortune's freaks, turns out a worthless churl, the dissolute, hard-hearted husband of low life, who, taking to the alehouse, leaves her to a cheerless home, to labour, penury, and childbearing.

When I see poor Phœbe going about with drooping eye, and her head hanging "all o' one side," I cannot help calling to mind the pathetic little picture drawn by Desdemona:—

"My mother had a maid, called Barbara;
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas; but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it."

I hope, however, that a better lot is in reserve for Phœbe Wilkins, and that she may yet "rule the roast" in the ancient empire of the Tibbets! She is not fit to battle with hard hearts or hard times. She was, I am told, the pet of her poor mother, who was proud of the beauty of her child, and brought her up more tenderly than a village girl ought to be; and, ever since she has been left an orphan, the good ladies

at the Hall have completed the softening and spoiling of her.

I have recently observed her holding long conferences in the churchyard, and up and down one of the lanes near the village, with Slingsby the school-master. I at first thought the pedagogue might be touched with the tender malady so prevalent in these parts of late; but I did him injustice. Honest Slingsby, it seems, was a friend and crony of her late father, the parish clerk, and is on intimate terms with the Tibbets family: prompted, therefore, by his goodwill towards all parties, and secretly instigated, perhaps, by the managing dame Tibbets, he has undertaken to talk with Phœbe upon the subject. He gives her, however, but little encouragement. Slingsby has a formidable opinion of the aristocratical feeling of old Ready-Money, and thinks, if Phœbe were even to make the matter up with the son, she would find the father totally hostile to the match. The poor damsel, therefore, is reduced almost to despair; and Slingsby, who is too good-natured not to sympathize in her distress, has advised her to give up all thoughts of young Jack, and has proposed as a substitute his learned coadjutor, the prodigal son. He has even, in the fulness of his heart, offered to give up the school-house to them; though it would leave him once more adrift in the wide world.

THE HISTORIAN.

Hermione.
And tell 's a tale.

Mamilius.

Hermione.

Mamilius.

Hermione.

Hermione.

Pray you sit by us,

Merry or sad shall 't be?

As merry as you will.

A sad tale 's best for winter.

Let 's have that, sir.

WINTER'S TALE.

As this is a story-telling age, I have been tempted occasionally to give the reader one of the many tales that are served up with supper at the Hall. I might indeed, have furnished a series almost equal in number to the Arabian Nights; but some were rather hazy, some were rather tedious; others I did not feel warranted in betraying into print; and many more were of the general's relating, and turned principally upon the hunting, elephant-riding, and Seringapatam, entitled by the wonderful deeds of Tipoo Saib, and the excellent jokes of Major Pendergast.

I had all along maintained a quiet post at a corner of the table, where I had been able to indulge in humour undisturbed; listening attentively when the story was very good, and dozing a little when it was rather dull, which I consider the perfection of a listener's torship.

I was roused the other evening from a slight tor into which I had fallen during one of the general's histories, by a sudden call from the squire to furnish

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE DIDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

Formerly almost every place had a house of this kind. If a house was seated on some melancholy place, or built in some old romantic manner, or if any particular accident had happened in it, such as murder, sudden death, or the like, to be sure that house had a mark set on it, and was afterwards esteemed the habitation of a ghost.

BOURN'S ANTIQUITIES.

In the neighbourhood of the ancient city of the Manhattoes there stood, not very many years since, an old mansion, which, when I was a boy, went by the name of the Haunted House. It was one of the very few remains of the architecture of the early Dutch settlers, and must have been a house of some consequence at the time when it was built. It consisted of a centre and two wings, the gable ends of which were shaped like stairs. It was built partly of wood, and partly of small Dutch bricks, such as the worthy colonists brought with them from Holland, before they discovered that bricks could be manufactured elsewhere. The house stood remote from the road, in the centre of a large field, with an avenue of old locust-trees leading up to it, several of which had been shivered by lightning, and two or three blown down. A few apple-trees grew straggling about the field; there were traces also of what had been a kitchen-garden; but the fences were broken down, the vegetables had disappeared, or had grown wild and turned to little better than weeds, with here and there a ragged rose-bush, or a tall sunflower shooting up from among brambles, and hanging its head sorrowfully, as if contemplating the surrounding desolation. Part of the roof of the old house had fallen in, the windows were shattered, the panels of the doors broken, and mended with rough boards, and there were two rusty weathercocks at the ends of the house, which made a great jingling and whistling as they whirled about, but always pointed wrong. The appearance of the whole place was forlorn and desolate at the best of times; but, in unruly weather, the howling of the wind about the crazy old mansion, the screeching of the weathercocks, the slamming and banging of a few loose window-shutters, had altogether so wild and dreary an effect, that the neighbourhood stood perfectly in awe of the place, and pronounced

been revealed to the world as if it were a foul instance of plagiarism marvellously brought to light. In a note which follows that tale I had alluded to the superstition on which it was founded, and I thought a mere allusion was sufficient, as the tradition was so notorious as to be inserted in almost every collection of German legends. I had seen it myself in three. I could hardly have hoped, therefore, in the present age, when every source of ghost and goblin story is ransacked, that the origin of the tale would escape discovery. In fact, I had considered popular traditions of the kind as fair foundations for authors of fiction to build upon, and had made use of the one in question accordingly. I am not disposed to contest the matter, however, and indeed consider myself so completely overpaid by the public for my trivial performances, that I am content to submit to any deduction which, in their after-thoughts, they may think proper to make.

Acaelas.

some entertainment of the kind in my turn. Having been so profound a listener to others, I could not in conscience refuse; but neither my memory nor invention being ready to answer so unexpected a demand, I begged leave to read a manuscript tale from the pen of my fellow-countryman, the late Mr Diedrich Knickerbocker, the historian of New-York. As this ancient chronicler may not be better known to my readers than he was to the company at the Hall, a word or two concerning him may not be amiss, before proceeding to his manuscript.

Diedrich Knickerbocker was a native of New-York, a descendant from one of the ancient Dutch families which originally settled in that province, and remained there after it was taken possession of by the English in 1664. The descendants of these Dutch families still remain in villages and neighbourhoods in various parts of the country, retaining, with singular obstinacy, the dresses, manners, and even language of their ancestors, and forming a very distinct and curious feature in the motley population of the state. In a hamlet whose spire may be seen from New-York, rising above the brow of a hill on the opposite side of the Hudson, many of the old folks, even at the present day, speak English with an accent, and the Dominie preaches in Dutch; and so completely is the hereditary love of quiet and silence maintained, that in one of these drowsy little villages, in the middle of a warm summer's day, the buzzing of a stout blue-bottle fly will resound from one end of the place to the other.

With the laudable hereditary feeling thus kept up among these worthy people, did Mr Knickerbocker undertake to write a history of his native city, commemorating the reign of its three Dutch governors during the time that it was yet under the domination of the Hogenmogens of Holland. In the execution of his design the little Dutchman has displayed great historical research, and a wonderful consciousness of the dignity of his subject. His work, however, has been so little understood, as to be pronounced a mere work of humour, satirizing the follies of the times, both in politics and morals, and giving whimsical views of human nature.

Be this as it may:—among the papers left behind were several tales of a lighter nature, apparently drawn together from materials which he had gathered during his profound researches for his history, and which he seems to have cast by with neglect, as unworthy of publication. Some of these have fallen into my hands by an accident which it is needless at present to mention; and one of these very stories, which I prelude in the words of Mr Knickerbocker, I undertook to read, by way of acquitting myself of the debt which I owed to the other story-tellers at the Hall. I subjoin it for such of my readers as are fond of stories.

I find that the tale of Rip Van Winkle, given in the Sketch, has been discovered by divers writers in magazines, to have been founded on a little German tradition, and the matter has

the softening and spoiling

her holding long conference up and down one of the Slingsby the school-pedagogue might be as prevalent in these injustices. Honest Slingsby and crony of her late father, intimate terms with the, therefore, by his good secretly instigated, perne Tibbets, he has understood the subject. He gives encouragement. Slingsby of the aristocratical feeling thinks, if Phœbe were even with the son, she would find the match. The poor dam almost to despair; and natured not to sympathize with her to give up all thoughts proposed as a substitute his prodigal son. He has even, art, offered to give up the though it would leave him wide world.

HISTORIAN.

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WINTER'S TALL.

ng age, I have been tempted reader one of the many tales supper at the Hall. I might a series almost equal in number; but some were rather hackneyed I did not feel warranted to and many more were of the old returned principally upon tiger, and Seringapatani, and the deeds of Tippoo Saib, and the Pendergast. I obtained a quiet post at a corner had been able to indulge in listening attentively when I was dozing a little when it was consider the perfection of an

er evening from a slight tremor during one of the general calls from the squire to furnish

it the rendezvous of hobgoblins. I recollect the old building well; for I remember how many times, when an idle, unlucky urchin, I have prowled round its precincts, with some of my graceless companions, on holiday afternoons, when out on a freebooting cruise among the orchards. There was a tree standing near the house that bore the most beautiful and tempting fruit; but then it was on enchanted ground, for the place was so charmed by frightful stories that we dreaded to approach it. Sometimes we would venture in a body, and get near the Hesperian tree, keeping an eye upon the old mansion, and darting fearful glances into its shattered windows; when, just as we were about to seize upon our prize, an exclamation from some one of the gang, or an accidental noise, would throw us all into a panic, and we would scamper headlong from the place, nor stop until we had got quite into the road. Then there were sure to be a host of fearful anecdotes told of strange cries and groans, or of some hideous face suddenly seen staring out of one of the windows. By degrees we ceased to venture into these lonely grounds, but would stand at a distance and throw stones at the building; and there was something fearfully pleasing in the sound as they rattled along the roof, or sometimes struck some jingling fragments of glass out of the windows.

The origin of this house was lost in the obscurity that covers the early period of the province, while under the government of their high mightinesses the states-general. Some reported it to have been a country-residence of Wilhelmus Kieft, commonly called the Testy, one of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam; others said that it had been built by a naval commander who served under Van Tromp, and who, on being disappointed of preferment, retired from the service in disgust, became a philosopher through sheer spite, and brought over all his wealth to the province, that he might live according to his humour, and despise the world. The reason of its having fallen to decay was likewise a matter of dispute; some said that it was in chancery, and had already cost more than its worth in legal expenses; but the most current, and, of course, the most probable account, was that it was haunted, and that nobody could live quietly in it. There can, in fact, be very little doubt that this last was the case, there were so many corroborating stories to prove it,—not an old woman in the neighbourhood but could furnish at least a score. There was a grey-headed curmudgeon of a negro that lived hard by, who had a whole budget of them to tell, many of which had happened to himself. I recollect many a time stopping with my schoolmates, and getting him to relate some. The old crone lived in a hovel, in the midst of a small patch of potatoes and Indian corn, which his master had given him on setting him free. He would come to us, with his hoe in his hand, and as we sat perched, like a row of swallows, on the rail of the fence, in the mellow twilight of a summer evening, he would tell

us such fearful stories, accompanied by such awful rollings of his white eyes, that we were almost afraid of our own footsteps as we returned home afterwards in the dark.

Poor old Pompey! many years are past since he died, and went to keep company with the ghosts he was so fond of talking about. He was buried in a corner of his own little potatoe-patch; the plough soon passed over his grave, and levelled it with the rest of the field, and nobody thought any more of the grey-headed negro. By singular chance I was strolling in that neighbourhood several years afterwards, when I had grown up to be a young man, and I found a knot of gossips speculating on a skull which had just been turned up by a ploughshare. They of course determined it to be the remains of some one that had been murdered, and they had raked up with it some of the traditionary tales of the Haunted House. I knew it at once to be the relic of poor Pompey, but I held my tongue; for I am too considerate of other people's enjoyment ever to mar a story of a ghost or a murder. I took care, however, to see the bones of my old friend once more buried in a place where they were not likely to be disturbed. As I sat on the turf and watched the interment, I fell into a long conversation with an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, John Josse Vandermoere, a pleasant gossiping man, whose whole life was spent in hearing and telling the news of the province. He recollected old Pompey, and his stories about the Haunted House; but he assured me he could give me one still more strange than any that Pompey had related; and on my expressing great curiosity to hear it, he sat down beside me on the turf, and told the following tale. I have endeavoured to give it as nearly as possible in his words, but it is now many years since, and I am grown old, and my memory is not over-good. I cannot therefore vouch for the language, but I am always scrupulous as to facts.

D. K.

DOLPHI HEYLIGER.

"I take the town of concord, where I dwell,
All Kilborn be my witness, If I were not
Begot in bashfulness, brought up in shamedness;
Let 'un bring a dog but to my vace that can
Zay I have beat 'un, and without a vault;
Or but a cat will swear upon a book,
I have as much as zet a vire her tail,
And I'll give him or her a crown for 'mends."

TALE OF A T

In the early time of the province of New-York while it groaned under the tyranny of the English governor, Lord Cornbury, who carried his cruelty towards the Dutch inhabitants so far as to allow Dominic, or schoolmaster, to officiate in their language, without his special licence; about this time there lived in the jolly, little old city of the

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HEYLIGER.

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brought up in shamefacedness;
ut to my vices that cau-
nd without a vault;
er upon a book,
t a vire her tail,
er a crown for 'mends."

TALE OF A TO

of the province of New-Yo-
er the tyranny of the Eng-
bury, who carried his cruel
nhabitants so far as to allow
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ty, little old city of the

hatoes, a kind motherly dame, known by the name
of Dame Heyliger. She was the widow of a Dutch
sea-captain, who died suddenly of a fever, in con-
sequence of working too hard, and eating too hearti-
ly, at the time when all the inhabitants turned out
in a panic, to fortify the place against the invasion of
a small French privateer. He left her with very
little money, and one infant son, the only survivor
of several children. The good woman had need of
much management to make both ends meet, and
keep up a decent appearance. However, as her
husband had fallen a victim to his zeal for the public
safety, it was universally agreed that "something
ought to be done for the widow;" and on the hopes
of this "something" she lived tolerably for some
years; in the mean time every body pitied and spoke
well of her, and that helped along.

She lived in a small house, in a small street, called
Garden-street, very probably from a garden which
may have flourished there some time or other. As
her necessities every year grew greater, and the talk
of the public about doing "something for her" grew
less, she had to cast about for some mode of doing
something for herself, by way of helping out her
scender means, and maintaining her independence,
of which she was somewhat tenacious.

Living in a mercantile town, she had caught some-
thing of the spirit, and determined to venture a little
in the great lottery of commerce. On a sudden,
therefore, to the great surprise of the street, there
appeared at her window a grand array of ginger-
bread kings and queens, with their arms stuck a-
limbo, after the invariable royal manner. There
were also several broken tumblers, some filled with
sugar-plums, some with marbles; there were, more-
over, cakes of various kinds, and barley-sugar, and
Dolland dolls, and wooden horses, with here and
there gilt-covered picture-books, and now and then
skein of thread, or a dangling pound of candles.
At the door of the house sat the good old dame's cat,
a decent demure-looking personage, that seemed to
can every body that passed, to criticize their dress,
and now and then to stretch her neck, and look out
with sudden curiosity, to see what was going on at
the other end of the street; but if by chance any idle
ragabond dog came by, and offered to be uncivil—
toity-toity!—how she would bristle up, and growl,
and spit, and strike out her paws! she was as in-
decent as ever was an ancient and ugly spinster on
the approach of some graceless profligate.

But though the good woman had to come down
to those humble means of subsistence, yet she still
kept up a feeling of family pride, having descended
from the Vanderspiegels, of Amsterdam; and she
had the family arms painted and framed, and hung
over her mantel-piece. She was, in truth, much re-
spected by all the poorer people of the place; her
house was quite a resort of the old wives of the
neighbourhood; they would drop in there of a winter's

1703.

afternoon, as she sat knitting on one side of her fire-
place, her cat purring on the other, and the tea-kettle
singing before it; and they would gossip with her
until late in the evening. There was always an
arm-chair for Peter de Groodt, sometimes called Long
Peter, and sometimes Peter Longlegs, the clerk and
sexton of the little Lutheran church, who was her
great crony, and indeed the oracle of her fire-side.
Nay, the Dominie himself did not disdain, now and
then, to step in, converse about the state of her mind,
and take a glass of her special good cherry-brandy.
Indeed, he never failed to call on new year's day,
and wish her a happy new year; and the good
dame, who was a little vain on some points, always
piqued herself on giving him as large a cake as any
one in town.

I have said that she had one son. He was the
child of her old age; but could hardly be called the
comfort, for, of all unlucky urchins, Dolph Heyliger
was the most mischievous. Not that the whipster
was really vicious; he was only full of fun and frolic,
and had that daring, gamesome spirit, which is ex-
tollled in a rich man's child, but execrated in a poor
man's. He was continually getting into scrapes: his
mother was incessantly harassed with complaints of
some waggish pranks which he had played off: bills
were sent in for windows that he had broken; in a
word, he had not reached his fourteenth year before
he was pronounced by all the neighbourhood, to be
a "wicked dog, the wickedest dog in the street!"
Nay, one old gentleman, in a claret-coloured coat,
with a thin red face, and ferret eyes, went so far as
to assure Dame Heyliger, that her son would, one
day or other, come to the gallows!

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor old soul
loved her boy. It seemed as though she loved him
the better the worse he behaved; and that he grew
more in her favour, the more he grew out of favour
with the world. Mothers are foolish fond-hearted
beings; there's no reasoning them out of their dotage;
and, indeed, this poor woman's character was all that
was left to love her in this world;—so we must not
think it hard that she turned a deaf ear to her good
friends, who sought to prove to her that Dolph would
come to a halter.

To do the varlet justice, too, he was strongly at-
tached to his parent. He would not willingly have
given her pain on any account; and when he had
been doing wrong, it was but for him to catch his
poor mother's eye fixed wistfully and sorrowfully
upon him, to fill his heart with bitterness and con-
trition. But he was a heedless youngster, and could
not, for the life of him, resist any new temptation to
fun and mischief. Though quick at his learning,
whenever he could be brought to apply himself, yet
he was always prone to be led away by idle company,
and would play truant to hunt after birds' nests, to
rob orchards, or to swim in the Hudson.

In this way he grew up, a tall, lubberly boy; and
his mother began to be greatly perplexed what to do

with him, or how to put him in a way to do for himself; for he had acquired such an unlucky reputation, that no one seemed willing to employ him.

Many were the consultations that she held with Peter de Groodt, the clerk and sexton, who was her prime counsellor. Peter was as much perplexed as herself, for he had no great opinion of the boy, and thought he would never come to good. He at one time advised her to send him to sea; a piece of advice only given in the most desperate cases; but Dame Heyliger would not listen to such an idea; she could not think of letting Dolph go out of her sight. She was sitting one day knitting by her fire-side, in great perplexity, when the sexton entered with an air of unusual vivacity and briskness. He had just come from a funeral. It had been that of a boy of Dolph's years, who had been apprentice to a famous German doctor, and had died of a consumption. It is true, there had been a whisper that the deceased had been brought to his end by being made the subject of the doctor's experiments, on which he was apt to try the effects of a new compound, or a quieting-draught. This, however, it is likely, was a mere scandal; at any rate, Peter de Groodt did not think it worth mentioning; though, had we time to philosophize, it would be a curious matter for speculation, why a doctor's family is apt to be so lean and cadaverous, and a butcher's so jolly and rubicund.

Peter de Groodt, as I said before, entered the house of Dame Heyliger with unusual alacrity. He was full of a bright idea that had popped into his head at the funeral, and over which he had chuckled as he shovelled the earth into the grave of the doctor's disciple. It had occurred to him, that, as the situation of the deceased was vacant at the doctor's, it would be the very place for Dolph. The boy had parts, and could pound a pestle, and run an errand with any boy in the town, and what more was wanted in a student?

The suggestion of the sage Peter was a vision of glory to the mother. She already saw Dolph, in her mind's eye, with a cane at his nose, a knocker at his door, and an M. D. at the end of his name—one of the established dignitaries of the town.

The matter, once undertaken, was soon effected: the sexton had some influence with the doctor, they having had much dealing together in the way of their separate professions; and the very next morning he called and conducted the urchin, clad in his Sunday clothes, to undergo the inspection of Dr Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen.

They found the doctor seated in an elbow-chair, in one corner of his study, or laboratory, with a large volume, in German print, before him. He was a short fat man, with a dark square face, rendered more dark by a black velvet cap. He had a little knobbed nose, not unlike the ace of spades, with a pair of spectacles gleaming on each side of his dusky countenance, like a couple of bow windows.

Dolph felt struck with awe on entering into the

presence of this learned man; and gazed about him with boyish wonder at the furniture of this chamber of knowledge, which appeared to him almost as the den of a magician. In the centre stood a claw-footed table, with pestle and mortar, phials and gallipots, and a pair of small burnished scales. At one end was a heavy clothes-press, turned into a receptacle for drugs and compounds; against which hung the doctor's hat and cloak, and gold-headed cane, and on the top grinned a human skull. Along the mantel-piece were glass vessels, in which were snakes and lizards, and a human fetus preserved in spirits. A closet, the doors of which were taken off, contained three whole shelves of books, and some too of mighty folio dimensions; a collection, the like of which Dolph had never before beheld. As, however, the library did not take up the whole of the closet, the doctor's thrifty housekeeper had occupied the rest with pots of pickles and preserves; and had hung about the room, among awful implements of the healing art, strings of red pepper and corpulent cucumbers, carefully preserved for seed.

Peter de Groodt, and his protégé, were received with great gravity and stateliness by the doctor, who was a very wise, dignified little man, and never smiled. He surveyed Dolph from head to foot, above and under, and through his spectacles, and the poor lad's heart quailed as these great glasses glared on him like two full moons. The doctor heard all that Peter de Groodt had to say in favour of the youthful candidate; and then, wetting his thumb with the end of his tongue, he began deliberately to turn over page after page of the great black volume before him. At length, after many hums and haws, and strokings of the chin, and all that hesitation and deliberation which a wise man proceeds to do what he intends to do from the very first, the doctor agreed to take the lad as a disciple; to give him bed, board, and clothing, and to instruct him in the healing art; a return for which he was to have his services until his twenty-first year.

Behold, then, our hero, all at once transformed from an unlucky urchin, running wild about the streets, to a student of medicine, diligently pounding a pestle, under the auspices of the learned Doctor Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen. It was a happy transition for his fond old mother. She was delighted with the idea of her boy's being brought up worthily of his ancestors; and anticipated the day when he would be able to hold up his head with the lawyer that lived in the large house opposite; or, peradventure, with the Dominie himself.

Doctor Knipperhausen was a native of the Palatinate in Germany; from whence, in company with many of his countrymen, he had taken refuge in England, on account of religious persecution. He was one of nearly three thousand Palatines, who came over from England in 1740, under the protection of Governor Hunter. Where the doctor had studied how he had acquired his medical knowledge,

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where he had received his diploma, it is hard at pre-
sent to say, for nobody knew at the time; yet it is cer-
tain that his profound skill and abstruse knowledge
were the talk and wonder of the common people, far
and near.

His practice was totally different from that of any
other physician; consisting in mysterious compounds,
known only to himself, in the preparing and admin-
istering of which, it was said, he always consulted
the stars. So high an opinion was entertained of his
skill, particularly by the German and Dutch inhabit-
ants, that they always resorted to him in desperate
cases. He was one of those infallible doctors, that
were always effecting sudden and surprising cures,
when the patient has been given up by all the regu-
lar physicians; unless, as is shrewdly observed, the
case has been left too long before it was put into their
hands. The doctor's library was the talk and marvel
of the neighbourhood, I might almost say of the entire
burgh. The good people looked with reverence at
a man that had read three whole shelves full of books,
and some of them too as large as a family Bible.
There were many disputes among the members of
the little Lutheran church, as to which was the wisest
man, the doctor or the Dominie. Some of his admin-
istrations even went so far as to say, that he knew more
than the governor himself—in a word, it was thought
that there was no end to his knowledge.

No sooner was Dolph received into the doctor's fam-
ily, than he was put in possession of the lodging of a
predecessor. It was a garret-room of a steep-
roofed Dutch house, where the rain pattered on the
shingles, and the lightning gleamed, and the wind
raged through the crannies in stormy weather; and
there were whole troops of hungry rats, like Don Cossacks,
loped about, in defiance of traps and ratsbane.

He was soon up to his ears in medical studies, being
employed, morning, noon, and night, in rolling pills,
mixing tinctures, or pounding the pestle and mortar
in one corner of the laboratory; while the doctor
could take his seat in another corner, when he had
nothing else to do, or expected visitors, and, arrayed
in his morning-gown and velvet cap, would pore over
the contents of some folio volume. It is true, that the
regular thumping of Dolph's pestle, or, perhaps, the
swayy buzzing of the sunnier flies, would now and
then lull the little man into a slumber; but then his
spectacles were always wide awake, and studiously
guarding the book.

There was another personage in the house, how-
ever, to whom Dolph was obliged to pay allegiance.
Though a bachelor, and a man of such great dignity
and importance, yet the doctor was, like many other
men, subject to petticoat government. He was
completely under the sway of his housekeeper; a
woman, busy, fretting housewife, in a little, round,
German cap, with a huge bunch of keys jingling
at the girdle of an exceedingly long waist. Frau
Ilsy (or Frow Ilsy as it was pronounced) had accom-
panied him in his various migrations from Germany

to England, and from England to the province; man-
aging his establishment and himself too; ruling him,
it is true, with a gentle hand, but carrying a high
hand with all the world beside. How she had ac-
quired such ascendancy I do not pretend to say.
People, it is true, did talk—but have not people been
prone to talk ever since the world began? Who can
tell how women generally contrive to get the upper
hand? A husband, it is true, may now and then be
master in his own house; but who ever knew a ba-
chelor that was not managed by his housekeeper?

Indeed, Frau Ilsy's power was not confined to the
doctor's household. She was one of those prying
gossips that know every one's business better than
they do themselves; and whose all-seeing eyes, and
all-telling tongues, are terrors throughout a neigh-
bourhood.

Nothing of any moment transpired in the world of
scandal of this little burgh, but it was known to Frau
Ilsy. She had her crew of cronies, that were per-
petually hurrying to her little parlour with some pre-
cious bit of news; nay, she would sometimes discuss a
whole volume of secret history, as she held the street-
door ajar, and gossiped with one of these garrulous
cronies in the very teeth of a December blast.

Between the doctor and the housekeeper it may
easily be supposed that Dolph had a busy life of it.
As Frau Ilsy kept the keys, and literally ruled the
roast, it was starvation to offend her, though he found
the study of her temper more perplexing even than
that of medicine. When not busy in the laboratory,
she kept him running hither and thither on her errands;
and on Sundays he was obliged to accompany her to
and from church, and carry her Bible. Many a time
has the poor varlet stood shivering and blowing his
fingers, or holding his frost-bitten nose, in the church-
yard, while Ilsy and her cronies were huddled to-
gether, wagging their heads, and tearing some unlucky
character to pieces.

With all his advantages, however, Dolph made
very slow progress in his art. This was no fault of
the doctor's, certainly, for he took unwearied pains
with the lad, keeping him close to the pestle and
mortar, or on the trot about town with phials and
pill-boxes; and if he ever flagged in his industry,
which he was rather apt to do, the doctor would fly
into a passion, and ask him if he ever expected to learn
his profession, unless he applied himself closer to his
study. The fact is, he still retained the fondness for
sport and mischief that had marked his childhood; the
habit, indeed, had strengthened with his years, and
gained force from being thwarted and constrained. He
daily grew more and more untractable, and lost favour
in the eyes both of the doctor and the housekeeper.

In the mean time the doctor went on, waxing
wealthy and renowned. He was famous for his skill
in managing cases not laid down in the books. He had
cured several old women and young girls of witchcraft;
a terrible complaint, nearly as prevalent in the pro-
vince in those days as hydrophobia is at present. He

had even restored one strapping country-girl to perfect health, who had gone so far as to vomit crooked pins and needles; which is considered a desperate stage of the malady. It was whispered, also, that he was possessed of the art of preparing love-powders; and many applications had he in consequence from love-sick patients of both sexes. But all these cases formed the mysterious part of his practice, in which, according to the cant phrase, "secrecy and honour might be depended on." Dolph, therefore, was obliged to turn out of the study whenever such consultations occurred, though it is said he learnt more of the secrets of the art at the key-hole, than by all the rest of his studies put together.

As the doctor increased in wealth, he began to extend his possessions, and to look forward, like other great men, to the time when he should retire to the repose of a country-seat. For this purpose he had purchased a farm, or, as the Dutch settlers called it, a *boverie*, a few miles from town. It had been the residence of a wealthy family, that had returned some time since to Holland. A large mansion-house stood in the centre of it, very much out of repair, and which, in consequence of certain reports, had received the appellation of the Haunted House. Either from these reports, or from its actual dreariness, the doctor had found it impossible to get a tenant; and, that the place might not fall to ruin before he could reside in it himself, he had placed a country boor, with his family, in one wing, with the privilege of cultivating the farm on shares.

The doctor now felt all the dignity of a landholder rising within him. He had a little of the German pride of territory in his composition, and almost looked upon himself as owner of a principality. He began to complain of the fatigue of business; and was fond of riding out "to look at his estate." His little expeditions to his lands were attended with a bustle and parade that created a sensation throughout the neighbourhood. His wall-eyed horse stood stamping, and whisking off the flies, for a full hour before the house. Then the doctor's saddle-bags would be brought out and adjusted; then, after a little while, his cloak would be rolled up and strapped to the saddle; then his umbrella would be buckled to the cloak; while, in the mean time, a group of ragged boys, that observant class of beings, would gather before the door. At length the doctor would issue forth, in a pair of jack-boots that reached above his knees, and a cocked hat flapped down in front. As he was a short, fat man, he took some time to mount into the saddle; and when there, he took some time to have the saddle and stirrups properly adjusted, enjoying the wonder and admiration of the urchin crowd. Even after he had set off, he would pause in the middle of the street, or trot back two or three times to give some parting orders; which were answered by the housekeeper from the door, or Dolph from the study, or the black cook from the cellar, or the chambermaid from the garret-window; and

there were generally some last words bawled after him, just as he was turning the corner.

The whole neighbourhood would be aroused by this pomp and circumstance. The cobbler would leave his last; the barber would thrust out his frizzled head, with a comb sticking in it; a knot would collect at the grocer's door, and the word would be buzzed from one end of the street to the other, "The doctor's riding out to his country seat!"

These were golden moments for Dolph. No sooner was the doctor out of sight, than pestle and mortar were abandoned; the laboratory was left to take care of itself, and the student was off on some mad-cap frolic.

Indeed, it must be confessed, the youngster, as he grew up, seemed in a fair way to fulfil the prediction of the old, claret-coloured gentleman. He was the ringleader of all holiday sports, and midnight gambols; ready for all kinds of mischievous pranks, and harebrained adventures.

There is nothing so troublesome as a hero on a small scale, or, rather, a hero in a small town. Dolph soon became the abhorrence of all drowsy, house-keeping, old citizens, who hated noise, and had no relish for waggery. The good dames, too, considered him as little better than a reprobate, gathered the daughters under their wings whenever he approached, and pointed him out as a warning to their sons. No one seemed to hold him in much regard, excepting the wild striplings of the place, who were captivated by his open-hearted, daring manners, and the negroes, who always look upon every idle, do-nothing youngster, as a kind of gentleman. Even the good Peter de Groodt, who had considered himself a kind of patron of the lad, began to despair of him; and would shake his head dubiously, as he listened to long complaint from the housekeeper, and sipped his glass of her raspberry brandy.

Still his mother was not to be wearied out of her affection by all the waywardness of her boy; nor did she harden her heart by the stories of his misdeeds, with which her good friends were continually regaling her. She had, it is true, very little of the pleasure which other people enjoy, in always hearing their children praised; but she considered all this ill-will as a kind of persecution which he suffered, and she liked him the better on that account. She saw him growing into a fine, tall, good-looking youngster, and she looked upon him with the secret pride of a mother's heart. It was her great desire that Dolph should appear as a gentleman, and all the money she could save went towards helping out his pocket and his wardrobe. She would look out of the window after him, as he sallied forth in his best array, and her heart would yearn with delight; and once, when Peter de Groodt struck with the youngster's gallant appearance, on a bright Sunday morning, observed, "Well, after all Dolph does grow a comely fellow!" the tear of joy started into the mother's eye: "Ah, neighbour! neighbour!" exclaimed she, "they may say so, and indeed

they please; poor Dolph will yet hold up his head with the best of them!"

Dolph Heyliger had now nearly attained his one-and-twentieth year, and the term of his medical studies was just expiring; yet it must be confessed, that he knew little more of the profession than when he first entered the doctor's doors. This, however, could not be from any want of quickness of parts, for he showed amazing aptness in mastering other branches of knowledge, which he could only have studied at intervals. He was, for instance, a sure marksman, and won all the geese and turkeys at Christmas-holidays. He was a bold rider; he was famous for leaping and wrestling; he played tolerably on the fiddle; could swim like a fish; and was the best hand in the whole place at fives or ninepins.

All these accomplishments, however, procured him no favour in the eyes of the doctor, who grew more and more crabbed and intolerant the nearer the term of apprenticeship approached. Frau Ilsy, too, was forever finding some occasion to raise a windy tempest about his ears; and seldom encountered him about the house, without a clatter of the tongue; so that at length the jingling of her keys, as she approached, was to Dolph like the ringing of the prompter's bell, that gives notice of a theatrical thunder-storm. Nothing but the infinite good humour of the heedless youngster enabled him to bear all this domestic tyranny without open rebellion. It was evident that the doctor and his housekeeper were preparing to beat the poor youth out of the nest, the moment his term should have expired; a short-hand mode which the doctor had of providing for useless disciples.

Indeed the little man had been rendered more than usually irritable lately, in consequence of various cares and vexations which his country estate had brought upon him. The doctor had been repeatedly annoyed by the rumours and tales which prevailed concerning the old mansion; and found it difficult to prevail even upon the countryman and his family to remain there rent-free. Every time he rode out to the farm he was teased by some fresh complaint of strange noises and fearful sights, with which the tenants were disturbed at night; and the doctor would come home fretting and fuming, and vent his spleen upon the whole household. It was indeed a sore grievance, that affected him both in pride and purse. He was threatened with an absolute loss of the profits of his property; and then, what a blow to his territorial consequence, to be the landlord of a haunted house!

It was observed, however, that with all his vexation, the doctor never proposed to sleep in the house himself; nay he could never be prevailed upon to remain on the premises after dark, but made the best of his way for town as soon as the bats began to flit about in the twilight. The fact was, the doctor had a secret belief in ghosts, having passed the early part of his life in a country where they particularly abound; and indeed the story went, that, when a boy, he

had once seen the devil upon the Hartz mountains in Germany.

At length the doctor's vexations on this head were brought to a crisis. One morning, as he sat dozing over a volume in his study, he was suddenly startled from his slumbers by the bustling in of the house-keeper.

"Here's a fine to do!" cried she, as she entered the room. "Here's Claus Hopper come in, bag and baggage, from the farm, and swears he'll have nothing more to do with it. The whole family have been frightened out of their wits; for there's such racketing and rummaging about the old house, that they can't sleep quiet in their beds!"

"Donner und blitzen!" cried the doctor, impatiently; "will they never have done chattering about that house? What a pack of fools, to let a few rats and mice frighten them out of good quarters!"

"Nay, nay," said the housekeeper wagging her head knowingly, and piqued at having a good ghost-story doubted, "there's more in it than rats and mice. All the neighbourhood talks about the house; and then such sights have been seen in it! Peter de Groodt tells me, that the family that sold you the house, and went to Holland, dropped several strange hints about it, and said, 'they wished you joy of your bargain;' and you know yourself there's no getting any family to live in it."

"Peter de Groodt's a ninny—an old woman," said the doctor, peevishly; "I'll warrant he's been filling these people's heads full of stories. It's just like his nonsense about the ghost that haunted the church belfry, as an excuse for not ringing the bell that cold night when Harmanns Brinkerhoff's house was on fire. Send Claus to me."

Claus Hopper now made his appearance: a simple country lout, full of awe at finding himself in the very study of Dr Knipperhausen, and too much embarrassed to enter in much detail of the matters that had caused his alarm. He stood twirling his hat in one hand, resting sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, looking occasionally at the doctor, and now and then stealing a fearful glance at the death's-head that seemed ogling him from the top of the clothes-press.

The doctor tried every means to persuade him to return to the farm, but all in vain; he maintained a dogged determination on the subject; and at the close of every argument or solicitation would make the same brief, inflexible reply, "Ich kan nicht, myn-heer." The doctor was a "little pot, and soon hot;" his patience was exhausted by these continual vexations about his estate. The stubborn refusal of Claus Hopper seemed to him like flat rebellion; his temper suddenly boiled over, and Claus was glad to make a rapid retreat to escape scalding.

When the bumpkin got to the housekeeper's room, he found Peter de Groodt, and several other true believers, ready to receive him. Here he indemnified himself for the restraint he had suffered in the study,

and opened a budget of stories about the Haunted House that astonished all his hearers. The house-keeper believed them all, if it was only to spite the doctor for having received her intelligence so un-courteously. Peter de Groodt matched them with many a wonderful legend of the times of the Dutch dynasty, and of the Devil's Stepping-stones; and of the pirate that was hanged at Gibbet Island, and continued to swing there at night long after the gallows was taken down; and of the ghost of the unfortunate Governor Leisler, who was hanged for treason, which haunted the old fort and the government-house. The gossiping knot dispersed, each charged with direful intelligence. The sexton disburdened himself at a vestry-meeting that was held that very day, and the black cook forsook her kitchen, and spent half of the day at the street-pump, that gossiping-place of servants, dealing forth the news to all that came for water. In a little time the whole town was in a buzz with tales about the Haunted House. Some said that Claus Hopper had seen the devil, while others hinted that the house was haunted by the ghosts of some of the patients whom the doctor had physicked out of the world, and that was the reason why he did not venture to live in it himself.

All this put the little doctor in a terrible fume. He threatened vengeance on any one who should affect the value of his property by exciting popular prejudices. He complained loudly of thus being in a manner dispossessed of his territories by mere bugbears; but he secretly determined to have the house exorcised by the Dominie. Great was his relief, therefore, when, in the midst of his perplexities, Dolph stepped forward and undertook to garrison the Haunted House. The youngster had been listening to all the stories of Claus Hopper and Peter de Groodt: he was fond of adventure, he loved the marvellous, and his imagination had become quite excited by these tales of wonder. Besides, he had led such an uncomfortable life at the doctor's, being subjected to the intolerable thralldom of early hours, that he was delighted at the prospect of having a house to himself, even though it should be a haunted one. His offer was eagerly accepted, and it was determined that he should mount guard that very night. His only stipulation was, that the enterprize should be kept secret from his mother; for he knew the poor soul would not sleep a wink if she knew that her son was waging war with the powers of darkness.

When night came on he set out on this perilous expedition. The old black cook, his only friend in the household, had provided him with a little mess for supper, and a rushlight; and she tied round his neck an amulet, given her by an African conjuror, as a charm against evil spirits. Dolph was escorted on his way by the doctor and Peter de Groodt, who had agreed to accompany him to the house, and to see him safe lodged. The night was overcast, and it was very dark when they arrived at the grounds which surrounded the mansion. The sexton led the

way with a lantern. As they walked along the avenue of acacias, the fliffling light, catching from bush to bush, and tree to tree, often started the doughty Peter, and made him fall back upon his followers; and the doctor grappled still closer hold of Dolph's arm, observing that the ground was very slippery and uneven. At one time they were nearly put to total rout by a bat, which came flitting about the lantern; and the notes of the insects from the trees, and the frogs from a neighbouring pond, formed a most drowsy and doleful concert.

The front door of the mansion opened with a grating sound, that made the doctor turn pale. They entered a tolerably large hall, such as is common in American country-houses, and which serves for a sitting-room in warm weather. From hence they went up a wide staircase, that groaned and creaked as they trod, every step making its particular note, like the key of a harpsichord. This led to another hall on the second story, from whence they entered the room where Dolph was to sleep. It was large, and scantily furnished; the shutters were closed; but as they were much broken, there was no want of a circulation of air. It appeared to have been that sacred chamber, known among Dutch housewives by the name of "the best bed-room;" which is the best furnished room in the house, but in which scarce any body is ever permitted to sleep. Its splendour, however, was all at an end. There were a few broken articles of furniture about the room, and in the centre stood a heavy deal table and a large arm-chair, both of which had the look of being coeval with the mansion. The fire-place was wide, and had been faced with Dutch tiles, representing Scripture stories; but some of them had fallen out of their places, and lay shattered about the hearth. The sexton had lit the rushlight; and the doctor, looking fully about the room, was just exhorting Dolph to a word of good cheer, and to pluck up a stout heart, when a noise in the chimney, like voices and struggling, struck a sudden panic into the sexton. He took to his heels with the lantern; the doctor followed hard after him; the stairs groaned and creaked as they hurried down, increasing their agitation and speed by its noises. The front door slammed after them; and Dolph heard them scrambling down the avenue, till the sound of their feet was lost in the distance. That he did not join in this precipitate retreat might have been owing to his possessing a little more courage than his companions, or perhaps that he had caught a glimpse of the cause of their dismay, in a nest of chimney swallows, that came tumbling down into the fire-place.

Being now left to himself, he secured the front door by a strong bolt and bar; and having seen that the other entrances were fastened, he returned to his desolate chamber. Having made his supper from the basket which the good old cook had provided, he locked the chamber door, and retired to rest on a mattress in one corner. The night was calm and still; and nothing broke upon the profound quiet, but

walked along the avenue, catching from bush to bush the doughty knight upon his followers; closer hold of Dolph's hand was very slippery and were nearly put to trouble fitting about the lanterns from the trees, and the pond, formed a most

vision opened with a gratification to turn pale. They were such as is common in the land which serves for a shelter. From hence they heard that groaned and creaked, making its particular note, and. This led to another room whence they entered to sleep. It was large, and shutters were closed; but there was no want of a care to have been that among Dutch housewives by "room," which is the best, but in which scarce any sleep. Its splendour, however, there were a few broken in the room, and in the centre and a large arm-chair, both being coeval with the manor-wide, and had been faced with Scripture stories; but not of their pictures, and lay on the floor. The sex had lit the looking fully about the Dolph's face of good cheer, and, when a noise in the struggle, struck a sudden blow to his heels with a blow hard after him; the as they hurried down, in speed by its noises. The them; and Dolph heard the avenue, till the sound of distance. That he did not eat might have been owing more courage than his comrade had caught a glimpse of in a nest of chimney swallowed down into the fire-place. self, he secured the front bar; and having seen that fastened, he returned to his table made his supper from the old cook had provided, he and retired to rest on the night was calm and on the profound quiet, but

the lonely chirping of a cricket from the chimney of a distant chamber. The rushlight, which stood in the centre of the deal table, shed a feeble yellow ray, dimly illuminating the chamber, and making uncouth shapes and shadows on the walls, from the clothes which Dolph had thrown over a chair.

With all his boldness of heart there was something subduing in this desolate scene; and he felt his spirits flag within him, as he lay on his hard bed and gazed about the room. He was turning over in his mind his idle habits, his doubtful prospects, and now and then heaving a heavy sigh, as he thought on his poor old mother; for there is nothing like the silence and loneliness of night to bring dark shadows over the brightest mind. By and bye he thought he heard a sound as if some one was walking below stairs. He listened, and distinctly heard a step on the great staircase. It approached solemnly and slowly, tramp—tramp—tramp! It was evidently the tread of some heavy personage; and yet how could he have got into the house without making a noise? He had examined all the fastenings, and was certain that every entrance was secure. Still the steps advanced, tramp—tramp—tramp! It was evident that the person approaching could not be a robber, the step was too loud and deliberate; a robber would either be stealthy or precipitate. And now the footsteps had ascended the staircase; they were slowly advancing along the passage, resounding through the silent and empty apartments. The very cricket had ceased its melancholy note, and nothing interrupted their awful distinctness. The door, which had been locked on the inside, slowly swung open, as if self-moved. The footsteps entered the room; but no one was to be seen. They passed slowly and audibly across it, tramp—tramp—tramp! but whatever made the sound was invisible. Dolph rubbed his eyes, and stared about him; he could see to every part of the dimly-lighted chamber; all was vacant; yet still he heard those mysterious footsteps, solemnly walking about the chamber. They ceased, and all was dead silence. There was something more appalling in this invisible visitation, than there would have been any thing that addressed itself to the eyesight. It was awfully vague and indefinite. He felt his heart beat against his ribs; a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; he lay for some time in a state of violent agitation; nothing, however, occurred to increase his alarm. His light gradually burnt down into the socket, and he fell asleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight; the sun was peering through the cracks of the window-shutters, and the birds were merrily singing about the house. The bright cheery day was put to flight all the terrors of the preceding night. Dolph laughed, or rather tried to laugh, at what had passed, and endeavoured to persuade himself that it was a mere freak of the imagination, injured up by the stories he had heard; but he was little puzzled to find the door of his room locked on the inside, notwithstanding that he had positively

seen it swing open as the footsteps had entered. He returned to town in a state of considerable perplexity; but he determined to say nothing on the subject, until his doubts were either confirmed or removed by another night's watching. His silence was a grievous disappointment to the gossips who had gathered at the doctor's mansion. They had prepared their minds to hear direful tales; and they were almost in a rage at being assured that he had nothing to relate.

The next night, then, Dolph repeated his vigil. He now entered the house with some trepidation. He was particular in examining the fastenings of all the doors, and securing them well. He locked the door of his chamber and placed a chair against it; then having dispatched his supper, he threw himself on his mattress and endeavoured to sleep. It was all in vain; a thousand crowding fancies kept him waking. The time slowly dragged on, as if minutes were spinning themselves out into hours. As the night advanced, he grew more and more nervous; and he almost started from his couch when he heard the mysterious footstep again on the staircase. Up it came, as before, solemnly and slowly, tramp—tramp—tramp! It approached along the passage; the door again swung open, as if there had been neither lock nor impediment, and a strange-looking figure stalked into the room. It was an elderly man, large and robust, clothed in the old Flemish fashion. He had on a kind of short cloak, with a garment under it, belted round the waist; trunk-hose, with great bunches or bows at the knees; and a pair of russet-boots, very large at top, and standing widely from his legs. His hat was broad and slouched, with a feather trailing over one side. His iron-grey hair hung in thick masses on his neck; and he had a short grizzled beard. He walked slowly round the room, as if examining that all was safe; then hanging his hat on a peg beside the door, he sat down in the elbow-chair, and leaning his elbow on the table, he fixed his eyes on Dolph with an unmoving and deadening stare.

Dolph was not naturally a coward; but he had been brought up in an implicit belief in ghosts and goblins. A thousand stories came swarming to his mind that he had heard about this building; and as he looked at this strange personage, with his uncouth garb, his pale visage, his grizzled beard, and his fixed, staring, fish-like eye, his teeth began to chatter, his hair to rise on his head, and a cold sweat to break out all over his body. How long he remained in this situation he could not tell, for he was like one fascinated. He could not take his gaze off from the spectre; but lay staring at him, with his whole intellect absorbed in the contemplation. The old man remained seated behind the table, without stirring, or turning an eye, always keeping a dead steady glare upon Dolph. At length the household cock, from a neighbouring farm, clapped his wings, and gave a loud cheerful crow that rung over the fields. At the sound the old man slowly rose, and took down his hat from the peg; the door opened, and closed after him; he

was heard to go slowly down the staircase, tramp—tramp—tramp!—and when he had got to the bottom, all was again silent. Dolph lay and listened earnestly; counted every footfall; listened, and listened if the steps should return, until, exhausted with watching and agitation, he fell into a troubled sleep.

Daylight again brought fresh courage and assurance. He would fain have considered all that had passed as a mere dream; yet there stood the chair in which the unknown had seated himself; there was the table on which he had leaned; there was the peg on which he had hung his hat; and there was the door, locked precisely as he himself had locked it, with the chair placed against it. He hastened down stairs, and examined the doors and windows; all were exactly in the same state in which he had left them, and there was no apparent way by which any being could have entered and left the house, without leaving some trace behind. "Pooh!" said Dolph to himself, "it was all a dream:"—but it would not do; the more he endeavoured to shake the scene off from his mind, the more it haunted him.

Though he persisted in a strict silence as to all that he had seen and heard, yet his looks betrayed the uncomfortable night that he had passed. It was evident that there was something wonderful hidden under this mysterious reserve. The doctor took him into the study, locked the door, and sought to have a full and confidential communication; but he could get nothing out of him. Frau Ilsy took him aside into the pantry, but to as little purpose; and Peter de Groodt held him by the button for a full hour, in the churchyard, the very place to get at the bottom of a ghost-story, but came off not a whit wiser than the rest. It is always the case, however, that one truth concealed makes a dozen current lies. It is like a guinea locked up in a bank, that has a dozen paper representatives. Before the day was over, the neighbourhood was full of reports. Some said that Dolph Heyliger watched in the Haunted House, with pistols loaded with silver bullets; others, that he had a long talk with a spectre without a head; others, that Doctor Knipperhausen and the sexton had been hunted down the Bowery-lane, and quite into town, by a legion of ghosts of their customers. Some shook their heads; and thought it a shame that the doctor should put Dolph to pass the night alone in that dismal house, where he might be spirited away, no one knew whither; while others observed, with a shrug, that if the devil did carry off the youngster, it would but be taking his own.

These rumours at length reached the ears of the good Dame Heyliger, and, as may be supposed, threw her into a terrible alarm. For her son to have opposed himself to danger from living foes, would have been nothing so dreadful in her eyes, as to dare alone the terrors of the Haunted House. She hastened to the doctor's, and passed a great part of the day in attempting to dissuade Dolph from repeating his vigil; she told him a score of tales, which her gossiping

friends had just related to her, of persons who had been carried off, when watching alone, in old ruinous houses. It was all to no effect. Dolph's pride, as well as curiosity, was piqued. He endeavoured to calm the apprehensions of his mother, and to assure her that there was no truth in all the rumours she had heard. She looked at him dubiously, and shook her head; but finding his determination was not to be shaken, she brought him a little thick Dutch Bible, with brass clasps, to take with him, as a sword wherewith to fight the powers of darkness; and, lest that might not be sufficient, the housekeeper gave him the Heidelberg catechism by way of dagger.

The next night, therefore, Dolph took up his quarters for the third time in the old mansion. Whether dream or not, the same thing was repeated. Towards midnight, when every thing was still, the same sound echoed through the empty halls—tramp—tramp—tramp! The stairs were again ascended; the door again swung open; the old man entered; walked round the room; hung up his hat, and seated himself by the table. The same fear and trembling came over poor Dolph, though not in so violent a degree. He lay in the same way, motionless and fascinated, staring at the figure, which regarded him as before with a dead, fixed, chilling gaze. In this way they remained for a long time, till, by degrees, Dolph's courage began gradually to revive. Whether alive or dead, this being had certainly some object in his visitation, and he recollected to have heard it said that spirits have no power to speak until they are spoken to. Summoning up resolution, therefore, and making two or three attempts, before he could get his parched tongue in motion, he addressed the unknown in the most solemn form of adjuration that he could recollect, and demanded to know what was the motive of his visit.

No sooner had he finished, than the old man rose, took down his hat, the door opened, and he went out looking back upon Dolph just as he crossed the threshold, as if expecting him to follow. The youngster did not hesitate an instant. He took the candle from his hand, and the Bible under his arm, and obeyed the tacit invitation. The candle emitted a feeble uncertain ray; but still he could see the figure before him, slowly descending the stairs. He followed, trembling. When it had reached the bottom of the stairs, it turned through the hall towards the back door of the mansion. Dolph held the light over the balustrades; but, in his eagerness to catch a sight of the unknown, he flared his feeble taper so suddenly that it went out. Still there was sufficient light from the pale moonbeams, that fell through a narrow window, to give him an indistinct view of the figure near the door. He followed, therefore, down stairs, and turned towards the place; but when he had done there, the unknown had disappeared. The door remained fast barred and bolted; there was no mode of exit; yet the being, whatever he might have been, was gone. He unfastened the door, and looked

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into the fields. It was a hazy, moonlight night, so
that the eye could distinguish objects at some dis-
tance. He thought he saw the unknown in a foot-
path that led from the door. He was not mistaken;
but how had he got out of the house? He did not
pause to think, but followed on. The old man pro-
ceeded at a measured pace, without looking about
him, his footsteps sounding on the hard ground. He
passed through the orchard of apple-trees that stood
near the house, always keeping the footpath. It led
to a well, situated in a little hollow which had sup-
plied the farm with water. Just at this well Dolph lost
sight of him. He rubbed his eyes and looked again;
but nothing was to be seen of the unknown. He
reached the well, but nobody was there. All the
surrounding ground was open and clear; there was
no bush nor hiding-place. He looked down the well
and saw, at a great depth, the reflection of the sky
in the still water. After remaining here for some
time, without seeing or hearing any thing more of
his mysterious conductor, he returned to the house,
full of awe and wonder. He bolted the door, groped
his way back to bed, and it was long before he
could compose himself to sleep.

His dreams were strange and troubled. He thought
he was following the old man along the side of a
great river, until they came to a vessel that was on
the point of sailing; and that his conductor led him
on board and vanished. He remembered the com-
mander of the vessel, a short swarthy man, with
crisped black hair, blind of one eye, and lame of one
leg; but the rest of his dream was very confused.
Sometimes he was sailing; sometimes on shore; now
amidst storms and tempests, and now wandering
quietly in unknown streets. The figure of the old
man was strangely mingled up with the incidents of
the dream; and the whole distinctly wound up by his
finding himself on board of the vessel again, return-
ing home, with a great bag of money!

When he woke, the grey, cool light of dawn was
breaking the horizon, and the cocks passing the *réveil*
from farm to farm throughout the country. He rose
more harassed and perplexed than ever. He was
singularly confounded by all that he had seen and
dreamt, and began to doubt whether his mind was
not affected, and whether all that was passing in his
thoughts might not be mere feverish fantasy. In his
present state of mind, he did not feel disposed to re-
turn immediately to the doctor's, and undergo the
cross-questioning of the household. He made a
light breakfast, therefore, on the remains of the last
night's provisions, and then wandered out into the
fields to meditate on all that had befallen him. Lost
in thought, he rambled about, gradually approaching
the town, until the morning was far advanced, when
he was roused by a hurry and bustle around him.
He found himself near the water's edge, in a throng
of people, hurrying to a pier, where there was a ves-
sel ready to make sail. He was unconsciously carried
along by the impulse of the crowd, and found that it was

a sloop, on the point of sailing up the Hudson to Al-
bany. There was much leave-taking, and kissing of
old women and children, and great activity in carrying
on board baskets of bread and cakes, and provisions
of all kinds, notwithstanding the mighty joints of meat
that dangled over the stern; for a voyage to Albany
was an expedition of great moment in those days.
The commander of the sloop was hurrying about, and
giving a world of orders, which were not very strictly
attended to; one man being busy in lighting his pipe,
and another in sharpening his snicker-snee.

The appearance of the commander suddenly caught
Dolph's attention. He was short and swarthy, with
crisped black hair; blind of one eye, and lame of one
leg—the very commander that he had seen in his
dream! Surprised and aroused, he considered the
scene more attentively, and recalled still further traces
of his dream: the appearance of the vessel, of the riv-
er, and of a variety of other objects, accorded with
the imperfect images vaguely rising to recollection.

As he stood musing on these circumstances, the
captain suddenly called to him in Dutch, "Step on
board, young man, or you'll be left behind!" He
was startled by the summons; he saw that the sloop
was cast loose, and was actually moving from the
pier; it seemed as if he was actuated by some ir-
resistible impulse; he sprang upon the deck, and the
next moment the sloop was hurried off by the wind
and tide. Dolph's thoughts and feelings were all in
tumult and confusion. He had been strongly worked
upon by the events that had recently befallen him,
and could not but think that there was some connexion
between his present situation and his last night's
dream. He felt as if he was under supernatural in-
fluence; and he tried to assure himself with an old
and favourite maxim of his, that "one way or other,
all would turn out for the best." For a moment, the
indignation of the doctor at his departure, without
leave, passed across his mind, but that was matter of
little moment; then he thought of the distress of his
mother at his strange disappearance, and the idea
gave him a sudden pang: he would have entreated to
be put on shore; but he knew with such wind and
tide the entreaty would have been in vain. Then
the inspiring love of novelty and adventure came
rushing in full tide through his bosom; he felt himself
launched strangely and suddenly on the world, and
under full way to explore the regions of wonder that
lay up this mighty river, and beyond those blue
mountains that had bounded his horizon since child-
hood. While he was lost in this whirl of thought,
the sails strained to the breeze; the shores seemed to
hurry away behind him; and, before he perfectly re-
covered his self-possession, the sloop was plunging
her way past Spiking-devil and Yonkers, and the tall-
est chimney of the Manhattoes had faded from his
sight.

I have said that a voyage up the Hudson in those
days was an undertaking of some moment; indeed,
it was as much thought of as a voyage to Europe is at

present. The sloops were often many days on the way; the cautious navigators taking in sail when it blew fresh, and coming to anchor at night; and stopping to send the boat ashore for milk for tea, without which it was impossible for the worthy old lady-passengers to subsist. And then there were the much-talked-of perils of the Tappaan-zee, and the highlands. In short, a prudent Dutch burgher would talk of such a voyage for months, and even years, beforehand; and never undertook it without putting his affairs in order, making his will, and having prayers said for him in the Low-Dutch churches.

In the course of such a voyage, therefore, Dolph was satisfied he would have time enough to reflect, and to make up his mind as to what he should do when he arrived at Albany. The captain, with his blind eye, and lame leg, would, it is true, bring his strange dream to mind, and perplex him sadly for a few moments; but of late his life had been made up so much of dreams and realities, his nights and days had been so jumbled together, that he seemed to be moving continually in a delusion. There is always, however, a kind of vagabond consolation in a man's having nothing in this world to lose; with this Dolph comforted his heart, and determined to make the most of the present enjoyment.

In the second day of the voyage they came to the highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain-side, and reverberated along the shores; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

Dolph gazed about him in mute delight and wonder at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Anthony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms, here and there scooped out among the precipices; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

In the midst of his admiration, Dolph remarked a pile of bright, snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another and another, each seemingly pushing onwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere; and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark

ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at length it seemed as if the belying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull-hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illuminated still more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the raindrops. Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

The vessel was hurried on by the increasing wind, until she came to where the river makes a sudden bend, the only one in the whole course of its majestic career. Just as they turned the point, a violent flaw of wind came sweeping down a mountain-gully, bending the forest before it, and, in a moment, lashing up the river into white froth and foam. The captain saw the danger, and cried out to lower the sail. Before the order could be obeyed the flaw struck the sloop, and threw her on her beam-ends. Every thing now was fright and confusion: the flapping of the sails, the whistling and rushing of the wind, the bawling of the captain and crew, the shrieking of the passengers, all mingled with the rolling and bellowing of the thunder. In the midst of the uproar the sloop righted; at the same time the mainsail shifted, the boom came sweeping the quarter-deck, and Dolph, who was gazing unguardedly at the clouds, found himself, in a moment, floundering in the river.

For once in his life one of his idle accomplishments was of use to him. The many truant hours which he had devoted to sporting in the Hudson had made him an expert swimmer; yet with all his strength and skill, he found great difficulty in reaching the shore. His disappearance from the deck had not been noticed by the crew, who were all occupied by their own danger. The sloop was driven along with inconceivable rapidity. She had hard work to weather a narrow promontory on the eastern shore, round which the

• This must have been the bend at West Point.

river turned, and which completely shut her from Dolph's view.

It was on a point of the western shore that he landed, and, scrambling up the rocks, he threw himself, faint and exhausted, at the foot of a tree. By degrees the thunder-gust passed over. The clouds rolled away to the east, where they lay piled in feathery masses, tinted with the last rosy rays of the sun. The distant play of the lightning might be still seen about their dark bases, and now and then might be heard the faint muttering of the thunder. Dolph rose, and sought about to see if any path led from the shore, but all was savage and trackless. The rocks were piled upon each other; great trunks of trees lay shattered about, as they had been blown down by the strong winds which draw through these mountains, or had fallen through age. The rocks, too, were overhung with wild vines and briars, which completely matted themselves together, and opposed a barrier to all ingress; every movement that he made shook down a shower from the dripping foliage. He attempted to scale one of these almost perpendicular heights; but, though strong and agile, he found it an Herculean undertaking. Often he was supported merely by crumbling projections of the rock, and sometimes he clung to roots and branches of trees, and hung almost suspended in the air. The wood-pigeon came cleaving his whistling flight by him, and the eagle screamed from the brow of the impending cliff. As he was thus clambering, he was on the point of seizing hold of a shrub to aid his ascent, when something rustled among the leaves, and he saw a snake quivering along like lightning, almost from under his hand. It coiled itself up immediately, in an attitude of defiance, with flattened head, distended jaws, and quickly-vibrating tongue, that played like a little flame about its mouth. Dolph's heart turned faint within him, and he had well nigh let go his hold, and tumbled down the precipice. The serpent stood on the defensive but for an instant; it was an instinctive movement of defence; and, finding there was no attack, it glided away into a cleft of the rock. Dolph's eye followed it with fearful intensity; and he saw at a glance that he was in the vicinity of a nest of adders, that lay knotted, and writhing, and hissing in the chasm. He hastened with all speed to escape from so frightful a neighbourhood. His imagination was full of this new horror; he saw an adder in every curling vine, and heard the tail of a rattle-snake in every dry leaf that rustled. At length he succeeded in scrambling to the summit of a precipice; but it was covered by a dense forest. Wherever he could gain a look out between the trees, he saw that the coast rose in heights and cliffs, one rising beyond another, until huge mountains over-topped the whole. There were no signs of cultivation, nor any smoke curling amongst the trees to indicate a human residence. Every thing was wild and solitary. As he was standing on the edge of a precipice that overlooked a deep ravine fringed with trees, his feet detached a great fragment

of rock; it fell, crashing its way through the tree tops, down into the chasm. A loud whoop, or rather yell, issued from the bottom of the glen; the moment after there was the report of a gun; and a ball came whistling over his head, cutting the twigs and leaves, and burying itself deep in the bark of a chestnut-tree.

Dolph did not wait for a second shot, but made a precipitate retreat; fearing every moment to hear the enemy in pursuit. He succeeded, however, in returning unmolested to the shore, and determined to penetrate no farther into a country so beset with savage perils.

He sat himself down, dripping disconsolately, on a wet stone. What was to be done? where was he to shelter himself? The hour of repose was approaching; the birds were seeking their nests, the bat began to flit about in the twilight, and the night-hawk, soaring high in heaven, seemed to be calling out the stars. Night gradually closed in, and wrapped every thing in gloom; and though it was the latter part of summer, yet the breeze stealing along the river, and among these dripping forests, was chilly and penetrating, especially to a half-drowned man.

As he sat drooping and despondent in this comfortless condition, he perceived a light gleaming through the trees near the shore, where the winding of the river made a deep bay. It cheered him with the hopes that here might be some human habitation where he might get something to appease the clamorous cravings of his stomach, and, what was equally necessary in his shipwrecked condition, a comfortable shelter for the night. It was with extreme difficulty that he made his way toward the light, along ledges of rocks, down which he was in danger of sliding into the river, and over great trunks of fallen trees; some of which had been blown down in the late storm, and lay so thickly together, that he had to struggle through their branches. At length he came to the brow of a rock that overhung a small dell, from whence the light proceeded. It was from a fire at the foot of a great tree that stood in the midst of a grassy interval or plat among the rocks. The fire cast up a red glare among the grey crags, and impending trees; leaving chasms of deep gloom, that resembled entrances to caverns. A small brook rippled close by, betrayed by the quivering reflection of the flame. There were two figures moving about the fire, and others squatted before it. As they were between him and the light, they were in complete shadow: but one of them happening to move round to the opposite side, Dolph was startled at perceiving, by the full glare falling on painted features, and glittering on silver ornaments, that he was an Indian. He now looked more narrowly, and saw guns leaning against a tree, and a dead body lying on the ground.

Dolph began to doubt whether he was not in a worse condition than before; here was the very foe that had fired at him from the glen. He endeavoured

to retreat quietly, not caring to entrust himself to these half-human beings in so savage and lonely a place. It was too late: the Indian, with that eagle quickness of eye so remarkable in his race, perceived something stirring among the bushes on the rock: he seized one of the guns that leaned against the tree; one moment more, and Dolph might have had his passion for adventure cured by a bullet. He hallooed loudly, with the Indian salutation of friendship; the whole party sprang upon their feet; the salutation was returned, and the straggler was invited to join them at the fire.

On approaching, he found, to his consolation, that the party was composed of white men, as well as Indians. One, who was evidently the principal personage, or commander, was seated on a trunk of a tree before the fire. He was a large, stout man, somewhat advanced in life, but hale and hearty. His face was bronzed almost to the colour of an Indian's; he had strong but rather jovial features, an aquiline nose, and a mouth shaped like a mastiff's. His face was half thrown in shade by a broad hat, with a buck's tail in it. His grey hair hung short in his neck. He wore a hunting-frock, with Indian leggings, and moccasins, and a tomahawk in the broad wampum-belt round his waist. As Dolph caught a distinct view of his person and features, he was struck with something that reminded him of the old man of the Haunted House. The man before him, however, was different in his dress and age; he was more cheery too in his aspect, and it was hard to define where the vague resemblance lay: but a resemblance there certainly was. Dolph felt some degree of awe in approaching him; but was assured by the frank, hearty welcome with which he was received. As he cast his eyes about, too, he was still further encouraged, by perceiving that the dead body, which had caused him some alarm, was that of a deer; and his satisfaction was complete in discerning, by the savoury steams which issued from a kettle, suspended by a hooked stick over the fire, that there was a part cooking for the evening's repast.

He now found that he had fallen in with a rambling hunting-party; such as often took place in those days among the settlers along the river. The hunter is always hospitable; and nothing makes men more social and unceremonious than meeting in the wilderness. The commander of the party poured him out a dram of cheering liquor, which he gave him with a merry leer, to warm his heart; and ordered one of his followers to fetch some garments from a pinnace, which was moored in a cove close by; while those in which our hero was dripping might be dried before the fire.

Dolph found, as he had suspected, that the shot from the glen, which had come so near giving him his quietus when on the precipice, was from the party before him. He had nearly crushed one of them by the fragment of rock which he had detached; and the jovial old hunter, in the broad hat and buck tail, had

fired at the place where he saw the bushes move, supposing it to be some wild animal. He laughed heartily at the blunder; it being what is considered an exceeding good joke among hunters; "but, faith, my lad," said he, "if I had but caught a glimpse of you to take sight at, you would have followed the rock. Antony Vander Heyden is seldom known to miss his aim." These last words were at once a clue to Dolph's curiosity; and a few questions let him completely into the character of the man before him, and of his band of woodland rangers. The commander in the broad hat and hunting-frock was no less a personage than the Heer Antony Vander Heyden, of Albany, of whom Dolph had many a time heard. He was, in fact, the hero of many a story; being a man of singular humours and whimsical habits, that were matters of wonder to his quiet Dutch neighbours. As he was a man of property, having had a father before him, from whom he inherited large tracts of wild land, and whole barrels full of wampum, he could indulge his humours without control. Instead of staying quietly at home; eating and drinking at regular meal-times; amusing himself by smoking his pipe on the bench before the door; and then turning into a comfortable bed at night; he delighted in all kinds of rough, wild expeditions. He was never so happy as when on a hunting-party in the wilderness, sleeping under trees or bark-sheds, or cruising down the river, or on some woodland lake, fishing and fowling, and living the Lord knows how.

He was a great friend to Indians, and to an Indian mode of life; which he considered true natural liberty and manly enjoyment. When at home he had always several Indian hangers-on, who loitered about his house, sleeping like hounds in the sunshine, or preparing hunting and fishing-tackle for some new expedition, or shooting at marks with bows and arrows.

Over these vagrant beings Heer Antony had as perfect command as a huntsman over his pack; though they were great nuisances to the regular people of his neighbourhood. As he was a rich man, no one ventured to thwart his humours; indeed, he had a hearty joyous manner about him, that made him universally popular. He would troll a Dutch song as he tramped along the street; hail every one a mile off; and when he entered a house, he would slap the good man familiarly on the back, shake him by the hand till he roared, and kiss his wife and daughters before his face—in short, there was no pride nor ill humour about Heer Antony.

Besides his Indian hangers-on, he had three or four humble friends among the white men, who looked up to him as a patron, and had the run of his kitchen, and the favour of being taken with him occasionally on his expeditions. It was with a medley of such retainers that he was at present on a cruise along the shores of the Hudson, in a pinnace which he kept for his own recreation. There were two white men with him, dressed partly in the Indian style, with moccasins and hunting-shirts; the rest of his crew consisted

saw the bushes move, animal. He laughed, saying what is considered g hunters; "but, faith, out caught a glimpse of could have followed the en is seldom known to words were at once a l a few questions let him c of the man before him, and rangers. The com- d hunting-frock was no eer Antony Vander Hey- Dolph had many a time e hero of many a story; mours and whimsical ha- ronder to his quiet Dutch man of property, having from whom he inherited and whole barrels full of ge his humours without g quietly at home; eating cal-times; amusing himsel e bench before the door; mfortable bed at night; he igh, wild expeditions. He en on a hunting-party in nder trees or bark-sheds, or on some woodland lake, iving the Lord knows how. o Indians, and to an Indian sidered true natural liberty hen at home he had always n, who loitered about his ls in the sunshine, or pre- ng-tackle for some new ex- arks with bows and arrows. gs Heer Antony had as per- an over his pack; though s to the regular people of his was a rich man, no one ven- rs; indeed, he had a hearty , that made him universally a Dutch song as he tramped y one a mile off; and when ould slap the good man fa- ke him by the hand till he e and daughters before his s no pride nor ill humour

four favourite Indians. They had been prowling about the river, without any definite object, until they found themselves in the highlands, where they had passed two or three days, hunting the deer which still lingered among these mountains.

"It is a lucky circumstance, young man," said Antony Vander Heyden, "that you happened to be knocked overboard to-day; as to-morrow morning we start early on our return homewards; and you might then have looked in vain for a meal among these mountains—but come, lads, stir about! stir about! Let's see what prog we have for supper; the kettle has boiled long enough; my stomach cries cuphord; and I'll warrant our guest is in no mood to dally with his trencher."

There was a bustle now in the little encampment; one took off the kettle and turned a part of the contents into a huge wooden bowl. Another prepared a flat rock for a table; while a third brought various utensils from the pinnace, which was moored close by; and Heer Antony himself brought a flask or two of precious liquor from his own private locker; knowing his boon companions too well to trust any of them with the key.

A rude but hearty repast was soon spread; consisting of venison smoking from the kettle, with cold bacon, boiled Indian corn, and mighty loaves of good brown household bread. Never had Dolph made a more delicious repast; and when he had washed it down by two or three draughts from the Heer Antony's flask, and felt the jolly liquor sending its warmth through his veins, and glowing round his very heart, he would not have changed his situation, no, not with the governor of the province.

The Heer Antony, too, grew chirping and joyous; and half a dozen fat stories, at which his white followers laughed immoderately, though the Indians, as usual, maintained an invincible gravity.

"This is your true life, my boy!" said he, slapping Dolph on the shoulder; "a man is never a man till he can defy wind and weather, range woods and fields, sleep under a tree, and live on bass-wood leaves!"

And then would he sing a stave or two of a Dutch drinking-song, swaying a short, squab Dutch bottle in his hand, while his myrmidons would join in chorus, and the woods echoed again;—as the good old song went:

"They all with a shout made the elements ring,
 So soon as the office was o'er;
 To feasting they went, with true merriment,
 And tipp'd strong liquor gillore."

In the midst of his joviality, however, Heer Antony did not lose sight of discretion. Though he pushed his bottle without reserve to Dolph, yet he always took care to help his followers himself, knowing the dangers he had to deal with; and he was particular in granting but a moderate allowance to the Indians. The repast being ended, the Indians having drunk their liquor, and smoked their pipes, now wrapped

themselves in their blankets, stretched themselves on the ground, with their feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep, like so many tired hounds. The rest of the party remained chatting before the fire, which the gloom of the forest, and the dampness of the air from the late storm, rendered extremely grateful and comforting. The conversation gradually moderated from the hilarity of supper-time, and turned upon hunting adventures, and exploits and perils in the wilderness; many of which were so strange and improbable, that I will not venture to repeat them, lest the veracity of Antony Vander Heyden and his comrades should be brought into question. There were many legendary tales told, also, about the river, and the settlements on its borders; in which valuable kind of lore the Heer Antony seemed deeply versed. As the sturdy bush-beater sat in a twisted root of a tree, that served him for a kind of arm-chair, dealing forth these wild stories, with the fire gleaming on his strongly-marked visage, Dolph was again repeatedly perplexed by something that reminded him of the phantom of the Haunted House; some vague resemblance that could not be fixed upon any precise feature or lineament, but which pervaded the general air of his countenance and figure.

The circumstance of Dolph's falling overboard being again discussed, led to the relation of divers disasters and singular mishaps that had befallen voyagers on this great river, particularly in the earlier periods of colonial history; most of which the Heer deliberately attributed to supernatural causes. Dolph stared at his suggestion; but the old gentleman assured him that it was very currently believed by the settlers along the river, that these highlands were under the dominion of supernatural and mischievous beings, which seemed to have taken some pique against the Dutch colonists in the early time of the settlement. In consequence of this, they have ever since taken particular delight in venting their spleen, and indulging their humours, upon the Dutch skippers; bothering them with flaws, head-winds, counter-currents, and all kinds of impediments; insomuch, that a Dutch navigator was always obliged to be exceedingly wary and deliberate in his proceedings; to come to anchor at dusk; to drop his peak, or take in sail, whenever he saw a swag-bellied cloud rolling over the mountains; in short, to take so many precautions, that he was often apt to be an incredible time in toiling up the river.

Some, he said, believed these mischievous powers of the air to be evil spirits conjured up by the Indian wizards, in the early times of the province, to revenge themselves on the strangers who had dispossessed them of their country. They even attributed to their incantations the misadventure which befell the renowned Hendrick Hudson, when he sailed so gallantly up this river in quest of a north-west passage, and, as he thought, run his ship aground; which they affirm was nothing more nor less than a spell of these same wizards, to prevent his getting to China in this direction.

The greater part, however, Heer Antony observed, accounted for all the extraordinary circumstances attending this river, and the perplexities of the skippers which navigated it, by the old legend of the Storm-ship which haunted Point-no-point. On finding Dolph to be utterly ignorant of this tradition, the Heer stared at him for a moment with surprise, and wondered where he had passed his life, to be uninformed on so important a point of history. To pass away the remainder of the evening, therefore, he undertook the tale, as far as his memory would serve, in the very words in which it had been written out by Mynheer Selyne, an early poet of the New Nederlands. Giving, then, a stir to the fire, that sent up his sparks among the trees like a little volcano, he adjusted himself comfortably in his root of a tree; and throwing back his head, and closing his eyes for a few moments, to summon up his recollection, he related the following legend.

THE STORM-SHIP.

In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses; the lightning was seen to play about the church of St Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain, to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms, that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars; after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-post, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sunk into a growl, and the setting-sun, breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the old world, from the land of their birth, from which they were so completely severed: to the yearly ship, too,

they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessaries. The good wron could not have her new cap nor new gown until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it for his tools, the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of Holland, the schoolboy for his top and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other, the ship—the ship—the ship—was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished-for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity giving his opinion with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather-beaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times, and were great authorities on such occasions; these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their several adherents: but the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd, was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea-captain retired from service, the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tar-canvas, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing. A hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the mean time the ship became more distinct to the naked eye; she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her belying canvas as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her approach declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bowels of the black thunder-cloud. The by-standers looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to the report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth close together, and said nothing; upon which some of the heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The vessel seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to take along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it! What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, when she were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour-master, ordered

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boat, and set off to board her; but after rowing two
 or three hours, he returned without success. Some-
 times he would get within one or two hundred yards
 of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a
 mile off. Some said it was because his oars-men, who
 were rather pury and short-winded, stopped every
 now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands;
 but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got
 near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all
 dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and
 high hats and feathers: not a word was spoken by any
 one on board; they stood as motionless as so many
 statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own go-
 vernment. Thus she kept on, away up the river,
 lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until
 she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting
 away in the summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor
 into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in
 the whole course of his administration. Fears were
 entertained for the security of the infant settlements
 on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in
 disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called
 together his council repeatedly, to assist him with
 their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built
 of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague, and
 smoked his long jasmin pipe, and listened to all that
 his counsellors had to say on a subject about which
 they knew nothing; but in spite of all the conjectur-
 ing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still
 continued to doubt.

Messengers were dispatched to different places on
 the river; but they returned without any tidings—
 the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week
 after week, elapsed, but she never returned down the
 Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous
 for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The cap-
 tains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing
 the report of having seen the strange ship at the
 different parts of the river; sometimes near the Pal-
 matoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes
 the highlands; but she never was reported as
 having been seen above the highlands. The crews
 of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among
 themselves in their accounts of these apparitions; but
 they may have arisen from the uncertain situations in
 which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes
 of the thunder-storm lighting up a pitchy night, and
 giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan-zee,
 the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one mo-
 ment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to
 crush them down, and would throw them into great
 consternation and alarm; but the next flash would show her
 sailing off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes,
 on quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under
 the high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow,
 with her top-sails glittering in the moonbeams;
 at the time, however, that the voyagers would reach
 the place, there would be no ship to be seen; and
 when they had past on for some distance, and looked

back, behold! there she was again, with her top-sails
 in the moonshine! Her appearance was always just
 after, or just before, or just in the midst of unruly
 weather; and she was known by all the skippers and
 voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "the Storm-
 ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council
 more than ever; and it would be endless to repeat the
 conjectures and opinions that were uttered on the
 subject. Some quoted cases in point, of ships seen off
 the coast of New England, navigated by witches and
 goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more
 than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good
 Hope, insisted that this must be the Flying Dutch-
 man which had so long haunted Table Bay; but being
 unable to make port, had now sought another harbour.
 Others suggested, that, if it really was a supernatural
 apparition, as there was every natural reason to be-
 lieve, it might be Hendrick Hudson, and his crew of
 the Half-moon; who, it was well known, had once
 run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking
 a north-west passage to China. This opinion had
 very little weight with the governor, but it passed
 current out of doors; for indeed it had already been
 reported, that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted
 the Kaatskill Mountain; and it appeared very reason-
 able to suppose, that his ship might infest the river
 where the enterprize was baffled, or that it might bear
 the shadowy crew to their periodical revels in the
 mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and
 doubts of the sage Wouter and his council, and the
 Storm-ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at
 the board. It continued, however, to be a matter of
 popular belief and marvellous anecdote through the
 whole time of the Dutch government, and particu-
 larly just before the capture of New Amsterdam, and
 the subjugation of the province by the English squa-
 dron. About that time the Storm-ship was repeatedly
 seen in the Tappaan-Zee, and about Weehawk, and
 even down as far as Hoboken; and her appearance
 was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall
 in public affairs, and the downfall of Dutch domina-
 tion.

Since that time we have no authentic accounts of
 her; though it is said she still haunts the highlands,
 and cruises about Point-no-point. People who live
 along the river, insist that they sometimes see her in
 summer moonlight; and that in a deep still midnight
 they have heard the chant of her crew, as if heaving
 the lead; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along
 the mountainous shores, and about the wide bays and
 long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have
 very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have
 been seen in these highlands in storms, which are
 considered as connected with the old story of the
 ship. The captains of the river-craft talk of a little
 bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and
 sugar-loafed hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand,

which they say keeps about the Dunderberg.' They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low-Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets; tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose; and that, at such times, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder-gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, yet she laboured dreadfully, until the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed, when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast-head, which was known at once to be the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast-head, and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard. She seemed in continual danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the highlands, until she had passed Pollopol's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat, all at once, spun up into the air like a top; whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg; while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast; a wise precaution against evil spirits, which has since been adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

There is another story told of this foul-weather urchin, by Skipper Daniel Ouslesticker, of Fish-Hill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared, that, in a severe squall, he saw him seated astride of his bowsprit, riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Anthony's nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Gieson, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sung the hymn of St Nicholas; whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the night-cap of the Dominie's wife; which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weathercock of Esopus' church steeple, at least forty miles off! After several events of this kind had taken place, the regular skippers of the river, for a long time, did not venture to pass the Dunderberg, without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the Mountain; and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested.

¹ i. e. the "Thunder-Mountain," so called from its echoes.

"Such," said Antony Vander Heyden, "are a few of the stories written down by Selyne the poet, concerning this Storm-ship; which he affirms to have brought this colony of mischievous imps into the province, from some old ghost-ridden country of Europe. I could give you a host more, if necessary; for all the accidents that so often befall the river-craft in the highlands are said to be tricks played off by these imps of the Dunderberg; but I see that you are nodding, so let us turn in for the night."

The moon had just raised her silver horns above the round back of Old Bull Hill, and lit up the grey rocks and slagg'd forests, and glittered on the waving bosom of the river. The night dew was falling, and the late gloomy mountains began to soften and put on a grey aerial tint in the dewy light. The hunters stirred the fire, and threw on fresh fuel to qualify the damp of the night air. They then prepared a bed of branches and dry leaves under a ledge of rocks for Dolph; while Antony Vander Heyden wrapping himself up in a huge coat made of skins stretched himself before the fire. It was some time, however, before Dolph could close his eyes. He lay contemplating the strange scene before him: the wild woods and rocks around; the fire throwing its full gleams on the faces of the sleeping savages; and the Heer Antony, too, who so singularly, yet vaguely, reminded him of the nightly visitant to the Haunted House. Now and then he heard the cry of some animal from the forest; or the hooting of the owl; or the notes of the whip-poor-will, which seemed to abound among these solitudes; or the splash of a skua-geon, leaping out of the river, and falling back to its length on its placid surface. He contrasted all this with his accustomed nest in the garret room of the doctor's mansion; where the only sounds he heard at night were the church clock telling the hour; the drowsy voice of the watchman, drawing out all

* Among the superstitions which prevailed in the colonies during the early times of the settlements, there seems to have been a singular one about phantom-ships. The superstitious fishermen are always apt to turn upon those objects which come under their daily occupations. The solitary ship, which, from year to year, came like a raven in the wilderness, bringing to the inhabitants of a settlement the comforts of life from the world which they were cut off, was apt to be present to their dreams whether sleeping or waking. The accidental sight from the shore, of a sail gliding along the horizon in those, as yet, lonely seas, was apt to be a matter of much talk and speculation. There is a tradition made in one of the early New England writers, of a ship navigated by witches, with a great horse that stood by the mainmast. I have met with another story, somewhere, of a ship that dropped anchor, in fair, sunny, tranquil weather, with sails all set, and a table spread in the cabin, as if to regale a number of guests, not a living being on board. These phantom-ships always disappeared in the eye of the wind; or ploughed their way with great velocity, making the smooth sea foam before their bows, when not a bubble of air was stirring.

Moore has finely wrought up one of these legends of the sea into a little tale, which, within a small compass, contains the essence of this species of supernatural fiction. I allude to the Spectre-Ship bound to Deadman's Isle.

well; the deep snoring of the doctor's clubbed nose from below stairs; or the cautious labours of some carpenter-rat gnawing in the wainscot. His thoughts then wandered to his poor old mother: what would she think of his mysterious disappearance—what anxiety and distress would she not suffer? This was the thought that would continually intrude itself to mar his present enjoyment. It brought with it a feeling of pain and compunction, and he fell asleep with the tears yet standing in his eyes.

Were this a mere tale of fancy, here would be a fine opportunity for weaving in strange adventures among these wild mountains, and roving hunters; and, after involving my hero in a variety of perils and difficulties, rescuing him from them all by some miraculous contrivance; but as this is absolutely a true story, I must content myself with simple facts, and keep to probabilities.

At an early hour of the next day, therefore, after a hearty morning's meal, the encampment broke up, and our adventurers embarked in the pinnacle of Antony Vander Heyden. There being no wind for the sails, the Indians rowed her gently along, keeping time to a kind of chant of one of the white men. The day was serene and beautiful; the river without a wave; and as the vessel cleft the glassy water, it left a long undulating track behind. The crows, who had scented the hunters' banquet, were already gathering and hovering in the air, just where a column of thin, blue smoke, rising from among the trees, showed the place of their last night's quarters. As they coasted along the bases of the mountains, the Heer Antony pointed out to Dolph a bald eagle, the sovereign of these regions, who sat perched on a dry tree that projected over the river; and, with eye turned upwards, seemed to be drinking in the splendour of the morning sun. Their approach disturbed the monarch's meditations. He first spread one wing, and then the other; balanced himself for a moment; and then, quitting his perch with dignified composure, wheeled slowly over their heads. Dolph snatched up a gun, and sent a whistling ball after him.

Instantly some of the feathers from his wing; the report of the gun leaped sharply from rock to rock, and awakened a thousand echoes; but the monarch of the air descended calmly on, ascending higher and higher, and feeling widely as he ascended, soaring up the green bosom of the woody mountain, until he disappeared over the brow of a beetling precipice. Dolph felt in a manner rebuked by this proud tranquillity, and almost reproached himself for having so wantonly intruded this majestic bird. Heer Antony told him, however, to remember that he was not yet out of the territories of the lord of the Dunderberg; and an old Indian shook his head, and observed, that there was no luck in killing an eagle; the hunter, on the contrary, should always leave him a portion of his spoils. Nothing, however, occurred to molest them on their passage. They passed pleasantly through magnificent and lonely scenes, until they came to where Pollopol's bay lay, like a floating bower, at the extremity of the

highlands. Here they landed, until the heat of the day should abate, or a breeze spring up, that might supersede the labour of the oar. Some prepared the mid-day meal, while others reposed under the shade of the trees in luxuriant summer indolence, looking drowsily forth upon the beauty of the scene. On the one side were the highlands, vast and cragged, feathered to the top with forests, and throwing their shadows on the glassy water that dimpled at their feet. On the other side was a wide expanse of the river, like a broad lake, with long sunny reaches, and green headlands; and the distant line of Shawungunk mountains waving along a clear horizon, or chequered by a fleecy cloud.

But I forbear to dwell on the particulars of their cruise along the river: this vagrant, amphibious life, careering across silver sheets of water; coasting wild woodland shores; banqueting on shady promontories, with the spreading tree over head, the river curling its light foam to one's feet, and distant mountain, and rock, and tree, and snowy cloud, and deep blue sky, all mingling in summer beauty before one; all this, though never cloying in the enjoyment, would be but tedious in narration.

When encamped by the water-side, some of the party would go into the woods and hunt; others would fish: sometimes they would amuse themselves by shooting at a mark, by leaping, by running, by wrestling; and Dolph gained great favour in the eyes of Antony Vander Heyden, by his skill and adroitness in all these exercises; which the Heer considered as the highest of manly accomplishments.

Thus did they coast jollily on, choosing only the pleasant hours for voyaging; sometimes in the cool morning dawn, sometimes in the sober evening twilight, and sometimes when the moonshine spangled the crisp curling waves that whispered along the sides of their little bark. Never had Dolph felt so completely in his element; never had he met with any thing so completely to his taste as this wild, hazardous life. He was the very man to second Antony Vander Heyden in his rambling humours, and gained continually on his affections. The heart of the old bushwhacker yearned towards the young man, who seemed thus growing up in his own likeness; and as they approached to the end of their voyage, he could not help inquiring a little into his history. Dolph frankly told him his course of life, his severe medical studies, his little proficiency, and his very dubious prospects. The Heer was shocked to find that such amazing talents and accomplishments were to be cramped and buried under a doctor's wig. He had a sovereign contempt for the healing art, having never had any other physician than the butcher. He bore a mortal grudge to all kinds of study also, ever since he had been flogged about an unintelligible book when he was a boy. But to think that a young fellow like Dolph, of such wonderful abilities, who could shoot, fish, run, jump, ride and wrestle, should be obliged to roll pills, and administer juleps for a living—'twas

monstrous! He told Dolph never to despair, but to "throw physic to the dogs;" for a young fellow of his prodigious talents could never fail to make his way. "As you seem to have no acquaintance in Albany," said Heer Antony, "you shall go home with me, and remain under my roof until you can look about you; and in the mean time we can take an occasional bout at shooting and fishing, for it is a pity such talents should lie idle."

Dolph, who was at the mercy of chance, was not hard to be persuaded. Indeed, on turning over matters in his mind, which he did very sagely and deliberately, he could not but think that Antony Vander Heyden was, "somehow or other," connected with the story of the Haunted House; that the misadventure in the highlands, which had thrown them so strangely together, was, "somehow or other," to work out something good: in short, there is nothing so convenient as this "somehow or other" way of accommodating one's self to circumstances; it is the main stay of a heedless actor, and tardy reasoner, like Dolph Heyliger; and he who can, in this loose, easy way, link foregone evil to anticipated good, possesses a secret of happiness almost equal to the philosopher's stone.

On their arrival at Albany, the sight of Dolph's companion seemed to cause universal satisfaction. Many were the greetings at the river-side, and the salutations in the streets; the dogs bounded before him, the boys whooped as he passed; every body seemed to know Antony Vander Heyden. Dolph followed on in silence, admiring the neatness of this worthy burgh; for in those days Albany was in all its glory, and inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, for it had not as yet been discovered and colonized by the restless people of New England. Every thing was quiet and orderly; every thing was conducted calmly and leisurely; no hurry, no bustle, no struggling and scrambling for existence. The grass grew about the unpaved streets, and relieved the eye by its refreshing verdure. Tall sycamores or pendent willows shaded the houses, with caterpillars swinging, in long silken strings, from their branches; or moths, fluttering about like coxcombs, in joy at their gay transformation. The houses were built in the old Dutch style, with the gable ends towards the street. The thrifty housewife was seated on a bench before her door, in close crimped cap, bright flowered gown, and white apron, busily employed in knitting. The husband smoked his pipe on the opposite bench, and the little pet negro girl, seated on the step at her mistress' feet, was industriously plying her needle. The swallows sported about the eaves, or skimmed along the streets, and brought back some rich booty for their clamorous young; and the little housekeeping wren flew in and out of a Lilliputian house, or an old hat nailed against the wall. The cows were coming home, lowing through the streets, to be milked at their owner's door; and if, perchance, there were any

lotterers, some negro urchin, with a long goad, was gently urging them homewards.

As Dolph's companion passed on, he received a tranquil nod from the burghers, and a friendly word from their wives; all calling him familiarly by the name of Antony; for it was the custom in this stronghold of the patriarchs, where they had all grown up together from childhood, to call every one by the christian name. The Heer did not pause to have his usual jokes with them, for he was impatient to reach his home. At length they arrived at his mansion. It was of some magnitude, in the Dutch style, with large iron figures on the gables, that gave the date of its erection, and showed that it had been built in the earliest times of the settlement.

The news of the Heer Antony's arrival had preceded him, and the whole household was on the look out. A crew of negroes, large and small, had collected in front of the house to receive him. The white-headed ones, who had grown grey in his service, grinned for joy, and made many awkward bows and grimaces, and the little ones capered about his knees. But the most happy being in the household was a little, plump, blooming lass, his only child and the darling of his heart. She came bounding out of the house; but the sight of a strange young man with her father called up, for a moment, all the bashfulness of a home-bred damsel. Dolph gazed at her with wonder and delight; never had he seen, he thought, any thing so comely in the shape of a woman. She was dressed in the good old Dutch taste, with long stays, and full, short petticoats, so admirably adapted to show and set off the female form. Her hair, turned up under a small round cap, displayed the fairness of her forehead; she had fine blue laughing eyes; a trim, slender waist, and soft smile—but, in a word, she was a little Dutch divinity, and Dolph, who never stopt half-way in a new pursuit, fell desperately in love with her.

Dolph was now ushered into the house with a hearty welcome. In the interior was a mingled display of Heer Antony's taste and habits, and of the opulence of his predecessors. The chambers were furnished with good old mahogany; the beaufets and cupboards glittered with embossed silver, and painted china. Over the parlour fire-place was, as usual, the family coat of arms, painted and framed; above which was a long, duck fowling-piece, flanked by an Indian pouch and a powder-horn. The room was decorated with many Indian articles, such as pipes of peace, tomahawks, scalping-knives, hunting-pouches and belts of wampum; and there were various kinds of fishing-tackle, and two or three fowling-pieces in the corners. The household affairs seemed to be conducted, in some measure, after the master's humors, corrected, perhaps, by a little quiet management of the daughter's. There was a great degree of patriarchal simplicity, and good-humoured indulgence. The negroes came into the room without being called, merely to look at their master, and hear of his

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ventures; they would stand listening at the door until
he had finished a story, and then go off on a broad
grin, to repeat it in the kitchen. A couple of pet
negro children were playing about the floor with the
dogs, and sharing with them their bread and butter.
All the domestics looked hearty and happy; and when
the table was set for the evening repast, the variety
and abundance of good household luxuries bore tes-
timony to the open-handed liberality of the Heer, and
the notable housewifery of his daughter.

In the evening there dropped in several of the
worthies of the place, the Van Rensselaers, and the
Gansevoorts, and the Rosebooms, and others of An-
tony Vander Heyden's intimates, to hear an account
of his expedition; for he was the Sindbad of Albany,
and his exploits and adventures were favourite topics
of conversation among the inhabitants. While these
sat gossiping together about the door of the hall, and
telling long twilight stories, Dolph was cozily seated,
entertaining the daughter on a window-bench. He
had already got on intimate terms; for those were
not times of false reserve and idle ceremony; and,
besides, there is something wonderfully propitious to
lover's suit, in the delightful dusk of a long summer
evening; it gives courage to the most timid tongue,
and hides the blushes of the bashful. The stars
one twinkled brightly; and now and then a fire-fly
streamed his transient light before the window, or,
stranding into the room, flew gleaming about the
ceiling.

What Dolph whispered in her ear that long sum-
mer evening it is impossible to say: his words were
low and indistinct, that they never reached the
ear of the historian. It is probable, however, that
they were to the purpose; for he had a natural talent
for pleasing the sex, and was never long in company
with a petticoat without paying proper court to it.
The mean time the visitors, one by one, departed;
Antony Vander Heyden, who had fairly talked him-
self silent, sat nodding alone in his chair by the door,
when he was suddenly aroused by a hearty salute
with which Dolph Heyliger had unguardedly rounded
one of his periods, and which echoed through the
chamber like the report of a pistol. The Heer
started up, rubbed his eyes, called for lights, and ob-
served, that it was high time to go to bed; though on
standing for the night, he squeezed Dolph heartily by
the hand, looked kindly in his face, and shook his head
wringingly; for the Heer well remembered what he
himself had been at the youngster's age.

The chamber in which our hero was lodged was
spacious, and pannelled with oak. It was furnished
with clothes-presses, and mighty chests of drawers,
waxed, and glittering with brass ornaments.
There contained ample stock of family linen; for the
Dutch housewives had always a laudable pride in
storing off their household treasures to strangers.

Dolph's mind, however, was too full to take parti-
cular note of the objects around him; yet he could
not help continually comparing the free, open-heart-

ed cheeriness of this establishment, with the starvel-
ing, sordid, joyless housekeeping, at Doctor Knipper-
hausen's. Still there was something that marred the
enjoyment; the idea that he must take leave of his
hearty host, and pretty hostess, and cast himself once
more adrift upon the world. To linger here would
be folly; he should only get deeper in love: and for
a poor varlet, like himself, to aspire to the daughter
of the great Heer Vander Heyden—it was madness
to think of such a thing! The very kindness that the
girl had shown towards him prompted him, on re-
flection, to hasten his departure; it would be a poor
return for the frank hospitality of his host, to entangle
his daughter's heart in an injudicious attachment. In
a word, Dolph was, like many other young reasoners,
of exceeding good hearts, and giddy heads; who think
after they act, and act differently from what they
think; who make excellent determinations over night,
and forget to keep them the next morning.

"This is a fine conclusion, truly, of my voyage,"
said he, as he almost buried himself in a sumptuous
feather-bed, and drew the fresh white sheets up to
his chin. "Here am I, instead of finding a bag of
money to carry home, launched in a strange place,
with scarcely a stiver in my pocket; and, what is
worse, have jumped ashore up to my very ears in love
into the bargain. However," added he, after some
pause, stretching himself, and turning himself in bed,
"I'm in good quarters for the present, at least; so
I'll e'en enjoy the present moment, and let the next
take care of itself; I dare say all will work out, 'so-
me-how or other,' for the best."

As he said these words he reached out his hand to
extinguish the candle, when he was suddenly struck
with astonishment and dismay, for he thought he be-
held the phantom of the Haunted House, staring on
him from a dusky part of the chamber. A second look
reassured him, as he perceived that what he had taken
for the spectre was, in fact, nothing but a Flemish
portrait, that hung in a shadowy corner, just behind
a clothes-press. It was, however, the precise repre-
sentation of his nightly visitor. The same cloak and
belted jerkin, the same grizzled beard and fixed eye,
the same broad slouched hat, with a feather hanging
over one side. Dolph now called to mind the resem-
blance he had frequently remarked between his host
and the old man of the Haunted House; and was fully
convinced that they were in some way connected,
and that some especial destiny had governed his
voyage. He lay gazing on the portrait with almost
as much awe as he had gazed on the ghostly original,
until the shrill house-clock warned him of the lateness
of the hour. He put out the light: but remained for
a long time turning over these curious circumstances
and coincidences in his mind, until he fell asleep.
His dreams partook of the nature of his waking
thoughts. He fancied that he still lay gazing on the
picture, until, by degrees, it became animated; that
the figure descended from the wall, and walked out
of the room; that he followed it, and found himself

by the well, to which the old man pointed, smiled on him, and disappeared.

In the morning when Dolph waked, he found his host standing by his bed-side, who gave him a hearty morning's salutation, and asked him how he had slept. Dolph answered cheerily; but took occasion to inquire about the portrait that hung against the wall. "Ah," said Heer Antony, "that's a portrait of old Killian Vander Spiegel, once a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who, on some popular troubles, abandoned Holland, and came over to the province during the government of Peter Stuyvesant. He was my ancestor by the mother's side, and an old miserly curmudgeon he was. When the English took possession of New Amsterdam, in 1664, he retired into the country. He fell into a melancholy, apprehending that his wealth would be taken from him, and that he would come to beggary. He turned all his property into cash, and used to hide it away. He was for a year or two concealed in various places, fancying himself sought after by the English, to strip him of his wealth; and finally was found dead in his bed one morning, without any one being able to discover where he had concealed the greater part of his money."

When his host had left the room, Dolph remained for some time lost in thought. His whole mind was occupied by what he had heard. Vander Spiegel was his mother's family name, and he recollected to have heard her speak of this very Killian Vander Spiegel as one of her ancestors. He had heard her say, too, that her father was Killian's rightful heir, only that the old man died without leaving any thing to be inherited. It now appeared that Heer Antony was likewise a descendant, and perhaps an heir also, of this poor rich man; and that thus the Heyligers and the Vander Heydens were remotely connected.

"What," thought he, "if, after all, this is the interpretation of my dream, that this is the way I am to make my fortune by this voyage to Albany, and that I am to find the old man's hidden wealth in the bottom of that well? But what an odd roundabout mode of communicating the matter! Why the plague could not the old goblin have told me about the well at once, without sending me all the way to Albany, to hear a story that was to send me all the way back again?"

These thoughts passed through his mind while he was dressing. He descended the stairs, full of perplexity, when the bright face of Marie Vander Heyden suddenly beamed in smiles upon him, and seemed to give him a clue to the whole mystery. "After all," thought he, "the old goblin is in the right. If I am to get his wealth, he means that I shall marry his pretty descendant; thus both branches of the family will be again united, and the property go on in the proper channel."

No sooner did this idea enter his head, than it carried conviction with it. He was now all impatience to hurry back and secure the treasure, which, he did

not doubt, lay at the bottom of the well, and which he feared every moment might be discovered by some other person. "Who knows," thought he, "but this night-walking old fellow of the Haunted House may be in the habit of haunting every visitor, and may give a hint to some shrewder fellow than myself, who will take a shorter cut to the well than by the way of Albany?" He wished a thousand times that the babbling old ghost was laid in the Red Sea, and his rambling portrait with him. He was in a perfect fever to depart. Two or three days elapsed before any opportunity presented for returning down the river. They were ages to Dolph, notwithstanding that he was basking in the smiles of the pretty Marie, and daily getting more and more enamoured.

At length the very sloop from which he had been knocked overboard prepared to make sail. Dolph made an awkward apology to his host for his sudden departure. Antony Vander Heyden was sorely astonished. He had concerted half a dozen excursions into the wilderness; and his Indians were actually preparing for a grand expedition to one of the lakes. He took Dolph aside, and exerted his eloquence to get him to abandon all thoughts of business and to remain with him, but in vain; and he at length gave up the attempt, observing, "that it was a thousand pities so fine a young man should throw himself away." Heer Antony, however, gave him a hearty shake by the hand at parting, with a favourite fowling-piece, and an invitation to come to his house whenever he revisited Albany. The pretty little Marie said nothing; but as he gave her a farewell kiss, her dimpled cheek turned pale, and a tear stood in her eye.

Dolph sprang lightly on board of the vessel. The hoisted sail; the wind was fair; they soon lost sight of Albany, and its green hills, and embowered islands. They were wafted gaily past the Kaatskill mountains, whose fairy heights were bright and cloudless. They passed prosperously through the highlands, without any molestation from the Dunderberg goblin and his crew; they swept on across Haverstraw Bay, and Croton Point, and through the Tappaan-see, and under the Palisades, until, in the afternoon of the third day, they saw the promontory of Hoboken, hanging like a cloud in the air; and, shortly after, the rugged Manhattoes rising out of the water.

Dolph's first care was to repair to his mother's house; for he was continually goaded by the idea of the uneasiness she must experience on his account. He was puzzling his brains, as he went along, to know how he should account for his absence, without betraying the secrets of the Haunted House. In the midst of these cogitations, he entered the street, which his mother's house was situated, when he was thunderstruck at beholding it a heap of ruins.

There had evidently been a great fire, which had destroyed several large houses, and the humble dwelling of poor Dame Heyliger had been involved in the conflagration. The walls were not so completely destroyed, but that Dolph could distinguish

traces of the scene of his childhood. The fire-place, about which he had often played, still remained, ornamented with Dutch tiles, illustrating passages in Bible history, on which he had many a time gazed with admiration. Among the rubbish lay the wreck of the good dame's elbow-chair, from which she had given him so many a wholesome precept; and hard by it was the family Bible, with brass clasps; now, alas! reduced almost to a cinder.

For a moment Dolph was overcome by this dismal sight, for he was seized with the fear that his mother had perished in the flames. He was relieved, however, from this horrible apprehension, by one of the neighbours who happened to come by, and who informed him that his mother was yet alive.

The good woman had, indeed, lost every thing by this unlooked-for calamity; for the populace had been so intent upon saving the fine furniture of her rich neighbours, that the little tenement and the little all of poor Dame Heyliger had been suffered to consume without interruption; nay, had it not been for the gallant assistance of her old crony, Peter de Groodt, the worthy dame and her cat might have shared the fate of their habitation.

As it was, she had been overcome with fright and affliction, and lay ill in body, and sick at heart. The public, however, had showed her its wonted kindness. The furniture of her rich neighbours being, as far as possible, rescued from the flames; themselves duly and ceremoniously visited and condoled with on the injury of their property, and their ladies commiserated on the agitation of their nerves; the public, at length, began to recollect something about poor Dame Heyliger. She forthwith became again a subject of universal sympathy; every body pitied her more than ever; and if pity could but have been coined into cash—good Lord! how rich she would have been!

It was now determined, in good earnest, that something ought to be done for her without delay. The Dominie, therefore, put up prayers for her on Sunday, in which all the congregation joined most heartily. Even Cobus Groesbeek, the alderman, and Wynheer Milledollar, the great Dutch merchant, stood up in their pews, and did not spare their voices on the occasion; and it was thought the prayers of such great men could not but have their due weight.

Doctor Knipperhausen, too, visited her professionally, and gave her abundance of advice gratis, and was universally lauded for his charity. As to her old friend, Peter de Groodt, he was a poor man, whose pity, and prayers, and advice, could be of but little avail, so he gave her all that was in his power—he gave her better.

To the humble dwelling of Peter de Groodt, then, did Dolph turn his steps. On his way thither, he recalled all the tenderness and kindness of his simple-hearted parent, her indulgence of his errors, her blindness to his faults; and then he bethought himself of his own idle, harum-scarum life. "I've been a sad scapegrace," said Dolph, shaking his head

sorrowfully. "I've been a complete sink-pocket, that's the truth of it!—But," added he briskly, and clasping his hands, "only let her live—only let her live—and I'll show myself indeed a son!"

As Dolph approached the house he met Peter de Groodt coming out of it. The old man started back aghast, doubting whether it was not a ghost that stood before him. It being bright daylight, however, Peter soon plucked up heart, satisfied that no ghost dare show his face in such clear sunshine. Dolph now learned from the worthy sexton the consternation and rumour to which his mysterious disappearance had given rise. It had been universally believed that he had been spirited away by those hobgoblin gentry that infested the Haunted House; and old Abraham Vandozer, who lived by the great Button-wood trees, at the three-mile stone, affirmed, that he had heard a terrible noise in the air, as he was going home late at night, which seemed just as if a flight of wild-geese were over-head, passing off towards the northward. The Haunted House was, in consequence, looked upon with ten times more awe than ever; nobody would venture to pass a night in it for the world, and even the doctor had ceased to make his expeditions to it in the daytime.

It required some preparation before Dolph's return could be made known to his mother, the poor soul having bewailed him as lost; and her spirits having been sorely broken down by a number of comforters, who daily cheered her with stories of ghosts, and of people carried away by the devil. He found her confined to her bed, with the other member of the Heyliger family, the good dame's cat, purring beside her, but sadly singed, and utterly despoiled of those whiskers, which were the glory of her physiognomy. The poor woman threw her arms about Dolph's neck: "My boy! my boy! art thou still alive?" For a time she seemed to have forgot all her losses and troubles in her joy at his return. Even the sage grimalkin showed indubitable signs of joy at the return of the youngster. She saw, perhaps, that they were a forlorn and undone family, and felt a touch of that kindness which fellow-sufferers only know. But, in truth, cats are a slandered people; they have more affection in them than the world commonly gives them credit for.

The good dame's eyes glistened as she saw one being, at least, beside herself, rejoiced at her son's return. "Tib knows thee! poor dumb beast!" said she, smoothing down the mottled coat of her favourite; then recollecting herself, with a melancholy shake of the head, "Ah, my poor Dolph!" exclaimed she, "thy mother can help thee no longer! She can no longer help herself! What will become of thee, my poor boy!"

"Mother," said Dolph, "don't talk in that strain; I've been too long a charge upon you; it's now my part to take care of you in your old days. Come! be of good heart! You, and I, and Tib, will all see better days. I'm here, you see, young, and sound, and

hearty; then don't let us despair, I dare say things will all, somehow or other, turn out for the best."

While this scene was going on with the Heyliger family, the news was carried to Doctor Knipperhausen, of the safe return of his disciple. The little doctor scarcely knew whether to rejoice or be sorry at the tidings. He was happy at having the foul reports which had prevailed concerning his country-mansion thus disproved; but he grieved at having his disciple, of whom he had supposed himself fairly disencumbered, thus drifting back a heavy charge upon his hands. While he was balancing between these two feelings, he was determined by the counsels of Frau Ily, who advised him to take advantage of the truant absence of the youngster, and shut the door upon him for ever.

At the hour of bed-time, therefore, when it was supposed the recreant disciple would seek his old quarters, every thing was prepared for his reception. Dolph having talked his mother into a state of tranquillity, sought the mansion of his quondam master, and raised the knocker with a faltering hand. Scarcely, however, had it given a dubious rap, when the doctor's head, in a red night-cap, popped out of one window, and the housekeeper's, in a white night-cap, out of another. He was now greeted with a tremendous volley of hard names and hard language, mingled with invaluable pieces of advice, such as are seldom ventured to be given excepting to a friend in distress, or a culprit at the bar. In a few moments not a window in the street but had its particular night-cap, listening to the shrill treble of Frau Ily, and the guttural croaking of Dr Knipperhausen; and the word went from window to window, "Ah! here's Dolph Heyliger come back, and at his old pranks again." In short, poor Dolph found he was likely to get nothing from the doctor but good advice; a commodity so abundant as even to be thrown out of the window; so he was fain to beat a retreat and take up his quarters for the night under the lowly roof of honest Peter de Groodt.

The next morning, bright and early, Dolph was out at the Haunted House. Every thing looked just as he had left it. The fields were grass-grown and matted, and it appeared as if nobody had traversed them since his departure. With palpitating heart he hastened to the well. He looked down into it, and saw that it was of great depth, with water at the bottom. He had provided himself with a strong line, such as the fishermen use on the banks of Newfoundland. At the end was a heavy plummet and a large fish-hook. With this he began to sound the bottom of the well, and to angle about in the water. He found that the water was of some depth; there appeared also to be much rubbish, stones from the top having fallen in. Several times his hook got entangled, and he came near breaking his line. Now and then, too, he hauled up mere trash, such as the scull of a horse, an iron hoop, and a shattered iron-bound bucket. He had now been several hours em-

ployed without finding any thing to repay his trouble, or to encourage him to proceed. He began to think himself a great fool, to be thus decoyed into a wild-goose-chase by mere dreams, and was on the point of throwing line and all into the well, and giving up all further angling.

"One more cast of the line," said he, "and that shall be the last." As he sounded he felt the plummet slip, as it were, through the interstices of loose stones; and as he drew back the line, he felt that the hook had taken hold of something heavy. He had to manage his line with great caution, lest it should be broken by the strain upon it. By degrees the rubbish that lay upon the article which he had hooked gave way; he drew it to the surface of the water, and what was his rapture at seeing something like silver glittering at the end of his line! Almost breathless with anxiety, he drew it up to the mouth of the well, surprised at its great weight, and fearing every instant that his hook would slip from its hold, and his prize tumble again to the bottom. At length he handed it safe beside the well. It was a great silver porringer, of an ancient form, richly embossed and with armorial bearings, similar to those over his mother's mantel-piece, engraved on its side. The lid was fastened down by several twists of wire; Dolph loosened them with a trembling hand, and, on lifting the lid, behold! the vessel was filled with broad golden pieces, of a coinage which he had never seen before! It was evident he had hit on the place where old Killian Vander Spiegel had concealed his treasure.

Fearful of being seen by some straggler, he cautiously retired, and buried his pot of money in a secret place. He now spread terrible stories about the Haunted House, and deterred every one from approaching it, while he made frequent visits to it in stormy days, when no one was stirring in the neighbouring fields; though, to tell the truth, he did not care to venture there in the dark. For once in his life he was diligent and industrious, and followed up his new trade of angling with such perseverance and success, that in a little while he had hooked up wealth enough to make him, in those moderate days, a rich burgler for life.

It would be tedious to detail minutely the rest of his story. To tell how he gradually managed to bring his property into use without exciting surprise and inquiry—how he satisfied all scruples with regard to retaining the property, and at the same time gratified his own feelings by marrying the pretty Marie Vander Heyden—and how he and Heer Antony had made a merry and roving expedition together.

I must not omit to say, however, that Dolph took his mother home to live with him, and cherished her in her old days. The good dame, too, had the satisfaction of no longer hearing her son made the theme of censure; on the contrary, he grew daily in public esteem; every body spoke well of him and his wife, and the lordliest burgomaster was never known to decline his invitation to dinner. Dolph often relat-

THE WEDDING.

No more, no more, much honor aye betide
The lofty bridegroom, and the lovely bride;
That all of their succeeding days may say,
Each day appears like to a wedding-day.

BRAITHWAITE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubts and demurs of Lady Lillycraft, and all the grave objections that were conjured up against the month of May, yet the wedding has at length happily taken place. It was celebrated at the village church, in presence of a numerous company of relatives and friends, and many of the tenantry. The squire must needs have something of the old ceremonies observed on the occasion; so, at the gate of the churchyard, several little girls of the village, dressed in white, were in readiness with baskets of flowers, which they strewed before the bride; and the butler bore before her the bride-cup, a great silver embossed bowl, one of the family reliques from the days of the hard drinkers. This was filled with rich wine, and decorated with a branch of rosemary, tied with gay ribands, according to ancient custom.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the old proverb; and it was as sunny and auspicious a morning as heart could wish. The bride looked uncommonly beautiful; but, in fact, what woman does not look interesting on her wedding-day? I know no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and timid bride, in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl, in the tenderness of her years, forsaking the house of her fathers, and the home of her childhood; and, with the implicit confiding, and the sweet self-abandonment, which belong to woman, giving up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honour, and obey, till death us do part," it brings to my mind the beautiful and affecting self-devotion of Ruth: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The fair Julia was supported on the trying occasion by Lady Lillycraft, whose heart was overflowing with its wonted sympathy in all matters of love and matrimony. As the bride approached the altar, her face would be one moment covered with blushes, and the next deadly pale; and she seemed almost ready to shrink from sight among her female companions.

I do not know what it is that makes every one serious, and, as it were, awe-struck at a marriage ceremony; which is generally considered as an occasion of festivity and rejoicing. As the ceremony was performing, I observed many a rosy face among the country-girls turn pale, and I did not see a smile

at his own table, the wicked pranks which had once been the abhorrence of the town; but they were now considered excellent jokes, and the gravest dignitary was fain to hold his sides when listening to them. No one was more struck with Dolph's increasing merit than his old master the doctor; and so forgiving was Dolph, that he absolutely employed the doctor as his family physician, only taking care that his prescriptions should be always thrown out of the window. His mother had often her junco of old cronies to take a snug cup of tea with her in her comfortable little parlour; and Peter de Groot, as he sat by the fire-side, with one of her grandchildren on his knee, would many a time congratulate her upon her son turning out so great a man; upon which the good old soul would wag her head with exultation, and exclaim, "Ah, neighbour, neighbour! did I not say that Dolph would one day or other hold up his head with the best of them?"

Thus did Dolph Heyliger go on, cheerily and prosperously, growing merrier as he grew older and wiser, and completely falsifying the old proverb about money got over the devil's back; for he made good use of his wealth, and became a distinguished citizen, and a valuable member of the community. He was a great promoter of public institutions, such as beef-steak societies and catch-clubs. He presided at all public dinners, and was the first that introduced turtle from the West Indies. He improved the breed of race-horses and game-cocks, and was so great a patron of modest merit, that any one, who could sing a good song, or tell a good story, was sure to find a place at his table.

He was a member, too, of the corporation, made several laws for the protection of game and oysters, and bequeathed to the board a large silver punch-bowl, made out of the identical porringer before-mentioned, and which is in the possession of the corporation to this very day.

Finally, he died, in a florid old age, of an apoplexy at a corporation-feast, and was buried with great honours in the yard of the little Dutch church in Garden-street, where his tombstone may still be seen, with a modest epitaph in Dutch, by his friend Mynster Justus Benson, an ancient and excellent poet of the province.

The foregoing tale rests on better authority than most tales of the kind, as I have it at second-hand from the lips of Dolph Heyliger himself. He never stated it till towards the latter part of his life, and then in great confidence, (for he was very direct,) to a few of his particular cronies at his own table, over a supernumerary bowl of punch; and strange as the hobgoblin parts of the story may seem, there never was a single doubt expressed on the subject by any of his guests. It may not be amiss, before concluding, to observe that in addition to his other accomplishments, Dolph Heyliger was noted for being the ablest drawer of the long-bow in the whole province.

throughout the church. The young ladies from the Hall were almost as much frightened as if it had been their own case, and stole many a look of sympathy at their trembling companion. A tear stood in the eye of the sensitive Lady Lillycraft; and as to Phoebe Wilkins, who was present, she absolutely wept and sobbed aloud; but it is hard to tell, half the time, what these fond foolish creatures are crying about.

The captain, too, though naturally gay and unconcerned, was much agitated on the occasion; and, in attempting to put the ring upon the bride's finger, dropped it on the floor; which Lady Lillycraft has since assured me is a very lucky omen. Even Master Simon had lost his usual vivacity, and had assumed a most whimsically-solemn face, which he is apt to do on all occasions of ceremony. He had much whispering with the parson and parish-clerk, for he is always a busy personage in the scene; and he echoed the clerk's amen with a solemnity and devotion that edified the whole assemblage.

The moment, however, that the ceremony was over, the transition was magical. The bride-cup was passed round, according to ancient usage, for the company to drink to a happy union; every one's feelings seemed to break forth from restraint; Master Simon had a world of bachelor-pleasantries to utter, and as to the gallant general, he bowed and cooed about the dulcet Lady Lillycraft, like a mighty cock pigeon about his dame.

The villagers gathered in the churchyard, to cheer the happy couple as they left the church; and the musical tailor had marshalled his band, and set up a hideous discord, as the blushing and smiling bride passed through a lane of honest peasantry to her carriage. The children shouted and threw up their hats; the bells rung a merry peal that set all the crows and rooks flying and cawing about the air, and threatened to bring down the battlements of the old tower; and there was a continual popping off of rusty firelocks from every part of the neighbourhood.

The prodigal son distinguished himself on the occasion, having hoisted a flag on the top of the school-house, and kept the village in a hubbub from sunrise, with the sound of drum and fife and pandean pipe; in which species of music several of his scholars are making wonderful proficiency. In his great zeal, however, he had nearly done mischief; for on returning from church, the horses of the bride's carriage took fright from the discharge of a row of old gun-barrels, which he had mounted as a park of artillery in front of the school-house, to give the captain a military salute as he passed.

The day passed off with great rustic rejoicings. Tables were spread under the trees in the park, where all the peasantry of the neighbourhood were regaled with roast beef and plum-pudding, and oceans of ale. Ready-Money Jack presided at one of the tables, and became so full of good cheer, as to unbend from his usual gravity, to sing a song out of all tune, and give two or three shonts of laughter, that almost

electrified his neighbours, like so many peals of thunder. The schoolmaster and the apothecary vied with each other in making speeches over their liquor; and there were occasional glees and musical performances by the village band, that must have frightened every faun and dryad from the park. Even old Christy, who had got on a new dress, from top to toe, and shone in all the splendour of bright leather breeches, and an enormous wedding-favour in his cap, forgot his usual crustiness, became inspired by wine and vassail, and absolutely danced a hornpipe on one of the tables, with all the grace and agility of a mannikin hung upon wires.

Equal gaiety reigned within doors, where a large party of friends were entertained. Every one laughed at his own peasantry, without attending to that of his neighbours. Loads of bride-cake were distributed. The young ladies were all busy in passing morsels of it through the wedding-ring to dream on, and I myself assisted a fine little boarding-school girl in putting up a quantity for her companions, which I have no doubt will set all the little heads in the school gadding, for a week at least.

After dinner all the company, great and small, gentle and simple, abandoned themselves to the dance: not the modern quadrille, with its graceful gravity, but the merry, social, old country-dance; the true dance, as the squire says, for a wedding occasion; and it sets all the world giggling in couples, hand in hand, and makes every eye and every heart dance merrily to the music. According to frank old usage, the gentlefolks of the Hall mingled, for a time, in the dance of the peasantry, who had a great tent erected for a ball-room; and I think I never saw Master Simon more in his element than when figuring about among his rustic admirers, as master of the ceremonies; and, with a mingled air of protection and gallantry, leading out the quondam Queen of May, all blushing at the signal honour conferred upon her.

In the evening the whole village was illuminated, excepting the house of the radical, who has not shown his face during the rejoicings. There was a display of fireworks at the school-house, got up by the prodigal son, which had well nigh set fire to the building. The squire is so much pleased with the extraordinary services of this last-mentioned worthy, that he talks of enrolling him in his list of valuable retainers, and promoting him to some important post on the estate: peradventure to be falconer, if the hawks can ever be brought into proper training.

There is a well-known old proverb, that says, "wedding makes many,"—or something to the same purpose; and I should not be surprised if it holds good in the present instance. I have seen several flirtations among the young people, that have been brought together on this occasion; and a great deal of strolling about in pairs, among the retired walks and blossoming shrubberies of the old garden; and if groves were really given to whispering, as poets would fain make us believe, Heaven knows what love-tales the great

looking old trees about this venerable country-seat might blab to the world.

The general, too, has waxed very zealous in his devotions within the last few days, as the time of her ladyship's departure approaches. I observed him casting many a tender look at her during the wedding-dinner, while the courses were changing; though he was always liable to be interrupted in his adoration by the appearance of any new delicacy. The general, in fact, has arrived at that time of life, when the heart and the stomach maintain a kind of balance of power; and when a man is apt to be perplexed in his affections between a fine woman and a truffled turkey. Her ladyship was certainly rivalled through the whole of the first course by a dish of stewed carp; and there was one glance, which was evidently intended to be a point-blank shot at her heart, and could scarcely have failed to effect a practicable breach, had it not unluckily been diverted away to a tempting breast of lamb, in which it immediately produced a formidable incision.

Thus did this faithless general go on, coquetting during the whole dinner, and committing an infidelity with every new dish; until, in the end, he was so overpowered by the attentions he had paid to fish, flesh, and fowl; to pastry, jelly, cream, and blanc-mange, that he seemed to sink within himself: his eyes swam beneath their lids, and their fire was so much slackened, that he could no longer discharge a single glance that would reach across the table. Upon the whole, I fear the general ate himself into as much disgrace, at this memorable dinner, as I have seen him sleep himself into on a former occasion.

I am told, moreover, that young Jack Tibbets was so touched by the wedding ceremony, at which he was present, and so captivated by the sensibility of poor Phœbe Wilkins, who certainly looked all the better for her tears, that he had a reconciliation with her that very day, after dinner, in one of the groves of the park, and danced with her in the evening, to the complete confusion of all Dame Tibbets' domestic politics. I met them walking together in the park, shortly after the reconciliation must have taken place. Young Jack carried himself gaily and manfully; but Phœbe hung her head, blushing, as I approached. However, just as she passed me, and dropped a courtesy, I caught a shy gleam of her eye from under her bonnet; but it was immediately cast down again. I saw enough in that single gleam, and in the involuntary smile that dimpled about her rosy lips, to feel satisfied that the little gipsy's heart was happy again.

What is more, Lady Lillycraft, with her usual benevolence and zeal in all matters of this tender nature, on hearing of the reconciliation of the lovers, undertook the critical task of breaking the matter to old Ready-Money Jack. She thought there was no time to lose in the present, and attacked the sturdy old yeoman at every evening in the park, while his heart was lifted up with the squire's good cheer. Jack was much surprised at being drawn aside by her ladyship,

but was not to be flurried by such an honour: he was still more surprised by the nature of her communication, and by this first intelligence of an affair that had been passing under his eye. He listened, however, with his usual gravity, as her ladyship represented the advantages of the match, the good qualities of the girl, and the distress which she had lately suffered; at length his eye began to kindle, and his hand to play with the head of his cudgel. Lady Lillycraft saw that something in the narrative had gone wrong, and hastened to mollify his rising ire by reiterating the soft-hearted Phœbe's merit and fidelity, and her great unhappiness; when old Ready-Money suddenly interrupted her by exclaiming, that if Jack did not marry the wench, he'd break every bone in his body! The match, therefore, is considered a settled thing; Dame Tibbets and the housekeeper have made friends, and drank tea together; and Phœbe has again recovered her good looks and good spirits, and is carolling from morning till night like a lark.

But the most whimsical caprice of Cupid is one that I should be almost afraid to mention, did I not know that I was writing for readers well experienced in the waywardness of this most mischievous deity. The morning after the wedding, therefore, while Lady Lillycraft was making preparations for her departure, an audience was requested by her immaculate handmaid, Mrs Hannah, who, with much primming of the mouth, and many maidenly hesitations, requested leave to stay behind, and that Lady Lillycraft would supply her place with some other servant. Her ladyship was astonished: "What! Hannah going to quit her, that had lived with her so long!"

"Why, one could not help it; one must settle in life some time or other."

The good lady was still lost in amazement; at length the secret was gasped from the dry lips of the maiden gentlewoman: "she had been some time thinking of changing her condition, and at length had given her word, last evening, to Mr Christy, the huntsman."

How, or when, or where this singular courtship had been carried on, I have not been able to learn; nor how she has been able, with the vinegar of her disposition, to soften the stony heart of old Nimrod: so, however, it is, and it has astonished every one. With all her ladyship's love of match-making, this last fume of Hymen's torch has been too much for her. She has endeavoured to reason with Mrs Hannah, but all in vain; her mind was made up, and she grew tart on the least contradiction. Lady Lillycraft applied to the squire for his interference. "She did not know what she should do without Mrs Hannah, she had been used to have her about her so long a time."

The squire, on the contrary, rejoiced in the match, as relieving the good lady from a kind of toilet-tyrant, under whose sway she had suffered for years. Instead of thwarting the affair, therefore, he has given it his full countenance; and declares that he will set up the young couple in one of the best cottages on his

estate. The approbation of the squire has been followed by that of the whole household : they all declare, that if ever matches are really made in heaven, this must have been ; for that old Christy and Mrs Hannah were as evidently formed to be linked together as ever were pepper-box and vinegar-cruet.

As soon as this matter was arranged, Lady Lillycraft took her leave of the family at the Hall ; taking with her the captain and his blushing bride, who are to pass the honeymoon with her. Master Simon accompanied them on horseback, and indeed means to ride on a-head to make preparations. The general, who was fishing in vain for an invitation to her seat, handed her ladyship into her carriage with a heavy sigh ; upon which his bosom friend, Master Simon, who was just mounting his horse, gave me a knowing wink, made an abominably wry face, and, leaning from his saddle, whispered loudly in my ear, "It won't do !" Then putting spurs to his horse, away he cantered off. The general stood for some time waving his hat after the carriage as it rolled down the avenue, until he was seized with a fit of sneezing, from exposing his head to the cool breeze. I observed that he returned rather thoughtfully to the house, whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his hands behind his back, and an exceedingly dubious air.

The company have now almost all taken their departure. I have determined to do the same to-morrow morning ; and I hope my reader may not think that I have already lingered too long at the Hall. I have been tempted to do so, however, because I thought I had lit upon one of the retired places where there are yet some traces to be met with of old English character. A little while hence, and all these will probably have passed away. Ready-Money Jack will sleep with his fathers : the good squire, and all his peculiarities, will be buried in the neighbouring church. The old Hall will be modernized into a fashionable country-seat, or peradventure a manufactory. The park will be cut up into petty farms and kitchen-gardens. A daily coach will run through the village ; it will become, like all other commonplace villages, thronged with coachmen, post-boys, tipplers, and politicians ; and Christmas, May-day, and all the other hearty merry-makings of the "good old times" will be forgotten.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL.

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part.

HAMLET.

HAVING taken leave of the Hall and its inmates, and brought the history of my visit to something like a close, there seems to remain nothing further than to make my bow and exit. It is my foible, however, to get on such companionable terms with my reader

in the course of a work, that it really costs me some pain to part with him, and I am apt to keep him by the hand, and have a few farewell words at the end of my last volume.

When I cast an eye back upon the work I am just concluding, I cannot but be sensible how full it must be of errors and imperfections ; indeed how should it be otherwise, writing as I do, about subjects and scenes with which, as a stranger, I am but partially acquainted ? Many will, doubtless, find cause to smile at very obvious blunders which I may have made ; and many may, perhaps, be offended at what they may conceive prejudiced representations. Some will think I might have said much more on such subjects as may suit their peculiar tastes ; whilst others will think I had done wiser to have left those subjects entirely alone.

It will, probably, be said, too, by some, that I view England with a partial eye. Perhaps I do ; for I can never forget that it is my "father land." And yet the circumstances under which I have viewed it have by no means been such as were calculated to produce favourable impressions. For the greater part of the time that I have resided in it, I have lived almost unknown and unknown ; seeking no favours, and receiving none ; "a stranger and a sojourner in the land," and subject to all the chills and neglects that are the common lot of the stranger.

When I consider these circumstances, and recollect how often I have taken up my pen, with a mind at ease, and spirits much dejected and cast down, I cannot but think I was not likely to err on the favourable side of the picture. The opinions I have given of English character have been the result of much quiet, dispassionate, and varied observation. It is a character not to be hastily studied, for it always puts on a repulsive and ungracious aspect to a stranger. Let those, then, who condemn my representations as too favourable, observe this people as closely and deliberately as I have done, and they will, probably, change their opinion. Of one thing, at any rate, I am certain, that I have spoken honestly and sincerely, from the convictions of my mind, and the dictates of my heart. When I first published my former writings, it was with no hope of gaining favour in English eyes ; for I little thought they were to become current of my own country ; and had I merely sought popularity among my own countrymen, I should have taken a more direct and obvious way, by gratifying rather than rebuking the angry feelings that were then prevalent against England.

And here let me acknowledge my warm, thankful feelings, for the manner in which one of my trials has been received. I allude to the essay in the Sketch Book, on the subject of the literary feuds between England and America. I cannot express the heartfelt delight I have experienced, at the unexpected sympathy and approbation with which those remarks have been received on both sides of the Atlantic. I speak this not from any paltry feelings

gratified vanity; for I attribute the effect to no merit of my pen. The paper in question was brief and casual, and the ideas it conveyed were simple and obvious. "It was the cause, it was the cause" alone. There was a predisposition on the part of my readers to be favourably affected. My countrymen responded in heart to the filial feelings I had avowed in their name towards the parent country; and there was a generous sympathy in every English bosom towards a solitary individual, lifting up his voice in a strange land, to vindicate the injured character of his nation. There are some causes so sacred as to carry with them an irresistible appeal to every virtuous bosom; and he needs but little power of eloquence, who defends the honour of his wife, his mother, or his country.

I hail, therefore, the success of that brief paper, as showing how much good may be done by a kind word, however feeble, when spoken in season—as showing how much dormant good feeling actually exists in each country towards the other, which only wants the slightest spark to kindle it into a genial flame—as showing, in fact, what I have all along believed and asserted, that the two nations would grow together in esteem and amity, if meddling and malignant spirits would but throw by their mischievous pens, and leave kindred hearts to the kindly impulses of nature.

Once more assert, and I assert it with increased conviction of its truth, that there exists, among the great majority of my countrymen, a favourable feeling towards England. I repeat this assertion, because I think it a truth that cannot too often be reiterated, and because it has met with some contradiction. Among all the liberal and enlightened minds of my countrymen, among all those which eventually give a name to national opinion, there exists a cordial desire to be on terms of courtesy and friendship. But, at the same time, there exists in those very minds a distrust of reciprocal good-will on the part of England. They have been rendered morbidly sensitive by the attacks made upon their country by the English press; and their occasional irritability on this subject has been misinterpreted into a settled and unnatural hostility.

For my part, I consider this jealous sensibility as belonging to generous natures. I should look upon my countrymen as fallen indeed from that independence of spirit which is their birth-gift; as fallen indeed from that pride of character which they inherit from the proud nation from which they sprung, could they tamely sit down under the infliction of contumely and insult. Indeed the very impatience which they show as to the misrepresentations of the press, proves their respect for English opinion, and their desire for English amity; for there is never jealousy where there is not strong regard.

It is easy to say that these attacks are all the effusions of worthless scribblers, and treated with silent contempt by the nation; but alas! the slanders of the scribbler travel abroad, and the silent contempt of the

nation is only known at home. With England, then, it remains, as I have formerly asserted, to promote a mutual spirit of conciliation; she has but to hold the language of friendship and respect, and she is secure of the good-will of every American bosom.

In expressing these sentiments I would utter nothing that should commit the proper spirit of my countrymen. We seek no boon at England's hands: we ask nothing as a favour. Her friendship is not necessary, nor would her hostility be dangerous to our well-being. We ask nothing from abroad that we cannot reciprocate. But with respect to England, we have a warm feeling of the heart, the glow of consanguinity, that still lingers in our blood. Interest apart—past differences forgotten—we extend the hand of old relationship. We merely ask, Do not estrange us from you; do not destroy the ancient tie of blood; do not let scoffers and slanderers drive a kindred nation from your side: we would fain be friends; do not compel us to be enemies.

There needs no better rallying ground for international amity, than that furnished by an eminent English writer: "There is," says he, "a sacred bond between us of blood and of language, which no circumstances can break. Our literature must always be theirs; and though their laws are no longer the same as ours, we have the same Bible, and we address our common Father in the same prayer. Nations are too ready to admit that they have natural enemies; why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?"

To the magnanimous spirits of both countries must we trust to carry such a natural alliance of affection into full effect. To pens more powerful than mine I leave the noble task of promoting the cause of national amity. To the intelligent and enlightened of my own country, I address my parting voice, entreating them to show themselves superior to the petty attacks of the ignorant and the worthless, and still to look with dispassionate and philosophic eye to the moral character of England, as the intellectual source of our rising greatness; while I appeal to every generous-minded Englishman from the slanders which disgrace the press, insult the understanding, and belie the magnanimity of his country: and I invite him to look to America, as to a kindred nation, worthy of its origin; giving, in the healthy vigour of its growth, the best of comments on its parent stock; and reflecting, in the dawning brightness of its fame, the moral effulgence of British glory.

I am sure that such appeal will not be made in vain. Indeed I have noticed, for some time past, an essential change in English sentiment with regard to America. In parliament, that fountain-head of public opinion, there seems to be an emulation, on both sides of the house, in holding the language of courtesy and friendship. The same spirit is daily becoming

* From an article (said to be by Robert Southey, Esq.) published in the Quarterly Review. It is to be lamented that that publication should so often forget the generous text here given!

more and more prevalent in good society. There is a growing curiosity concerning my country, a craving desire for correct information, that cannot fail to lead to a favourable understanding. The scoffer, I trust, has had his day : the time of the slanderer is gone by. The ribald jokes, the stale common-places, which have so long passed current when America was the theme, are now banished to the ignorant and the vulgar, or only perpetuated by the hireling scribblers and traditional jesters of the press. The intelligent and high-minded now pride themselves upon making America a study.

But however my feelings may be understood or reciprocated on either side of the Atlantic, I utter them without reserve, for I have ever found that to speak frankly is to speak safely. I am not so sanguine as to believe that the two nations are ever to be bound together by any romantic ties of feeling; but I believe that much may be done towards keeping alive cordial sentiments, were every well-disposed mind occasionally to throw in a simple word of kind-

ness. If I have, indeed, contributed in any degree to produce such an effect by my writings, it will be a soothing reflection to me, that for once, in the course of a rather negligent life, I have been useful; that for once, by the casual exercise of a pen which has been in general but too unprofitably employed, I have awakened a chord of sympathy between the land of my fathers and the dear land that gave me birth.

In the spirit of these sentiments I now take my farewell of the paternal soil. With anxious eye do I behold the clouds of doubt and difficulty that are lowering over it, and earnestly do I hope that they may all clear up into serene and settled sunshine. In bidding this last adieu, my heart is filled with fond, yet melancholy emotions; and still I linger, and still, like a child, leaving the venerable abodes of his forefathers, I turn to breathe forth a filial benediction : "Peace be within thy walls, oh England! and plenteousness within thy palaces; for my brethren and my companions' sake I will now say, Peace be within thee!"

END OF BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

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TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

BY

Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

I am neither your minotaure, nor your centaure, nor your satyr, nor your hyæna, nor your babion, but your meer traveller, believe me.

BEN JONSON.

TO THE READER.

WORTHY AND DEAR READER!

Hast thou ever been waylaid in the midst of a pleasant hour by some treacherous malady; thy heels tripped up, and thou left to count the tedious minutes as they passed, in the solitude of an inn-chamber? If thou hast, thou wilt be able to pity me. Behold me, interrupted in the course of my journeying up the fair banks of the Rhine, and laid up by indisposition in this old frontier town of Mentz. I have worn out every source of amusement. I know the sound of every clock that strikes, and bell that rings, in the place. I know to a second when to listen for the first tap of the Prussian drum, as it summons the garrison to parade; or at what hour to expect the distant sound of the Austrian military band. All these have grown wearisome to me; and even the well-known step of my doctor, as he slowly paces the corridor, with healing in the creak of his shoes, no longer affords so agreeable interruption to the monolony of my apartment.

For a time I attempted to beguile the weary hours by studying German under the tuition of mine host's pretty little daughter, Katriue; but I soon found even German had not power to charm a languid ear, and that the conjugaling *ich liebe* might be powerless, however rosy the lips which uttered it.

I tried to read, but my mind would not fix itself; I turned over volume after volume, but threw them by with dislike: "Well, then," said I at length in despair, "If I cannot read a book, I will write one." Never was there a more lucky idea; it at once gave me occupation and amusement.

The writing of a book was considered, in old times, as an enterprise of toil and difficulty, inasmuch that the most trifling lueubration was denominated a "work," and the world talked with awe and reverence of "the labours of the scribe." These matters are better understood now-a-days. Thanks to the improvements in all kind of manufactures, the art of book-making has been made familiar to the meanest mechanic. Every body is an author. The scribbling of a volume is the mere pastime of the idle; the young gentleman throws off his brace of duodeclmos in the intervals of a sporting season, and the young lady produces her set of romances with the same facility that her great-grandmother effected a set of chair-bottoms.

The idea having struck me, therefore, to write a book, the reader will easily perceive that the execution of it was

no difficult matter. I rummaged my port-folio, and cast about, in my recollection, for those floating materials which a man naturally collects in travelling; and here I have arranged them in this little work.

As I know this to be a story-telling and a story-reading age, and that the world is fond of being taught by apologue, I have digested the instruction I would convey into a number of tales. They may not possess the power of amusement which the tales told by many of my contemporaries possess; but then I value myself on the sound moral which each of them contains. This may not be apparent at first, but the reader will be sure to find it out in the end. I am for curing the world by gentle alteratives, not by violent doses; indeed the patient should never be conscious that he is taking a dose. I have learnt this much from my experience under the hands of the worthy Hippocrates of Mentz.

I am not, therefore, for those barefaced tales which carry their moral on the surface, staring one in the face; they are enough to deter the squeamish reader. On the contrary, I have often hid my moral from sight, and disguised it as much as possible by sweets and spices; so that while the simple reader is listening with open mouth to a ghost or a love story, he may have a bolus of sound morality popped down his throat, and be never the wiser for the fraud.

As the public is apt to be curious about the sources from whence an author draws his stories, doubtless that it may know how far to put faith in them, I would observe, that the Adventure of the German Student, or rather the latter part of it, is founded on an anecdote related to me as existing somewhere in French; and, indeed, I have been told, since writing it, that an ingenious tale has been founded on it by an English writer; but I have never met with either the former or the latter in print. Some of the circumstances in the Adventure of the Mysterious Picture, and in the Story of the Young Italian, are vague recollections of anecdotes related to me some years since; but from what source derived I do not know. The Adventure of the Young Painter among the banditti is taken almost entirely from an authentic narrative in manuscript.

As to the other tales contained in this work, and, indeed, to my tales generally, I can make but one observation. I am an old traveller. I have read somewhat, heard and seen more, and dreamt more than all. My brain is filled, therefore, with all kinds of odds and ends. In travelling, these heterogeneous matters have become shaken up in my mind, as the articles are apt to be in an ill-packed travelling-trunk; so that when I attempt to draw forth a fact, I cannot deter-

mine whether I have read, heard, or dreamt it; and I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own stories.

These matters being premised, fall to, worthy reader, with good appetite, and above all, with good humour, to what is here set before thee. If the tales I have furnished should prove to be bad, they will at least be found short; so that no one will be wearied long on the same theme. "Variety is charming," as some poet observes. There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse; as I have found in travelling in a stage-coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place.

Ever thine,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

Dated from the HOTEL DE DANNSTADT,
ci-devant HOTEL DE PARIS,
MENTE, otherwise called MAYENCE.

PART I.

STRANGE STORIES.

BY

A NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.

I'll tell you more, there was a fish taken,
A monstrous fish, with a sword by 's side, a long sword,
A pike in 's neck, and a gun in 's nose, a huge gun,
And letters of mart in 's mouth from the Duke of Florence.
Cleanthes. This is a monstrous lie.
Tony. I do confess it.
Do you think I'd tell you truths?
FLETCHER'S Wife for a Month.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

THE following adventures were related to me by the same nervous gentleman who told me the romantic tale of the Stout Gentleman, published in Bracebridge Hall. It is very singular, that although I expressly stated that story to have been told to me, and described the very person who told it, still it has been received as an adventure that happened to myself. Now I protest I never met with any adventure of the kind. I should not have grieved at this had it not been intimated by the author of Waverley, in an introduction to his novel of Peveril of the Peak, that he was himself the stout gentleman alluded to. I have ever since been importuned by questions and letters from gentlemen, and particularly from ladies without number, touching what I had seen of the Great Unknown.

Now all this is extremely tantalizing. It is like being congratulated on the high prize when one has drawn a blank; for I have just as great a desire as any

one of the public to penetrate the mystery of that very singular personage, whose voice fills every corner of the world, without any one being able to tell from whence it comes.

My friend, the nervous gentleman, also, who is a man of very shy retired habits, complains that he has been excessively annoyed in consequence of its getting about in his neighbourhood that he is the fortunate personage. Inasmuch, that he has become a character of considerable notoriety in two or three country-towns, and has been repeatedly teased to exhibit himself at blue-stocking parties, for no other reason than that of being "the gentleman who has had a glimpse of the author of Waverley."

Indeed the poor man has grown ten times as nervous as ever, since he has discovered, on such good authority, who the stout gentleman was; and will never forgive himself for not having made a more resolute effort to get a full sight of him. He has anxiously endeavoured to call up a recollection of what he saw of that portly personage; and has ever since kept a curious eye on all gentlemen of more than ordinary dimensions, whom he has seen getting into stage-coaches. All in vain! The features he has caught a glimpse of seem common to the whole race of stout gentlemen, and the Great Unknown remains as great an unknown as ever.

Having premised these circumstances, I will now let the nervous gentleman proceed with his stories.

THE HUNTING DINNER.

I WAS once at a hunting dinner, given by a worthy fox-hunting old Baronet, who kept bachelor's hall in a jovial style, in an ancient rook-haunted family mansion, in one of the middle counties. He had been devoted admirer of the fair sex in his young days, but, having travelled much, studied the sex in various countries with distinguished success, and returned home profoundly instructed, as he supposed in the ways of woman, and a perfect master of the art of pleasing, he had the mortification of being jilted by a little boarding-school girl, who was scarce versed in the accident of love.

The Baronet was completely overcome by such an incredible defeat; retired from the world in disgust, put himself under the government of his house-keeper; and took to fox-hunting like a perfect Neanderthal. Whatever poets may say to the contrary, a man will grow out of love as he grows old; and a pack of fox-hounds may chase out of his heart even the memory of a boarding-school goddess. The Baronet was, when I saw him, as merry and mellow as a bachelor as ever followed a hound; and the love he had once felt for one woman had spread itself

the whole sex; so that there was not a pretty face in the whole country round but came in for a share.

The dinner was prolonged till a late hour; for our host having no ladies in his household to summon us to the drawing-room, the bottle maintained its true bachelor sway, unrivalled by its potent enemy the tea-kettle. The old hall in which we dined echoed with bursts of robustious fox-hunting merriment, that made the ancient antlers shake on the walls. By degrees, however, the wine and the wassail of mine host began to operate upon bodies already a little heated by the chase. The choice spirits which flashed up at the beginning of the dinner, sparkled for a time, then gradually went out one after another, or only emitted now and then a faint gleam from the pocket. Some of the briskest talkers, who had given tongue so bravely at the first burst, fell fast asleep; and none kept on their way but certain of those long-winded prozers, who, like short-legged hounds, were unannounced at the bottom of conversation, but were sure to be in at the death. Even these at length subsided into silence; and scarcely any thing was heard but the nasal communications of two or three veteran masticators, who having been silent while awake, were indemnifying the company in their sleep.

At length the announcement of tea and coffee in the cedar-parlour roused all hands from this temporary torpor. Every one awoke marvellously renovated, and while sipping the refreshing beverage out of the Baronet's old-fashioned hereditary china, began to think of departing for their several homes. But ere a sudden difficulty arose. While we had been prolonging our repast, a heavy winter storm had set in with snow, rain, and sleet, driven by such bitter gusts of wind, that they threatened to penetrate to the very bone.

"It's all in vain," said our hospitable host, "to think of putting one's head out of doors in such weather. So, gentlemen, I hold you my guests for this night at least, and will have your quarters prepared accordingly."

The unruly weather, which became more and more tempestuous, rendered the hospitable suggestion unanswerable. The only question was, whether an unexpected accession of company to an already crowded house would not put the housekeeper under trumps to accommodate them.

"Pshaw," cried mine host, "did you ever know a bachelor's hall that was not elastic, and able to accommodate twice as many as it could hold?" So, of a good-humoured pique, the housekeeper was summoned to a consultation before us all. The old lady appeared in her gala suit of faded brocade, which glowed with flurry and agitation; for, in spite of our bravado, she was a little perplexed. But in a bachelor's house, and with bachelor guests, these matters are readily managed. There is no lady of the house to stand upon squeamish points about lodgings; gentlemen in odd holes and corners, and expos-

ing the shabby parts of the establishment. A bachelor's housekeeper is used to shifts and emergencies; so, after much worrying to and fro, and divers consultations about the red-room, and the blue-room, and the chintz-room, and the damask-room, and the little room with the bow-window, the matter was finally arranged.

When all this was done, we were once more summoned to the standing rural amusement of eating. The time that had been consumed in dozing after dinner, and in the refreshment and consultation of the cedar-parlour, was sufficient, in the opinion of the rosy-faced butler, to engender a reasonable appetite for supper. A slight repast had, therefore, been tricked up from the residue of dinner, consisting of a cold sirloin of beef, hashed venison, a devilled leg of a turkey or so, and a few other of those light articles taken by country gentlemen to ensure sound sleep and heavy snoring.

The nap after dinner had brightened up every one's wit; and a great deal of excellent humour was expended upon the perplexities of mine host and his housekeeper, by certain married gentlemen of the company, who considered themselves privileged in joking with a bachelor's establishment. From this the banter turned as to what quarters each would find, on being thus suddenly billeted in so antiquated a mansion.

"By my soul," said an Irish captain of dragoons, one of the most merry and boisterous of the party, "by my soul but I should not be surprised if some of those good-looking gentlefolks that hang along the walls should walk about the rooms of this stormy night; or if I should find the ghost of one of those long-waisted ladies turning into my bed in mistake for her grave in the churchyard."

"Do you believe in ghosts, then?" said a thin hat-chet-faced gentleman, with projecting eyes like a lobster.

I had remarked this last personage during dinner-time for one of those incessant questioners, who have a craving, unhealthy appetite in conversation. He never seemed satisfied with the whole of a story; never laughed when others laughed; but always put the joke to the question. He never could enjoy the kernel of the nut, but pestered himself to get more out of the shell.—"Do you believe in ghosts, then?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"Faith but I do," replied the jovial Irishman. "I was brought up in the fear and belief of them. We had a Benshee in our own family, honey."

"A Benshee, and what's that?" cried the questioner.

"Why, an old lady ghost that tends upon your real Milesian families, and waits at their window to tell them know when some of them are to die."

"A mighty pleasant piece of information!" cried an elderly gentleman with a knowing look, and with a flexible nose, to which he could give a whimsical twist when he wished to be waggish.

"By my soul, but I'd have you to know it's a piece of distinction to be waited on by a Benshee. It's a proof that one has pure blood in one's veins. But i'faith, now we are talking of ghosts, there never was a house or a night better fitted than the present for a ghost adventure. Pray, Sir John, haven't you such a thing as a haunted chamber to put a guest in?"

"Perhaps," said the Baronet, smiling, "I might accommodate you even on that point."

"Oh, I should like it of all things, my jewel. Some dark oaken room, with ugly, wo-begone portraits, that stare dismally at one; and about which the housekeeper has a power of delightful stories of love and murder. And then a dim lamp, a table with a rusty sword across it, and a spectre all in white, to drawaside one's curtains at midnight—"

"In truth," said an old gentleman at one end of the table, "you put me in mind of an anecdote—"

"Oh, a ghost story! a ghost story!" was vociferated round the board, every one edging his chair a little nearer.

The attention of the whole company was now turned upon the speaker. He was an old gentleman, one side of whose face was no match for the other. The eyelid drooped and hung down like an unhinged window-shutter. Indeed the whole side of his head was dilapidated, and seemed like the wing of a house shut up and haunted. I'll warrant that side was well stuffed with ghost stories.

There was a universal demand for the tale.

"Nay," said the old gentleman, "it's a mere anecdote, and a very common-place one; but such as it is you shall have it. It is a story that I once heard my uncle tell as having happened to himself. He was a man very apt to meet with strange adventures. I have heard him tell of others much more singular."

"What kind of a man was your uncle?" said the questioning gentleman.

"Why, he was rather a dry, shrewd kind of body; a great traveller, and fond of telling his adventures."

"Pray, how old might he have been when that happened?"

"When what happened?" cried the gentleman with the flexible nose, impatiently. "Egad, you have not given any thing a chance to happen. Come, never mind our uncle's age; let us have his adventures."

The inquisitive gentleman being for the moment silenced, the old gentleman with the haunted head proceeded.

THE ADVENTURE OF MY UNCLE.

MANY years since, some time before the French revolution, my uncle had passed several months at Paris. The English and French were on better terms in those days than at present, and mingled cordially

together in society. The English went abroad to spend money then, and the French were always ready to help them: they go abroad to save money at present, and that they can do without French assistance. Perhaps the travelling English were fewer and choicer then than at present, when the whole nation has broke loose and inundated the continent. At any rate, they circulated more readily and currently in foreign society, and my uncle, during his residence in Paris, made many very intimate acquaintances among the French noblesse.

Some time afterwards, he was making a journey in the winter time in that part of Normandy called the Pays de Caux, when, as evening was closing in, he perceived the turrets of an ancient chateau rising out of the trees of its walled park; each turret, with its high conical roof of grey slate, like a candle with an extinguisher on it.

"To whom does that chateau belong, friend?" cried my uncle to a meagre but fiery postilion, who, with tremendous jack-boots and cocked hat, was floundering on before him.

"To Monseigneur the Marquis de —," said the postilion, touching his hat, partly out of respect to my uncle, and partly out of reverence to the noble name pronounced.

My uncle recollected the Marquis for a particular friend in Paris, who had often expressed a wish to see him at his paternal chateau. My uncle was an old traveller, one who knew well how to turn things to account. He revolved for a few moments in his mind how agreeable it would be to his friend the Marquis to be surprised in this sociable way by a post-visit; and how much more agreeable to himself to get into snug quarters in a chateau, and have a relapse of the Marquis's well-known kitchen, and a smack of his superior Champagne and Burgundy, rather than put up with the miserable lodgment and miserable fare of a provincial inn. In a few minutes, therefore, the meagre postilion was cracking his whip like a war devil, or like a true Frenchman, up the long straight avenue that led to the chateau.

You have no doubt all seen French chateaus, every body travels in France now-a-days. This was one of the oldest; standing naked and alone in the midst of a desert of gravel walks and cold stone terraces; with a cold-looking formal garden, cut in angles and rhomboids; and a cold leafless park divided geometrically by straight alleys; and two three cold-looking noseless statues; and fountains spouting cold water enough to make one's teeth chatter. At least such was the feeling they imparted on the wintry day of my uncle's visit; though, in summer weather, I'll warrant there was glare enough to scorch one's eyes out.

The smacking of the postilion's whip, which grew more and more intense the nearer they approached, frightened a flight of pigeons out of the dove-cotes and rooks out of the roofs, and finally a crew of servants out of the chateau, with the Marquis at their

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head. He was enchanted to see my uncle, for his
chateau, like the house of our worthy host, had not
many more guests at the time than it could accom-
modate. So he kissed my uncle on each cheek, after
the French fashion, and ushered him into the castle.

The Marquis did the honours of his house with the
urbanity of his country. In fact, he was proud of his
old family chateau, for part of it was extremely old.
There was a tower and chapel which had been built
almost before the memory of man; but the rest was
more modern, the castle having been nearly demolish-
ed during the wars of the League. The Marquis
dwelt upon this event with great satisfaction, and
seemed really to entertain a grateful feeling towards
Henry the Fourth, for having thought his paternal
mansion worth battering down. He had many stories
to tell of the prowess of his ancestors; and several
full-caps, helmets, and cross-bows, and divers huge
boots, and buff jerkins, to show, which had been
worn by the Leaguers. Above all, there was a two-
handed sword, which he could hardly wield, but
which he displayed, as a proof that there had been
giants in his family.

In truth, he was but a small descendant from such
great warriors. When you looked at their bluff vi-
sages and brawny limbs, as depicted in their portraits,
and then at the little Marquis, with his spindle shanks,
and his sallow lantern visage, flanked with a pair of
powdered ear-locks, or *ailles de pigeon*, that seemed
ready to fly away with it, you could hardly believe
him to be of the same race. But when you looked
at the eyes that sparkled out like a beetle's from each
side of his hooked nose, you saw at once that he in-
herited all the fiery spirit of his forefathers. In fact,
Frenchman's spirit never exhales, however his
body may dwindle. It rather rarifies, and grows
more inflammable, as the earthy particles diminish;
and I have seen valour enough in a little fiery-hearted
French dwarf to have furnished out a tolerable giant.
When once the Marquis, as he was wont, put on
one of the old helmets that were stuck up in his hall,
though his head no more filled it than a dry pea its
sheath, yet his eyes flashed from the bottom of the
cavern with the brilliancy of carbuncles; and
when he poised the ponderous two-handed sword of
his ancestors, you would have thought you saw the
mighty little David wielding the sword of Goliath,
which was unto him like a weaver's beam.

However, gentlemen, I am dwelling too long on
my description of the Marquis and his chateau, but
you must excuse me; he was an old friend of my
uncle; and whenever my uncle told the story, he was
always fond of talking a great deal about his host.—
The little Marquis! He was one of that handful of
courtiers who made such a devoted but hope-
less stand in the cause of their sovereign, in the cha-
pelle of the Tuileries, against the irruption of the mob
on the sad tenth of August. He displayed the valour
of a preux French chevalier to the last; flourished
his little court-sword with a *ça-ça!* in face of a

whole legion of *sans-culottes*: but was pinned to the
wall like a butterfly, by the pike of a *polssarde*, and
his heroic soul was borne up to Heaven on his *ailles de*
pigeon.

But all this has nothing to do with my story. To
the point then—When the hour arrived for retiring
for the night, my uncle was shown to his room in a
venerable old tower. It was the oldest part of the
chateau, and had in ancient times been the donjon or
strong-hold; of course the chamber was none of the
best. The Marquis had put him there, however, be-
cause he knew him to be a traveller of taste, and fond
of antiquities; and also because the better apartments
were already occupied. Indeed he perfectly recon-
ciled my uncle to his quarters by mentioning the great
personages who had once inhabited them, all of whom
were, in some way or other, connected with the fam-
ily. If you would take his word for it, John Ba-
liol, or as he called him, Jean de Bailleul, had died of
chagrin in this very chamber, on hearing of the success
of his rival, Robert the Bruce, at the battle of Ban-
nockburn. And when he added that the Duke de
Guise had slept in it, my uncle was fain to felicitate
himself on being honoured with such distinguished
quarters.

The night was shrewd and windy, and the cham-
ber none of the warmest. An old long-faced, long-
bodied servant, in quaint livery, who attended upon
my uncle, threw down an armful of wood beside the
fire-place, gave a queer look about the room, and then
wished him *bon repas* with a grimace and a shrug
that would have been suspicious from any other than
an old French servant.

The chamber had indeed a wild crazy look, enough
to strike any one who had read romances with ap-
prehension and foreboding. The windows were high
and narrow, and had once been loop-holes, but had
been rudely enlarged, as well as the extreme thick-
ness of the walls would permit; and the ill-fitted case-
ments rattled to every breeze. You would have
thought, on a windy night, some of the old leaguers
were tramping and clanking about the apartment in
their huge boots and rattling spurs. A door which
stood ajar, and, like a true French door, would stand
ajar in spite of every reason and effort to the contrary,
opened upon a long dark corridor, that led the Lord
knows whither, and seemed just made for ghosts to
air themselves in, when they turned out of their
graves at midnight. The wind would spring up into
a hoarse murmur through this passage, and creak the
door to and fro, as if some dubious ghost were bal-
ancing in its mind whether to come in or not. In a
word, it was precisely the kind of comfortless apart-
ment that a ghost, if ghost there were in the chateau,
would single out for its favourite lounge.

My uncle, however, though a man accustomed to
meet with strange adventures, apprehended none at
the time. He made several attempts to shut the door,
but in vain. Not that he apprehended any thing, for
he was too old a traveller to be daunted by a wild-

looking apartment; but the night, as I have said, was cold and gusty, and the wind howled about the old turret pretty much as it does round this old mansion at this moment; and the breeze from the long dark corridor came in as damp and chilly as if from a dungeon. My uncle, therefore, since he could not close the door, threw a quantity of wood on the fire, which soon sent up a flame in the great wide-mouthed chimney that illumined the whole chamber, and made the shadow of the tongs on the opposite wall look like a long-legged giant. My uncle now clambered on the top of the half score of mattresses which form a French bed, and which stood in a deep recess; then tucking himself snugly in, and burying himself up to the chin in the bed-clothes, he lay looking at the fire, and listening to the wind, and thinking how knowingly he had come over his friend the Marquis for a night's lodging—and so he fell asleep.

He had not taken above half of his first nap when he was awakened by the clock of the chateau, in the turret over his chamber, which struck midnight. It was just such an old clock as ghosts are fond of. It had a deep, dismal tone, and struck so slowly and tediously that my uncle thought it would never have done. He counted and counted till he was confident he counted thirteen, and then it stopped.

The fire had burnt low, and the blaze of the last faggot was almost expiring, burning in small blue flames, which now and then lengthened up into little white gleams. My uncle lay with his eyes half closed, and his nightcap drawn almost down to his nose. His fancy was already wandering, and began to mingle up the present scene with the crater of Vesuvius, the French Opera, the Coliseum at Rome, Dolly's chop-house in London, and all the farrago of noted places with which the brain of a traveller is crammed.—in a word, he was just falling asleep.

Suddenly he was aroused by the sound of footsteps, that appeared to be slowly pacing along the corridor. My uncle, as I have often heard him say himself, was a man not easily frightened. So he lay quiet, supposing that this might be some other guest, or some servant on his way to bed. The footsteps, however, approached the door; the door gently opened; whether of its own accord, or whether pushed open, my uncle could not distinguish: a figure all in white glided in. It was a female, tall and stately in person, and of a most commanding air. Her dress was of an ancient fashion, ample in volume, and sweeping the floor. She walked up to the fire-place, without regarding my uncle, who raised his night-cap with one hand, and stared earnestly at her. She remained for some time standing by the fire, which, flashing up at intervals, cast blue and white gleams of light, that enabled my uncle to remark her appearance minutely.

Her face was ghastly pale, and perhaps rendered still more so by the bluish light of the fire. It possessed beauty, but its beauty was saddened by care and anxiety. There was the look of one accustomed

to trouble, but of one whom trouble could not crush down or subdue; for there was still the predominant air of proud unconquerable resolution. Such at least was the opinion formed by my uncle, and he considered himself a great physiognomist.

The figure remained, as I said, for some time by the fire, putting out first one hand, then the other, then each foot alternately, as if warming itself; but your ghosts, if ghost it really was, are apt to be cold. My uncle, furthermore, remarked that it wore high-heeled shoes, after an ancient fashion, with paste-diamond buckles, that sparkled as though they were alive. At length the figure turned gently round, casting a glassy look about the apartment, which, it passed over my uncle, made his blood run cold and chilled the very marrow in his bones. It then stretched its arms towards heaven, clasped its hands, and wringing them in a supplicating manner, glided slowly out of the room.

My uncle lay for some time meditating on this vision, for (as he remarked when he told me the story) though a man of firmness, he was also a man of reflection, and did not reject a thing because it was out of the regular course of events. However, before, as I have before said, a great traveller, and accustomed to strange adventures, he drew his nightcap resolutely over his eyes, turned his back to the door, hoisted the bed-clothes high over his shoulders, and gradually fell asleep.

How long he slept he could not say, when he was awakened by the voice of some one at his bedside. He turned round, and beheld the old French servant with his ear-locks in tight buckles on each side of his long lantern-face, on which habit had deeply wrinkled an everlasting smile. He made a thousand grimaces and asked a thousand pardons for disturbing Monsieur, but the morning was considerably advanced. While my uncle was dressing, he called vaguely to mind the visitor of the preceding night. He then the ancient domestic what lady was in the habit of rambling about this part of the chateau at night. The old valet shrugged his shoulders as high as his head, laid one hand on his bosom, threw open his other with every finger extended, made a most whimsical grimace, which he meant to be complimentary:

"It was not for him to know any thing of *les hautes fortunes* of Monsieur."

My uncle saw there was nothing satisfactory to be learnt in this quarter.—After breakfast, he was going with the Marquis through the modern apartments of the chateau, sliding over the well-waxed floors of the silken saloons, amidst furniture rich in gilding and brocade, until they came to a long picture-gallery containing many portraits, some in oil and some in chalks.

Here was an ample field for the eloquence of the host, who had all the pride of a nobleman of the *ancien régime*. There was not a grand name in the gallery, and hardly one in France, which was

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esses with hooped petticoats and waists no thicker
an an hour-glass, who appeared ruling over their
leep and their swains, with dainty crooks decorated
with fluttering ribbands.

In the midst of his friend's discourse, my uncle
as startled on beholding a full-length portrait, which
emed to him the very counterpart of his visitor of
the preceding night.
"Methinks," said he, pointing to it, "I have seen
the original of this portrait."
"Pardonnez-moi," replied the Marquis politely,
that can hardly be, as the lady has been dead more
an a hundred years. That was the beautiful Du-
chess de Longueville, who figured during the minor-
ty of Louis the Fourteenth."

"And was there any thing remarkable in her his-
tory?"
Never was question more unlucky. The little
Marquis immediately threw himself into the attitude
of a man about to tell a long story. In fact, my uncle
pulled upon himself the whole history of the civil
war of the Fronde, in which the beautiful Duchess
had played so distinguished a part. Turenne, Co-
igny, Mazarine, were called up from their graves to
renew his narration; nor were the affairs of the Bar-
ons, nor the chivalry of the Port Cocheres for-
gotten. My uncle began to wish himself a thousand
miles off from the Marquis and his merciless mem-
ory, when suddenly the little man's recollections
took a more interesting turn. He was relating the
imprisonment of the Duke de Longueville with the
duces Condé and Conti in the chateau of Vincen-
nes, and the ineffectual efforts of the Duchess to rouse
the sturdy Normans to their rescue. He had come
to that part where she was invested by the royal
troops in the Castle of Dieppe.

"The spirit of the Duchess," proceeded the Mar-
quis, "rose with her trials. It was astonishing to
see so delicate and beautiful a being buffet so reso-
lutely with hardships. She determined on a desper-
ate means of escape. You may have seen the chateau
in which she was mewed up; an old ragged wart of
a edifice standing on the knuckle of a hill, just
above the rusty little town of Dieppe. One dark un-
lucky night she issued secretly out of a small postern-
gate of the castle, which the enemy had neglected to
close. The postern-gate is there to this very day;
being upon a narrow bridge over a deep fosse be-
tween the castle and the brow of the hill. She was

followed by her female attendants, a few domestics,
and some gallant cavaliers, who still remained faith-
ful to her fortunes. Her object was to gain a small
port about two leagues distant, where she had pri-
vately provided a vessel for her escape in case of
emergency.

"The little band of fugitives were obliged to per-
form the distance on foot. When they arrived at the
port the wind was high and stormy, the tide con-
trary, the vessel anchored far off in the road; and
no means of getting on board but by a fishing shallop
that lay tossing like a cockle-shell on the edge of the
surf. The Duchess determined to risk the attempt.
The seamen endeavoured to dissuade her, but the im-
mense of her danger on shore, and the magnani-
mity of her spirit, urged her on. She had to be borne
to the shallop in the arms of a mariner. Such was
the violence of the winds and waves that he faltered,
lost his foot-hold, and let his precious burthen fall
into the sea.

"The Duchess was nearly drowned, but partly
through her own struggles, partly by the exertions
of the seamen, she got to land. As soon as she had
a little recovered strength, she insisted on renewing
the attempt. The storm, however, had by this time
become so violent as to set all efforts at defiance. To
delay, was to be discovered and taken prisoner. As
the only resource left, she procured horses, mounted,
with her female attendants, *en croupe* behind the
gallant gentlemen who accompanied her, and scoured
the country to seek some temporary asylum.

"While the Duchess," continued the Marquis,
laying his forefinger on my uncle's breast to arouse
his flagging attention, "while the Duchess, poor
lady, was wandering amid the tempest in this dis-
consolate manner, she arrived at this chateau. Her
approach caused some uneasiness; for the clattering
of a troop of horse at dead of night up the avenue
of a lonely chateau, in those unsettled times, and
in a troubled part of the country, was enough to oc-
casion alarm.

"A tall, broad-shouldered chasseur, armed to the
teeth, galloped a-head, and announced the name of
the visitor. All uneasiness was dispelled. The house-
hold turned out with flambeaux to receive her; and
never did torches gleam on a more weather-beaten,
travel-strained band than came tramping into the
court. Such pale, care-worn faces, such bedraggled
dresses, as the poor Duchess and her females pre-
sented, each seated behind her cavalier: while the
half-drenched, half-drowsy pages and attendants
seemed ready to fall from their horses with sleep and
fatigue.

"The Duchess was received with a hearty wel-
come by my ancestor. She was ushered into the hall
of the chateau, and the fires soon crackled and blazed,
to cheer herself and her train; and every spit and
stewpan was put in requisition to prepare ample re-
freshment for the wayfarers.

"She had a right to our hospitalities," continued

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to cheer herself and her train; and every spit and
stewpan was put in requisition to prepare ample re-
freshment for the wayfarers.

"She had a right to our hospitalities," continued

the Marquis, drawing himself up with a slight degree of stateliness, "for she was related to our family. I'll tell you how it was. Her father, Henry de Bourbon, Prince of Condé——"

"But, did the Duchess pass the night in the chateau?" said my uncle rather abruptly, terrified at the idea of getting involved in one of the Marquis's genealogical discussions.

"Oh, as to the Duchess, she was put into the very apartment you occupied last night, which at that time was a kind of state-apartment. Her followers were quartered in the chambers opening upon the neighbouring corridor, and her favourite page slept in an adjoining closet. Up and down the corridor walked the great chasseur who had announced her arrival, and who acted as a kind of sentinel or guard. He was a dark, stern, powerful-looking fellow; and as the light of a lamp in the corridor fell upon his deeply-marked face and sinewy form, he seemed capable of defending the castle with his single arm.

"It was a rough, rude night; about this time of the year—apropos!—now I think of it, last night was the anniversary of her visit. I may well remember the precise date, for it was a night not to be forgotten by our house. There is a singular tradition concerning it in our family." Here the Marquis hesitated, and a cloud seemed to gather about his bushy eyebrows. "There is a tradition—that a strange occurrence took place that night—A strange, mysterious, inexplicable occurrence——" Here he checked himself, and paused.

"Did it relate to that lady?" inquired my uncle eagerly.

"It was past the hour of midnight," resumed the Marquis,—“when the whole chateau——” Here he paused again. My uncle made a movement of anxious curiosity.

"Excuse me," said the Marquis, a slight blush streaking his sallow visage. "There are some circumstances connected with our family history which I do not like to relate. That was a rude period. A time of great crimes among great men: for you know high blood, when it runs wrong, will not run tamely like blood of the *canaille*—poor lady!—But I have a little family pride, that—excuse me—we will change the subject, if you please——"

My uncle's curiosity was piqued. The pompons and magnificent introduction had led him to expect something wonderful in the story to which it served as a kind of avenue. He had no idea of being cheated out of it by a sudden fit of unreasonable squeamishness. Besides, being a traveller in quest of information, he considered it his duty to inquire into every thing.

The Marquis, however, evaded every question.—“Well,” said my uncle, a little petulantly, “whatever you may think of it, I saw that lady last night.”

The Marquis stepped back and gazed at him with surprise.

“She paid me a visit in my bed-chamber.”

The Marquis pulled out his snuff-box with a shrug and a smile; taking this no doubt for an awkward piece of English pleasantry, which politeness required him to be charmed with.

My uncle went on gravely, however, and related the whole circumstance. The Marquis heard him through with profound attention, holding his snuff-box unopened in his hand. When the story was finished, he tapped on the lid of his box deliberately took a long, sonorous pinch of snuff——

“Bah!” said the Marquis, and walked towards the other end of the gallery.——

Here the narrator paused. The company waited for some time for him to resume his narration; but he continued silent.

“Well,” said the inquisitive gentleman——“what did your uncle say then?”

“Nothing,” replied the other.

“And what did the Marquis say further?”

“Nothing.”

“And is that all?”

“That is all,” said the narrator, filling a glass of wine.

“I surmise,” said the shrewd old gentleman with the waggish nose, “I surmise the ghost must have been the old housekeeper walking her rounds to that all was right.”

“Bah!” said the narrator. “My uncle was too much accustomed to strange sights not to know ghost from a housekeeper!”

There was a murmur round the table half of merriment, half of disappointment. I was inclined to think the old gentleman had really an afterpart of the story in reserve; but he sipped his wine and said nothing more; and there was an odd expression about his dilapidated countenance that left me in doubt whether he were in drollery or earnest.

“Egad,” said the knowing gentleman, with a flexible nose, “this story of your uncle puts me in mind of one that used to be told of an aunt of mine by the mother's side; though I don't know that it bears a comparison, as the good lady was not so prone to meet with strange adventures. But at any rate you shall have it.”

THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT.

My aunt was a lady of large frame, strong in mind and great resolution: she was what might be termed a very manly woman. My uncle was a thin, little man, very meek and acquiescent, and no more for my aunt. It was observed that he dwindled and dwindled gradually away, from the day of his marriage. His wife's powerful mind was too much for him; it wore him out. My aunt, however, took the possible care of him; had half the doctors in town prescribe for him; made him take all their prescriptions, and dosed him with physic enough to

whole hospital. All was in vain. My uncle grew worse and worse the more dosing and nursing he underwent, until in the end he added another to the long list of matrimonial victims who have been killed with kindness.

"And was it his ghost that appeared to her?" asked the inquisitive gentleman, who had questioned the former story-teller.

"You shall hear," replied the narrator.—"My aunt took on mightily for the death of her poor dear husband. Perhaps she felt some compunction at having given him so much physic, and nursed him into his grave. At any rate, she did all that a widow could do to honour his memory. She spared no expense in either the quantity or quality of her mourning weeds; she wore a miniature of him about her neck as large as a little sun-dial; and she had a full-length portrait of him always hanging in her bed-chamber. All the world extolled her conduct to the skies; and it was determined that a woman who behaved so well to the memory of one husband deserved soon to get another.

It was not long after this that she went to take up her residence in an old country-seat in Derbyshire, which had long been in the care of merely a steward and housekeeper. She took most of her servants with her, intending to make it her principal abode. The house stood in a lonely, wild part of the country, among the grey Derbyshire hills, with a murderer hanging in chains on a bleak height in full view.

The servants from town were half frightened out of their wits at the idea of living in such a dismal, pagan-looking place; especially when they got together in the servants' hall in the evening, and composed notes on all the hobgoblin stories they had picked up in the course of the day. They were afraid to venture alone about the gloomy, black-looking chambers. My lady's maid, who was troubled with nerves, declared she could never sleep alone in such a "gashly rummaging old building;" and the footman, who was a kind-hearted young fellow, did all in his power to cheer her up.

My aunt herself seemed to be struck with the lonely appearance of the house. Before she went to bed, therefore, she examined well the fastenings of the doors and windows; locked up the plate with her own hands, and carried the keys, together with a little box of money and jewels, to her own room; for she was a notable woman, and always saw to all things herself. Having put the keys under her pillow, and dismissed her maid, she sat by her toilet arranging her hair; for being, in spite of her grief for my uncle, rather a buxom widow, she was somewhat particular about her person. She sat for a little while looking at her face in the glass, first on one side, then on the other, as ladies are apt to do when they would ascertain whether they have been in good looks; for my uncle, a roystering country squire of the neighbourhood, with whom she had flirted when a girl, had called that day to welcome her to the country.

All of a sudden she thought she heard something move behind her. She looked hastily round, but there was nothing to be seen. Nothing but the grimly painted portrait of her poor dear man, which had been hung against the wall.

She gave a heavy sigh to his memory, as she was accustomed to do whenever she spoke of him in company, and then went on adjusting her night-dress, and thinking of the squire. Her sigh was re-echoed, or answered by a long-drawn breath. She looked round again, but no one was to be seen. She ascribed these sounds to the wind oozing through the rat-holes of the old mansion, and proceeded leisurely to put her hair in papers, when all at once, she thought she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move.

"The back of her head being toward it!" said the story-teller with the ruined head, "good!"

"Yes, sir!" replied drily the narrator; "her back being toward the portrait, but her eyes fixed on its reflection in the glass." Well, as I was saying, she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move. So strange a circumstance, as you may well suppose, gave her a sudden shock. To assure herself of the fact, she put one hand to her forehead as if rubbing it, peeped through her fingers, and moved the candle with the other hand. The light of the taper gleamed on the eye, and was reflected from it. She was sure it moved. Nay more, it seemed to give her a wink, as she had sometimes known her husband to do when living! It struck a momentary chill to her heart; for she was a lone woman, and felt herself fearfully situated.

The chill was but transient. My aunt, who was almost as resolute a personage as your uncle, sir [turning to the old story-teller], became instantly calm and collected. She went on adjusting her dress. She even hummed an air, and did not make a single false note. She casually overturned a dressing-box; took a candle and picked up the articles one by one from the floor; pursued a rolling pin cushion that was making the best of its way under the bed; then opened the door; looked for an instant into the corridor, as if in doubt whether to go; and then walked quietly out.

She hastened down stairs, ordered the servants to arm themselves with the weapons that first came to hand, placed herself at their head, and returned almost immediately.

Her hastily-levied army presented a formidable force. The steward had a rusty blunderbuss, the coachman a loaded whip, the footman a pair of horse-pistols, the cook a huge chopping-knife, and the butler a bottle in each hand. My aunt led the van with a red-hot poker, and in my opinion, she was the most formidable of the party. The waiting-maid, who dreaded to stay alone in the servants' hall, brought up the rear, smelling to a broken bottle of volatile salts, and expressing her terror of the ghostes.

"Ghosts!" said my aunt resolutely. "I'll singe their whiskers for them!"

They entered the chamber. All was still and un-

FIGURE OF MY AUNT.

My aunt was a woman of large frame, strong muscles, and she was what might be termed a stout woman. My uncle was a thin, pale, and acquiescent, and no more was observed that he dwindled away, from the day of his death. My aunt, however, had half the doctors in town made him take all their prescriptions with physic enough to cure

disturbed as when she had left it. They approached the portrait of my uncle.

"Pull me down that picture!" cried my aunt. A heavy groan, and a sound like the chattering of teeth, issued from the portrait. The servants shrunk back; the maid uttered a faint shriek, and clung to the footman for support.

"Instantly!" added my aunt, with a stamp of the foot.

The picture was pulled down, and from a recess behind it, in which had formerly stood a clock, they hauled forth a round-shouldered, black-bearded varlet, with a knife as long as my arm, but trembling all over like an aspen-leaf.

"Well, and who was he? No ghost, I suppose," said the inquisitive gentleman.

"A Knight of the Post," replied the narrator, "who had been smitten with the worth of the wealthy widow; or rather a marauding Tarquin, who had stolen into her chamber to violate her purse, and rifle her strong-box, when all the house should be asleep. In plain terms," continued he, "the vagabond was a loose idle fellow of the neighbourhood, who had once been a servant in the house, and had been employed to assist in arranging it for the reception of its mistress. He confessed that he had contrived this hiding-place for his nefarious purposes, and had borrowed an eye from the portrait by way of a reconnoitring-hole."

"And what did they do with him?—did they hang him?" resumed the questioner.

"Hang him!—how could they?" exclaimed a beetle-browed barrister, with a hawk's nose. "The offence was not capital. No robbery, no assault had been committed. No forcible entry or breaking into the premises.—"

"My aunt," said the narrator, "was a woman of spirit, and apt to take the law in her own hands. She had her own notions of cleanliness also. She ordered the fellow to be drawn through the horse-pond, to cleanse away all offences, and then to be well rubbed down with an oaken towel."

"And what became of him afterwards?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"I do not exactly know. I believe he was sent on a voyage of improvement to Botany Bay."

"And your aunt," said the inquisitive gentleman; "I'll warrant she took care to make her maid sleep in the room with her after that."

"No, sir, she did better; she gave her hand shortly after to the roystering squire; for she used to observe, that it was a dismal thing for a woman to sleep alone in the country."

"She was right," observed the inquisitive gentleman, nodding sagaciously; "but I am sorry they did not hang that fellow."

It was agreed on all hands that the last narrator had brought his tale to the most satisfactory conclusion, though a country clergyman present regretted that the uncle and aunt, who figured in the different

stories, had not been married together: they certainly would have been well matched.

"But I don't see, after all," said the inquisitive gentleman, "that there was any ghost in this last story."

"Oh! if it's ghosts you want, honey," cried the Irish Captain of Dragoons, "if it's ghosts you want, you shall have a whole regiment of them. And since these gentlemen have given the adventures of their uncles and aunts, faith and I'll even give you a chapter out of my own family history."

THE BOLD DRAGOON;

OR, THE

ADVENTURE OF MY GRANDFATHER.

My grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it's a profession, d'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons, and died on the field of honour, except myself, and I hope my posterity may be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vainglorious.—Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army, which, according to my uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders. He could swear a good stick himself; and moreover was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions of radical heat and radical moisture; or, in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch-water by burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service, or, according to his own phrase, he had seen the devil—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark from Ostend—bad luck to the place! for one where I was kept by storms and head-winds for three long days, and the devil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather to Ostend—no matter which, it's all the same. So one evening, towards nightfall, he rode jollily into Bruges—Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen; a queer old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day.—Well, gentlemen, it was at the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded; and the canal swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly a getting along for goods, wares, and merchandises, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half-score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy sh-

ing way, for he was a saucy sun-shiny fellow—staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable-ends to the street, and storks' nests on the chimneys; winking at the yafrows who showed their faces at the windows, and joking the women right and left in the street; all of whom laughed, and took it in amazing good part; for though he did not know a word of the language, yet he had always a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded, every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old rackets inn that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds, and as many garrets, one over the other, as the seven heavens of Mahomet. Nothing had saved it from tumbling down but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival there were two of these long-legged birds of grace standing like ghosts on the chimney-top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day, for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet; only it is turned into a brewery of strong Flemish beer,—at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not have altogether struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

HEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK.

My grandfather had learnt enough of the language to know that the sign promised good liquor. "This is the house for me," said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event in an old inn, frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffic. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a notably ample man in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man, and great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door; a fat little distiller of geneva, from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other; and the bottle-nosed landlord stood in the door; and the comely hostess, in a plump cap, beside him: and the hostess's daughter, a plump Flanders lass, with long gold pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

"Humph!" said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

"Die duyvel!" said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw, with the quick glance of a publican, that the new guest was not at all at all to the taste of the old ones; and, to tell the truth, he did not like himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He

shook his head. "Not a garret in the house but was full."

"Not a garret!" echoed the landlady.

"Not a garret!" echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp, and the little distiller of Schiedam, continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eying the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be brow-beaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his head on one side, stuck one arm a-kimbo, "Faith and troth!" said he, "but I'll sleep in this house this very night."—As he said this he gave a slap on his thigh, by way of emphasis—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room.—Maybe you've been in the bar-room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see; with a brick floor, and a great fire-place, with the whole Bille history in glazed tiles; and then the mantel-piece, pitching itself head foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked teapots and earthen jugs paraded on it; not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters, hung about the room by way of pictures; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar-maid inside of it, with a red calico cap and yellow ear-drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room—"Faith this is the very house I've been looking after," said he.

There was some further show of resistance on the part of the garrison; but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarneyed the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar-maid under the chin; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain, to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had been for some time shut up.

"Some say it's haunted," whispered the landlord's daughter; "but you are a bold dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts."

"The devil a bit!" said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek. "But if I should be troubled by ghosts, I've been to the Red Sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling."

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humoured box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house, swaggering all over

it; into the stable to look after his horse, into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen, drank with the Germans, slapped the landlord on the shoulder, romped with his daughter and the bar-maid:—never, since the days of Alley Croaker, had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he swaggered along the corridor, with his sword trailing by his side, the maids looked after him, and whispered to one another, "What a proper man!"

At supper, my grandfather took command of the table-d'hôte as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a Low Dutch love-song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters up a large staircase, composed of loads of hewn timber; and through long rignarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fish, and fruit, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture, where every thing diseased or disabled was sent to nurse or to be forgotten. Or rather it might be taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike. Such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms, and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marble tables with curiously-carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at nine-pins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and, having undressed himself, placed his light in the fireplace, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney-corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound a-

sleep, for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The housemaids, one by one, crept up yawning to their attics, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night without dreaming of the bold draagoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay, melting between two feather-beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm-complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little time it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in a fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, excepting the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers; who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bull-frogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"Maybe the maid had warmed it too much?" said the curious gentleman, inquiringly.

"I rather think the contrary," replied the Irishman.—"But, be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather."

"Faith, there's no standing this any longer," says he. So he jumped out of bed, and went strolling about the house.

"What for?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"Why to cool himself, to be sure—or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—But no matter what he went for—he never mentioned—and there's no use in taking up our time in conjecturing."

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one were trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts, so he pushed the door gently open and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St Anthony himself. By the light of the fire he saw a pale weazen-looking fellow in a long flannel gown and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bag of flannel under his arm by way of haggpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twirling about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasseled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd and might be presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind-instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room a long-backed, bandy-legged chair covered

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 with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust
 out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at
 length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy
 chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom,
 and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the
 floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and
 bobbed his head and his nightcap about like mad. By
 degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all
 the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bo-
 died chairs paired off in couples and led down a coun-
 try dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe,
 though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary limb;
 while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the
 waist, and whirled it about the room in a German
 waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion:
 cirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many
 devils; all except a great clothes-press, which kept
 courtseying and courtseying, in a corner, like a dow-
 nger, in exquisite time to the music; being rather too
 capricious to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the
 reason; so being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the
 art, and at all times ready for a frolic, he hounced into
 the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy
 O'Rafferty, capered up to the clothes-press, and seized
 upon two handles to lead her out:—when—
 "Whirr! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs,
 tables, tongs, and shovel, slunk in an instant as quietly
 to their places as if nothing had happened, and the
 musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bel-
 lows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found
 himself seated in the middle of the floor with the clo-
 ses-press sprawling before him, and the two handles
 jerked off, and in his hands.

"Then, after all, this was a mere dream!" said
 the inquisitive gentleman.

"The devil a bit of a dream!" replied the Irishman.
 There never was a truer fact in this world. Faith,
 should have liked to see any man tell my grandfa-
 ther it was a dream."

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty
 heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly
 near, you may easily suppose that two such heavy
 bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a
 noise. Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had
 taken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison
 was alarmed. The landlord, who slept below, hur-
 led up with a candle to inquire the cause, but with
 his haste his daughter had arrived at the scene of
 roar before him. The landlord was followed by
 the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-
 bid, who was followed by the simpering chamber-
 maids, all holding together, as well as they could,
 their garments as they had first laid hands on; but all
 in a terrible hurry to see what the deuce was to pay
 in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had
 witnessed, and the broken handles of the prostrate

clothes-press bore testimony to the fact. There was
 no contesting such evidence; particularly with a lad
 of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to
 make good every word either with sword or shillelah.
 So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly,
 as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady
 scratched—no, she did not scratch her head, but she
 knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the
 explanation. But the landlady's daughter corrobor-
 ated it by recollecting that the last person who had
 dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had
 died of St Vitus's dance, and had no doubt infected
 all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the
 chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed
 strange carryings on in that room; and as they de-
 clared this "upon their honours," there could not remain
 a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that
 room?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"That's more than I can tell. Where he passed
 the rest of the night was a secret he never disclosed.
 In fact, though he had seen much service, he was
 but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt
 to make blunders in his travels about inns at night
 which it would have puzzled him sadly to account for
 in the morning."

"Was he ever apt to walk in his sleep?" said the
 knowing old gentleman.

"Never that I heard of."

There was a little pause after this rigmarole Irish
 romance, when the old gentleman with the haunted
 head observed, that the stories hitherto related had
 rather a burlesque tendency. "I recollect an adventure,
 however," added he, "which I heard of during
 a residence at Paris, for the truth of which I can un-
 dertake to vouch, and which is of a very grave and
 singular nature."

THE ADVENTURE OF

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

On a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the
 French revolution, a young German was returning
 to his lodgings, at a late hour, across the old part of
 Paris. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps
 of thunder rattled through the lofty narrow streets—
 but I should first tell you something about this young
 German.

Gotfried Wolfgang was a young man of good fa-
 mily. He had studied for some time at Gottingen,
 but being of a visionary and enthusiastic character,
 he had wandered into those wild and speculative
 doctrines which have so often bewildered German
 students. His secluded life, his intense application,
 and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect
 on both mind and body. His health was impaired;
 his imagination diseased. He had been indulging in

fanciful speculations on spiritual essences, until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him. He took up a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over him; an evil genius or spirit seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such an idea working on his melancholy temperament, produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the mental malady that was prey upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene; he was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendours and gaieties of Paris.

Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. The popular delirium at first caught his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by the political and philosophical theories of the day: but the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sensitive nature, disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse. He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the *Pays Latin*, the quarter of students. There, in a gloomy street not far from the monastic walls of the Sorbonne, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those catacombs of departed authors, rummaging among their hoards of dusty and obsolete works in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the charnel-house of decayed literature.

Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament, but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair, but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would deck out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was of a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamt of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine, he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his situation at the time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the *Marais*, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the place de Grève, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient *Hôtel de Ville*, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in

front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrank back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form, cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in the solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heart-broken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams! It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

"I have no friend on earth!" said she.

"But you have a home," said Wolfgang.

"Yes—in the grave!"

The heart of the student melted at the words.

"If a stranger dare make an offer," said he, "without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service to you, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before any harm or indignity should come to you."

There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there was an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

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He supported her faltering steps across the Pont
Neuf, and by the place where the statue of Henry the
Fourth had been overthrown by the populace. The
storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a dis-
tance. All Paris was quiet; that great volcano of
human passion slumbered for a while, to gather fresh
strength for the next day's eruption. The student
conducted his charge through the ancient streets of
the Pays Latin, and by the dusky walls of the Sor-
bonne, to the great dingy hotel which he inhabited.
The old portress who admitted them stared with sur-
prise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolf-
gang with a female companion.

On entering his apartment, the student, for the first
time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his
dwelling. He had but one chamber—an old-fashion-
ed saloon—heavily carved, and fantastically furnished
with the remains of former magnificence, for it was
one of those hotels in the quarter of the Luxembourg
place which had once belonged to nobility. It was
furnished with books and papers, and all the usual
apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess
at one end.

When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a
better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he
was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her
face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a
mass of raven hair that hung clustering about it.
Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular
expression that approached almost to wildness. As
her black dress permitted her shape to be seen,
it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance
was highly striking, though she was dressed in the
simplest style. The only thing approaching to an
ornament which she wore, was a broad black band
around her neck, clasped by diamonds.

The perplexity now commenced with the student
as to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon
his protection. He thought of abandoning his cham-
ber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere.
He was so fascinated by her charms, there seem-
ed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses,
that he could not tear himself from her presence.
His manner, too, was singular and unaccountable.
He spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had
subsided. The attentions of the student had first won
her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She
was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and enthu-
siasts soon understand each other.

In the infatuation of the moment, Wolfgang avow-
ed his passion for her. He told her the story of his
nocturnal dream, and how she had possessed his
heart before he had even seen her. She was strangely
pleased by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt
an impulse toward him equally unaccountable. It
was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old
prejudices and superstitions were done away; every-
thing was under the sway of the "Goddess of Reason."
Among other rubbish of the old times, the
rites and ceremonies of marriage began to be con-
sidered superfluous bonds for honourable minds. So-
cial compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too
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"Why should we separate?" said he: "our hearts
are united; in the eye of reason and honour we are
as one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind
high souls together?"

The stranger listened with emotion: she had evi-
dently received illumination at the same school.

"You have no home nor family," continued he;
"let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be
every thing to one another. If form is necessary,
form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge
myself to you for ever."

"For ever?" said the stranger, solemnly.

"For ever!" repeated Wolfgang.

The stranger clasped the hand extended to her:
"Then I am yours," murmured she, and sunk upon
his bosom.

The next morning the student left his bride sleep-
ing, and sallied forth at an early hour to seek more
spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his si-
tuation. When he returned, he found the stranger
lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one
arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received
no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her
uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold—
there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and
ghastly.—In a word—she was a corpse.

Horrified and frantic, he alarmed the house. A
scene of confusion ensued. The police was sum-
moned. As the officer of police entered the room,
he started back on beholding the corpse.

"Great heaven!" cried he, "how did this wo-
man come here?"

"Do you know any thing about her?" said Wolf-
gang, eagerly.

"Do I?" exclaimed the police officer: "she was
guillotined yesterday!"

He stepped forward; undid the black collar round
the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the
floor!

The student burst into a frenzy. "The fiend!
the fiend has gained possession of me!" shrieked
he: "I am lost for ever."

They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was
possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit
had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. He
went distracted, and died in a mad-house.

Here the old gentleman with the haunted head
finished his narrative.

"And is this really a fact?" said the inquisitive
gentleman.

"A fact not to be doubted," replied the other.
"I had it from the best authority. The student told
it me himself. I saw him in a mad-house at Paris."

THE ADVENTURE OF

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

As one story of the kind produces another, and as all the company seemed fully engrossed by the subject, and disposed to bring their relatives and ancestors upon the scene, there is no knowing how many more strange adventures we might have heard, had not a corpulent old fox-hunter, who had slept soundly through the whole, now suddenly awakened, with a loud and long-drawn yawn. The sound broke the charm: the ghosts took to flight, as though it had been cock-crowing, and there was a universal move for bed.

"And now for the haunted chamber," said the Irish Captain, taking his candle.

"Ay, who's to be the hero of the night?" said the gentleman with the ruined head.

"That we shall see in the morning," said the old gentleman with the nose: "whoever looks pale and grizzly will have seen the ghost."

"Well, gentlemen," said the Baronet, "there's many a true thing said in jest—In fact one of you will sleep in the room to-night—"

"What—a haunted room?—a haunted room?—I claim the adventure—and I—and I—and I," said a dozen guests talking and laughing at the same time.

"No, no," said mine host, "there is a secret about one of my rooms on which I feel disposed to try an experiment: so, gentlemen, none of you shall know who has the haunted chamber until circumstances reveal it. I will not even know it myself, but will leave it to chance and the allotment of the house-keeper. At the same time, if it will be any satisfaction to you, I will observe, for the honour of my paternal mansion, that there's scarcely a chamber in it but is well worthy of being haunted."

We now separated for the night, and each went to his allotted room. Mine was in one wing of the building, and I could not but smile at the resemblance in style to those eventful apartments described in the tales of the supper-table. It was spacious and gloomy, decorated with lamp-black portraits; a bed of ancient damask, with a tester sufficiently lofty to grace a couch of state, and a number of massive pieces of old-fashioned furniture. I drew a great claw-footed arm-chair before the wide fire-place; stirred up the fire; sat looking into it, and musing upon the odd stories I had heard, until, partly overcome by the fatigue of the day's hunting, and partly by the wine and wassail of mine host, I fell asleep in my chair.

The uneasiness of my position made my slumber troubled, and laid me at the mercy of all kinds of wild and fearful dreams. Now it was that my perfidious dinner and supper rose in rebellion against my peace. I was hag-ridden by a fat saddle of mutton; a plum-pudding weighed like lead upon my conscience; the merry-thought of a capon filled me with horrible suggestions; and a devilled-leg of a turkey stalked in all

kinds of diabolical shapes through my imagination. In short, I had a violent fit of the night-mare. Some strange indefinite evil seemed hanging over me that I could not avert; something terrible and loathsome oppressed me that I could not shake off. I was conscious of being asleep, and strove to rouse myself, but every effort redoubled the evil; until gasping, struggling, almost strangling, I suddenly sprang bolt upright in my chair, and awoke.

The light on the mantel-piece had burnt low, and the wick was divided; there was a great winding-sheet made by the dripping wax on the side towards me. The disordered taper emitted a broad flaring flame, and threw a strong light on a painting over the fire place which I had not hitherto observed. It consisted merely of a head, or rather a face, that appeared to be staring full upon me, and with an expression that was startling. It was without a frame, and at the first glance I could hardly persuade myself that it was not a real face thrusting itself out of the dark oak panel. I sat in my chair gazing at it, and the more I gazed, the more it disquieted me. I had never before been affected in the same way by any painting. The emotions it caused were strange and indefinite. They were something like what I have heard ascribed to the eyes of the basilisk, or like that mysterious influence in reptiles termed fascination. I passed my hand over my eyes several times, as if seeking instinctively to brush away the illusion—in vain. The instantly reverted to the picture, and its chilling, creeping influence over my flesh and blood was doubled. I looked round the room on other pictures either to divert my attention or to see whether the same effect would be produced by them. Some of them were grim enough to produce the effect, if not the mere grimness of the painting produced it.—No more thing—my eye passed over them all with perfect indifference, but the moment it reverted to this vision over the fire-place, it was as if an electric shock had passed through me. The other pictures were dimly faded, but this one protruded from a plain background in the strongest relief, and with wonderful truth of colouring. The expression was that of agony—agony of intense bodily pain; but a menace scowled upon the brow, and a few sprinklings of blood added to its ghastliness. Yet it was not all these characteristics; it was some horror of the mind, some scrutable antipathy awakened by this picture, which harrowed up my feelings.

I tried to persuade myself that this was chimerical; that my brain was confused by the fumes of mine host's good cheer, and in some measure by the odd stories and paintings which had been told at supper. I determined to shake off these vapours of the mind; rose from my chair; walked about the room; snapped my fingers; lied myself; laughed aloud.—It was a forced laugh, the echo of it in the old chamber jarred upon my ears.—I walked to the window, and tried to discern a landscape through the glass. It was pitch dark, and howling storm without; and as I heard the

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moan among the trees, I caught a reflection of this accursed visage in the pane of glass, as though it were staring through the window at me. Even the reflection of it was thrilling.

How was this vile nervous fit, for such I now persuaded myself it was, to be conquered? I determined to force myself not to look at the painting, but to undress quickly and get into bed.—I began to undress, but in spite of every effort I could not keep myself from stealing a glance every now and then at the picture; and a glance was now sufficient to distress me. Even when my back was turned to it, the idea of this strange face behind me, peeping over my shoulder, was insupportable. I threw off my clothes and hurried into bed, but still this visage gazed upon me. I had a full view of it from my bed, and for some time could not take my eyes from it. I had grown nervous to a dismal degree. I put out the light, and tried to force myself to sleep—all in vain. The fire gleaming up a little threw an uncertain light about the room, leaving however the region of the picture in deep shadow. What, thought I, if this be the chamber about which mine host spoke as having a mystery reigning over it? I had taken his words merely as spoken in jest; might they have a real import? I looked around.—The faintly-lighted apartment had all the qualifications requisite for a haunted chamber. It began in my inflected imagination to assume strange appearances—the old portraits turned paler and paler, and blacker and blacker; the streaks of light and shadow thrown among the quaint articles of furniture gave them more singular shapes and characters.—There was a huge dark clothes-press of antique form, gorgeous in brass and glistrous with wax, that began to grow oppressive to me.

“Am I, then,” thought I, “indeed the hero of the haunted room? Is there really a spell laid upon me, or is this all some contrivance of mine host to raise a laugh at my expense?” The idea of being hag-ridden by my own fancy all night, and then bantered on my haggard looks the next day, was intolerable; but the very idea was sufficient to produce the effect, and to render me still more nervous.—“Fish!” said I, “it can be no such thing. How could my worthy host imagine that I, or any man, should be so worried by a mere picture? It is my own diseased imagination that torments me.”

I turned in bed, and shifted from side to side to try to fall asleep; but all in vain; when one cannot get to sleep by lying quiet, it is seldom that tossing about will effect the purpose. The fire gradually went out, and left the room in darkness. Still I had the idea of that inexplicable countenance gazing and keeping watch upon me through the gloom—nay, what was worse, the very darkness seemed to magnify its terrors. It was like having an unseen enemy hanging about one in the night. Instead of having one picture to worry me, I had a hundred. I fancied it in every direction—“And there it is,” thought I, “and

there! and there! with its horrible and mysterious expression still gazing and gazing on me! No—if I must suffer the strange and dismal influence, it were better face a single foe than thus be haunted by a thousand images of it.”

Whoever has been in a state of nervous agitation, must know that the longer it continues the more uncontrollable it grows. The very air of the chamber seemed at length infected by the baleful presence of this picture. I fancied it hovering over me. I almost felt the fearful visage from the wall approaching my face—it seemed breathing upon me. “This is not to be borne,” said I at length, springing out of bed. “I can stand this no longer—I shall only tumble and toss about here all night; make a very spectre of myself, and become the hero of the haunted chamber in good earnest.—Whatever be the ill consequence, I’ll quit this cursed room and seek a night’s rest elsewhere—they can but laugh at me, at all events, and they’ll be sure to have the laugh upon me if I pass a sleepless night, and show them a haggard and wo-begone visage in the morning.”

All this was half muttered to myself as I hastily slipped on my clothes, which having done, I groped my way out of the room, and down stairs to the drawing-room. Here, after tumbling over two or three pieces of furniture, I made out to reach a sofa, and stretching myself upon it, determined to bivouac there for the night. The moment I found myself out of the neighbourhood of that strange picture, it seemed as if the charm were broken. All its influence was at an end. I felt assured that it was confined to its own dreary chamber, for I had, with a sort of instinctive caution, turned the key when I closed the door. I soon calmed down, therefore, into a state of tranquillity; from that into a drowsiness, and, finally, into a deep sleep; out of which I did not awake until the housemaid, with her besom and her matin song, came to put the room in order. She stared at finding me stretched upon the sofa, but I presume circumstances of the kind were not uncommon after hunting-dinners in her master’s bachelor establishment, for she went on with her song and her work, and took no further heed of me.

I had an unconquerable repugnance to return to my chamber; so I found my way to the butler’s quarters, made my toilet in the best way circumstances would permit, and was among the first to appear at the breakfast-table. Our breakfast was a substantial fox-hunter’s repast, and the company generally assembled at it. When ample justice had been done to the tea, coffee, cold meats, and humming ale, for all these were furnished in abundance, according to the tastes of the different guests, the conversation began to break out with all the liveliness and freshness of morning mirth.

“But who is the hero of the haunted chamber, who has seen the ghost last night?” said the inquisitive gentleman, rolling his lobster eyes about the table.

The question set every tongue in motion; a vast

deal of bantering, criticising of countenances, of mutual accusation and retort, took place. Some had drunk deep, and some were unshaven; so that there were suspicious faces enough in the assembly. I alone could not enter with ease and vivacity into the joke—I felt tongue-tied, embarrassed. A recollection of what I had seen and felt the preceding night still haunted my mind. It seemed as if the mysterious picture still held a thrall upon me. I thought also that our host's eye was turned on me with an air of curiosity. In short, I was conscious that I was the hero of the night, and felt as if every one might read it in my looks. The joke, however, passed over, and no suspicion seemed to attach to me. I was just congratulating myself on my escape, when a servant came in saying, that the gentleman who had slept on the sofa in the drawing-room had left his watch under one of the pillows. My repeater was in his hand.

"What!" said the inquisitive gentleman, "did any gentleman sleep on the sofa?"

"Soho! Soho! a hare—a hare!" cried the old gentleman with the flexible nose.

I could not avoid acknowledging the watch, and was rising in great confusion, when a boisterous old squire who sat beside me exclaimed, slapping me on the shoulder, "'Sblood, lad, thou art the man as has seen the ghost!"

The attention of the company was immediately turned to me: if my face had been pale the moment before, it now glowed almost to burning. I tried to laugh, but could only make a grimace, and found the muscles of my face twitching at sixes and sevens, and totally out of all control.

It takes but little to raise a laugh among a set of fox-hunters; there was a world of merriment and joking on the subject, and as I never relished a joke overmuch when it was at my own expense, I began to feel a little nettled. I tried to look cool and calm, and to restrain my pique; but the coolness and calmness of a man in a passion are confounded treacherous.

"Gentlemen," said I, with a slight cocking of the chin, and a bad attempt at a smile, "this is all very pleasant—ha! ha!—very pleasant—but I'd have you know, I am as little superstitious as any of you—ha! ha!—and as to any thing like timidity—you may smile, gentlemen, but I trust there's no one here means to insinuate, that—as to a room's being haunted—I repeat, gentlemen (growing a little warm as seeing a cursed grin breaking out round me), as to a room's being haunted, I have as little faith in such silly stories as any one. But, since you put the matter home to me, I will say that I have met with something in my room strange and inexplicable to me. (A shout of laughter.) Gentlemen, I am serious; I know well what I am saying; I am calm, gentlemen (striking my fist upon the table); by Heaven, I am calm. I am neither trifling, nor do I wish to be trifled with. (The laughter of the company suppressed, and with ludicrous attempts at gravity.) There is a

picture in the room in which I was put last night, that has had an effect upon me the most singular and incomprehensible."

"A picture?" said the old gentleman with the haunted head. "A picture!" cried the narrator with the nose. "A picture! a picture!" echoed several voices. Here there was an ungovernable peal of laughter. I could not contain myself. I started up from my seat; looked round on the company with fiery indignation; thrust both my hands into my pockets, and strode up to one of the windows as though I would have walked through it. I stopped short, looked out upon the landscape without distinguishing a feature of it, and felt my gorge rising almost to suffocation.

Mine host saw it was time to interfere. He had maintained an air of gravity through the whole of the scene; and now stepped forth, as if to shelter me from the overwhelming merriment of my companions.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I dislike to spoil sport, but you have had your laugh, and the joke of the haunted chamber has been enjoyed. I must now take the part of my guest. I must not only vindicate him from your pleasantries, but I must reconcile him to himself, for I suspect he is a little out of humour with his own feelings; and, above all, I must crave his pardon for having made him the subject of a kind of experiment. Yes, gentlemen, there is something strange and peculiar in the chamber to which our friend was shown last night; there is a picture in my house, which possesses a singular and mysterious influence, and with which there is connected a very curious story. It is a picture to which I attach a value from a variety of circumstances; and though I have often been tempted to destroy it, from the odd and uncomfortable sensations which it produces in every one that beholds it, yet I have never been able to prevail upon myself to make the sacrifice. It is a picture I never like to look upon myself, and which is held in awe by all my servants. I have therefore banished it to a room but rarely used, and should have had it covered last night, had not the nature of our conversation, and the whimsical talk about a haunted chamber, tempted me to let it remain, by way of experiment, to see whether a stranger, totally unacquainted with its story, would be affected by it."

The words of the Baronet had turned every thought into a different channel. All were anxious to hear the story of the mysterious picture; and, for myself, so strangely were my feelings interested, that I forgot to feel piqued at the experiment which my host had made upon my nerves, and joined eagerly in the general entreaty. As the morning was stormy, and denied all egress, my host was glad of any means of entertaining his company; so, drawing his arm-chair towards the fire, he began.—

THE ADVENTURE OF

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

MANY years since, when I was a young man, and had just left Oxford, I was sent on the grand tour to finish my education. I believe my parents had tried in vain to inoculate me with wisdom; so they sent me to mingle with society, in hopes I might take it the natural way. Such, at least, appears the reason for which nine-tenths of our youngsters are sent abroad. In the course of my tour I remained some time at Venice. The romantic character of that place delighted me; I was very much amused by the air of adventure and intrigue that prevailed in this region of masks and gondolas; and I was exceedingly smitten by a pair of languishing black eyes, that played upon my heart from under an Italian mantle; so I persuaded myself that I was lingering at Venice to study men and manners; at least I persuaded my friends so, and that answered all my purposes.

I was a little prone to be struck by peculiarities in character and conduct, and my imagination was so full of romantic associations with Italy, that I was always on the look out for adventure. Every thing chimed in with such a humour in this old mermaid of a city. My suite of apartments were in a proud, melancholy palace on the grand canal, formerly the residence of a magnifico, and sumptuous with the traces of decayed grandeur. My gondolier was one of the shrewdest of his class, active, merry, intelligent, and, like his brethren, secret as the grave; that is to say, secret to all the world except his master. I did not had him a week before he put me behind all the curtains in Venice. I liked the silence and mystery of the place, and when I sometimes saw from my window a black gondola gliding mysteriously along the dusk of the evening, with nothing visible but a little glimmering lantern, I would jump into my *zendeletta*, and give a signal for pursuit—"But I am running away from my subject with the recollection of youthful follies," said the Baronet, checking himself. "Let us come to the point."

Among my familiar resorts was a *cassino* under the arcade on one side of the grand square of St Mark. I used frequently to lounge and take my ice, on those warm summer nights, when in Italy every body goes abroad until morning. I was seated here one evening, when a group of Italians took their seat at a table on the opposite side of the saloon. Their conversation was gay and animated, and carried on with Italian vivacity and gesticulation. I remarked among them one young man, however, who appeared to have no share, and find no enjoyment in the conversation, though he seemed to force himself to attend to it. He was tall and slender, and of extremely possessing appearance. His features were fine, though emaciated. He had a profusion of black glossy hair, that curled lightly about his head, and contrasted with the extreme paleness of his countenance.

His brow was haggard; deep furrows seemed to have been ploughed into his visage by care, not by age, for he was evidently in the prime of youth. His eye was full of expression and fire, but wild and unsteady. He seemed to be tormented by some strange fancy or apprehension. In spite of every effort to fix his attention on the conversation of his companions, I noticed that every now and then he would turn his head slowly round, give a glance over his shoulder, and then withdraw it with a sudden jerk, as if something painful had met his eye. This was repeated at intervals of about a minute, and he appeared hardly to have recovered from one shock, before I saw him slowly preparing to encounter another.

After sitting some time in the *cassino*, the party paid for the refreshment they had taken, and departed. The young man was the last to leave the saloon, and I remarked him glancing behind him in the same way, just as he passed out of the door. I could not resist the impulse to rise and follow him; for I was at an age when a romantic feeling of curiosity is easily awakened. The party walked slowly down the arcades, talking and laughing as they went. They crossed the *Piazzetta*, but paused in the middle of it to enjoy the scene. It was one of those moonlight nights, so brilliant and clear in the pure atmosphere of Italy. The moonbeams streamed on the tall tower of St Mark, and lighted up the magnificent front and swelling domes of the cathedral. The party expressed their delight in animated terms. I kept my eye upon the young man. He alone seemed abstracted and self-occupied. I noticed the same singular and, as it were, furtive glance over the shoulder, which had attracted my attention in the *cassino*. The party moved on, and I followed; they passed along the walk called the *Broglio*, turned the corner of the Ducal Palace, and getting into a gondola, glided swiftly away.

The countenance and conduct of this young man dwelt upon my mind. There was something in his appearance that interested me exceedingly. I met him a day or two after in a gallery of paintings. He was evidently a connoisseur, for he always singled out the most masterly productions, and the few remarks drawn from him by his companions showed an intimate acquaintance with the art. His own taste, however, ran on singular extremes. On *Salvator Rosa*, in his most savage and solitary scenes: on *Raphael*, *Titian*, and *Correggio*, in their softest delineations of female beauty: on these he would occasionally gaze with transient enthusiasm. But this seemed only a momentary forgetfulness. Still would recur that cautious glance behind, and always quickly withdrawn, as though something terrible had met his view.

I encountered him frequently afterwards at the theatre, at balls, at concerts; at the promenades in the gardens of San Georgia; at the grotesque exhibitions in the square of St Mark; among the throng of merchants on the exchange by the Rialto. He seemed,

in fact, to seek crowds; to hunt after bustle and amusement: yet never to take any interest in either the business or the gaiety of the scene. Ever an air of painful thought, of wretched abstraction; and ever that strange and recurring movement of glancing fearfully over the shoulder. I did not know at first but this might be caused by apprehension of arrest; or, perhaps, from dread of assassination. But if so, why should he go thus continually abroad; why expose himself at all times and in all places?

I became anxious to know this stranger. I was drawn to him by that romantic sympathy which sometimes draws young men towards each other. His melancholy threw a charm about him in my eyes, which was no doubt heightened by the touching expression of his countenance, and the manly graces of his person; for manly beauty has its effect even upon men. I had an Englishman's habitual diffidence and awkwardness of address to contend with; but I subdued it, and from frequently meeting him in the casino, gradually edged myself into his acquaintance. I had no reserve on his part to contend with. He seemed, on the contrary, to court society; and, in fact, to seek any thing rather than be alone.

When he found that I really took an interest in him, he threw himself entirely on my friendship. He clung to me like a drowning man. He would walk with me for hours up and down the place of St Mark—or he would sit, until night was far advanced, in my apartments. He took rooms under the same roof with me; and his constant request was that I would permit him, when it did not incommode me, to sit by me in my saloon. It was not that he seemed to take a particular delight in my conversation, but rather that he craved the vicinity of a human being; and, above all, of a being that sympathized with him. "I have often heard," said he, "of the sincerity of Englishmen—thank God I have one at length for a friend!"

Yet he never seemed disposed to avail himself of my sympathy other than by mere companionship. He never sought to unbosom himself to me: there appeared to be a settled corroding anguish in his bosom that neither could be soothed "by silence nor by speaking."

A devouring melancholy preyed upon his heart, and seemed to be drying up the very blood in his veins. It was not a soft melancholy, the disease of the affections, but a parching, withering agony. I could see at times that his mouth was dry and feverish; he panted rather than breathed; his eyes were blood-shot; his cheeks pale and livid; with now and then faint streaks of red athwart them, baleful gleams of the fire that was consuming his heart. As my arm was within his, I felt him press it at times with a convulsive motion to his side; his hands would clench themselves involuntarily, and a kind of shudder would run through his frame.

I reasoned with him about his melancholy, and sought to draw from him the cause; he shrunk from

all confiding: "Do not seek to know it," said he, "you could not relieve it if you knew it; you would not even seek to relieve it. On the contrary, I should lose your sympathy, and that," said he, pressing my hand convulsively, "that I feel has become too dear to me to risk."

I endeavoured to awaken hope within him. He was young; life had a thousand pleasures in store for him; there is a healthy reaction in the youthful heart; its medicines all its own wounds—"Come, come," said I, "there is no grief so great that youth cannot outgrow it."—"No! no!" said he, clenching his teeth, and striking repeatedly, with the energy of despair, on his bosom—"it is here! here! deep-rooted; draining my heart's blood. It grows and grows, while my heart withers and withers. I have a dreadful monitor that gives me no repose—that follows me step by step—and will follow me step by step, until it pushes me into my grave!"

As he said this, he involuntarily gave one of those fearful glances over his shoulder, and shrunk back with more than usual horror. I could not resist the temptation to allude to this movement, which I supposed to be some mere malady of the nerves. The moment I mentioned it, his face became crimsoned and convulsed; he grasped me by both hands—

"For God's sake," exclaimed he, with a piercing voice, "never allude to that again.—Let us avoid the subject, my friend; you cannot relieve me, indeed you cannot relieve me, but you may add to the torments I suffer.—At some future day you shall know all."

I never resumed the subject; for however much my curiosity might be roused, I felt too true a compassion for his sufferings to increase them by my intrusion. I sought various ways to divert his mind and to arouse him from the constant meditations which he was plunged. He saw my efforts, and condescended them as far as in his power, for there was nothing moody nor wayward in his nature. On the contrary, there was something frank, generous, and assuming in his whole deportment. All the sentiments that he uttered were noble and lofty. He claimed no indulgence, he asked no toleration. He seemed content to carry his load of misery in silence and only sought to carry it by my side. There was a mute beseeching manner about him, as if he craved companionship as a charitable boon; and a tacit fulness in his looks, as if he felt grateful to me for repulsing him.

I felt this melancholy to be infectious. It crept over my spirits; interfered with all my gay pursuits and gradually saddened my life; yet I could not avail upon myself to shake off a being who seemed to hang upon me for support. In truth, the general traits of character that beamed through all this gloom had penetrated to my heart. His bounty was large and open-handed: his charity melting and generous; not confined to mere donations, which multiply as much as they relieve. The tone of

to know it," said he, "you knew it; you would do the contrary, I should say," said he, pressing my hand, "I feel has become too dear

hope within him. He was a treasure in store for him; the youthful heart; it was—"Come, come," said he, "that youth cannot outgrow the energy of despair, here! deep-rooted; drains the life out of you, while you grow and grows, while you withers. I have a dreadful repose—that follows me step by step, until I know me step by step, until I know me!"

He suddenly gave one of those looks which shrank back from the shoulder, and shrank back from the eye. I could not resist the movement, which I supposed to be a spasm of the nerves. The colour of his face became crimsoned, and he was seized by both hands—

He claimed me, with a piercing cry, "Let us avoid this, I cannot relieve me, indeed, but you may add to the torture of my future day you shall know me!"

subject; for however much I was grieved, I felt too true a comfort to increase them by my inconstant ways to divert his mind from the constant meditations of his grief. He saw my efforts, and was in his power, for there was nothing in his nature. On the other hand, something frank, generous, and unassuming. All the same, he was noble and lofty. He asked no toleration. He bore his load of misery in silence, and I tried to relieve it by my side. There was something about him, as if he craved a more precious boon; and a tacit thanksgiving if he felt grateful to me for

voice, the beam of his eye, enhanced every gift, and surprised the poor suppliant with that rarest and sweetest of charities, the charity not merely of the hand but of the heart. Indeed his liberality seemed to have something in it of self-abasement and expiation. He, in a manner, humbled himself before the mendicant. "What right have I to ease and assistance?"—would he murmur to himself—"when innocence wanders in misery and rags?"

The carnival time arrived. I hoped that the gay scenes which then presented themselves might have some cheering effect. I mingled with him in the throng that crowded the Place of St Mark. We frequented operas, masquerades, balls—all in vain. The evil kept growing on him. He became more and more haggard and agitated. Often, after we had returned from one of these scenes of revelry, he had entered his room and found him lying on his face on the sofa; his hands clenched in his fine hair, and his whole countenance bearing traces of the convulsions of his mind.

The carnival passed away; the time of Lent succeeded; passion-week arrived; we attended one evening a solemn service in one of the churches, in the course of which a grand piece of vocal and instrumental music was performed, relating to the death of our Saviour.

I had remarked that he was always powerfully affected by music; on this occasion he was so in an extraordinary degree. As the pealing notes swelled through the lofty aisles, he seemed to kindle with rapture; his eyes rolled upwards, until nothing but whites were visible; his hands were clasped together, until the fingers were deeply imprinted in the flesh. When the music expressed the dying agony, his face gradually sunk upon his knees; and at the striking words resounding through the church, "Jesus mori," sobs burst from him uncontrolled—I never seen him weep before. His had always an agony rather than sorrow. I augured well from the circumstance, and let him weep on uninterrupted. When the service was ended, we left the church. He hung on my arm as we walked homewards with something of a softer and more subdued manner, instead of that nervous agitation I had been accustomed to witness. He alluded to the service we had heard. "It was music," said he, "is indeed the voice of Heaven; never before have I felt more impressed by the story of the atonement of our Saviour—Yes, my friend," he, clasping his hands with a kind of transport, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

We parted for the night. His room was not far from mine, and I heard him for some time busied in his study. He fell asleep, but was awakened before daylight. A young man stood by my bedside, dressed for travelling. He held a sealed packet and a large parchment in his hand, which he laid on the table.

"Farewell, my friend," said he, "I am about to start on a long journey; but, before I go, I leave you these remembrances. In this packet you

will find the particulars of my story.—When you read them I shall be far away; do not remember me with aversion—You have been indeed a friend to me.—You have poured oil into a broken heart, but you could not heal it.—Farewell! let me kiss your hand—I am unworthy to embrace you." He sunk on his knees—seized my hand in despite of my efforts to the contrary, and covered it with kisses. I was so surprised by all the scene, that I had not been able to say a word.—"But we shall meet again," said I hastily, as I saw him hurrying towards the door. "Never, never in this world!" said he solemnly.—He sprang once more to my bedside—seized my hand, pressed it to his heart and to his lips, and rushed out of the room.

Here the Baronet paused. He seemed lost in thought, and sat looking upon the floor, and drumming with his fingers on the arm of his chair.

"And did this mysterious personage return?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"Never!" replied the Baronet, with a pensive shake of the head—"I never saw him again."

"And pray what has all this to do with the picture?" inquired the old gentleman with the nose.

"True," said the questioner—"Is it the portrait of that crack-brained Italian?"

"No," said the Baronet, drily, not half liking the appellation given to his hero—"but this picture was enclosed in the parcel he left with me. The sealed packet contained its explanation. There was a request on the outside that I would not open it until six months had elapsed. I kept my promise, in spite of my curiosity. I have a translation of it by me, and had meant to read it, by way of accounting for the mystery of the chamber; but I fear I have already detained the company too long."

Here there was a general wish expressed to have the manuscript read, particularly on the part of the inquisitive gentleman; so the worthy Baronet drew out a fairly-written manuscript, and, wiping his spectacles, read aloud the following story.—

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG ITALIAN.

I WAS born at Naples. My parents, though of noble rank, were limited in fortune, or rather, my father was ostentatious beyond his means, and expended so much on his palace, his equipage, and his retinue, that he was continually straitened in his pecuniary circumstances. I was a younger son, and looked upon with indifference by my father, who, from a principle of family pride, wished to leave all his property to my elder brother. I showed, when quite a child, an extreme sensibility. Every thing affected me violently. While yet an infant in my mother's arms, and before I had learnt to talk, I could be wrought upon to a wonderful degree of anguish or

delight by the power of music. As I grew older, my feelings remained equally acute, and I was easily transported into paroxysms of pleasure or rage. It was the amusement of my relations and of the domestics to play upon this irritable temperament. I was moved to tears, tickled to laughter, provoked to fury, for the entertainment of company, who were amused by such a tempest of mighty passion in a pigmy frame—they little thought, or perhaps little heeded, the dangerous sensibilities they were fostering. I thus became a little creature of passion before reason was developed. In a short time I grew too old to be a plaything, and then I became a torment. The tricks and passions I had been teased into became irksome, and I was disliked by my teachers for the very lessons they had taught me. My mother died; and my power as a spoiled child was at an end. There was no longer any necessity to humour or tolerate me, for there was nothing to be gained by it, as I was no favourite of my father. I therefore experienced the fate of a spoiled child in such a situation, and was neglected, or noticed only to be crossed and contradicted. Such was the early treatment of a heart, which, if I can judge of it at all, was naturally disposed to the extremes of tenderness and affection.

My father, as I have already said, never liked me—in fact, he never understood me; he looked upon me as wilful and wayward, as deficient in natural affection.—It was the stieliness of his own manner, the loftiness and grandeur of his own look, that had repelled me from his arms. I always pictured him to myself as I had seen him, clad in his senatorial robes, rustling with pomp and pride. The magnificence of his person had daunted my young imagination. I could never approach him with the confiding affection of a child.

My father's feelings were wrapped up in my elder brother. He was to be the inheritor of the family title and the family dignity, and every thing was sacrificed to him—I, as well as every thing else. It was determined to devote me to the church, that so my humours and myself might be removed out of the way, either of tasking my father's time and trouble, or interfering with the interests of my brother. At an early age, therefore, before my mind had dawned upon the world and its delights, or known any thing of it beyond the precincts of my father's palace, I was sent to a convent, the superior of which was my uncle, and was confided entirely to his care.

My uncle was a man totally estranged from the world: he had never relished, for he had never tasted, its pleasures; and he regarded rigid self-denial as the great basis of Christian virtue. He considered every one's temperament like his own; or at least he made them conform to it. His character and habits had an influence over the fraternity of which he was superior—a more gloomy, saturnine set of beings were never assembled together. The convent, too, was calculated to awaken sad and solitary thoughts. It was situated in a gloomy gorge of those mountains

away south of Vesuvius. All distant views were shut out by sterile volcanic heights. A mountain-stream raved beneath its walls, and eagles screamed about its turrets.

I had been sent to this place at so tender an age as soon to lose all distinct recollection of the scenes I had left behind. As my mind expanded, therefore, it formed its idea of the world from the convent and its vicinity, and a dreary world it appeared to me. An early tinge of melancholy was thus infused into my character; and the dismal stories of the monks, about devils and evil spirits, with which they affrighted my young imagination, gave me a tendency to superstition which I could never effectually shake off. They took the same delight to work upon my ardent feelings, that had been so mischievously executed by my father's household. I can recollect the horrors with which they fed my heated fancy during an eruption of Vesuvius. We were distant from that volcano with mountains between us; but its convulsive throes shook the solid foundations of nature. Earthquakes threatened to topple down our convent towers. lurid, baleful light hung in the heavens at night, and showers of ashes, borne by the wind, fell in our narrow valley. The monks talked of the earth honey-combed beneath us; of streams of molten lava raging through its veins; of caverns of sulphurous flames roaring in the centre, the abodes of demons and damned; of fiery gulfs ready to yawn beneath our feet. All these tales were told to the doleful accompaniment of the mountain's thunders, whose low howling made the walls of our convent vibrate.

One of the monks had been a painter, but retired from the world, and embraced this dreary life in expiation of some crime. He was a melancholy man, who pursued his art in the solitude of a cell, but made it a source of penance to him. His employment was to portray, either on canvass or waxen models, the human face and human form in the agonies of death, and in all the stages of dissolution and decay. The fearful mysteries of the chapel were unfolded in his labours. The loathsome banquet of the beetle and the worm. I turn shuddering even from the recollection of his work, yet, at the time, my strong but ill-directed imagination seized with ardour upon his instructions in art. Any thing was a variety from the dry and monotonous duties of the cloister. In a while I became expert with my pencil, and gloomy productions were thought worthy of decorating some of the altars of the chapel.

In this dismal way was a creature of feeling and fancy brought up. Every thing genial and amiable in my nature was repressed, and nothing but what was unprofitable and ungracious was left. I was ardent in my temperament; quick, mercurial, impetuous: formed to be a creature all love and sympathy; but a leaden hand was laid on all my qualities. I was taught nothing but fear and hatred. I hated my uncle. I hated the monks. I hated

convent in which I was immured. I hated the world; and I almost hated myself for being, as I supposed, so hateful and hateful an animal.

When I had nearly attained the age of sixteen, I was suffered, on one occasion, to accompany one of the brethren on a mission to a distant part of the country. We soon left behind us the gloomy valley in which I had been pent up for so many years, and after a short journey among the mountains, emerged upon the voluptuous landscape that spreads itself about the Bay of Naples. Heavens! how transported was I, when I stretched my gaze over a vast reach of delicious sunny country, gay with groves and vineyards: with Vesuvius rearing its forked summit to my right; the blue Mediterranean to my left, with its enchanting coast, studded with shining towns and sumptuous villas; and Naples, my native Naples, gleaming far, far in the distance.

Good God! was this the lovely world from which I had been excluded? I had reached that age when the sensibilities are in all their bloom and freshness. Life had been checked and chilled. They now burst forth with the suddenness of a retarded spring. My heart, hitherto unnaturally shrunk up, expanded into a riot of vague but delicious emotions. The beauty of nature intoxicated—bewildered me. The song of the peasants; their cheerful looks; their happy avocations; the picturesque gaiety of their dresses; their rustic music; their dances; all broke upon me like witchcraft. My soul responded to the music, my heart danced in my bosom. All the men appeared noble, all the women lovely.

I returned to the convent, that is to say, my body returned, but my heart and soul never entered there again. I could not forget this glimpse of a beautiful and happy world—a world so suited to my natural character. I had felt so happy while in it; so different from what I felt myself when in the convent—that tomb of the living. I contrasted the countenances of the beings I had seen, full of fire and freshness, and enjoyment, with the pallid, leaden, lack-lustre visages of the monks; the music of the choir, with the droning chaunt of the chapel. I had before found the exercises of the cloister wearisome; they now became intolerable. The dull round duties wore away my spirit; my nerves became irritated by the fretful tinkling of the convent-bell, the more ringing among the mountain echoes, ever calling me from my repose at night, my pencil in my hand, to attend to some tedious and mechanical ceremony of devotion.

I was not of a nature to meditate long without turning my thoughts into action. My spirit had been continually aroused, and was now all awake within me.

I watched an opportunity, fled from the convent, and made my way on foot to Naples. As I entered its gay and crowded streets, and beheld the bustle and stir of life around me, the luxury of palaces, the splendour of equipages, and the pantomimic imitation of the motley populace, I seemed as if

awakened to a world of enchantment, and solemnly vowed that nothing should force me back to the monotony of the cloister.

I had to inquire my way to my father's palace, for I had been so young on leaving it that I knew not its situation. I found some difficulty in getting admitted to my father's presence; for the domestics scarcely knew that there was such a being as myself in existence, and my monastic dress did not operate in my favour. Even my father entertained no recollection of my person. I told him my name, threw myself at his feet, implored his forgiveness, and entreated that I might not be sent back to the convent.

He received me with the condescension of a patron, rather than the fondness of a parent; listened patiently, but coldly, to my tale of monastic grievances and disgusts, and promised to think what else could be done for me. This coldness blighted and drove back all the frank affection of my nature, that was ready to spring forth at the least warmth of parental kindness. All my early feelings towards my father revived. I again looked up to him as the stately magnificent being that had daunted my childish imagination, and felt as if I had no pretensions to his sympathies. My brother engrossed all his care and love; he inherited his nature, and carried himself towards me with a protecting rather than a fraternal air. It wounded my pride, which was great. I could brook condescension from my father, for I looked up to him with awe, as a superior being; but I could not brook patronage from a brother, who I felt was intellectually my inferior. The servants perceived that I was an unwelcome intruder in the paternal mansion, and, menial-like, they treated me with neglect. Thus baffled at every point, my affections outraged wherever they would attach themselves, I became sullen, silent, and desponding. My feelings, driven back upon myself, entered and preyed upon my own heart. I remained for some days an unwelcome guest rather than a restored son in my father's house. I was doomed never to be properly known there. I was made, by wrong treatment, strange even to myself, and they judged of me from my strangeness.

I was startled one day at the sight of one of the monks of my convent gliding out of my father's room. He saw me, but pretended not to notice me, and this very hypocrisy made me suspect something. I had become sore and susceptible in my feelings, every thing inflicted a wound on them. In this state of mind I was treated with marked disrespect by a pampered minion, the favourite servant of my father. All the pride and passion of my nature rose in an instant, and I struck him to the earth. My father was passing by; he stopped not to inquire the reason, nor indeed could he read the long course of mental sufferings which were the real cause. He rebuked me with anger and scorn; he summoned all the haughtiness of his nature and grandeur of his look to give weight to the contumely with which he treated me. I felt that I had not deserved it. I felt that I

was not appreciated. I felt that I had that within me which merited better treatment. My heart swelled against a father's injustice. I broke through my habitual awe of him—I replied to him with impatience. My hot spirit flushed in my cheek and kindled in my eye; but my sensitive heart swelled as quickly, and before I had half vented my passion, I felt it suffocated and quenched in my tears. My father was astonished and incensed at this turning of the worm, and ordered me to my chamber. I retired in silence, choking with contending emotions.

I had not been long there when I overheard voices in an adjoining apartment. It was a consultation between my father and the monk, about the means of getting me back quietly to the convent. My resolution was taken. I had no longer a home nor a father. That very night I left the paternal roof. I got on board a vessel about making sail from the harbour, and abandoned myself to the wide world. No matter to what port she steered; any part of so beautiful a world was better than my convent. No matter where I was cast by fortune; any place would be more a home to me than the home I had left behind. The vessel was bound to Genoa. We arrived there after a voyage of a few days.

As I entered the harbour between the moles which embrace it, and beheld the amphitheatre of palaces, and churches, and splendid gardens, rising one above another, I felt at once its title to the appellation of Genoa the Superb. I landed on the mole an utter stranger, without knowing what to do, or whither to direct my steps. No matter: I was released from the thralldom of the convent and the humiliations of home. When I traversed the Strada Balbi and the Strada Nuova, those streets of palaces, and gazed at the wonders of architecture around me; when I wandered at close of day amid a gay throng of the brilliant and the beautiful, through the green alleys of the Acqua Verde, or among the colonnades and terraces of the magnificent Doria gardens; I thought it impossible to be ever otherwise than happy in Genoa.

A few days sufficed to show me my mistake. My scanty purse was exhausted, and for the first time in my life I experienced the sordid distresses of penury. I had never known the want of money, and had never adverted to the possibility of such an evil. I was ignorant of the world and all its ways; and when first the idea of destitution came over my mind, its effect was withering. I was wandering penniless through the streets which no longer delighted my eyes, when chance led my steps into the magnificent church of the Annunziata.

A celebrated painter of the day was at that moment superintending the placing of one of his pictures over an altar. The proficiency which I had acquired in his art during my residence in the convent had made me an enthusiastic amateur. I was struck, at the first glance, with the painting. It was the face of a Madonna. So innocent, so lovely, such a divine expression of maternal tenderness! I lost, for the moment,

all recollection of myself in the enthusiasm of my art. I clasped my hands together, and uttered an ejaculation of delight. The painter perceived my emotion. He was flattered and gratified by it. My air and manner pleased him, and he accosted me: I felt too much the want of friendship to repel the advances of a stranger; and there was something in this one benevolent and winning, that in a moment he gained my confidence.

I told him my story and my situation, concealing only my name and rank. He appeared strongly interested by my recital, invited me to his house, and from that time I became his favourite pupil. He thought he perceived in me extraordinary talents for the art, and his encomiums awakened all my ardour. What a blissful period of my existence was it that passed beneath his roof! Another being seemed created within me; or rather, all that was amiable and excellent was drawn out. I was as reclusive as ever I had been at the convent, but how different was my seclusion! My time was spent in storing my mind with lofty and poetical ideas; in meditating on all that was striking and noble in history and fiction; in studying and tracing all that was sublime and beautiful in nature. I was always a visionary, imaginative being, but now my reveries and imaginings elevated me to rapture. I looked up to my master as to a benevolent genius that had opened to me a region of enchantment. He was not a native of Genoa, but had been drawn thither by the solicitations of several of the nobility, and had resided there but a few years, for the completion of certain works he had undertaken. His health was delicate, and he had confided much of the filling up of his designs to the pencils of his scholars. He considered me as particularly happy in delineating the human countenance, in seizing upon characteristic, though fleeting expressions, and fixing them powerfully upon my canvass. I was employed continually, therefore, in sketching faces, and often, when some particular grace or beauty of expression was wanted in a countenance, was intrusted to my pencil. My benefactor was anxious of bringing me forward; and partly, perhaps, through my actual skill, and partly through his partial predilection, I began to be noted for the expressions of my countenances.

Among the various works which he had undertaken, was an historical piece for one of the palaces of Genoa, in which were to be introduced the likenesses of several of the family. Among these one intrusted to my pencil. It was that of a young girl, who as yet was in a convent for her education. She came out for the purpose of sitting for the picture. I first saw her in an apartment of one of the most magnificent palaces of Genoa. She stood before a canopy that looked out upon the bay; a stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her, and shed a kind of glory upon her, as it lit up the rich crimson chamber. She was but sixteen years of age—and oh, how lovely! The scene broke upon me like a mere vision of spring.

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works which he had used a piece for one of the paintings were to be introduced to the family. Among these was a pencil. It was that of a young man in a convent for her education purpose of sitting for the picture in an apartment of one of the nobles. She stood before a cascade the bay; a stream of vernal and shed a kind of glory to which crimson chamber. She was—*and oh, how lovely!*—like a mere vision of spring

youth and beauty. I could have fallen down and worshipped her. She was like one of those fictions of poets and painters, when they would express the *beau idéal* that haunts their minds with shapes of indescribable perfection. I was permitted to sketch her countenance in various positions, and I fondly protracted the study that was undoing me. The more I gazed on her, the more I became enamoured; there was something almost painful in my intense admiration. I was but nineteen years of age, shy, diffident, and inexperienced. I was treated with attention by her mother; for my youth and my enthusiasm in my art had won favour for me; and I am inclined to think that there was something in my air and manner that inspired interest and respect. Still the kindness with which I was treated could not dispel the embarrassment into which my own imagination threw me when in presence of this lovely being. It elevated her into something almost more than mortal. She seemed too exquisite for earthly use; too delicate and exalted for human attainment. As I sat tracing her charms on my canvass, with my eyes occasionally riveted on her features, I drank in delicious poison that made me giddy. My heart alternately gushed with tenderness, and ached with despair. Now I became more than ever sensible of the violent fires that had lain dormant at the bottom of my soul. You who are born in a more temperate climate, and under a cooler sky, have little idea of the violence of passion in our southern bosoms.

A few days finished my task. Bianca returned to the convent, but her image remained indelibly impressed upon my heart. It dwelt in my imagination; it became my pervading idea of beauty. It had an effect even upon my pencil. I became noted for my facility in depicting female loveliness: it was but because I multiplied the image of Bianca. I soothed and fed my fancy by introducing her in all the productions of my master. I have stood, with delight, in one of the chapels of the Annunciata, and heard the crowd extol the seraphic beauty of a saint which I had painted. I have seen them bow down in adoration before the painting; they were bowing before the loveliness of Bianca.

I existed in this kind of dream, I might almost say ecstasium, for upwards of a year. Such is the tenacity of my imagination, that the image which was formed in it continued in all its power and freshness. Indeed, I was a solitary, meditative being, much given to reverie, and apt to foster ideas which had once taken strong possession of me. I was roused from this fond, melancholy, delicious dream by the death of my worthy benefactor. I cannot describe the pangs of death occasioned me. It left me alone, and almost broken-hearted. He bequeathed to me his little property, which, from the liberality of his disposition, and his expensive style of living, was indeed but small: but he most particularly recommended me, in dying, to the protection of a nobleman who had been his patron.

The latter was a man who passed for munificent. He was a lover and an encourager of the arts, and evidently wished to be thought so. He fancied he saw in me indications of future excellence; my pencil had already attracted attention; he took me at once under his protection. Seeing that I was overwhelmed with grief, and incapable of exerting myself in the mansion of my late benefactor, he invited me to sojourn for a time at a villa which he possessed on the border of the sea, in the picturesque neighbourhood of Sestri di Ponente.

I found at the villa the count's only son, Filippo. He was nearly of my age; prepossessing in his appearance, and fascinating in his manners; he attached himself to me, and seemed to court my good opinion. I thought there was something of profession in his kindness, and of caprice in his disposition; but I had nothing else near me to attach myself to, and my heart felt the need of something to repose upon. His education had been neglected; he looked upon me as his superior in mental powers and acquirements, and tacitly acknowledged my superiority. I felt that I was his equal in birth, and that gave independence to my manners, which had its effect. The caprice and tyranny I saw sometimes exercised on others, over whom he had power, were never manifested towards me. We became intimate friends and frequent companions. Still I loved to be alone, and to indulge in the reveries of my own imagination among the scenery by which I was surrounded.

The villa commanded a wide view of the Mediterranean, and of the picturesque Ligurian coast. It stood alone in the midst of ornamented grounds, finely decorated with statues and fountains, and laid out into groves and alleys, and shady lawns. Every thing was assembled here that could gratify the taste, or agreeably occupy the mind. Soothed by the tranquillity of this elegant retreat, the turbulence of my feelings gradually subsided, and blending with the romantic spell which still reigned over my imagination, produced a soft, voluptuous melancholy.

I had not been long under the roof of the count, when our solitude was enlivened by another inhabitant. It was the daughter of a relative of the count, who had lately died in reduced circumstances, bequeathing this only child to his protection. I had heard much of her beauty from Filippo, but my fancy had become so engrossed by one idea of beauty, as not to admit of any other. We were in the central saloon of the villa when she arrived. She was still in mourning, and approached, leaning on the count's arm. As they ascended the marble portico, I was struck by the elegance of her figure and movement, by the grace with which the *mezzaro*, the bewitching veil of Genoa, was folded about her slender form. They entered. Heavens! what was my surprise when I beheld Bianca before me! It was herself; pale with grief, but still more matured in loveliness than when I had last beheld her. The time that had elapsed had developed the graces of her person, and the sor-

row she had undergone had diffused over her countenance an irresistible tenderness.

She blushed and trembled at seeing me, and tears rushed into her eyes, for she remembered in whose company she had been accustomed to behold me. For my part, I cannot express what were my emotions. By degrees I overcame the extreme shyness that had formerly paralysed me in her presence. We were drawn together by sympathy of situation. We had each lost our best friend in the world; we were each, in some measure, thrown upon the kindness of others. When I came to know her intellectually, all my ideal picturings of her were confirmed. Her newness to the world, her delightful susceptibility to every thing beautiful and agreeable in nature, reminded me of my own emotions when first I escaped from the convent. Her rectitude of thinking delighted my judgment; the sweetness of her nature wrapped itself round my heart; and then her young, and tender, and budding loveliness, sent a delicious madness to my brain.

I gazed upon her with a kind of idolatry, as something more than mortal; and I felt humiliated at the idea of my comparative unworthiness. Yet she was mortal; and one of mortality's most susceptible and loving compounds;—for she loved me!

How first I discovered the transporting truth I cannot recollect. I believe it stole upon me by degrees as a wonder past hope or belief. We were both at such a tender and loving age; in constant intercourse with each other; mingling in the same elegant pursuits;—for music, poetry, and painting, were our mutual delights; and we were almost separated from society among lovely and romantic scenery. Is it strange that two young hearts, thus brought together, should readily twine round each other?

Oh, gods, what a dream—a transient dream of unalloyed delight, then passed over my soul! Then it was that the world around me was indeed a paradise; for I had woman—lovely, delicious woman, to share it with me! How often have I rambled along the picturesque shores of Sestri, or climbed its wild mountains, with the coast gemmed with villas, and the blue sea far below me, and the slender Faro of Genoa on its romantic promontory in the distance; and as I sustained the faltering steps of Bianca, have thought there could no unhappiness enter into so beautiful a world! How often have we listened together to the nightingale, as it poured forth its rich notes among the moonlight bowers of the garden, and have wondered that poets could ever have fancied any thing melancholy in its song! Why, oh why is this budding season of life and tenderness so transient! why is this rosy cloud of love, that sheds such a glow over the morning of our days, so prone to brew up into the whirlwind and the storm!

I was the first to awaken from this blissful delirium of the affections. I had gained Bianca's heart, what was I to do with it? I had no wealth nor prospect to entitle me to her hand; was I to take advantage

of her ignorance of the world, of her confiding affection, and draw her down to my own poverty? Was this requiring the hospitality of the count? was this requiring the love of Bianca?

Now first I began to feel that even successful love may have its bitterness. A corroding care gathered about my heart. I moved about the palace like a guilty being. I felt as if I had abused its hospitality, as if I were a thief within its walls. I could no longer look with unembarrassed mien in the countenance of the count. I accused myself of perfidy to him, and I thought he read it in my looks, and began to distrust and despise me. His manner had always been ostentatious and condescending; it now appeared cold and haughty. Filippo, too, became reserved and distant; or at least I suspected him to be so. Heavens! was this the mere coinage of my brain? Was I to become suspicious of all the world? A poor, surmising wretch, watching looks and gestures, and torturing myself with misconstructions? Or, true, was I to remain beneath a roof where I was merely tolerated, and linger there on sufferance? "This is not to be endured!" exclaimed I: "I will tear myself from this state of self-abasement—I will break through this fascination and fly—Fly!—Whither?—from the world? for where is the world when I leave Bianca behind me?"

My spirit was naturally proud, and swelled within me at the idea of being looked upon with contumely. Many times I was on the point of declaring my family and rank, and asserting my equality in the presence of Bianca, when I thought her relations assumed an air of superiority. But the feeling was transient. I considered myself discarded and condemned by my family; and had solemnly vowed never to own relationship to them until they themselves should claim it.

The struggle of my mind preyed upon my happiness and my health. It seemed as if the uncertainty of being loved would be less intolerable than thus to be assured of it, and yet not dare to enjoy the conviction. I was no longer the enraptured admirer of Bianca; I no longer hung in ecstasy on the tones of her voice, nor drank in with insatiate gaze the beauty of her countenance. Her very smiles ceased to delight me, for I felt culpable in having won them.

She could not but be sensible of the change in me, and inquired the cause with her usual frankness and simplicity. I could not evade the inquiry, for my heart was full to aching. I told her all the conflicts of my soul; my devouring passion, my bitter self-upbraiding. "Yes," said I, "I am unworthy of you. I am an offscart from my family—a wanderer—a nameless, homeless wanderer—with nothing but poverty for my portion; and yet I have dared to love you—have dared to aspire to your love!"

My agitation moved her to tears, but she saw nothing in my situation so hopeless as I had depicted it. Brought up in a convent, she knew nothing of the world—its wants—its cares: and indeed what

of her confiding affection—my own poverty? Was the count? was this?

That even successful love corroding care gathered about the palace like a had abused its hospitality, its walls. I could no longer—mien in the countenance myself of perfidy to him, my looks, and began to His manner had always descending; it now appeared.

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man is a worldly casnist in matters of the heart? Nay more—she kindled into a sweet enthusiasm when she spoke of my fortunes and myself. We had dwelt together on the works of the famous masters. I had related to her their histories; the high reputation, the influence, the magnificence, to which they had attained. The companions of princes, the favourites of kings, the pride and boast of nations. All this she applied to me. Her love saw nothing in all their great productions that I was not able to achieve; and when I beheld the lovely creature glow with fervour, and her whole countenance radiant with visions of my glory, I was snatched up for the moment into the heaven of her own imagination.

I am dwelling too long upon this part of my story; yet I cannot help lingering over a period of my life, on which, with all its cares and conflicts, I look back with fondness, for as yet my soul was unstained by a crime. I do not know what might have been the result of this struggle between pride, delicacy, and passion, had I not read in a Neapolitan gazette an account of the sudden death of my brother. It was accompanied by an earnest inquiry for intelligence concerning me, and a prayer, should this meet my eye, that I would hasten to Naples to comfort an infirm and afflicted father.

I was naturally of an affectionate disposition, but my brother had never been as a brother to me. I had long considered myself as disconnected from him, and his death caused me but little emotion. The thoughts of my father, infirm and suffering, touched me however to the quick; and when I thought of him, that lofty magnificent being, now bowed down and desolate, and suing to me for comfort, all my resentment for past neglect was subdued, and a glow of filial affection was awakened within me.

The predominant feeling, however, that overpowered all others, was transport at the sudden change in my whole fortunes. A home, a name, rank, wealth, awaited me; and love painted a still more rapturous prospect in the distance. I hastened to Bianca, and threw myself at her feet. "Oh, Bianca!" exclaimed I, "at length I can claim you for my own. I am no longer a nameless adventurer, neglected, rejected outcast. Look—read—behold the tidings that restore me to my name and to myself!"

I will not dwell on the scene that ensued. Bianca rejoiced in the reverse of my situation, because she saw it lightened my heart of care; for her own part, she had loved me for myself, and had never doubted that my own merits would command my fame and fortune.

I now felt all my native pride buoyant within me. I no longer walked with my eyes bent to the dust; hope elevated them to the skies—my soul was lit up with fresh fires and beamed from my countenance.

I wished to impart the change in my circumstances to the count; to let him know who and what I was—and to make formal proposals for the hand of Bianca;

but he was absent on a distant estate. I opened my whole soul to Filippo. Now first I told him of my passion, of the doubts and fears that had distracted me, and of the tidings that had suddenly dispelled them. He overwhelmed me with congratulations, and with the warmest expressions of sympathy, I embraced him in the fulness of my heart;—I felt compunctions for having suspected him of coldness, and asked him forgiveness for having ever doubted his friendship.

Nothing is so warm and enthusiastic as a sudden expansion of the heart between young men. Filippo entered into our concerns with the most eager interest. He was our confident and counsellor. It was determined that I should hasten at once to Naples, to re-establish myself in my father's affections, and my paternal home; and the moment the reconciliation was effected, and my father's consent insured, I should return and demand Bianca of the count. Filippo engaged to secure his father's acquiescence; indeed he undertook to watch over our interests, and to be the channel through which we might correspond.

My parting with Bianca was tender—delicious—agonizing. It was in a little pavilion of the garden which had been one of our favourite resorts. How often and often did I return to have one more adieu; to have her look once more on me in speechless emotion; to enjoy once more the rapturous sight of those tears streaming down her lovely cheeks; to seize once more on that delicate hand, the frankly accorded pledge of love, and cover it with tears and kisses! Heavens! there is a delight even in the parting agony of two lovers, worth a thousand tame pleasures of the world. I have her at this moment before my eyes, at the window of the pavilion, putting aside the vines that clustered about the casement, her light form beaming forth in virgin light, her countenance all tears and smiles, sending a thousand and a thousand adieus after me, as, hesitating, in a delirium of fondness and agitation, I faltered my way down the avenue.

As the bark bore me out of the harbour of Genoa, how eagerly my eye stretched along the coast of Sestri till it discovered the villa gleaming from among trees at the foot of the mountain! As long as day lasted, I gazed and gazed upon it till it lessened and lessened to a mere white speck in the distance; and still my intense and fixed gaze discerned it, when all other objects of the coast had blended into indistinct confusion, or were lost in the evening gloom.

On arriving at Naples, I hastened to my paternal home. My heart yearned for the long-withheld blessing of a father's love. As I entered the proud portal of the ancestral palace, my emotions were so great, that I could not speak. No one knew me; the servants gazed at me with curiosity and surprise. A few years of intellectual elevation and development had made a prodigious change in the poor fugitive stripling from the convent. Still that no one should know me in my rightful home was overpowering. I

felt like the prodigal son returned. I was a stranger in the house of my father. I burst into tears and wept aloud. When I made myself known, however, all was changed. I, who had once been almost repulsed from its walls, and forced to fly as an exile, was welcomed back with acclamation, with servility. One of the servants hastened to prepare my father for my reception; my eagerness to receive the paternal embrace was so great, that I could not await his return, but hurried after him. What a spectacle met my eyes as I entered the chamber! My father, whom I had left in the pride of vigorous age, whose noble and majestic bearing had so awed my young imagination, was bowed down and withered into decrepitude. A paralysis had ravaged his stately form, and left it a shaking ruin. He sat propped up in his chair, with pale relaxed visage, and glassy wandering eye. His intellects had evidently shared in the ravage of his frame. The servant was endeavouring to make him comprehend that a visitor was at hand. I tottered up to him and sunk at his feet. All his past coldness and neglect were forgotten in his present sufferings. I remembered only that he was my parent, and that I had deserted him. I clasped his knees: my voice was almost stifled with convulsive sobs. "Pardon—pardon, oh! my father!" was all that I could utter. His apprehension seemed slowly to return to him. He gazed at me for some moments with a vague, inquiring look; a convulsive tremor quivered about his lips; he feebly extended a shaking hand, laid it upon my head, and burst into an infantine flow of tears.

From that moment he would scarcely spare me from his sight. I appeared the only object that his heart responded to in the world; all else was as a blank to him. He had almost lost the powers of speech, and the reasoning faculty seemed at an end. He was mute and passive, excepting that fits of child-like weeping would sometimes come over him without any immediate cause. If I left the room at any time, his eye was incessantly fixed on the door till my return, and on my entrance there was another gush of tears.

To talk with him of my concerns, in this ruined state of mind, would have been worse than useless; to have left him for ever so short a time, would have been cruel, unnatural. Here then was a new trial for my affections. I wrote to Bianca an account of my return, and of my actual situation, painting, in colours vivid, for they were true, the torments I suffered at our being thus separated; for to the youthful lover every day of absence is an age of love lost. I enclosed the letter in one to Filippo, who was the channel of our correspondence. I received a reply from him full of friendship and sympathy; from Bianca, full of assurances of affection and constancy. Week after week, month after month elapsed, without making any change in my circumstances. The vital flame which had seemed nearly extinct when first I met my father, kept fluttering on without any

apparent diminution. I watched him constantly, faithfully, I had almost said patiently. I knew that his death alone would set me free—yet I never at any moment wished it. I felt too glad to be able to make any atonement for past disobedience; and, denied as I had been all endearments of relationship in my early days, my heart yearned towards a father, who in his age and helplessness had thrown himself entirely on me for comfort.

My passion for Bianca gained daily more force from absence: by constant meditation it wore itself a deeper and deeper channel. I made no new friends nor acquaintances; sought none of the pleasures of Naples, which my rank and fortune threw open to me. Mine was a heart that confined itself to few objects, but dwelt upon them with the intenser passion. To sit by my father, administer to his wants, and to meditate on Bianca in the silence of his chamber, was my constant habit. Sometimes I amused myself with my pencil, in portraying the image that was ever present to my imagination. I transferred to canvass every look and smile of hers that dwelt in my heart. I showed them to my father, in hopes of awakening an interest in his bosom for the mere shadow of my love; but he was too far sunk in intellect to take any more than a child-like notice of them. When I received a letter from Bianca, it was a new source of solitary luxury. Her letters, it is true, were less and less frequent, but they were always full of assurances of unabated affection. They breathed not the frank and innocent warmth with which she expressed herself in conversation, but I accounted for it from the embarrassments which inexperienced minds have often to express themselves upon paper. Filippo assured me of her unaltered constancy. They both lamented, in the strongest terms, our continued separation, though they did justice to the filial piety that kept me by my father's side.

Nearly two years elapsed in this protracted exile. To me they were so many ages. Ardent and impatient by nature, I scarcely know how I should have supported so long an absence, had I not felt assured that the faith of Bianca was equal to my own. A length my father died. Life went from him almost imperceptibly. I hung over him in mute affliction and watched the expiring spasms of nature. His faltering accents whispered repeatedly a blessing to me.—Alas! how has it been fulfilled!

When I had paid due honours to his remains, and laid them in the tomb of our ancestors, I arranged briefly my affairs, put them in a posture to be executed at my command from a distance, and embarked once more with a bounding heart for Genoa.

Our voyage was propitious, and oh! what was my rapture, when first, in the dawn of morning, I saw the shadowy summits of the Apennines rising above the like clouds above the horizon! The sweet breath of summer just moved us over the long wavering billows that were rolling us on towards Genoa. By degrees the coast of Sestri rose like a creation of enchantment

from the silver bosom of the deep. I beheld the line of villages and palaces studding its borders. My eye reverted to a well-known point, and at length, from the confusion of distant objects, it singled out the villa which contained Bianca. It was a mere speck in the landscape, but glimmering from afar, the polar star of my heart.

Again I gazed at it for a livelong summer's day, but how different the emotions between departure and return! It now kept growing and growing, instead of lessening and lessening on my sight. My heart seemed to dilate with it. I looked at it through a telescope. It gradually defined one feature after another. The balconies of the central saloon where first I met Bianca beneath its roof; the terrace where we so often had passed the delightful summer evenings; the awning that shaded her chamber window; I almost fancied I saw her form beneath it. Could she but know her lover was in the bark whose white sail now gleamed on the sunny bosom of the sea! My fond impatience increased as we neared the coast; the ship seemed to glide lazily over the billows; I could almost have sprung into the sea, and swum to the desired shore.

The shadows of evening gradually shrouded the scene; but the moon arose in all her fulness and beauty, and shed the tender light, so dear to lovers, over the romantic coast of Sestri. My soul was melted in unutterable tenderness. I anticipated the heavenly evenings I should pass in once more wandering with Bianca by the light of that blessed moon.

It was late at night before we entered the harbour. Early next morning as I could get released from the formalities of landing, I threw myself on horseback, and hastened to the villa. As I galloped round the rocky promontory on which stands the Faro, and the coast of Sestri opening upon me, a thousand anxieties and doubts suddenly sprang up in my bosom. There is something fearful in returning to those we love, while yet uncertain what ills or chances an absence may have effected. The turbulence of agitation shook my very frame. I spurred my horse to redoubled speed; he was covered with foam when we both arrived panting at the gateway that led to the grounds around the villa. I left my horse at a cottage, and walked through the grounds, that I might regain tranquillity for the approaching interview. I chid myself for having suffered mere doubts and surmises thus suddenly to overcome me; I was always prone to be carried away by gusts of feelings.

On entering the garden, every thing bore the same aspect as when I had left it; and this unchanged aspect of things reassured me. There were the alleys in which I had so often walked with Bianca, as we listened to the song of the nightingale; the same trees under which we had so often sat during the sultry heat. There were the same flowers of which Bianca was fond, and which appeared still to be under the ministry of her hand. Every thing looked and felt as of Bianca; hope and joy flushed in my bo-

som at every step. I passed a little arbour, in which we had often sat and read together—a book and a glove lay on the bench—It was Bianca's glove; it was a volume of the *Metastasio* I had given her. The glove lay in my favourite passage. I clasped them to my heart with rapture. "All is safe!" exclaimed I; "she loves me, she is still my own!"

I bounded lightly along the avenue, down which I had faltered so slowly at my departure. I beheld her favourite pavilion, which had witnessed our parting scene. The window was open, with the same vine clambering about it, precisely as when she waved and wept me an adieu. O how transporting was the contrast in my situation! As I passed near the pavilion, I heard the tones of a female voice: they thrilled through me with an appeal to my heart not to be mistaken. Before I could think, I felt they were Bianca's. For an instant I paused, overpowered with agitation. I feared to break so suddenly upon her. I softly ascended the steps of the pavilion. The door was open. I saw Bianca seated at a table; her back was towards me; she was warbling a soft melancholy air, and was occupied in drawing. A glance sufficed to show me that she was copying one of my own paintings. I gazed on her for a moment in a delicious tumult of emotions. She paused in her singing: a heavy sigh, almost a sob followed. I could no longer contain myself. "Bianca!" exclaimed I, in a half-smothered voice. She started at the sound, brushed back the ringlets that hung clustering about her face, darted a glance at me, uttered a piercing shriek, and would have fallen to the earth, had I not caught her in my arms.

"Bianca! my own Bianca!" exclaimed I, folding her to my bosom; my voice stifled in sobs of convulsive joy. She lay in my arms without sense or motion. Alarmed at the effects of my precipitation, I scarce knew what to do. I tried by a thousand endearing words to call her back to consciousness. She slowly recovered, and half-opening her eyes, "Where am I?" murmured she, faintly. "Here!" exclaimed I, pressing her to my bosom, "Here—close to the heart that adores you—in the arms of your faithful *Ottavio*!" "Oh no! no! no!" shrieked she, starting into sudden life and terror—"away! away! leave me! leave me!"

She tore herself from my arms; rushed to a corner of the saloon, and covered her face with her hands, as if the very sight of me were baleful. I was thunder-struck. I could not believe my senses. I followed her, trembling, confounded. I endeavoured to take her hand; but she shrunk from my very touch with horror.

"Good heavens, Bianca!" exclaimed I, "what is the meaning of this? Is this my reception after so long an absence? Is this the love you professed for me?"

At the mention of love, a shuddering ran through her. She turned to me a face wild with anguish: "No more of that—no more of that!" gasped she: "talk not to me of love—I—I—am married!"

I reeled as if I had received a mortal blow—a sickness struck to my very heart. I caught at a window-frame for support. For a moment or two every thing was chaos around me. When I recovered, I beheld Bianca lying on a sofa, her face buried in the pillow, and sobbing convulsively. Indignation for her fickleness for a moment overpowered every other feeling.

"Faithless—perjured!" cried I, striding across the room. But another glance at that beautiful being in distress checked all my wrath. Anger could not dwell together with her idea in my soul.

"Oh! Bianca," exclaimed I, in anguish, "could I have dreamed of this? Could I have suspected you would have been false to me?"

She raised her face all streaming with tears, all disordered with emotion, and gave me one appealing look. "False to you!—They told me you were dead!"

"What," said I, "in spite of our constant correspondence?"

She gazed wildly at me: "Correspondence! what correspondence?"

"Have you not repeatedly received and replied to my letters?"

She clasped her hands with solemnity and fervour. "As I hope for mercy—never!"

A horrible surmise shot through my brain. "Who told you I was dead?"

"It was reported that the ship in which you embarked for Naples perished at sea."

"But who told you the report?"

She paused for an instant, and trembled:—"Filippo."

"May the God of heaven curse him!" cried I, extending my clenched fists aloft.

"O do not curse him, do not curse him!" exclaimed she; "he is—he is—my husband!"

This was all that was wanting to unfold the perfidy that had been practised upon me. My blood boiled like liquid fire in my veins. I gasped with rage too great for utterance—I remained for a time bewildered by the whirl of horrible thoughts that rushed through my mind. The poor victim of deception before me thought it was with her I was incensed. She faintly murmured forth her exculpation. I will not dwell upon it. I saw in it more than she meant to reveal. I saw with a glance how both of us had been betrayed.

"'Tis well," muttered I to myself in smothered accents of concentrated fury. "He shall render an account of all this."

Bianca overheard me. New terror flashed in her countenance. "For mercy's sake, do not meet him!—Say nothing of what has passed—for my sake say nothing to him—I only shall be the sufferer!"

A new suspicion darted across my mind—"What!" exclaimed I, "do you then *fear* him? is he *unkind* to you? Tell me," reiterated I, grasping her hand, and looking her eagerly in the face, "tell me—*dares* he to use you harshly?"

"No! no! no!" cried she faltering and embarrassed—but the glance at her face had told me volumes. I

saw in her pallid and wasted features, in the prompt terror and subdued agony of her eye, a whole history of a mind broken down by tyranny. Great God and was this beautiful flower snatched from me to be thus trampled upon? The idea roused me to madness. I clenched my teeth and my hands; I foamed at the mouth; every passion seemed to have resolved itself into the fury that like a lava boiled within my heart. Bianca shrunk from me in speechless affright. As I strode by the window, my eye darted down the alley. Fatal moment! I beheld Filippo at a distance; my brain was in delirium—I sprang from the pavilion and was before him with the quickness of lightning. He saw me as I came rushing upon him—he turned pale, looked wildly to right and left, as if he would have fled, and trembling drew his sword.

"Wretch!" cried I, "well may you draw your weapon!"

I spoke not another word—I snatched forth a stilette, put by the sword which trembled in his hand, and buried my poniard in his bosom. He fell with the blow, but my rage was unsated. I sprung upon him with the blood-thirsty feeling of a tiger; redoubled my blows; mangled him in my frenzy, grasped him by the throat, until, with reiterated wounds and strangling convulsions, he expired in my grasp. He remained glaring on the countenance, horrible death, that seemed to stare back with its protruded eyes upon me. Piercing shrieks roused me from delirium. I looked round, and beheld Bianca flying distractedly towards us. My brain whirled—I wanted not to meet her; but fled from the scene of horror. I fled forth from the garden like another Cain, hell within my bosom, and a curse upon my head. I fled without knowing whither, almost without knowing why. My only idea was to get farther and farther from the horrors I had left behind; as if I threw space between myself and my conscience. I fled to the Apennines, and wandered for days among their savage heights. How I existed cannot tell—what rocks and precipices I braved, how I braved them, I know not. I kept on and on, trying to out-travel the curse that clung to me. All the shrieks of Bianca rung for ever in my ears. The horrible countenance of my victim was for ever before my eyes. The blood of Filippo cried to me from the ground. Rocks, trees, and torrents, all sounded with my crime. Then it was I felt how much more insupportable is the anguish of remorse than every other mental pang. Oh! could I have cast off this crime that festered in my breast—could I but have regained the innocence that rested in my breast as I entered the garden at Seville—could I but have restored my victim to life, I felt if I could look on with transport, even though he were in his arms.

By degrees this frenzied fever of remorse passed into a permanent malady of the mind—into the most horrible that ever poor wretch was afflicted with. Wherever I went, the countenance of

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and plain appeared to follow me. Whenever I turn
my head, I beheld it behind me, hideous with the
contortions of the dying moment. I have tried in
every way to escape from this horrible phantom, but
in vain. I know not whether it be an illusion of the
mind, the consequence of my dismal education at the
convent, or whether a phantom really sent by Heaven
to punish me, but there it ever is—at all times—in
all places. Nor has time nor habit had any effect in
familiarizing me with its terrors. I have travelled from
place to place—plunged into amusements—tried dis-
ipation and distraction of every kind—all—all in vain.
I once had recourse to my pencil, as a desperate ex-
periment. I painted an exact resemblance of this
phantom face. I placed it before me, in hopes that
by constantly contemplating the copy, I might di-
minish the effect of the original. But I only doubled
instead of diminishing the misery. Such is the curse
that has clung to my footsteps—that has made my life
a burthen, but the thought of death terrible. God
knows what I have suffered—what days and days,
and nights and nights of sleepless torment—what a
ever-dying worm has preyed upon my heart—what
an unquenchable fire has burned within my brain!
He knows the wrongs that wrought upon my poor
weak nature; that converted the tenderness of af-
fections into the deadliest of fury. He knows best
whether a frail erring creature has expiated by long-
enduring torture and measureless remorse the crime
of a moment of madness. Often, often have I pros-
trated myself in the dust, and implored that he would
give me a sign of his forgiveness, and let me die—

Thus far had I written some time since. I had
wanted to leave this record of misery and crime with
you, to be read when I should be no more.
My prayer to Heaven has at length been heard.
You were witness to my emotions last evening at the
church, when the vaulted temple resounded with the
words of atonement and redemption. I heard a voice
speaking to me from the midst of the music; I heard
rising above the pealing of the organ and the voices
of the choir—it spoke to me in tones of celestial me-
lody—it promised mercy and forgiveness, but de-
manded from me full expiation. I go to make it. To-
morrow I shall be on my way to Genoa, to surrender
myself to justice. You who have pitied my sufferings,
who have poured the balm of sympathy into my
wounds, do not shrink from my memory with ab-
solute indifference now that you know my story. Recollect,
when you read of my crime I shall have atoned
for it with my blood!

When the Baronet had finished, there was a uni-
versal desire expressed to see the painting of this
fatal visage. After much entreaty the Baronet
consented, on condition that they should only visit it
by one. He called his housekeeper, and gave her
charge to conduct the gentlemen, singly, to the cham-
ber. They all returned varying in their stories.

Some affected in one way, some in another; some
more, some less; but all agreeing that there was a
certain something about the painting that had a very
odd effect upon the feelings.

I stood in a deep bow-window with the Baronet,
and could not help expressing my wonder. “After
all,” said I, “there are certain mysteries in our
nature, certain inscrutable impulses and influences,
which warrant one in being superstitious. Who can
account for so many persons of different characters
being thus strangely affected by a mere painting?”

“And especially when not one of them has seen
it!” said the Baronet, with a smile.

“How!” exclaimed I, “not seen it?”
“Not one of them!” replied he, laying his finger
on his lips, in sign of secrecy. “I saw that some of
them were in a bantering vein, and I did not chuse
that the memento of the poor Italian should be made
a jest of. So I gave the housekeeper a hint to show
them all to a different chamber!”

Thus end the stories of the Nervous Gentleman.

PART II.

BUCKTHORNE AND HIS FRIENDS.

This world is the best that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known.
Lines from an Inn Window.

LITERARY LIFE.

AMONG other subjects of a traveller's curiosity, I
had at one time a great craving after anecdotes of li-
terary life; and being at London, one of the most
noted places for the production of books, I was ex-
cessively anxious to know something of the animals
which produced them. Chance fortunately threw
me in the way of a literary man by the name of Buck-
thorne, an eccentric personage, who had lived much
in the metropolis, and could give me the natural his-
tory of every odd animal to be met with in that wil-
derness of men. He readily imparted to me some
useful hints upon the subject of my inquiry.

“The literary world,” said he, “is made up of
little confederacies, each looking upon its own mem-
bers as the lights of the universe; and considering all
others as mere transient meteors, doomed soon to fall
and be forgotten, while its own luminaries are to shine
steadily on to immortality.”

“And pray,” said I, “how is a man to get a peep
into those confederacies you speak of? I presume an
intercourse with authors is a kind of intellectual ex-

change, where one must bring his commodities to barter, and always give a *quid pro quo*."

"Pooh, pooh! how you mistake," said Buckthorne, smiling; "you must never think to become popular among wits by shining. They go into society to shine themselves, not to admire the brilliancy of others. I once thought as you do, and never went into literary society without studying my part beforehand; the consequence was, that I soon got the name of an intolerable proser, and should, in a little while, have been completely excommunicated, had I not changed my plan of operations. No, sir, there is no character that succeeds so well among wits as that of a good listener; or if ever you are eloquent, let it be when tête-à-tête with an author, and then in praise of his own works, or, what is nearly as acceptable, in disparagement of the works of his contemporaries. If ever he speaks favourably of the productions of a particular friend, dissent boldly from him; pronounce his friend to be a blockhead; never fear his being vexed; much as people speak of the irritability of authors, I never found one to take offence at such contradictions. No, no, sir, authors are particularly candid in admitting the faults of their friends.

"Indeed, I would advise you to be extremely sparing of remarks on all modern works, except to make sarcastic observations on the most distinguished writers of the day."

"Faith," said I, "I'll praise none that have not been dead for at least half a century."

"Even then," observed Mr Buckthorne, "I would advise you to be rather cautious; for you must know that many old writers have been enlisted under the banners of different sects, and their merits have become as completely topics of party discussion as the merits of living statesmen and politicians. Nay, there have been whole periods of literature absolutely taboo'd, to use a South Sea phrase. It is, for example, as much as a man's critical reputation is worth in some circles, to say a word in praise of any of the writers of the reign of Charles the Second, or even of Queen Anne, they being all declared Frenchmen in disguise."

"And pray," said I, "when am I then to know that I am on safe grounds, being totally unacquainted with the literary landmarks, and the boundary-line of fashionable taste?"

"Oh!" replied he, "there is fortunately one tract of literature which forms a kind of neutral ground, on which all the literary meet amicably, and run riot in the excess of their good humour; and this is in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Here you may praise away at random. Here it is 'cut and come again;' and the more obscure the author, and the more quaint and crabbed his style, the more your admiration will smack of the real relish of the connoisseur; whose taste, like that of an epicure, is always for game that has an antiquated flavour.

"But, continued he, "as you seem anxious to know something of literary society, I will take an

opportunity to introduce you to some coterie, where the talents of the day are assembled. I cannot promise you, however, that they will all be of the first order. Somehow or other, our great geniuses are not gregarious; they do not go in flocks, but fly singly in general society. They prefer mingling, like common men, with the multitude, and are apt to carry nothing of the author about them but the reputation. It is only the inferior orders that herd together, acquire strength and importance by the confederacies, and bear all the distinctive characteristics of their species."

A LITERARY DINNER.

A FEW days after this conversation with Mr Buckthorne, he called upon me, and took me with him to a regular literary dinner. It was given by a bookseller, or rather a company of booksellers, who firm surpassed in length that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

I was surprised to find between twenty and thirty guests assembled, most of whom I had never seen before. Mr Buckthorne explained this to me, by informing me that this was a business dinner, or kind of field-day, which the house gave about twice a year to its authors. It is true they did occasionally give snug dinners to three or four literary men at a time; but then these were generally select authors, favourites of the public, such as had arrived at the sixth or seventh editions. "There are," said he, "certain geographical boundaries in the land of literature, and you may judge tolerably well of an author's popularity by the wine his bookseller gives him. An author crosses the port line about the third edition, and gets into claret; and when he has reached the six or seventh, he may revel in champagne or burgundy."

"And pray," said I, "how far may these gentlemen have reached that I see around me; are any of these claret drinkers?"

"Not exactly, not exactly. You find at these dinners the common steady run of authors, one or two edition men; or if any others are invited, they are aware that it is a kind of republican meeting. You understand me—a meeting of the republic of letters; and that they must expect nothing but a substantial fare."

These hints enabled me to comprehend more of the arrangement of the table. The two ends were occupied by two partners of the house; and the middle seemed to have adopted Addison's idea as to the rare precedence of his guests. A popular poet sat the post of honour; opposite to whom was a hot-headed traveller in quarto with plates. A grave-looking antiquarian, who had produced several solid works that were much quoted and little read, was

with great respect, and seated next to a neat dressy gentleman in black, who had written a thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo on political economy, that was getting into fashion. Several three volume duodecimo men, of fair currency, were placed about the centre of the table; while the lower end was taken up with small poets, translators, and authors who had not as yet risen into much notoriety.

The conversation during dinner was by fits and starts; breaking out here and there in various parts of the table in small flashes, and ending in smoke. The poet, who had the confidence of a man on good terms with the world, and independent of his bookseller, was very gay and brilliant, and said many clever things which set the partner next him in a roar, and delighted all the company. The other partner, however, maintained his sedateness, and kept carving on, with the air of a thorough man of business, intent upon the occupation of the moment. His gravity was explained to me by my friend Buckthorne. He informed me that the concerns of the house were admirably distributed among the partners. "Thus, for instance," said he, "the grave gentleman is the carving partner, who attends to the joints; and the other is the laughing partner, who attends to the jokes."

The general conversation was chiefly carried on at the upper end of the table, as the authors there seemed to possess the greatest courage of the tongue. As to the crew at the lower end, if they did not make much figure in talking, they did in eating. Never was there a more determined, inveterate, thoroughly-sustained attack on the trencher than by this phalanx of masticators. When the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate, they grew very merry and jocose among themselves. Their jokes, however, if by chance any of them reached the upper end of the table, seldom produced much effect. Even the laughing partner did not seem to think it necessary to honour them with a smile; which my neighbour Buckthorne accounted for, by informing me that there was a certain degree of popularity to be obtained before a bookseller could afford to laugh at an author's jokes.

Among this crew of questionable gentlemen thus seated below the salt, my eye singled out one in particular. He was rather shabbily dressed; though he had evidently made the most of a rusty black coat, and wore his shirt-frill plaited and puffed out voluminously at the bosom. His face was dusky, but florid, perhaps a little too florid, particularly about the nose; though the rosy hue gave the greater lustre to a twinkling black eye. He had a little the look of a boon companion, with that dash of the poor devil which gives an inexpressibly mellow tone to a man's humour. I had seldom seen a face of richer promise; but never was promise so ill kept. He said nothing, ate and drank with the keen appetite of a creature, and scarcely stopped to laugh, even at the good jokes from the upper end of the table. I in-

quired who he was. Buckthorne looked at him attentively: "Gad," said he, "I have seen that face before, but where I cannot recollect. He cannot be an author of any note. I suppose some writer of sermons, or grinder of foreign travels."

After dinner we retired to another room to take tea and coffee, where we were reinforced by a cloud of inferior guests,—authors of small volumes in boards, and pamphlets stitched in blue paper. These had not as yet arrived to the importance of a dinner invitation, but were invited occasionally to pass the evening "in a friendly way." They were very respectful to the partners, and, indeed, seemed to stand a little in awe of them; but they paid devoted court to the lady of the house, and were extravagantly fond of the children. Some few, who did not feel confidence enough to make such advances, stood shyly off in corners, talking to one another; or turned over the portfolios of prints which they had not seen above five thousand times, or moused over the music on the forte-piano.

The poet and the thin octavo gentleman were the persons most current and at their ease in the drawing-room; being men evidently of circulation in the west end. They got on each side of the lady of the house, and paid her a thousand compliments and civilities, at some of which I thought she would have expired with delight. Every thing they said and did had the odour of fashionable life. I looked round in vain for the poor-devil author in the rusty black coat; he had disappeared immediately after leaving the table, having a dread, no doubt, of the glaring light of a drawing-room. Finding nothing further to interest my attention, I took my departure soon after coffee had been served, leaving the poet, and the thin, genteel, hot-pressed, octavo gentleman, masters of the field.

THE CLUB OF QUEER FELLOWS.

I THINK it was the very next evening that, in coming out of Covent Garden Theatre with my eccentric friend Buckthorne, he proposed to give me another peep at life and character. Finding me willing for any research of the kind, he took me through a variety of the narrow courts and lanes about Covent Garden, until we stopped before a tavern from which we heard the bursts of merriment of a jovial party. There would be a loud peal of laughter, then an interval, then another peal, as if a prime wag were telling a story. After a little while there was a song, and at the close of each stanza a hearty roar, and a vehement thumping on the table.

"This is the place," whispered Buckthorne; "it is the club of queer fellows, a great resort of the small wits, third-rate actors, and newspaper critics of the theatres. Any one can go in on paying a sixpence at the bar for the use of the club."

We entered, therefore, without ceremony, and took our seats at a lone table in a dusky corner of the room. The club was assembled round a table, on which stood beverages of various kinds, according to the tastes of the individuals. The members were a set of queer fellows indeed; but what was my surprise on recognizing in the prime wit of the meeting the poor-devil author whom I had remarked at the booksellers' dinner for his promising face and his complete taciturnity! Matters, however, were entirely changed with him. There he was a mere cipher; here he was lord of the ascendant, the choice spirit, the dominant genius. He sat at the head of the table with his hat on, and an eye beaming even more luminously than his nose. He had a quip and a sillip for every one, and a good thing on every occasion. Nothing could be said or done without eliciting a spark from him; and I solemnly declare I have heard much worse wit even from noblemen. His jokes, it must be confessed, were rather wet, but they suited the circle over which he presided. The company were in that maudlin mood, when a little wit goes a great way. Every time he opened his lips there was sure to be a roar; and even sometimes before he had time to speak.

We were fortunate enough to enter in time for a glee composed by him expressly for the club, and which he sang with two boon companions, who would have been worthy subjects for Hogarth's pencil. As they were each provided with a written copy, I was enabled to procure the reading of it :

Merrily, merrily push round the glass,
And merrily troll the glee;
For he who won't drink till he wink is an ass :
So, neighbour, I drink to thee.

Merrily, merrily fuddle thy nose,
Until it right rosy shall be;
For a jolly red nose, I speak under the rose,
Is a sign of good company.

We waited until the party broke up, and no one but the wit remained. He sat at the table with his legs stretched under it, and wide apart; his hands in his breeches pockets; his head drooped upon his breast; and gazing with lack-lustre countenance on an empty tankard. His gaiety was gone, his fire completely quenched.

My companion approached, and startled him from his fit of brown study, introducing himself on the strength of their having dined together at the booksellers'.

"By the way," said he, "it seems to me I have seen you before; your face is surely that of an old acquaintance, though, for the life of me, I cannot tell where I have known you."

"Very likely," replied he with a smile: "many of my old friends have forgotten me. Though, to tell the truth, my memory in this instance is as bad as your own. If, however, it will assist your recollection in any way, my name is Thomas Dribble, at your service."

"What! Tom Dribble, who was at old Birchell's school in Warwickshire?"

"The same," said the other coolly.

"Why, then, we are old schoolmates, though it's no wonder you don't recollect me. I was your junior by several years; don't you recollect little Jack Buckthorne?"

Here there ensued a scene of school-fellow recognition, and a world of talk about old school times and school pranks. Mr Dribble ended by observing, with a heavy sigh, "that times were sadly changed since those days."

"Faith, Mr Dribble," said I, "you seem quite a different man here from what you were at dinner. I had no idea that you had so much stuff in you. There you were all silence, but here you absolutely keep the table in a roar."

"Ah! my dear sir," replied he, with a shake of the head, and a shrug of the shoulder, "I'm a mere glow-worm. I never shine by daylight. Besides, it's a hard thing for a poor devil of an author to shine at the table of a rich bookseller. Who do you think would laugh at any thing I could say, when I had some of the current wits of the day about me? But here, though a poor devil, I am among still poorer devils than myself; men who look up to me as a man of letters, and a bel-esprit, and all my jokes pass as sterling gold from the mint."

"You surely do yourself injustice, sir," said I; "I have certainly heard more good things from you this evening, than from any of those beaux-esprits by whom you appear to have been so daunted."

"Ah, sir! but they have luck on their side: they are in the fashion—there's nothing like being in fashion. A man that has once got his character up for a wit is always sure of a laugh, say what he may. He may utter as much nonsense as he pleases, and all will pass current. No one stops to question the coin of a rich man; but a poor devil cannot pass off either a joke or a guinea, without its being examined on both sides. Wit and coin are always doubted with a threadbare coat."

"For my part," continued he, giving his hat a twist a little more on one side, "for my part, I hate your fine dinners; there's nothing, sir, like the freedom of a chop-house. I'd rather, any time, have my steak and tankard among my own set, than drink claret and eat venison with your cursed civil, elegant company who never laugh at a good joke from a poor devil for fear of its being vulgar. A good joke grows in a wet soil; it flourishes in low places, but withers on your d—d high, dry grounds. I once kept high company, sir, until I nearly ruined myself; I grew so dull, and vapid, and genteel. Nothing saved me but being arrested by my landlady, and thrown into prison; where a course of catch clubs, eight-penny ale, and poor devil company, manured my mind, and brought me back to itself again."

As it was now growing late, we parted for the evening, though I felt anxious to know more of the practical philosopher. I was glad, therefore, when Buckthorne proposed to have another meeting,

talk over old school-times, and inquired his schoolmate's address. The latter seemed at first a little shy of naming his lodgings; but suddenly, assuming an air of hardihood—"Green-arbour court, sir," exclaimed he—"Number—in Green-arbour-court. You must know the place. Classic ground, sir, classic ground! It was there Goldsmith wrote his Vicar of Wakefield—I always like to live in literary haunts."

I was amused with this whimsical apology for shabby quarters. On our way homeward, Buckthorne assured me that this Dribble had been the prime wit and great wag of the school in their boyish days, and one of those unlucky urchins denominated bright geniuses. As he perceived me curious respecting his old schoolmate, he promised to take me with him in his proposed visit to Green-arbour-court.

A few mornings afterward he called upon me, and we set forth on our expedition. He led me through a variety of singular alleys, and courts, and blind passages; for he appeared to be perfectly versed in all the intricate geography of the metropolis. At length we came out upon Fleet-market, and traversing it, turned up a narrow street to the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps, called Break-neck-stairs. These, he told me, led up to Green-arbour-court, and that down them poor Goldsmith might many a time have risked his neck. When we entered the court, I could not but smile to think in what sort-of-the-way corners genius produces her bantlings! And the Muses, those capricious dames, who, forsooth, so often refuse to visit palaces, and deny a single smile to votaries in splendid studies, and gilded drawing-rooms,—what holes and burrows will they frequent, to lavish their favours on some ragged disciple!

This Green-arbour-court I found to be a small square, of tall and miserable houses, the very interiors of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. It appeared to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry. Just as we entered the square, a scuffle took place between two viragos about a disputed right to a wash-tub, and immediately the whole community was in a hubbub. Heads in mob-caps popped out of every window, and such a clamour of tongues ensued, that was vain to stop my ears. Every amazon took part with one or other of the disputants, and brandished her arms, dripping with soap-suds, and fired away from her window as from the embrasure of a fortress, while the swarms of children nestled and cradled in every preceant chamber of this hive, waking with the noise, set up their shrill pipes to swell the general concert.

Poor Goldsmith! what a time must he have had of it, with his quiet disposition and nervous habits, cramped up in this den of noise and vulgarity! How strange, that while every sight and sound was suffi-

cient to embitter the heart, and fill it with misanthropy, his pen should be dropping the honey of Hybla! Yet it is more than probable that he drew many of his inimitable pictures of low life from the scenes which surrounded him in this abode. The circumstance of Mrs Tibbs being obliged to wash her husband's two shirts in a neighbour's house, who refused to lend her wash-tub, may have been no sport of fancy, but a fact passing under his own eye. His landlady may have sat for the picture, and Beau Tibbs' scanty wardrobe have been a *fac simile* of his own.

It was with some difficulty that we found our way to Dribble's lodgings. They were up two pair of stairs, in a room that looked upon the court, and when we entered, he was seated on the edge of his bed, writing at a broken table. He received us, however, with a free, open, poor-devil air, that was irresistible. It is true he did at first appear slightly confused; buttoned up his waistcoat a little higher, and tucked in a stray frill of linen. But he recollected himself in an instant; gave a half swagger, half leer, as he stepped forth to receive us; drew a three-legged stool for Mr Buckthorne; pointed me to a lumbering old damask chair, that looked like a dethroned monarch in exile; and bade us welcome to his garret.

We soon got engaged in conversation. Buckthorne and he had much to say about early school scenes; and as nothing opens a man's heart more than recollections of the kind, we soon drew from him a brief outline of his literary career.

THE POOR-DEVIL AUTHOR.

I BEGAN life unluckily by being the wag and bright fellow at school; and I had the further misfortune of becoming the great genius of my native village. My father was a country attorney, and intended that I should succeed him in business; but I had too much genius to study, and he was too fond of my genius to force it into the traces: so I fell into bad company, and took to bad habits. Do not mistake me. I mean that I fell into the company of village literati, and village blues, and took to writing village poetry.

It was quite the fashion in the village to be literary. There was a little knot of choice spirits of us, who assembled frequently together, formed ourselves into a Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical Society, and fancied ourselves the most learned Philos in existence. Every one had a great character assigned him, suggested by some casual habit or affectation. One heavy fellow drank an enormous quantity of tea, rolled in his arm-chair, talked sententiously, pronounced dogmatically, and was considered a second Dr Johnson; another, who happened to be a curate, uttered coarse jokes, wrote doggerel rhymes, and was the

Swift of our association. Thus we had also our Popes, and Goldsmiths, and Addisons; and a blue stocking lady, whose drawing-room we frequented, who corresponded about nothing with all the world, and wrote letters with the stiffness and formality of a printed book, was cried up as another Mrs Montagu. I was, by common consent, the juvenile prodigy, the poetical youth, the great genius, the pride and hope of the village, through whom it was to become one day as celebrated as Stratford-on-Avon.

My father died, and left me his blessing and his business. His blessing brought no money into my pocket; and as to his business, it soon deserted me; for I was busy writing poetry, and could not attend to law, and my clients, though they had great respect for my talents, had no faith in a poetical attorney.

I lost my business, therefore, spent my money, and finished my poem. It was the Pleasures of Melancholy, and was cried up to the skies by the whole circle. The Pleasures of Imagination, the Pleasures of Hope, and the Pleasures of Memory, though each had placed its author in the first rank of poets, were blank prose in comparison. Our Mrs Montagu would cry over it from beginning to end. It was pronounced by all the members of the Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical Society, the greatest poem of the age, and all anticipated the noise it would make in the great world. There was not a doubt but the London booksellers would be mad after it, and the only fear of my friends was, that I would make a sacrifice by selling it too cheap. Every time they talked the matter over, they increased the price. They reckoned up the great sums given for the poems of certain popular writers, and determined that mine was worth more than all put together, and ought to be paid for accordingly. For my part, I was modest in my expectations, and determined that I would be satisfied with a thousand guineas. So I put my poem in my pocket, and set off for London.

My journey was joyous. My heart was light as my purse, and my head full of anticipations of fame and fortune. With what swelling pride did I cast my eyes upon old London from the heights of Highgate! I was like a general, looking down upon a place he expects to conquer. The great metropolis lay stretched before me, buried under a home-made cloud of murky smoke, that wrapped it from the brightness of a sunny day, and formed for it a kind of artificial bad weather. At the outskirts of the city, away to the west, the smoke gradually decreased until all was clear and sunny, and the view stretched uninterrupted to the blue line of the Kentish hills.

My eye turned fondly to where the mighty cupola of St Paul swelled dimly through this misty chaos, and I pictured to myself the solemn realm of learning that lies about its base. How soon should the Pleasures of Melancholy throw this world of booksellers and printers into a bustle of business and delight! How soon should I hear my name repeated by printers' devils throughout Paternoster-row, and Angel-court,

and Ave-Maria-lane, until Amen-corner should echo back the sound!

Arrived in town, I repaired at once to the most fashionable publisher. Every new author patronizes him of course. In fact, it had been determined in the village circle that he should be the fortunate man. I cannot tell you how vaingloriously I walked the streets. My head was in the clouds. I felt the airs of heaven playing about it, and fancied it already encircled by a halo of literary glory. As I passed by the windows of bookshops, I anticipated the time when my work would be shining among the hot-pressed wonders of the day; and my face, scratched on copper, or cut on wood, figuring in fellowship with those of Scott, and Byron, and Moore.

When I applied at the publisher's house, there was something in the loftiness of my air, and the dinginess of my dress, that struck the clerks with reverence. They doubtless took me for some person of consequence: probably a digger of Greek roots, or a penetrator of pyramids. A proud man in a dirty shirt is always an imposing character in the world of letters: one must feel intellectually secure before he can venture to dress shabbily; none but a great genius, or a great scholar, dares to be dirty: so I was ushered at once to the sanctum sanctorum of this high priest of Minerva.

The publishing of books is a very different affair now-a-days from what it was in the time of Bernard Lintot. I found the publisher a fashionably dressed man, in an elegant drawing-room, furnished with sofas and portraits of celebrated authors, and cases of splendidly bound books. He was writing letters at an elegant table. This was transacting business in style. The place seemed suited to the magnificent publications that issued from it. I rejoiced at the choice I had made of a publisher, for I always liked to encourage men of taste and spirit.

I stepped up to the table with the lofty poetical pose that I had been accustomed to maintain in our village circle; though I threw in it something of a patronizing air, such as one feels when about to make a man of fortune. The publisher paused with his pen in his hand, and seemed waiting in mute suspense to know what was to be announced by so singular an apparition.

I put him at his ease in a moment, for I felt that I had but to come, see, and conquer. I made known my name, and the name of my poem; produced my precious roll of blotted manuscript; laid it on the table with an emphasis; and told him at once, to save time, and come directly to the point, the price was one thousand guineas.

I had given him no time to speak, nor did he seem so inclined. He continued looking at me for a moment with an air of whimsical perplexity; scanned me from head to foot; looked down at the manuscript; then up again at me, then pointed to a chair; and whistling softly to himself, went on writing his letter.

I sat for some time waiting his reply, supposing

was making up his mind; but he only paused occasionally to take a fresh dip of ink, to stroke his chin, or the tip of his nose, and then resumed his writing. It was evident his mind was intently occupied upon some other subject; but I had no idea that any other subject should be attended to, and my poem lie unnoticed on the table. I had supposed that every thing would make way for the Pleasures of Melancholy.

My gorge at length rose within me. I took up my manuscript, thrust it into my pocket, and walked out of the room: making some noise as I went out, to let my departure be heard. The publisher, however, was too much buried in minor concerns to notice it. I was suffered to walk down stairs without being called back. I sallied forth into the street, but no clerk was sent after me; nor did the publisher call after me from the drawing-room window. I have been told since, that he considered me either a madman or a fool. I leave you to judge how much he was in the wrong in his opinion.

When I turned the corner my crest fell. I cooled down in my pride and my expectations, and reduced my terms with the next bookseller to whom I applied. I had no better success; nor with a third, nor with a fourth. I then desired the booksellers to make an offer themselves; but the deuce an offer would they make. They told me poetry was a mere drug; every

body wrote poetry; the market was overstocked with it. And then they said, the title of my poem was not making; that pleasures of all kinds were worn threadbare, nothing but horrors did now-a-days, and even those were almost worn out. Tales of Pirates, Robbers, and Bloody Turks, might answer tolerably well; but then they must come from some established well-known name, or the public would not look at them.

At last I offered to leave my poem with a bookseller, to read it, and judge for himself. "Why, really, my dear Mr—a—a—I forget your name," said he, casting an eye at my rusty coat and shabby gaiters, "really, sir, we are so pressed with business just now, we have so many manuscripts on hand to read, that we have not time to look at any new productions; but you can call again in a week or two, or say the middle of next month, we may be able to look over your writings, and give you an answer. Don't forget, the month after next; good morning, sir; happy to see you any time you are passing this way." So saying, he bowed me out in the civillest way imaginable. In short, sir, instead of an eager competition to secure my poem, I could not even get it read! In the mean time I was harassed by letters from my friends, wanting to know when the work was to appear; who was to be my publisher; but, above all things, warning me not to let it go too cheap.

There was but one alternative left. I determined to publish the poem myself; and to have my triumph over the booksellers, when it should become the fashion of the day. I accordingly published the Pleasures of Melancholy, and ruined myself. Excepting copies sent to the reviews, and to my friends in

the country, not one, I believe, ever left the bookseller's warehouse. The printer's bill drained my purse, and the only notice that was taken of my work, was contained in the advertisements paid for by myself.

I could have borne all this, and have attributed it, as usual, to the mismanagement of the publisher, or the want of taste in the public, and could have made the usual appeal to posterity; but my village friends would not let me rest in quiet. They were picturing me to themselves feasting with the great, communing with the literary, and in the high career of fortune and renown. Every little while, some one would call on me with a letter of introduction from the village circle, recommending him to my attentions, and requesting that I would make him known in society; with a hint, that an introduction to a celebrated literary nobleman would be extremely agreeable. I determined, therefore, to change my lodgings, drop my correspondence, and disappear altogether from the view of my village admirers. Besides, I was anxious to make one more poetic attempt. I was by no means disheartened by the failure of my first. My poem was evidently too didactic. The public was wise enough. It no longer read for instruction. "They want horrors, do they?" said I: "I' faith! then they shall have enough of them." So I looked out for some quiet, retired place, where I might be out of reach of my friends, and have leisure to cook up some delectable dish of poetical "hell-broth."

I had some difficulty in finding a place to my mind, when chance threw me in the way of Canonbury Castle. It is an ancient brick tower, hard by "merry Islington;" the remains of a hunting-seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the country when the neighborhood was all woodland. What gave it particular interest in my eyes was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet. It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote his *Deserted Village*. I was shown the very apartment. It was a relique of the original style of the castle, with paneled wainscots and Gothic windows. I was pleased with its air of antiquity, and with its having been the residence of poor Goldy.

"Goldsmith was a pretty poet," said I to myself, "a very pretty poet, though rather of the old school. He did not think and feel so strongly as is the fashion now-a-days; but had he lived in these times of hot hearts and hot heads, he would no doubt have written quite differently."

In a few days I was quietly established in my new quarters; my books all arranged; my writing-desk placed by a window looking out into the fields; and I felt as snug as Robinson Crusoe, when he had finished his bower. For several days I enjoyed all the novelty of change and the charms which grace new lodgings, before one has found out their defects. I rambled about the fields where I fancied Goldsmith had rambled. I explored merry Islington; ate my solitary dinner at the Black Bull, which, according to

tradition, was a country-seat of Sir Walter Raleigh ; and would sit and sip my wine, and muse on old times, in a quaint old room, where many a council had been held.

All this did very well for a few days. I was stimulated by novelty ; inspired by the associations awakened in my mind by these curious haunts ; and began to think I felt the spirit of composition stirring within me. But Sunday came, and with it the whole city world, swarming about Canonbury Castle. I could not open my window but I was stunned with shouts and noises from the cricket ground ; the late quiet road beneath my window was alive with the tread of feet and clack of tongues ; and, to complete my misery, I found that my quiet retreat was absolutely a "show house," the tower and its contents being shown to strangers at sixpence a-head.

There was a perpetual tramping up stairs of citizens and their families, to look about the country from the top of the tower, and to take a peep at the city through the telescope, to try if they could discern their own chimneys. And then, in the midst of a vein of thought, or a moment of inspiration, I was interrupted, and all my ideas put to flight, by my intolerable landlady's tapping at the door, and asking me if I would "just please to let a lady and gentleman come in, to take a look at Mr Goldsmith's room." If you know any thing of what an author's study is, and what an author is himself, you must know that there was no standing this. I put a positive interdict on my room's being exhibited ; but then it was shown when I was absent, and my papers put in confusion ; and, on returning home one day, I absolutely found a cursed tradesman and his daughters gaping over my manuscripts, and my landlady in a panic at my appearance. I tried to make out a little longer, by taking the key in my pocket ; but it would not do. I overheard mine hostess one day telling some of her customers on the stairs, that the room was occupied by an author, who was always in a tantrum if interrupted ; and I immediately perceived, by a slight noise at the door, that they were peeping at me through the key-hole. By the head of Apollo, but this was quite too much ! With all my eagerness for fame, and my ambition of the stare of the million, I had no idea of being exhibited by retail, at sixpence a-head, and that through a key-hole. So I bade adieu to Canonbury Castle, merry Islington, and the haunts of poor Goldsmith, without having advanced a single line in my labours.

My next quarters were at a small, white-washed cottage, which stands not far from Hampstead, just on the brow of a hill ; looking over Chalk Farm and Camden Town, remarkable for the rival houses of Mother Red Cap and Mother Black Cap ; and so across Cracksnall Common to the distant city.

The cottage was in no wise remarkable in itself ; but I regarded it with reverence, for it had been the asylum of a persecuted author. Had poor Steele had retreated, and lain perdu, when persecuted by

creditors and bailiffs—those immemorial plagues of authors and free-spirited gentlemen ; and here he had written many numbers of the Spectator. It was from hence, too, that he had dispatched those little notes to his lady, so full of affection and whimsicality, in which the fond husband, the careless gentleman, and the shifting spendthrift, were so oddly blended. I thought, as I first eyed the window of his apartment, that I could sit within it and write volumes.

No such thing ! It was hay-making season, and, as ill-luck would have it, immediately opposite the cottage was a little alehouse, with the sign of the Load of Hay. Whether it was there in Steele's time, I cannot say ; but it set all attempts at conception or inspiration at defiance. It was the resort of all the Irish hay-makers who mow the broad fields in the neighbourhood ; and of drovers and teamsters who travel that road. Here they would gather in the endless summer twilight, or by the light of the harvest moon, and sit round a table at the door ; and tittle, and laugh, and quarrel, and fight, and sing drowsy songs, and daudle away the hours, until the deep solemn notes of St Paul's clock would warn the varlets home.

In the day-time I was still less able to write. It was broad summer. The hay-makers were at work in the fields, and the perfume of the new-mown hay brought with it the recollection of my native fields. So, instead of remaining in my room to write, I went wandering about Primrose Hill, and Hampstead Heights, and Shepherd's Fields, and all those Arcadian scenes so celebrated by London bards. I cannot tell you how many delicious hours I have passed, lying on the cocks of new-mown hay, on the pleasant slopes of some of those hills, inhaling the fragrance of the fields, while the summer-fly buzzed about me, or the grasshopper leaped into my bosom ; and how I have gazed with half-shut eye upon the smoky mass of London, and listened to the distant sound of its population, and pitied the poor sons of earth, toiling in its bowels, like Gnomes in the "dark gold mine."

People may say what they please about cockney pastorals, but, after all, there is a vast deal of rural beauty about the western vicinity of London ; and any one that has looked down upon the valley of the West End, with its soft bosom of green pastures lying open to the south, and dotted with cattle ; the steeple of Hampstead rising among rich groves on the brow of the hill ; and the learned height of the row in the distance ; will confess that never has he seen a more absolutely rural landscape in the vicinity of a great metropolis.

Still, however, I found myself not a whit better off for my frequent change of lodgings ; and I began to discover, that in literature, as in trade, the old proverb holds good, "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

The tranquil beauty of the country played the vengeance with me. I could not mount my fury into the termagant vein. I could not conceive, and

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the smiling landscape, a scene of blood and murder; and the smug citizens in breeches and gaiters put all ideas of heroes and bandits out of my brain. I could think of nothing but dulcet subjects, "the Pleasures of Spring"—"the Pleasures of Solitude"—"the Pleasures of Tranquillity"—"the Pleasures of Sentiment"—nothing but pleasures; and I had the painful experience of "the Pleasures of Melancholy" 'oo strongly in my recollection to be beguiled by them.

Chance at length befriended me. I had frequently, in my ramblings, loitered about Hampstead Hill, which is a kind of Parnassus of the metropolis. At such times I occasionally took my dinner at Jack Straw's Castle. It is a country inn so named: the very spot where that notorious rebel and his followers held their council of war. It is a favourite resort of citizens when rurally inclined, as it commands fine fresh air, and a good view of the city. I sat one day in the public room of this inn, ruminating over a beef-steak and a pint of port, when my imagination kindled up with ancient and heroic images. I had long wanted a theme and a hero; both suddenly broke upon my mind: I determined to write a poem on the history of Jack Straw. I was so full of my subject, that I was fearful of being anticipated. I wondered that none of the poets of the day, in their researches after ruffian heroes, had ever thought of Jack Straw. I went to work pell-mell, blotted several sheets of paper with choice floating thoughts, and battles, and descriptions, to be ready at a moment's warning. In a few days' time I sketched out the skeleton of my poem, and nothing was wanting but to give it flesh and blood. I used to take my manuscript, and stroll about Caen-wood, and read aloud; and would dine at the Casbie, by way of keeping up the vein of thought.

I was there one day, at rather a late hour, in the public room. There was no other company but one man, who sat enjoying his pint of port at a window, and noticing the passers by. He was dressed in a green shooting-coat. His countenance was strongly marked: he had a hooked nose; a romantic eye, excepting that it had something of a squint; and altogether, as I thought, a poetical style of head. I was quite taken with the man, for you must know I am a little of a physiognomist; I set him down at once either a poet or a philosopher.

As I like to make new acquaintances, considering every man a volume of human nature, I soon fell into conversation with the stranger, who, I was pleased to find, was by no means difficult of access. After had dined, I joined him at the window, and we became so sociable that I proposed a bottle of wine together, to which he most cheerfully assented.

I was too full of my poem to keep long quiet on the subject, and began to talk about the origin of the poem, and the history of Jack Straw. I found my acquaintance to be perfectly at home on the to-
 y, and to jump exactly with my humour in every respect. I became elevated by the wine and the

conversation. In the fulness of an author's feelings, I told him of my projected poem, and repeated some passages, and he was in raptures. He was evidently of a strong poetical turn.

"Sir," said he, filling my glass at the same time, "our poets don't look at home. I don't see why we need go out of old England for robbers and rebels to write about. I like your Jack Straw, sir,—he's a home-made hero. I like him, sir—I like him exceedingly. He's English to the back-bone—damne—Give me honest old England after all! Them's my sentiments, sir."

"I honour your sentiment," cried I, zealously; "it is exactly my own. An English ruffian is as good a ruffian for poetry, as any in Italy, or Germany, or the Archipelago; but it is hard to make our poets think so."

"More shame for them!" replied the man in green. "What a plague would they have? What have we to do with their Archipelagos of Italy and Germany? Haven't we heathis and commons and highways on our own little island—ay, and stout fellows to pad the hoof over them too? Stick to home, I say—their's my sentiments.—Come, sir, my service to you—I agree with you perfectly."

"Poets, in old times, had right notions on this subject," continued I; "witness the fine old ballads about Robin Hood, Allan a'Dale, and other stanch blades of yore."

"Right, sir, right," interrupted he; "Robin Hood! he was the lad to cry stand! to a man, and never to flinch."

"Ah, sir," said I, "they had famous bands of robbers in the good old times; those were glorious poetical days. The merry crew of Sherwood Forest, who led such a roving picturesque life 'under the greenwood tree.' I have often wished to visit their haunts, and tread the scenes of the exploits of Friar Tuck, and Clymn of the Clough, and Sir William of Cloudeslie."

"Nay, sir," said the gentleman in green, "we have had several very pr.tty gangs since their day. Those gallant dogs that kept about the great heaths in the neighbourhood of London, about Bagshot, and Hounslow and Blackheath, for instance. Come, sir, my service to you. You don't drink."

"I suppose," said I, emptying my glass, "I suppose you have heard of the famous Turpin, who was born in this very village of Hampstead, and who used to lurk with his gang in Epping Forest, about a hundred years since?"

"Have I?" cried he, "to be sure I have! A hearty old blade that. Sound as pitch. Old Turpentine! as we used to call him. A famous fine fellow, sir."

"Well, sir," continued I, "I have visited Waltham Abbey and Chingford Church merely from the stories I heard when a boy of his exploits there, and I have searched Epping Forest for the cavern where he used to conceal himself. You must know," added

I, "that I am a sort of amateur of highwaymen. They were dashing, daring fellows: the best apologies that we had for the knights-errant of yore. Ah, sir! the country has been sinking gradually into tameness and common-place. We are losing the old English spirit. The bold knights of the post have all dwindled down into lurking footpads and sneaking pickpockets; there's no such thing as a dashing, gentleman-like robbery committed now-a-days on the King's highway: a man may roll from one end of England to the other in a drowsy coach, or jingling post-chaise, without any other adventure than that of being occasionally overturned, sleeping in damp sheets, or having an ill-cooked dinner. We hear no more of public coaches being stopped and robbed by a well-mounted gang of resolute fellows, with pistols in their hands, and crapes over their faces. What a pretty poetical incident was it, for example, in domestic life, for a family carriage, on its way to a country-seat, to be attacked about dark; the old gentleman eased of his purse and watch, the ladies of their necklaces and ear-rings, by a politely-spoken highwayman on a blood mare, who afterwards leaped the hedge and galloped across the country; to the admiration of Miss Caroline, the daughter, who would write a long and romantic account of the adventure to her friend, Miss Juliana, in town. Ah, sir! we meet with nothing of such incidents now-a-days."

"That, sir," said my companion, taking advantage of a pause, when I stopped to recover breath, and to take a glass of wine which he had just poured out, "that, sir, craving your pardon, is not owing to any want of old English pluck. It is the effect of this cursed system of banking. People do not travel with bags of gold as they did formerly. They have post-notes, and drafts on bankers. To rob a coach is like catching a crow, where you have nothing but carrion flesh and feathers for your pains. But a coach in old times, sir, was as rich as a Spanish galloon. It turned out the yellow boys bravely. And a private carriage was a cool hundred or two at least."

I cannot express how much I was delighted with the sallies of my new acquaintance. He told me that he often frequented the Castle, and would be glad to know more of me; and I promised myself many a pleasant afternoon with him, when I should read him my poem as it proceeded, and benefit by his remarks; for it was evident he had the true poetical feeling.

"Come, sir," said he, pushing the bottle, "Damme, I like you! you're a man after my own heart. I'm cursed slow in making new acquaintances. One must be on the reserve, you know. But when I meet with a man of your kidney, damme, my heart jumps at once to him. Them's my sentiments, sir. Come, sir, here's Jack Straw's health! I presume one can drink it now-a-days without treason!"

"With all my heart," said I, gaily, "and Dick Turpin's into the bargain!"

"Ah, sir," said the man in green, "those are the kind of men for poetry. The Newgate Calendar,

sir! the Newgate Calendar is your only reading! There's the place to look for bold deeds and dashing fellows."

We were so much pleased with each other that we sat until a late hour. I insisted on paying the bill, for both my purse and my heart were full, and I agreed that he should pay the score at our next meeting. As the coaches had all gone that run between Hampstead and London, we had to return on foot. He was so delighted with the idea of my poem, that he could talk of nothing else. He made me repeat such passages as I could remember; and though I did it in a very mangled manner, having a wretched memory, yet he was in raptures.

Every now and then he would break out with some scrap which he would misquote most terribly, would rub his hands and exclaim, "By Jupiter, that's fine, that's noble! Damme, sir, if I can conceive how you hit upon such ideas!"

I must confess I did not always relish his misquotations, which sometimes made absolute nonsense of the passages; but what author stands upon trifles when he is praised?

Never had I spent a more delightful evening. I did not perceive how the time flew. I could not bear to separate, but continued walking on, arm in arm with him, past my lodgings, through Camden Town and across Crackskull Common, talking the whole way about my poem.

When we were half way across the common, he interrupted me in the midst of a quotation, by telling me that this had been a famous place for footpads, and was still occasionally infested by them; and that a man had recently been shot there in attempting to defend himself.—"The more fool he!" cried I; "a man is an idiot to risk life, or even limb, to save a paltry purse of money. It's quite a different case from that of a duel, where one's honour is concerned. For my part," added I, "I should never think of making resistance against one of those desperadoes."

"Say you so?" cried my friend in green, turning suddenly upon me, and putting a pistol to my breast—"why, then, have at you, my lad!—come—disburse! empty! unsack!"

In a word, I found that the Muse had played another of her tricks, and had betrayed me into the hands of a footpad. There was no time to part; he made me turn my pockets inside out; and, hearing the sound of distant footsteps, he made one leap upon my purse, watch, and all; gave me a thwack on my unlucky pate that laid me sprawling on the ground and scampered away with his booty.

I saw no more of my friend in green until a day or two afterwards; when I caught a sight of a poetical countenance among a crew of scrape-grass heavily ironed, who were on the way for transportation. He recognised me at once, tipped me an impudent wink, and asked me how I came on with the history of Jack Straw's Castle.

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to my summer's campaign. I was cured of my poetical enthusiasm for rebels, robbers, and highwaymen. I was put out of conceit of my subject, and, what was worse, I was lightened of my purse, in which was almost every farthing I had in the world. So I abandoned Sir Richard Steele's cottage in despair, and except into less celebrated, though no less poetical and airy lodgings, in a garret in town.

I now determined to cultivate the society of the literary, and to enrol myself in the fraternity of authorship. It is by the constant collision of mind, I thought I, that authors strike out the sparks of genius, and kindle up with glorious conceptions. Poetry is evidently a contagious complaint. I will keep company with poets; who knows but I may catch it as others have done?

I found no difficulty of making a circle of literary acquaintances, not having the sin of success lying at my door: indeed the failure of my poem was a kind of recommendation to their favour. It is true my new friends were not of the most brilliant names in literature; but then if you would take their words for truth, they were like the prophets of old, men of whom the world was not worthy; and who were to live in future ages, when the ephemeral favourites of the day should be forgotten.

Tomson discovered, however, that the more I mingled in a literary society, the less I felt capable of writing; and that poetry was not so catching as I imagined; and that in familiar life there was often nothing less poetical than a poet. Besides, I wanted the *esprit de corps* to turn these literary fellowships to any account. I could not bring myself to enlist in any particular sect. I saw something to like in them all, but found that would never do, for that the tacit condition on which a man enters into one of these sects is, that he professes all the rest.

I perceived that there were little knots of authors who lived with, and for, and by one another. They considered themselves the salt of the earth. They clustered and kept up a conventional vein of thinking and talking, and joking on all subjects; and they cried each other up to the skies. Each sect had its particular creed; and set up certain authors as divinities, and fell down and worshipped them; and considered every one who did not worship them, or who worshipped any other, as a heretic and an infidel.

When quoting the writers of the day, I generally found an extolling names of which I had scarcely heard, and talking lightly of others who were the favourites of the public. If I mentioned any recent work from the pen of a first-rate author, they had not read it; they had not time to read all that was spawned from the press; he wrote too much to write well;—and when they would break out into raptures about some Tomson, or Tomson, or Jackson, whose works were neglected at the present day, but who was to be wondered and delight of posterity. Alas! what a debt is this neglectful world daily accumulating on the shoulders of poor posterity!

But, above all, it was edifying to hear with what contempt they would talk of the great. Ye gods! how immeasurably the great are despised by the small fry of literature! It is true, an exception was now and then made of some nobleman, with whom, perhaps, they had casually shaken hands at an election, or hobbled or nobbed at a public dinner, and who was pronounced a "devilish good fellow," and "no humbug;" but, in general, it was enough for a man to have a title, to be the object of their sovereign disdain: you have no idea how poetically and philosophically they would talk of nobility.

For my part this affected me but little; for though I had no bitterness against the great, and did not think the worse of a man for having innocently been born to a title, yet I did not feel myself at present called upon to resent the indignities poured upon them by the little. But the hostility to the great writers of the day went sore against the grain with me. I could not enter into such feuds, nor participate in such animosities. I had not become author sufficiently to hate other authors. I could still find pleasure in the novelties of the press, and could find it in my heart to praise a contemporary, even though he were successful. Indeed I was miscellaneous in my taste, and could not confine it to any age or growth of writers. I could turn with delight from the glowing pages of Byron to the cool and polished raiillery of Pope; and, after wandering among the sacred groves of Paradise Lost, I could give myself up to voluptuous abandonment in the enchanted bowers of Lalla Rookh.

"I would have my authors," said I, as various as my wines, and, in relishing the strong and the racy, would never decry the sparkling and exhilarating. Port and sherry are excellent stand-by's, and so is Madeira; but claret and Burgundy may be drunk now and then without disparagement to one's palate; and Champagne is a beverage by no means to be despised."

Such was the tirade I uttered one day, when a little flushed with ale, at a literary club. I uttered it, too, with something of a flourish, for I thought my simile a clever one. Unluckily, my auditors were men who drank beer and hated Pope; so my figure about wines went for nothing, and my critical toleration was looked upon as downright heterodoxy. In a word, I soon became like a freethinker in religion, an outlaw from every sect, and fair game for all. Such are the melancholy consequences of not hating in literature.

I see you are growing weary, so I will be brief with the residue of my literary career. I will not detain you with a detail of my various attempts to get astride of Pegasus; of the poems I have written which were never printed, the plays I have presented which were never performed, and the tracts I have published which were never purchased. It seemed as if booksellers, managers, and the very public, had entered into a conspiracy to starve me. Still I could not prevail upon myself to give up the trial, nor aban-

don those dreams of renown in which I had indulged. How should I be able to look the literary circle of my native village in the face, if I were so completely to falsify their predictions? For some time longer, therefore, I continued to write for fame, and was, of course, the most miserable dog in existence, besides being in continual risk of starvation. I accumulated loads of literary treasure on my shelves—loads which were to be treasures to posterity; but, alas! they put not a penny into my purse. What was all this wealth to my present necessities? I could not patch my elbows with an ode; nor satisfy my hunger with blank verse. "Shall a man fill his belly with the east wind?" says the proverb. He may as well do so as with poetry.

I have many a time strolled sorrowfully along, with a sad heart and an empty stomach, about five o'clock, and looked wistfully down the areas in the west end of the town, and seen through the kitchen windows the fires gleaming, and the joints of meat turning on the spits and dripping with gravy, and the cook-maids beating up puddings, or trussing turkeys, and felt for the moment that if I could but have the run of one of those kitchens, Apollo and the Muses might have the hungry heights of Parnassus for me. Oh, sir! talk of meditations among the tombs—they are nothing so melancholy as the meditations of a poor devil without penny in pouch, along a line of kitchen-windows toward dinner-time.

At length, when almost reduced to famine and despair, the idea all at once entered my head, that perhaps I was not so clever a fellow as the village and myself had supposed. It was the salvation of me. The moment the idea popped into my brain it brought conviction and comfort with it. I awoke as from a dream—I gave up immortal fame to those who could live on air; took to writing for mere bread; and have ever since had a very tolerable life of it. There is no man of letters so much at his ease, sir, as he who has no character to gain or lose. I had to train myself to it a little, and to clip my wings short at first, or they would have carried me up into poetry in spite of myself. So I determined to begin by the opposite extreme, and abandoning the higher regions of the craft, I came plump down to the lowest, and turned creeper.

"Creeper! and pray what is that?" said I.

"Oh, sir, I see you are ignorant of the language of the craft: a creeper is one who furnishes the newspapers with paragraphs at so much a line; one who goes about in quest of misfortunes; attends the Bow-street Office, the Courts of Justice, and every other den of mischief and iniquity. We are paid at the rate of a penny a line, and as we can sell the same paragraph to almost every paper, we sometimes pick up a very decent day's work. Now and then the Muse is unkind, or the day uncommonly quiet, and then we rather starve; and sometimes the unconscionable editors will clip our paragraphs when they are a little too rhetorical, and snip off two-pence or three-

pence at a go. I have many a time had my poet's porter snipped off of my dinner in this way, and had to dine with dry lips. However, I cannot complain. I rose gradually in the lower ranks of the craft, and am now, I think, in the most comfortable region of literature."

"And pray," said I, "what may you be at present?"

"At present," said he, "I am a regular job-writer and turn my hand to any thing. I work up the writings of others at so much a sheet; turn off translations; write second-rate articles to fill up reviews and magazines; compile travels and voyages, and furnish theatrical criticisms for the newspapers. This authorship, you perceive, is anonymous; it gives me no reputation except among the trade; when I am considered an author of all work, and am always sure of employ. That's the only reputation I want. I sleep soundly, without dread of duns or critics, and leave immortal fame to those that chuse to fret and fight about it. Take my word for it, the only happy author in this world is he who is below the common reputation."

NOTORIETY.

WHEN we had emerged from the literary nest of honest Dribble, and had passed safely through the dangers of Break-neck-stairs, and the labyrinth of Fleet-market, Buckthorne indulged in many comments upon the peep into literary life which he furnished me.

I expressed my surprise at finding it so different from what I had imagined. "It is always said he, "with strangers. The land of literature is a fairy land to those who view it from a distance; but, like all other landscapes, the charm fades on nearer approach, and the thorns and briars become visible. The republic of letters is the most factious and discordant of all republics, ancient or modern."

"Yet," said I, smiling, "you would not have taken honest Dribble's experience as a view of the land. He is but a mousing owl; a mere ground-squirrel. We should have quite a different strain from those fortunate authors whom we see sporting in the empirical heights of fashion, like swallows in the blue sky of a summer's day."

"Perhaps we might," replied he, "but I doubt I doubt whether, if any one, even of the most successful, were to tell his actual feelings, you would find the truth of friend Dribble's philosophy with respect to reputation. One you would find carrying a gay face to the world, while some vulture was preying upon his very liver. Another, who is simple enough to mistake fashion for fame, you would find watching countenances, and cultivating connections, more ambitious to figure in the bean world than the world of letters, and apt to be re-

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retched by the neglect of an illiterate peer, or a dis-
gated duchess. Those who were rising to fame,
you would find tormented with anxiety to get higher;
and those who had gained the summit, in constant
prehension of a decline.

"Even those who are indifferent to the buzz of no-
riety, and the farce of fashion, are not much better
being incessantly harassed by intrusions on their
isure, and interruptions of their pursuits; for, what-
er may be his feelings, when once an author is
nched into notoriety, he must go the rounds until
the idle curiosity of the day is satisfied, and he is
rown aside to make way for some new caprice.
per the whole, I do not know but he is most fortunate
who engages in the whirl through ambition, however
menting; as it is doubly irksome to be obliged to
in in the game without being interested in the
ake.

"There is a constant demand in the fashionable
orld for novelty; every nine days must have its
ader, no matter of what kind. At one time it is
author; at another a fire-eater; at another a com-
er, an Indian juggler, or an Indian chief; a man
in the North Pole or the Pyramids: each figures
ough his brief term of notoriety, and then makes
for the succeeding wonder. You must know
we have oddity-fanciers among our ladies of
t, who collect about them all kinds of remarkable
ngs; fiddlers, statesmen, singers, warriors, artists,
osophers, actors, and poets; every kind of person-
in short, who is noted for something peculiar:
that their routs are like fancy balls, where every
comes 'in character.'

"I have had infinite amusement at these parties in
seeing how industriously every one was playing a
t, and acting out of his natural line. There is not
ore complete game at cross-purposes than the inter-
se of the literary and the great. The fine gentle-
is always anxious to be thought a wit, and the
a fine gentleman.

I have noticed a lord endeavouring to look wise
to talk learnedly with a man of letters, who was
ing at a fashionable air, and the tone of a man
had lived about town. The peer quoted a score
of learned authors, with whom he would fain
ought intimate, while the author talked of Sir
this, and Sir Harry that, and extolled the Bur-
ly he had drunk at Lord Such-a-one's. Each
ed to forget that he could only be interesting to
ther in his proper character. Had the peer been
ly a man of erudition, the author would never
listened to his prosing; and had the author
m all the nobility in the Court Calendar, it
d have given him no interest in the eyes of the

in the same way I have seen a fine lady, remark-
for beauty, weary a philosopher with flimsy mes-
sies, while the philosopher put on an awkward
gallantry, played with her fan, and prattled
the Opera. I have heard a sentimental poet

talk very stupidly with a statesman about the national
debt; and on joining a knot of scientific old gentle-
men conversing in a corner, expecting to hear the
discussion of some valuable discovery, I found they
were only amusing themselves with a fat story."

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

THE anecdotes I had heard of Buckthorne's early
schoolmate, together with a variety of peculiarities
which I had remarked in himself, gave me a strong
curiosity to know something of his own history. I
am a traveller of the good old school, and am fond of
the custom laid down in books, according to which,
whenever travellers met, they sat down forthwith
and gave a history of themselves and their adventures.
This Buckthorne, too, was a man much to my taste;
he had seen the world, and mingled with society, yet
retained the strong eccentricities of a man who had
lived much alone. There was a careless dash of good-
humour about him which pleased me exceedingly;
and at times an odd tinge of melancholy mingled with
his humour, and gave it an additional zest. He was
apt to run into long speculations upon society and
manners, and to indulge in whimsical views of human
nature, yet there was nothing ill-tempered in his
satire. It ran more upon the follies than the vices of
mankind; and even the follies of his fellow-man were
treated with the leniency of one who felt himself to
be but frail. He had evidently been a little chilled
and buffeted by fortune, without being soured there-
by: as some fruits become mellow and more gene-
rous in their flavour from having been bruised and
frost-bitten.

I have always had a great relish for the conversa-
tion of practical philosophers of this stamp, who have
profited by the "sweet uses" of adversity without
imbibing its bitterness; who have learnt to estimate
the world rightly, yet good-humouredly; and who,
while they perceive the truth of the saying, that "all
is vanity," are yet able to do so without vexation of
spirit.

Such a man was Buckthorne. In general a laugh-
ing philosopher; and if at any time a shade of sadness
stole across his brow, it was but transient; like a
summer cloud, which soon goes by, and freshens and
revives the fields over which it passes.

I was walking with him one day in Kensington
Gardens—for he was a knowing epicure in all the
cheap pleasures and rural haunts within reach of the
metropolis. It was a delightful warm morning in
spring; and he was in the happy mood of a pastoral
citizen, when just turned loose into grass and sunshine.
He had been watching a lark which, rising from a
bed of daisies and yellow-cups, had sung his way up
to a bright snowy cloud floating in the deep blue sky.

"Of all birds," said he, "I should like to be a lark.

He revels in the brightest time of the day, in the happiest season of the year, among fresh meadows and opening flowers; and when he has sated himself with the sweetness of earth, he wings his flight up to Heaven as if he would drink in the melody of the morning stars. Hark to that note! How it comes thrilling down upon the ear! What a stream of music, note falling over note in delicious cadence! Who would trouble his head about operas and concerts when he could walk in the fields and hear such music for nothing? These are the enjoyments which set riches at scorn, and make even a poor man independent:

I care not, Fortune, what you do deny —
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace:
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns by living streams at eve—

“Sir, there are homilies in nature's works worth all the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them rightly, and one of the pleasantest lessons I ever received in a time of trouble, was from hearing the notes of a lark.”

I profited by this communicative vein to intimate to Buckthorne a wish to know something of the events of his life, which I fancied must have been an eventful one.

He smiled when I expressed my desire. “I have no great story,” said he, “to relate. A mere tissue of errors and follies. But, such as it is, you shall have one epoch of it, by which you may judge of the rest.” And so, without any further prelude, he gave me the following anecdotes of his early adventures.

BUCKTHORNE;

OR,

THE YOUNG MAN OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

I was born to very little property, but to great expectations—which is, perhaps, one of the most unlucky fortunes that a man can be born to. My father was a country gentleman, the last of a very ancient and honourable but decayed family, and resided in an old hunting-lodge in Warwickshire. He was a keen sportsman, and lived to the extent of his moderate income, so that I had little to expect from that quarter; but then I had a rich uncle by the mother's side, a penurious, accumulating curmudgeon, who it was confidently expected would make me his heir, because he was an old bachelor, because I was named after him, and because he hated all the world except myself.

He was, in fact, an inveterate hater, a miser even in misanthropy, and hoarded up a grudge as he did a guinea. Thus, though my mother was an only sister, he had never forgiven her marriage with my father,

against whom he had a cold, still, immovable pique which had lain at the bottom of his heart, like a stone in a well, ever since they had been school-boys together. My mother, however, considered me as the intermediate being that was to bring every thing again into harmony, for she looked on me as a prodigy—God bless her! my heart overflows whenever I recall her tenderness. She was the most excellent, the most indulgent of mothers. I was her only child: it was a pity she had no more, for she had fondness of heart enough to have spoiled a dozen!

I was sent at an early age to a public school, sorely against my mother's wishes; but my father insisted that it was the only way to make boys hardy. The school was kept by a conscientious prig of the ancient system, who did his duty by the boys intrusted to his care: that is to say, we were flogged soundly whenever we did not get our lessons. We were put into classes and thus flogged on in droves along the highways of knowledge, in much the same manner as cattle are driven to market; where those that are heavy in gait or short in leg, have to suffer for the superior alertness or longer limbs of their companions.

For my part, I confess it with shame, I was incorrigible laggard. I have always had the poetical feeling, that is to say, I have always been an idle fellow, and prone to play the vagabond. I used to get away from my books and school whenever I could, and ramble about the fields. I was surrounded by seductions for such a temperament. The school-house was an old-fashioned white-washed mansion of wood and plaster, standing on the skirts of a beautiful village: close by it was the venerable church with a tall Gothic spire; before it spread a low green valley, with a little stream glistening about through willow groves; while a line of blue hills bounded the landscape gave rise to many a summer-day dream as to the fairy land that lay beyond.

In spite of all the scourgings I suffered at that school to make me love my book, I cannot but look back on the place with fondness. Indeed, I consider this frequent flagellation as the common lot of humanity, and the regular mode in which scholars were made.

My kind mother used to lament over my distress of the sore trials I underwent in the cause of learning; but my father turned a deaf ear to her expostulations. He had been flogged through school himself, and swore there was no other way of making a man of parts; though, let me speak it with all reverence, my father was but an indifferent illustration of his theory, for he was considered a great blockhead.

My poetical temperament evinced itself at an early period. The village church was attended every Sunday by a neighbouring squire, the lord of the manor, whose park stretched quite to the village, and whose spacious country-seat seemed to take the church under its protection. Indeed, you would have thought the church had been consecrated to his

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stead of to the Deity. The parish-clerk bowed low
 before him, and the vergers humbled themselves unto
 the dust in his presence. He always entered a little
 late, and with some stir; striking his cane emphatic-
 ally on the ground, swaying his hat in his hand, and
 looking loftily to the right and left as he walked slow-
 ly up the aisle; and the parson, who always ate his
 Sunday dinner with him, never commenced service
 until he appeared. He sat with his family in a large
 pew, gorgeously lined, humbling himself devoutly on
 velvet cushions, and reading lessons of meekness and
 lowliness of spirit out of splendid gold and morocco
 prayer-books. Whenever the parson spoke of the
 difficulty of a rich man's entering the kingdom of
 Heaven, the eyes of the congregation would turn
 towards the "grand pew," and I thought the squire
 seemed pleased with the application.

The pomp of this pew, and the aristocratical air of
 the family, struck my imagination wonderfully; and
 I fell desperately in love with a little daughter of the
 squire's, about twelve years of age. This freak of
 fancy made me more truant from my studies than
 ever. I used to stroll about the squire's park, and
 would lurk near the house, to catch glimpses of this
 little damsel at the windows, or playing about the
 lawn, or walking out with her governess.

I had not enterprise nor impudence enough to ven-
 ure from my concealment. Indeed I felt like an ar-
 dent poacher, until I read one or two of Ovid's *Meta-*
morphoses, when I pictured myself as some sylvan
 deity, and she a coy wood-nymph of whom I was in
 pursuit. There is something extremely delicious in
 these early awakenings of the tender passion. I can
 feel even at this moment the throbbing of my boyish
 bosom, whenever by chance I caught a glimpse of
 her white frock fluttering among the shrubbery. I
 carried about in my bosom a volume of Waver, which
 had purloined from my mother's library; and I ap-
 pealed to my little fair one all the compliments lavished
 on Sacharissa.

At length I danced with her at a school-ball. I
 was so awkward a booby, that I dared scarcely speak
 to her; I was filled with awe and embarrassment in
 her presence; but I was so inspired, that my poetical
 temperament for the first time broke out in verse,
 and I fabricated some glowing lines, in which I be-
 named the little lady under the favourite name of
 Sacharissa. I slipped the verses, trembling and blush-
 ing, into her hand the next Sunday as she came out of
 church. The little prude handed them to her mamma,
 mamma handed them to the squire; the squire,
 who had no soul for poetry, sent them in dudgeon to
 the schoolmaster; and the schoolmaster, with a bar-
 bary worthy of the dark ages, gave me a sound and
 peculiarly humiliating flogging for thus trespassing
 on Parnassus. This was a sad outset for a votary
 of the muse; it ought to have cured me of my passion
 for poetry; but it only confirmed it, for I felt the spirit
 of a martyr rising within me. What was as well,
 perhaps it cured me of my passion for the young

lady; for I felt so indignant at the ignominious hors-
 ing I had incurred in celebrating her charms, that I
 could not hold up my head in church. Fortunately
 for my wounded sensibility, the Midsummer holidays
 came on, and I returned home. My mother, as
 usual, inquired into all my school concerns, my little
 pleasures, and cares, and sorrows; for boyhood has its
 share of the one as well as of the other. I told her
 all, and she was indignant at the treatment I had ex-
 perience. She fired up at the arrogance of the
 squire, and the prudery of the daughter; and as to
 the schoolmaster, she wondered where was the use
 of having schoolmasters, and why boys could not re-
 main at home, and be educated by tutors, under the
 eye of their mothers. She asked to see the verses I
 had written, and she was delighted with them; for,
 to confess the truth, she had a pretty taste in poetry.
 She even showed them to the parson's wife, who pro-
 tested they were charming; and the parson's three
 daughters insisted on each having a copy of them.

All this was exceedingly balsamic, and I was still
 more consoled and encouraged, when the young la-
 dies, who were the blue-stockings of the neighbour-
 hood, and had read Dr Johnson's *Lives* quite through,
 assured my mother that great geniuses never studied,
 but were always idle; upon which I began to sur-
 mise that I was myself something out of the common
 run. My father, however, was of a very different
 opinion; for when my mother, in the pride of her
 heart, showed him my copy of verses, he threw them
 out of the window, asking her "if she meant to make
 a ballad-monger of the boy?" But he was a careless,
 common-thinking man, and I cannot say that I ever
 loved him much; my mother absorbed all my filial
 affection.

I used occasionally, during holidays, to be sent on
 short visits to the uncle, who was to make me his
 heir; they thought it would keep me in his mind,
 and render him fond of me. He was a withered,
 anxious-looking old fellow, and lived in a desolate old
 country-seat, which he suffered to go to ruin from
 absolute niggardliness. He kept but one man-servant,
 who had lived, or rather starved, with him for years.
 No woman was allowed to sleep in the house. A
 daughter of the old servant lived by the gate, in what
 had been a porter's lodge, and was permitted to
 come into the house about an hour each day, to make
 the beds, and cook a morsel of provisions. The park
 that surrounded the house was all run wild: the trees
 were grown out of shape; the fish-ponds stagnant;
 the urns and statues fallen from their pedestals, and
 buried among the rank grass. The hares and pheas-
 ants were so little molested, except by poachers,
 that they bred in great abundance, and sported about
 the rough lawns and weedy avenues. To guard the
 premises, and frighten off robbers, of whom he was
 somewhat apprehensive, and visitors, of whom he
 was in almost equal awe, my uncle kept two or three
 bloodhounds, who were always prowling round the
 house, and were the dread of the neighbouring pea-

santry. They were gaunt and half starved, seemed ready to devour one from mere hunger, and were an effectual check on any stranger's approach to this wizard castle.

Such was my uncle's house, which I used to visit now and then during the holidays. I was, as I before said, the old man's favourite; that is to say, he did not hate me so much as he did the rest of the world. I had been apprised of his character, and cautioned to cultivate his good will; but I was too young and careless to be a courtier, and, indeed, have never been sufficiently studious of my interests to let them govern my feelings. However, we jogged on very well together, and as my visits cost him almost nothing, they did not seem to be very unwelcome. I brought with me my fishing-rod, and half supplied the table from the fish-ponds.

Our meals were solitary and unsocial. My uncle rarely spoke; he pointed to whatever he wanted, and the servant perfectly understood him. Indeed, his man John, or Iron John, as he was called in the neighbourhood, was a counterpart of his master. He was a tall, bony old fellow, with a dry wig, that seemed made of cow's tail, and a face as tough as though it had been made of cow's hide. He was generally clad in a long, patched livery coat, taken out of the wardrobe of the house, and which bagged loosely about him, having evidently belonged to some corpulent predecessor, in the more plenteous days of the mansion. From long habits of taciturnity the hinges of his jaws seemed to have grown absolutely rusty, and it cost him as much effort to set them ajar, and to let out a tolerable sentence, as it would have done to set open the iron gates of the park, and let out the old family carriage, that was dropping to pieces in the coach-house.

I cannot say, however, but that I was for some time amused with my uncle's peculiarities. Even the very desolateness of the establishment had something in it that hit my fancy. When the weather was fine, I used to amuse myself in a solitary way, by rambling about the park, and coursing like a colt across its lawns. The hares and pheasants seemed to stare with surprise to see a human being walking these forbidden grounds by daylight. Sometimes I amused myself by jerking stones, or shooting at birds with a bow and arrows, for to have used a gun would have been treason. Now and then my path was crossed by a little red-headed, ragged-tailed urchin, the son of the woman at the lodge, who ran wild about the premises. I tried to draw him into familiarity, and to make a companion of him; but he seemed to have imbibed the strange unsocial character of every thing around him, and always kept aloof; so I considered him as another Orson, and amused myself with shooting at him with my bow and arrows, and he would hold up his breeches with one hand, and scamper away like a deer.

There was something in all this loneliness and wildness strangely pleasing to me. The great stables,

empty and weather-broken, with the names of favourite horses over the vacant stalls; the windows bricked and boarded up; the broken roofs, garrisoned by rooks and jackdaws, all had a singularly forlorn appearance. One would have concluded the house to be totally uninhabited, were it not for a little thread of blue smoke, which now and then curled up like a cork-screw, from the centre of one of the wide chimneys, where my uncle's starveling meal was cooking.

My uncle's room was in a remote corner of the building, strongly secured, and generally locked. I was never admitted into this strong-hold, where the old man would remain for the greater part of the time, drawn up, like a veteran spider, in the citadel of his web. The rest of the mansion, however, was open to me, and I wandered about it unconstrained. The damp and rain which beat in through the broken windows, crumbled the paper from the walls, mouldered the pictures, and gradually destroyed the furniture. I loved to roam about the wide waste chambers in bad weather, and listen to the howling of the wind, and the banging about of the doors and window-shutters. I pleased myself with the idea how completely, when I came to the estate, I would renovate all things, and make the old building ring with merriment, till it was astonished at its own jocundity.

The chamber which I occupied on these visits, was the same that had been my mother's when a girl. There was still the toilet-table of her own adorning the landscapes of her own drawing. She had never seen it since her marriage, but would often ask me if every thing was still the same. All was just the same, for I loved that chamber on her account, and had taken pains to put every thing in order, and mend all the flaws in the windows with my own hands. I anticipated the time when I should once more welcome her to the house of her fathers, and restore her to this little nestling-place of her childhood.

At length my evil genius, or what, perhaps, is the same thing, the Muse, inspired me with the notion of rhyming again. My uncle, who never went to church on Sundays to read chapters out of the Bible, and Iron John, the woman from the lodge, and myself, were his congregation. It seemed to be all to him what he read, so long as it was something from the Bible. Sometimes, therefore, it would be the Song of Solomon; and this withered anatomist would read about being "stayed with flaggons, comforted with apples, for he was sick of love." Sometimes he would hobble, with spectacles on his nose, through whole chapters of hard Hebrew names in Deuteronomy, at which the poor woman would groan, and as if wonderfully moved. His favourite book, however, was "The Pilgrim's Progress;" when he came to that part which treats of Doubting Castle and Giant Despair, I thought invariably of my dear mother, and his desolate old country-seat. So much did the idea amuse me, that I took to scribbling about it in the trees in the park; and in a few days had

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some progress in a poem, in which I had given a description of the place, under the name of Doubting Castle, and personified my uncle as Giant Despair.

I lost my poem somewhere about the house, and I soon suspected that my uncle had found it, as he harshly intimated to me that I could return home, and that I need not come and see him again till he should send for me.

Just about this time my mother died. I cannot dwell upon the circumstance. My heart, careless and wayward as it is, gushes with the recollection. Her death was an event that perhaps gave a turn to all my after fortunes. With her died all that made home attractive. I had no longer any body whom I was ambitious to please, or fearful to offend. My father was a good kind of man in his way, but he had had maxims in education, and we differed in material points. It makes a vast difference in opinion about the utility of the rod, which end happens to fall to one's share. I never could be brought into my father's way of thinking on the subject.

I now, therefore, began to grow very impatient of remaining at school, to be flogged for things that I did not like. I longed for variety, especially now that I had not my uncle's house to resort to, by way of diversifying the dullness of school, with the dreariness of this country-seat.

I was now almost seventeen, tall for my age, and full of idle fancies. I had a roving, inextinguishable desire to see different kinds of life, and different orders of society; and this vagrant humour had been fostered in me by Tom Dribble, the prime wag and great genius of the school, who had all the rambling propensities of a poet.

I used to sit at my desk in the school, on a fine summer's day, and instead of studying the book which lay open before me, my eye was gazing through the window on the green fields and blue hills. How I envied the happy groups seated on the tops of stage-coaches, chatting, and joking, and laughing, as they were whirled by the school-house on their way to the metropolis! Even the waggoners, trudging along behind their ponderous teams, and traversing the kingdom from one end to the other, were objects of envy to me: I fancied to myself what adventures they must experience, and what odd scenes of life they must witness. All this was, doubtless, the poetical temperament working within me, and tempting me into a world of its own creation, which I mistook for the world of real life.

While my mother lived, this strong propensity to rove was counteracted by the stronger attractions of home, and by the powerful ties of affection which drew me to her side; but now that she was gone, the attractions had ceased; the ties were severed. I had no longer an anchorage-ground for my heart, but was at the mercy of every vagrant impulse. Nothing but the narrow allowance on which my father supported me, and the consequent penury of my purse, prevented me from mounting the top of a stage-coach,

and launching myself adrift on the great ocean of life.

Just about this time the village was agitated for a day or two, by the passing through of several caravans, containing wild beasts, and other spectacles, for a great fair annually held at a neighbouring town.

I had never seen a fair of any consequence, and my curiosity was powerfully awakened by this hostile preparation. I gazed with respect and wonder at the vagrant personages who accompanied these caravans. I loitered about the village inn, listening with curiosity and delight to the slang talk and cant jokes of the showmen and their followers; and I felt an eager desire to witness this fair, which my fancy decked out as something wonderfully fine.

A holiday afternoon presented, when I could be absent from noon until evening. A waggon was going from the village to the fair: I could not resist the temptation, nor the eloquence of Tom Dribble, who was a truant to the very heart's core. We hired seats, and set off full of boyish expectation. I promised myself that I would but take a peep at the land of promise, and hasten back again before my absence should be noticed.

Heavens! how happy I was on arriving at the fair! How I was enchanted with the world of fun and pageantry around me! The humours of Punch, the feats of the equestrians, the magical tricks of the conjurers! But what principally caught my attention was an itinerant theatre, where a tragedy, pantomime, and farce, were all acted in the course of half an hour; and more of the dramatis personæ murdered, than at either Drury Lane or Covent Garden in the course of a whole evening. I have since seen many a play performed by the best actors in the world, but never have I derived half the delight from any that I did from this first representation.

There was a ferocious tyrant in a skull-cap like an inverted porringer, and a dress of red baize, magnificently embroidered with gilt leather; with his face so bewhiskered, and his eye-brows so knit and expanded with burnt cork, that he made my heart quake within me, as he stamped about the little stage. I was enraptured too with the surpassing beauty of a distressed damsel in faded pink silk, and dirty white muslin, whom he held in cruel captivity by way of gaining her affections, and who wept, and wrung her hands, and flourished a ragged white handkerchief, from the top of an impregnable tower of the size of a bandbox.

Even after I had come out from the play, I could not tear myself from the vicinity of the theatre, but lingered, gazing and wondering, and laughing at the dramatis personæ as they performed their antics, or danced upon a stage in front of the booth, to decoy a new set of spectators.

I was so bewildered by the scene, and so lost in the crowd of sensations that kept swarming upon me, that I was like one entranced. I lost my companion, Tom Dribble, in a tumult and scuffle that took place near one of the shows; but I was too much occupied

in mind to think long about him. I strolled about until dark, when the fair was lighted up, and a new scene of magic opened upon me. The illumination of the tents and booths, the brilliant effect of the stages decorated with lamps, with dramatic groups flaunting about them in gaudy dresses, contrasted splendidly with the surrounding darkness; while the uproar of drums, trumpets, fiddles, hautboys, and cymbals, mingled with the harangues of the showmen, the squeaking of Punch, and the shouts and laughter of the crowd, all united to complete my giddy distraction.

Time flew without my perceiving it. When I came to myself and thought of the school, I hastened to return. I inquired for the waggon in which I had come: it had been gone for hours! I asked the time: it was almost midnight! A sudden quaking seized me. How was I to get back to school? I was too weary to make the journey on foot, and I knew not where to apply for a conveyance. Even if I should find one, could I venture to disturb the school-house long after midnight—to arouse that sleeping lion the usher in the very midst of his night's rest?—the idea was too dreadful for a delinquent school-boy. All the horrors of return rushed upon me. My absence must long before this have been remarked;—and absent for a whole night!—a deed of darkness not easily to be expiated. The rod of the pedagogue budged forth into tenfold terrors before my affrighted fancy. I pictured to myself punishment and humiliation in every variety of form, and my heart sickened at the picture. Alas! how often are the petty ills of boyhood as painful to our tender natures, as are the sterner evils of manhood to our robust minds!

I wandered about among the booths, and I might have derived a lesson from my actual feelings, how much the charms of this world depend upon ourselves; for I no longer saw any thing gay or delightful in the revelry around me. At length I lay down, wearied and perplexed, behind one of the large tents, and, covering myself with the margin of the tent cloth to keep off the night chill, I soon fell asleep.

I had not slept long, when I was awakened by the noise of merriment within an adjoining booth. It was the itinerant theatre, rudely constructed of boards and canvass. I peeped through an aperture, and saw the whole *dramatis personæ*, tragedy, comedy, and pantomime, all refreshing themselves after the final dismissal of their auditors. They were merry and gamesome, and made the flimsy theatre ring with their laughter. I was astonished to see the tragedy tyrant in red baize and fierce whiskers, who had made my heart quake as he strutted about the boards, now transformed into a fat, good-humoured fellow; the beaming porriager laid aside from his brow, and his jolly face washed from all the terrors of burnt cork. I was delighted, too, to see the distressed damsel, in faded silk and dirty muslin, who had trembled under his tyranny, and afflicted me so much by her sorrows, now seated familiarly on his knee, and quaffing from

the same tankard. Harlequin lay asleep on one of the benches; and monks, satyrs, and vestal virgins, were grouped together, laughing outrageously at a broad story told by an unhappy count, who had been barbarously murdered in the tragedy.

This was, indeed, novelty to me. It was a peep into another planet. I gazed and listened with intense curiosity and enjoyment. They had a thousand odd stories and jokes about the events of the day, and burlesque descriptions and mimickings of the spectators who had been admiring them. Their conversation was full of allusions to their adventures at different places where they had exhibited; the characters they had met with in different villages; and the ludicrous difficulties in which they had occasionally been involved. All past cares and troubles were now turned, by these thoughtless beings, into matter of merriment, and made to contribute to the gaiety of the moment. They had been moving from fair to fair about the kingdom, and were the next morning to set out on their way to London. My resolution was taken. I stole from my nest; and crept through a hedge into a neighbouring field, where I went to work to make a tatterdemalion of myself. I tore my clothes; soiled them with dirt; begrimed my face and hands, and crawling near one of the booths purloined an old hat, and left my new one in its place. It was an honest theft, and I hope may hereafter rise up in judgment against me.

I now ventured to the scene of merry-making, presenting myself before the dramatic corps, offering myself as a volunteer. I felt terribly agitated and abashed, for never before "stood I in such a presence." I had addressed myself to the manager of the company. He was a fat man, dressed in dirty white with a red sash fringed with tinsel swathed round his body; his face was smeared with paint, and a majestic plume towered from an old spangled black bonnet. He was the Jupiter Tonans of this Olympus, and was surrounded by the inferior gods and goddesses of his court. He sat on the end of a bench by a table, with one arm a-kimbo, and the other extended to the handle of a tankard, which he slowly set down from his lips, as he surveyed me from head to foot. It was a moment of awful solemnity; and I fancied the groups around all watching me as in silent suspense, and waiting for the imperious nod.

He questioned me as to who I was; what were my qualifications; and what terms I expected. I presented myself off for a discharged servant from a gentleman's family; and as, happily, one does not require special recommendation to get admitted into bad company, the questions on that head were easily satisfied. As to my accomplishments I could spout a little poetry, and knew several scenes of plays, which I had learnt at school exhibitions. I could dance. That was enough. No further questions were asked of me as to accomplishments; it was the very thing I wanted; and as I asked no wages but merely

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Behold me, therefore, transformed on a sudden
 from a gentleman student to a dancing buffoon; for
 such, in fact, was the character in which I made my
 debut. I was one of those who formed the groups in
 the dramas, and was principally employed on the stage
 in front of the booth to attract company. I was
 equipped as a satyr, in a dress of drab frieze that fit-
 ted to my shape, with a great laughing mask, orna-
 mented with huge ears and short horns. I was pleased
 with the disguise, because it kept me from the dan-
 ger of being discovered, whilst we were in that part
 of the country; and as I had merely to dance and
 make antics, the character was favourable to a debut-
 ant—being almost on a par with Simon Snug's part
 of the lion, which required nothing but roaring.

I cannot tell you how happy I was at this sudden
 change in my situation. I felt no degradation, for I
 had seen too little of society to be thoughtful about
 the difference of rank; and a boy of sixteen is seldom
 aristocratical. I had given up no friend, for there
 seemed to be no one in the world that cared for me
 now that my poor mother was dead; I had given up
 no pleasure, for my pleasure was to ramble about and
 indulge the flow of a poetical imagination, and I now
 enjoyed it in perfection. There is no life so truly
 poetical as that of a dancing buffoon.

It may be said that all this argued groveling incli-
 nations. I do not think so. Not that I mean to vin-
 dicate myself in any great degree: I know too well
 what a whimsical compound I am. But in this in-
 stance I was seduced by no love of low company, nor
 disposition to indulge in low vices. I have always
 despised the brutally vulgar, and I have always had
 disgust at vice, whether in high or low life. I was
 governed merely by a sudden and thoughtless im-
 pulse. I had no idea of resorting to this profession
 as a mode of life, or of attaching myself to these
 people, as my future class of society. I thought
 merely of a temporary gratification to my curiosity,
 and an indulgence of my humours. I had already a
 strong relish for the peculiarities of character and the
 varieties of situation, and I have always been fond of
 the comedy of life, and desirous of seeing it through
 all its shifting scenes.

In mingling, therefore, among mountebanks and
 buffoons, I was protected by the very vivacity of ima-
 gination which had led me among them; I moved
 about, enveloped, as it were, in a protecting delusion,
 which my fancy spread around me. I assimilated to
 these people only as they struck me poetically; their
 whimsical ways and a certain picturesqueness in their
 mode of life entertained me; but I was neither amu-
 sed nor corrupted by their vices. In short, I mingled
 among them, as Prince Hal did among his graceless
 associates, merely to gratify my humour.

I did not investigate my motives in this manner at
 the time, for I was too careless and thoughtless to
 reason about the matter; but I do so now, when I

look back with trembling to think of the ordeal to
 which I unthinkingly exposed myself, and the manner
 in which I passed through it. Nothing, I am con-
 vinced, but the poetical temperament, that hurried
 me into the scrape, brought me out of it without my
 becoming an arrant vagabond.

Full of the enjoyment of the moment, giddy with
 the wildness of animal spirits, so rapturous in a boy, I
 capered, I danced, I played a thousand fantastic
 tricks about the stage, in the villages in which we
 exhibited; and I was universally pronounced the most
 agreeable monster that had ever been seen in those
 parts. My disappearance from school had awakened
 my father's anxiety; for I one day heard a description
 of myself cried before the very booth in which I was
 exhibiting, with the offer of a reward for any intelli-
 gence of me. I had no great scruple about letting
 my father suffer a little uneasiness on my account; it
 would punish him for past indifference, and would
 make him value me the more when he found me
 again.

I have wondered that some of my comrades did not
 recognise me in the stray sheep that was cried; but
 they were all, no doubt, occupied by their own con-
 cerns. They were all labouring seriously in their
 antic vocation; for folly was a mere trade with most
 of them, and they often grinned and capered with
 heavy hearts. With me, on the contrary, it was all
 real. I acted *con amore*, and rattled and laughed
 from the irrepressible gaiety of my spirits. It is true
 that, now and then, I started and looked grave on
 receiving a sudden thwack from the wooden sword
 of Harlequin in the course of my gambols, as it brought
 to mind the birch of my schoolmaster. But I soon
 got accustomed to it, and bore all the cuffing, and
 kicking, and tumbling about, which form the prac-
 tical wit of your itinerant pantomime, with a good
 humour that made me a prodigious favourite.

The country campaign of the troop was soon at an
 end, and we set off for the metropolis, to perform at
 the fairs which are held in its vicinity. The greater
 part of our theatrical property was sent on direct, to
 be in a state of preparation for the opening of the
 fairs; while a detachment of the company travelled
 slowly on, foraging among the villages. I was amused
 with the desultory, haphazard kind of life we led;
 here to-day, and gone to-morrow. Sometimes re-
 veling in alehouses, sometimes feasting under hedges
 in the green fields. When audiences were crowded,
 and business profitable, we fared well; and when
 otherwise, we fared scantily, consoled ourselves,
 and made up with anticipations of the next day's
 success.

At length the increasing frequency of coaches hur-
 rying past us, covered with passengers; the increas-
 ing number of carriages, carts, waggons, gigs, droves
 of cattle and flocks of sheep, all thronging the road;
 the snug country boxes with trim flower-gardens
 twelve feet square, and their trees twelve feet high,
 all powdered with dust; and the innumerable seni-

naries for young ladies and gentlemen situated along the road for the benefit of country air and rural retirement; all these insignia announced that the mighty London was at hand. The hurry, and the crowd, and the bustle, and the noise, and the dust, increased as we proceeded, until I saw the great cloud of smoke hanging in the air, like a canopy of state, over this queen of cities.

In this way, then, did I enter the metropolis, a strolling vagabond, on the top of a caravan, with a crew of vagabonds about me; but I was as happy as a prince; for, like Prince Hal, I felt myself superior to my situation, and knew that I could at any time cast it off, and emerge into my proper sphere.

How my eyes sparkled as we passed Hyde Park Corner, and I saw splendid equipages rolling by; with powdered footmen behind, in rich liveries, with fine nose-gays, and gold-headed canes; and with lovely women within, so sumptuously dressed, and so surpassingly fair! I was always extremely sensible to female beauty, and here I saw it in all its power of fascination; for whatever may be said of "beauty unadorned," there is something almost awful in female loveliness decked out in jewelled state. The swanlike neck encircled with diamonds; the raven locks clustered with pearls; the ruby glowing on the snowy bosom, are objects which I could never contemplate without emotion; and a dazzling white arm clasped with bracelets, and taper transparent fingers, laden with sparkling rings, are to me irresistible.

My very eyes ached as I gazed at the high and courtly beauty that passed before me. It surpassed all that my imagination had conceived of the sex. I shrunk, for a moment, into shame at the company in which I was placed, and repined at the vast distance that seemed to intervene between me and these magnificent beings.

I forbear to give a detail of the happy life I led about the skirts of the metropolis, playing at the various fairs held there during the latter part of spring, and the beginning of summer. This continued change from place to place, and scene to scene, fed my imagination with novelties, and kept my spirits in a perpetual state of excitement. As I was tall of my age, I aspired, at one time, to play heroes in tragedy; but, after two or three trials, I was pronounced by the manager totally unfit for the line; and our first tragic actress, who was a large woman, and held a small hero in abhorrence, confirmed his decision.

The fact is, I had attempted to give point to language which had no point, and nature to scenes which had no nature. They said I did not fill out my characters; and they were right. The characters had all been prepared for a different sort of man. Our tragedy hero was a round, robust fellow, with an amazing voice; who stamped and slapped his breast until his wig shook again; and who roared and bellowed out his bombast until every phrase swelled upon the ear like the sound of a kettle drum. I might as well have attempted to fill out his clothes

as his characters. When we had a dialogue together, I was nothing before him, with my slender voice and discriminating manner. I might as well have attempted to parry a cudgel with a small-sword. He found me in any way gaining ground upon him, he would take refuge in his mighty voice, and throw his tones like peals of thunder at me, until they were drowned in the still louder thunders of applause from the audience.

To tell the truth, I suspect that I was not showing fair play, and that there was management at the bottom; for, without vanity, I think I was a better actor than he. As I had not embarked in the vagabond-line through ambition, I did not repine at lack of preferment; but I was grieved to find that a vagrant life was not without its cares and anxieties; and that jealousies, intrigues, and mad ambition, were to be found even among vagabonds.

Indeed, as I became more familiar with my situation, and the delusions of fancy gradually faded away, I began to find that my associates were not the happy, careless creatures I had at first imagined them. They were jealous of each other's talents; they quarrelled about parts, the same as the actors on the grand theatres; they quarrelled about dresses; and there was one robe of yellow silk, trimmed with red, and a head-dress of three rumpled ostrich feathers, which were continually setting the ladies of the company by the ears. Even those who had attained the highest honours were not more happy than the rest; for Mr Flimsey himself, our first tragedian, and apparently a jovial, good-humoured fellow, confessed to me one day, in the fulness of his heart, that he was a miserable man. He had a brother-in-law, a relative by marriage, though not by blood, who was manager of a theatre in a small country town. And this same brother ("a little more than kin, but less than kind") looked down upon him, and treated him with contumely, because, forsooth, he was but a strolling player. I tried to console him with the thoughts of the vast applause he daily received, but it was all in vain. He declared that it gave him no delight, and that he should never be a happy man until the name of Flimsey rivaled the name of Crim.

How little do those before the scenes know of what passes behind! how little can they judge, from the countenances of actors, of what is passing in the hearts! I have known two lovers quarrel like cats behind the scenes, who were, the moment after, flung into each other's embraces. And I have dreaded when our Belvidera was to take her farewell kiss her Jaffier, lest she should bite a piece out of his cheek. Our tragedian was a rough joker off the stage; our prime clown the most peevish mortal living. The latter used to go about snapping and snoring, with a broad laugh painted on his countenance, and I can assure you, that whatever may be said of the gravity of a monkey, or the melancholy of a ghoul, there is not a more melancholy creature in existence than a mountebank off duty.

The only thing in which all parties agreed, was to backbite the manager, and cabal against his regulations. This, however, I have since discovered to be a common trait of human nature, and to take place in all communities. It would seem to be the main business of man to repine at government. In all situations of life into which I have looked, I have found mankind divided into two grand parties: those who ride, and those who are ridden. The great struggle of life seems to be which shall keep in the saddle. This, it appears to me, is the fundamental principle of politics, whether in great or little life. However, it does not mean to moralize—but one cannot always think the philosopher.

Well then, to return to myself, it was determined, as I said, that I was not fit for tragedy, and, unluckily, as my study was bad, having a very poor memory, I was pronounced unfit for comedy also; besides, the line of young gentlemen was already engrossed by an actor with whom I could not pretend to enter into competition, he having filled it for almost half a century. I came down again, therefore, to pantomime. In consequence, however, of the good offices of the manager's lady, who had taken a liking to me, I was promoted from the part of the satyr to that of the lover; and with my face patched and painted, a large cravat of paper, a steeple-crowned hat, and a long-sleeved long-skirted sky-blue coat, was metamorphosed into the lover of Columbine. My part did not hold for much of the tender and sentimental. I had merely to pursue the fugitive fair one; to have a door slammed in my face; to run my head occasionally against a post; to tumble and roll about with Pantaloon and the clown; and to endure the party thwacks of Harlequin's wooden sword.

As ill luck would have it, my poetical temperament began to ferment within me, and to work out new bubbles. The inflammatory air of a great metropolis, led to the rural scenes in which the fairs were held, such as Greenwich Park, Epping Forest, and the lovely valley of West End, had a powerful effect upon me. While in Greenwich Park I was witness of the old holiday games of running down hill, and of dancing in the ring; and then the firmament of blooming faces and blue eyes that would be turned towards me, as I was playing antics on the stage, all these set my young blood and my poetical vein in full flow. In short, I played the character to the life, and became desperately enamoured of Columbine. She was a slim, well-made, tempting girl, with a roguish smiling face, and fine chestnut hair clustering all about it. The moment I got fairly smitten there was an end to all playing. I was such a creature of fancy and feeling, that I could not put on a pretended, when I was powerfully affected by a real emotion. I could not sport with a fiction that came so near to fact. I became too natural in my acting to succeed. And then, what a situation for a lover! I was a mere stripling, and she played with my passion; and girls soon grow more adroit and knowing in these

matters than your awkward youngsters. What agonies had I to suffer! Every time that she danced in front of the booth, and made such liberal displays of her charms, I was in torment. To complete my misery, I had a real rival in Harlequin, an active, vigorous, knowing varlet, of six-and-twenty. What had a raw, inexperienced youngster like me to hope from such a competition?

I had still, however, some advantages in my favour. In spite of my change of life, I retained that indescribable something which always distinguishes the gentleman; that something which dwells in a man's air and deportment, and not in his clothes; and which it is as difficult for a gentleman to put off, as for a vulgar fellow to put on. The company generally felt it, and used to call me Little Gentleman Jack. The girl felt it too, and, in spite of her predilection for my powerful rival, she liked to flirt with me. This only aggravated my troubles, by increasing my passion, and awakening the jealousy of her party-coloured lover.

Alas! think what I suffered at being obliged to keep up an ineffectual chase after my Columbine through whole pantonimes; to see her carried off in the vigorous arms of the happy Harlequin; and to be obliged, instead of snatching her from him, to tumble sprawling with Pantaloon and the clown, and bear the infernal and degrading thwacks of my rival's weapon of lath, which, may Heaven confound him! (excuse my passion) the villain laid on with a malicious good-will: nay, I could absolutely bear him chuckle and laugh beneath his accursed mask—I beg pardon for growing a little warm in my narrative—I wish to be cool, but these recollections will sometimes agitate me. I have heard and read of many desperate and deplorable situations of lovers, but none, I think, in which true love was ever exposed to so severe and peculiar a trial.

This could not last long; flesh and blood, at least such flesh and blood as mine, could not bear it. I had repeated heart-burnings and quarrels with my rival, in which he treated me with the mortifying forbearance of a man towards a child. Had he quarrelled outright with me, I could have stomached it, at least I should have known what part to take; but to be humoured and treated as a child in the presence of my mistress, when I felt all the bantam spirit of a little man swelling within me—Gods! it was insufferable!

At length, we were exhibiting one day at West End fair, which was at that time a very fashionable resort, and often beleaguered with gay equipages from town. Among the spectators that filled the front row of our little canvass theatre one afternoon, when I had to figure in a pantomime, were a number of young ladies from a boarding-school, with their governess. Guess my confusion, when, in the midst of my antics, I beheld among the number my quondam flame; her whom I had berhymed at school, her for whose charms I had smarted so severely, the cruel Sacharissa! What was worse, I fancied she recol-

lected me, and was repeating the story of my humiliating flagellation; for I saw her whispering to her companions and her governess. I lost all consciousness of the part I was acting, and of the place where I was. I felt shrunk to nothing, and could have crept into a rat-hole—unluckily, none was open to receive me. Before I could recover from my confusion, I was tumbled over by Pantaloon and the clown, and I felt the sword of Harlequin making vigorous assaults in a manner most degrading to my dignity.

Heaven and earth! was I again to suffer martyrdom in this ignominious manner, in the knowledge and even before the very eyes of this most beautiful, but most disdainful of fair ones? All my long-smothered wrath broke out at once; the dormant feelings of the gentleman arose within me. Stung to the quick by intolerable mortification, I sprang on my feet in an instant; leaped upon Harlequin like a young tiger; tore off his mask; buffeted him in the face; and soon shed more blood on the stage, than had been spilt upon it during a whole tragic campaign of battles and murders.

As soon as Harlequin recovered from his surprise, he returned my assault with interest. I was nothing in his hands. I was game, to be sure, for I was a gentleman; but he had the clownish advantage of bone and muscle. I felt as if I could have fought even unto the death; and I was likely to do so, for he was, according to the boxing phrase, “putting my head into clancery,” when the gentle Columbine flew to my assistance. God bless the women! they are always on the side of the weak and the oppressed!

The battle now became general; the dramatis personæ ranged on either side. The manager interposed in vain; in vain were his spangled black bonnet and towering white feathers seen whisking about, and nodding, and bobbing in the thickest of the fight. Warriors, ladies, priests, satyrs, kings, queens, gods, and goddesses, all joined pell-mell in the fray: never, since the conflict under the walls of Troy, had there been such a chance-medley warfare of combatants, human and divine. The audience applauded, the ladies shrieked, and fled from the theatre; and a scene of discord ensued that baffles all description.

Nothing but the interference of the peace-officers restored some degree of order. The havoc, however, that had been made among dresses and decorations, put an end to all further acting for that day. The battle over, the next thing was to inquire why it was begun; a common question among politicians after a bloody and unprofitable war, and one not always easy to be answered. It was soon traced to me, and my unaccountable transport of passion, which they could only attribute to my having *run a muck*. The manager was judge and jury, and plaintiff into the bargain; and in such cases justice is always speedily administered. He came out of the fight as sublime a wreck as the Santissima Trinitade. His gallant plumes, which once towered aloft, were drooping about his ears; his robe of state hung in ribands from his back, and but

ill concealed the ravages he had suffered in the rear. He had received kicks and cuffs from all sides during the tumult; for every one took the opportunity of slyly gratifying some lurking grudge on his fat carcass. He was a discreet man, and did not chuse to declare war with all his company; so he swore all those kicks and cuffs had been given by me, and I let him enjoy the opinion. Some wounds he bore, however, which were the incontestable traces of a woman's warfare: his sleek rosy cheek was scored by trickling furrows, which were ascribed to the nails of my intrepid and devoted Columbine. The ire of the monarch was not to be appeased; he had suffered in his person, and he had suffered in his purse; his dignity, too, had been insulted, and that went for something; for dignity is always more irascible the more petty the potentate. He wreaked his wrath upon the beginners of the affray, and Columbine and myself were discharged, at once, from the company.

Figure me, then, to yourself, a stripling of little more than sixteen, a gentleman by birth, a vagabond by trade, turned adrift upon the world, making the best of my way through the crowd of West End fair, my mountebank dress fluttering in rags about me, the weeping Columbine hanging upon my arm, splendid but tattered finery; the tears coursing one by one down her face, carrying off the red paint in torrents, and literally “preying upon her damaged cheek.”

The crowd made way for us as we passed, and hooted in our rear. I felt the ridicule of my situation, but had too much gallantry to desert this fair one, who had sacrificed every thing for me. Having wandered through the fair, we emerged, like another Adam and Eve, into unknown regions, and “had the world before us, where to chuse.” Never was a more disconsolate pair seen in the soft valley of West End. The luckless Columbine cast back many a lingering look at the fair, which seemed to put on a more than usual splendour: its tents, and booths, and party-coloured groups, all brightening in the sunshine, and gleaming among the trees; and its gay flags and streamers fluttering in the light summer airs. We took a heavy sigh she would lean on my arm and prevent me from linking herself to my fortunes, and she was too much of a woman to desert me.

Pensive and silent, then, we traversed the beautiful fields which lie behind Hampstead, and wandered on, until the fiddle, and the hautboy, and the shout, and the laugh, were swallowed up in the distant sound of the big bass drum, and even that died away into a distant rumble. We passed along the pleasant, sequestered walk of Nightingale-lane. For a pair of lovers, what scene could be more propitious?—such a pair of lovers! Not a nightingale sang to soothe us: the very gypsies, who were encamped there during the fair, made no offer to tell the fortunes of such an ill-omened couple, whose fortunes, I suppose they thought too legibly written to need an

preter; and the gipsy children crawled into their cabins, and peeped out fearfully at us as we went by. For a moment I paused, and was almost tempted to turn gipsy; but the poetical feeling, for the present, was fully satisfied, and I passed on. Thus we travelled and travelled, like a prince and princess in a Nursery Tale, until we had traversed a part of Hampstead Heath, and arrived in the vicinity of Jack Straw's Castle. Here, wearied and dispirited, we seated ourselves on the margin of the hill, hard by the very mile-stone where Whittington of yore heard the Bow-bells ring out the presage of his future greatness. Alas! no bell rung an invitation to us, as we looked disconsolately upon the distant city. Old London seemed to wrap itself unsocially in its mantle of brown smoke, and to offer no encouragement to such a couple of tatterdemallions.

For once, at least, the usual course of the pantomime was reversed, Harlequin was jilteu, and the lover had carried off Columbine in good earnest. But what was I to do with her? I could not take her in my hand, return to my father, throw myself on my knees, and crave his forgiveness and his blessing, according to dramatic usage. The very dogs would have chased such a draggled-tailed beauty from the grounds.

In the midst of my doleful dumps, some one tapped me on the shoulder, and, looking up, I saw a couple of rough sturdy fellows standing behind me. Not knowing what to expect, I jumped on my legs, and was preparing again to make battle; but I was tripped up and secured in a twinkling.

"Come, come, young master," said one of the fellows, in a gruff but good-humoured tone, "don't let's have any of your tantrums; one would have thought you had had swing enough for this bout. Come; it's high time to leave off harlequinading, and go home to your father."

In fact, I had fallen into the hands of remorseless men. The cruel Sacharissa had proclaimed who I was, and that a reward had been offered throughout the country for any tidings of me; and they had seen a description of me which had been inserted in the public papers. Those harpies, therefore, for the mere sake of filthy lucre, were resolved to deliver me over into the hands of my father, and the clutches of my pedagogue.

It was in vain that I swore I would not leave my faithful and afflicted Columbine. It was in vain that I tore myself from their grasp, and flew to her; and vowed to protect her; and wiped the tears from her cheek, and with them a whole blush that might have died with the carnation for brilliancy. My persecutors were inflexible; they even seemed to exult in our distress; and to enjoy this theatrical display of dirt, and finery, and tribulation. I was carried off in despair, leaving my Columbine destitute in the wide world; but many a look of agony did I cast back at her as she stood gazing piteously after me from the brink of Hampstead Hill; so forlorn, so fine, so ragged, so bedraggled, yet so beautiful.

Thus ended my first peep into the world. I returned home, rich in good-for-nothing experience, and dreading the reward I was to receive for my improvement. My reception, however, was quite different from what I had expected. My father had a spice of the devil in him, and did not seem to like me the worse for my freak, which he termed "sowing my wild oats." He happened to have some of his sporting friends to dine the very day of my return; they made me tell some of my adventures, and laughed heartily at them.

One old fellow, with an outrageously red nose, took to me hugely. I heard him whisper to my father that I was a lad of mettle, and might make something clever; to which my father replied, that I had good points, but was an ill-broken whelp, and required a great deal of the whip. Perhaps this very conversation raised me a little in his esteem, for I found the red-nosed old gentleman was a veteran fox-hunter of the neighbourhood, for whose opinion my father had vast deference. Indeed, I believe he would have pardoned any thing in me more readily than poetry, which he called a cursed, sneaking, puling, housekeeping employment, the bane of all fine manhood. He swore it was unworthy of a youngster of my expectations, who was one day to have so great an estate, and would be able to keep horses and hounds, and hire poets to write songs for him into the bargain.

I had now satisfied, for a time, my roving propensity. I had exhausted the poetical feeling. I had been heartily buffeted out of my love for theatrical display. I felt humiliated by my exposure, and was willing to hide my head any where for a season, so that I might be out of the way of the ridicule of the world; for I found folks not altogether so indulgent abroad as they were at my father's table. I could not stay at home; the house was intolerably doleful, now that my mother was no longer there to cherish me. Every thing around spoke mournfully of her. The little flower-garden in which she delighted was all in disorder and overrun with weeds. I attempted for a day or two to arrange it, but my heart grew heavier and heavier as I laboured. Every little broken-down flower, that I had seen her rear so tenderly, seemed to plead in mute eloquence to my feelings. There was a favourite honeysuckle which I had seen her often training with assiduity, and had heard her say it would be the pride of her garden. I found it groveling along the ground, tangled and wild, and twining round every worthless weed; and it struck me as an emblem of myself, a mere scattling, running to waste and uselessness. I could work no longer in the garden.

My father sent me to pay a visit to my uncle, by way of keeping the old gentleman in mind of me. I was received, as usual, without any expression of discontent, which we always considered equivalent to a hearty welcome. Whether he had ever heard of my strolling freak or not I could not discover, he and his

man were both so taciturn. I spent a day or two roaming about the dreary mansion and neglected park, and felt at one time, I believe, a touch of poetry, for I was tempted to drown myself in a fish-pond; I rebuked the evil spirit, however, and it left me. I found the same red-headed boy running wild about the park, but I felt in no humour to hunt him at present. On the contrary, I tried to coax him to me, and to make friends with him; but the young savage was untamable.

When I returned from my uncle's, I remained at home for some time, for my father was disposed, he said, to make a man of me. He took me out hunting with him, and I became a great favourite of the red-nosed squire, because I rode at every thing, never refused the holdest leap, and was always sure to be in at the death. I used often, however, to offend my father at hunting dinners, by taking the wrong side in politics. My father was amazingly ignorant, so ignorant, in fact, as not to know that he knew nothing. He was stanch, however, to church and king, and full of old-fashioned prejudices. Now I had picked up a little knowledge in politics and religion, during my rambles with the strollers, and found myself capable of setting him right as to many of his antiquated notions. I felt it my duty to do so; we were apt, therefore, to differ occasionally in the political discussions which sometimes arose at those hunting dinners.

I was at that age when a man knows least, and is most vain of his knowledge, and when he is extremely tenacious in defending his opinion upon subjects about which he knows nothing. My father was a hard man for any one to argue with, for he never knew when he was refuted. I sometimes posed him a little, but then he had one argument that always settled the questions; he would threaten to knock me down. I believe he at last grew tired of me, because I both outtalked and outrode him. The red-nosed squire, too, got out of conceit of me, because, in the heat of the chase, I rode over him one day as he and his horse lay sprawling in the dirt: so I found myself getting into disgrace with all the world, and would have got heartily out of humour with myself, had I not been kept in tolerable self-conceit by the parson's three daughters.

They were the same who had admired my poetry on a former occasion, when it had brought me into disgrace at school; and I had ever since retained an exalted idea of their judgment. Indeed, they were young ladies not merely of taste, but science. Their education had been superintended by their mother, who was a blue stocking. They knew enough of botany to tell the technical names of all the flowers in the garden, and all their secret concerns into the bargain. They knew music too, not mere commonplace music, but Rossini and Mozart, and they sang Moore's Irish Melodies to perfection. They had pretty little work-tables, covered with all kind of objects of taste; specimens of lava, and painted eggs, and work-

boxes, painted and varnished by themselves. They excelled in knotting and netting, and painted in water-colours; and made feather fans, and fire-screens, and worked in silks and worsteds; and talked French and Italian, and knew Shakspeare by heart. They even knew something of geology and mineralogy; and went about the neighbourhood knocking stones to pieces, to the great admiration and perplexity of the country folk.

I am a little too minute, perhaps, in detailing their accomplishments, but I wish to let you see that these were not common-place young ladies, but had pretensions quite above the ordinary run. It was some consolation to me, therefore, to find favour in such eyes. Indeed, they had always marked me out for a genius, and considered my late vagrant freak as fresh proof of the fact. They observed that Shakspeare himself had been a mere Pickle in his youth; that he had stolen deer, as every one knew, and kept loose company, and consorted with actors: so I comforted myself marvellously with the idea of having so decided a Shakspearean trait in my character.

The youngest of the three, however, was my grand consolation. She was a pale, sentimental girl, with long "hyacinthine" ringlets hanging about her face. She wrote poetry herself, and we kept up a poetical correspondence. She had a taste for the drama too, and I taught her how to act several of the scenes in Romeo and Juliet. I used to rehearse the garden scene under her lattice, which looked out from among woodbine and honeysuckles into the churchyard. I began to think her amazingly pretty as well as clever, and I believe I should have finished by falling in love with her, had not her father discovered our theatrical studies. He was a studious, abstracted man, generally too much absorbed in his learned and religious labours to notice the little foibles of his daughters, and, perhaps, blinded by a father's fondness; but he unexpectedly put his head out of his study-window one day in the midst of a scene, and put a stop to our rehearsals. He had a vast deal of that prosaic good sense which I for ever found a stumbling-block in my poetical path. My rambling freak had not struck the good man as poetically as it had his daughters. He drew his comparison from a different manual. He looked upon me as a prodigal son, and doubted whether I should ever arrive at the happy catastrophe of the fatted calf.

I fancy some intimation was given to my father of this new breaking out of my poetical temperament, for he suddenly intimated that it was high time I should prepare for the University. I dreaded a return to the school from whence I had eloped: the ridicule of my fellow-scholars, and the glances from the squire's pew, would have been worse than death to me. I was fortunately spared the humiliation. My father sent me to board with a country clergyman, who had three or four other boys under his care. I went to him joyfully, for I had often heard my mother mention him with esteem. In fact, he had been an admirer

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of hers in his younger days, though too humble in fortune and modest in pretensions to aspire to her hand; but he had ever retained a tender regard for her. He was a good man; a worthy specimen of that valuable body of our country clergy who silently and unostentatiously do a vast deal of good; who are, as it were, woven into the whole system of rural life, and operate upon it with the steady yet unobtrusive influence of temperate piety and learned good sense. He lived in a small village not far from Warwick, one of those little communities where the scanty flock is, in a manner, folded into the bosom of the pastor. The venerable church, in its grass-grown cemetery, was one of those rural temples which are scattered about our country as if to sanctify the land.

I have the worthy pastor before my mind's eye at this moment, with his mild benevolent countenance, rendered still more venerable by his silver hairs. I have him before me, as I saw him on my arrival, seated in the embowered porch of his small parsonage, with a flower-garden before it, and his pupils gathered round him like his children. I shall never forget his reception of me, for I believe he thought of my poor mother at the time, and his heart yearned towards her child. His eye glistened when he received me at the door, and he took me into his arms as the adopted child of his affections. Never had I been so fortunately placed. He was one of those excellent members of our church, who help out their narrow salaries by instructing a few gentlemen's sons. I am convinced those little seminaries are among the best nurseries of talent and virtue in the land. Both heart and mind are cultivated and improved. The preceptor is the companion and the friend of his pupils. His sacred character gives him dignity in their eyes, and his solemn functions produce that elevation of mind and sobriety of conduct necessary to those who are to teach youth to think and act worthily.

I speak from my own random observation and experience, but I think I speak correctly. At any rate, I can trace much of what is good in my own heterogeneous compound to the short time I was under the instruction of that good man. He entered into the cares and occupations and amusements of his pupils; and won his way into our confidence, and studied our hearts and minds more intently than we did our books.

He soon sounded the depth of my character. I had become, as I have already hinted, a little liberal in my notions, and apt to philosophise on both politics and religion; having seen something of men and things, and learnt, from my fellow-philosophers, the strollers, to despise all vulgar prejudices. He did not attempt to cast down my vainglory, nor to question my right view of things; he merely instilled into my mind a little information on these topics; though in a quiet, unobtrusive way, that never ruffled a feather of my self-conceit. I was astonished to find what a viewing little knowledge makes in one's mode of viewing matters; and how very different a subject is when

one thinks, or when one only talks about it. I conceived a vast deference for my teacher, and was ambitious of his good opinion. In my zeal to make a favourable impression, I presented him with a whole ream of my poetry. He read it attentively, smiled, and pressed my hand when he returned it to me, but said nothing. The next day he set me at mathematics.

Somehow or other the process of teaching seemed robbed by him of all its austerity. I was not conscious that he thwarted an inclination or opposed a wish; but I felt that, for the time, my inclinations were entirely changed. I became fond of study, and zealous to improve myself. I made tolerable advances in studies, which I had before considered as unattainable, and I wondered at my own proficiency. I thought, too, I astonished my preceptor; for I often caught his eyes fixed upon me with a peculiar expression. I suspect, since, that he was pensively tracing in my countenance the early lineaments of my mother.

Education was not apportioned by him into tasks, and enjoined as a labour, to be abandoned with joy the moment the hour of study was expired. We had, it is true, our allotted hours of occupation, to give us habits of method, and of the distribution of time; but they were made pleasant to us, and our feelings were enlisted in the cause. When they were over, education still went on. It pervaded all our relaxations and amusements. There was a steady march of improvement. Much of his instruction was given during pleasant rambles, or when seated on the margin of the Avon; and information received in that way, often makes a deeper impression than when acquired by poring over books. I have many of the pure and eloquent precepts that flowed from his lips associated in my mind with lovely scenes in nature, which make the recollection of them indescribably delightful.

I do not pretend to say that any miracle was effected with me. After all said and done, I was but a weak disciple. My poetical temperament still wrought within me and wrestled hard with wisdom, and, I fear, maintained the mastery. I found mathematics an intolerable task in fine weather. I would be prone to forget my problems, to watch the birds hopping about the windows, or the bees humming about the honeysuckles; and whenever I could steal away, I would wander about the grassy borders of the Avon, and excuse this truant propensity to myself with the idea that I was treading classic ground, over which Shakspeare had wandered. What luxurious idleness have I indulged, as I lay under the trees and watched the silver waves rippling through the arches of the broken bridge, and laying the rocky bases of old Warwick Castle; and how often have I thought of sweet Shakspeare, and in my boyish enthusiasm have kissed the waves which had washed his native village!

My good preceptor would often accompany me in these desultory rambles. He sought to get hold of

this vagrant mood of mind and turn it to some account. He endeavoured to teach me to mingle thought with mere sensation; to moralize on the scenes around; and to make the beauties of nature administer to the understanding and the heart. He endeavoured to direct my imagination to high and noble objects, and to fill it with lofty images. In a word, he did all he could to make the best of a poetical temperament, and to counteract the mischief which had been done to me by my great expectations.

Had I been earlier put under the care of the good pastor, or remained with him a longer time, I really believe he would have made something of me. He had already brought a great deal of what had been flogged into me into tolerable order, and had weeded out much of the unprofitable wisdom which had sprung up in my vagabondizing. I already began to find that with all my genius a little study would be no disadvantage to me; and, in spite of my vagrant freaks, I began to doubt my being a second Shakspeare.

Just as I was making these precious discoveries, the good parson died. It was a melancholy day throughout the neighbourhood. He had his little flock of scholars, his children, as he used to call us, gathered around him in his dying moments; and he gave us the parting advice of a father, now that he had to leave us, and we were to be separated from each other, and scattered about in the world. He took me by the hand, and talked with me earnestly and affectionately, and called to mind my mother, and used her name to enforce his dying exhortations, for I rather think he considered me the most erring and heedless of his flock. He held my hand in his, long after he had done speaking, and kept his eye fixed on me tenderly and almost piteously: his lips moved as if he were silently praying for me; and he died away, still holding me by the hand.

There was not a dry eye in the church when the funeral service was read from the pulpit from which he had so often preached. When the body was committed to the earth, our little band gathered round it, and watched the coffin as it was lowered into the grave. The parishioners looked at us with sympathy; for we were mourners not merely in dress but in heart. We lingered about the grave, and clung to one another for a time weeping and speechless, and then parted, like a band of brothers parting from the paternal hearth, never to assemble there again.

How had the gentle spirit of that good man sweetened our natures, and linked our young hearts together by the kindest ties! I have always had a throb of pleasure at meeting with an old school-mate, even though one of my truant associates; but whenever, in the course of my life, I have encountered one of that little flock with which I was folded on the banks of the Avon, it has been with a gush of affection, and a glow of virtue, that for the moment have made me a better man.

I was now sent to Oxford, and was wonderfully

impressed on first entering it as a student. Learning here puts on all its majesty. It is lodged in palaces; it is sanctified by the sacred ceremonies of religion; it has a pomp and circumstance which powerfully affect the imagination. Such, at least, it had in my eyes, thoughtless as I was. My previous studies with the worthy pastor, had prepared me to regard it with deference and awe. He had been educated here, and always spoke of the University with filial fondness and classic veneration. When I beheld the clustering spires and pinnacles of this most august of cities rising from the plain, I hailed them in my enthusiasm as the points of a diadem, which the nation had placed upon the brows of science.

For a time old Oxford was full of enjoyment for me. There was a charm about its monastic buildings; its great Gothic quadrangles; its solemn halls, and shadowy cloisters. I delighted, in the evenings, to get in places surrounded by the colleges, where all modern buildings were screened from the sight; and to see the professors and students sweeping along in the dusk in their antiquated caps and gowns. I seemed for a time to be transported among the people and edifices of the old times. I was a frequent attendant, also, of the evening service in the New College Hall; to hear the fine organ, and the choir swelling an anthem in that solemn building, where painting, music, and architecture, are in such admirable unison.

A favourite haunt, too, was the beautiful walk bordered by lofty elms along the river, behind the grey walls of Magdalen College, which goes by the name of Addison's Walk, from being his favourite resort when an Oxford student. I became also a loungee in the Bodleian Library, and a great dipper into books, though I cannot say that I studied them; in fact, being no longer under direction or control, I was gradually relapsing into mere indulgence of the fancy. Still this would have been pleasant and harmless enough, and I might have awakened from mere literary dreading to something better. The chances were in my favour, for the riotous times of the University were past. The days of hard drinking were at an end. The old feuds of "Town and Gown," like the civil wars of the White and Red Rose, had died away; and student and citizen slept in peace in whole skins, without risk of being summoned in the night to bloody brawl. It had become the fashion to study at the University, and the odds were always in favour of my following the fashion. Unluckily however, I fell in company with a special knot of young fellows, of lively parts and ready wit, who had lived occasionally upon town, and become initiated into the *Fancy*. They voted study to be the toil of dull minds, by which they slowly crept up the hill, while genius arrived at it at a bound. I felt ashamed to play the owl among such gay birds; so I threw up my books, and became a man of spirit.

As my father made me a tolerable allowance, notwithstanding the narrowness of his income, having an eye always to my great expectations, I was enabled

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to appear to advantage among my companions. I cul-
tivated all kinds of sport and exercises. I was one of
the most expert oarsmen that rowed on the Isis. I
loved, fenced, angled, shot, and hunted; and my
rooms in college were always decorated with whips
of all kinds, spurs, fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, foils,
and boxing-gloves. A pair of leather breeches would
seem to be throwing one leg out of the half-open
drawers, and empty bottles lumbered the bottom of
every closet.

My father came to see me at college when I was in
the height of my career. He asked me how I came
on with my studies, and what kind of hunting there
was in the neighbourhood. He examined my various
sporting apparatus with a curious eye; wanted to
know if any of the professors were fox-hunters, and
whether they were generally good shots, for he sus-
pected their studying so much must be hurtful to the
sight. We had a day's shooting together. I delight-
ed him with my skill, and astonished him by my learn-
ed disquisitions on horse-flesh, and on Manton's guns;
so, upon the whole, he departed highly satisfied with
my improvement at college.

I do not know how it is, but I cannot be idle long
without getting in love. I had not been a very long
time a man of spirit, therefore, before I became deeply
enamoured of a shopkeeper's daughter in the High-
street, who, in fact, was the admiration of many of the
students. I wrote several sonnets in praise of her, and
spent half of my pocket-money at the shop, in buying
articles which I did not want, that I might have an
opportunity of speaking to her. Her father, a severe-
looking old gentleman, with bright silver buckles,
and a crisp-curl'd wig, kept a strict guard on her, as
the fathers generally do upon their daughters in Ox-
ford, and well they may. I tried to get into his good
graces, and to be social with him, but all in vain. I
did several good things in his shop, but he never
noticed: he had no relish for wit and humour. He
was one of those dry old gentlemen who keep young-
sters at bay. He had already brought up two or three
daughters, and was experienced in the ways of stu-
dents. He was as knowing and wary as a grey old
sage that has often been hunted. To see him on
Sunday, so stiff and starched in his demeanour, so
precise in his dress, with his daughter under his arm,
was enough to deter all graceless youngsters from ap-
proaching.

I managed, however, in spite of his vigilance, to
have several conversations with the daughter, as I
bought articles in the shop. I made terrible long
gains, and examined the articles over and over
before I purchased. In the mean time, I would con-
vey a sonnet or an acrostic under cover of a piece of
linen, or slipped into a pair of stockings; I would
whisper soft nonsense into her ear as I haggled about
the price; and would squeeze her hand tenderly as I
received my half-pence of change in a bit of whity-
brown paper. Let this serve as a hint to all haberdash-
ers who have pretty daughters for shop-girls, and

young students for customers. I do not know whe-
ther my words and looks were very eloquent, but
my poetry was irresistible; for, to tell the truth, the
girl had some literary taste, and was seldom without a
book from the circulating library.

By the divine power of poetry, therefore, which is
so potent with the lovely sex, did I subdue the heart
of this fair little haberdasher. We carried on a sen-
timental correspondence for a time across the counter,
and I supplied her with rhyme by the stocking-full.
At length I prevailed on her to grant an assignation.
But how was this to be effected? Her father kept
her always under his eye; she never walked out alone;
and the house was locked up the moment that the
shop was shut. All these difficulties served but to
give zest to the adventure. I proposed that the assi-
gnation should be in her own chamber, into which I
would climb at night. The plan was irresistible—A
cruel father, a secret lover, and a clandestine meet-
ing! All the little girl's studies from the circulating
library seemed about to be realized.

But what had I in view in making this assignation?
Indeed, I know not. I had no evil intentions, nor
can I say that I had any good ones. I liked the girl,
and wanted to have an opportunity of seeing more of
her; and the assignation was made, as I have done
many things else, heedlessly and without forethought.
I asked myself a few questions of the kind, after all
my arrangements were made, but the answers were
very unsatisfactory. "Am I to ruin this poor thought-
less girl?" said I to myself. "No!" was the prompt
and indignant answer. "Am I to run away with
her?"—"Whither, and to what purpose?"—"Well,
then, am I to marry her?"—"Poh! a man of
my expectations marry a shopkeeper's daughter!"
"What then am I to do with her?" "Hum—why
—let me get into the chamber first, and then con-
sider—" and so the self-examination ended.

Well, sir, "come what come might," I stole under
cover of the darkness to the dwelling of my dulcinea.
All was quiet. At the concerted signal her window
was gently opened. It was just above the projecting
bow-window of her father's shop, which assisted me
in mounting. The house was low, and I was enabled
to scale the fortress with tolerable ease. I clambered
with a beating heart; I reached the casement; I hoist-
ed my body half into the chamber; and was welcom-
ed, not by the embraces of my expecting fair one, but
by the grasp of the crabbed-looking old father in the
crisp-curl'd wig.

I extricated myself from his clutches, and endea-
voured to make my retreat; but I was confounded by
his cries of thieves! and robbers! I was bothered too
by his Sunday cane, which was amazingly busy about
my head as I descended, and against which my hat
was but a poor protection. Never before had I an
idea of the activity of an old man's arm, and the
hardness of the knob of an ivory-headed cane. In
my hurry and confusion I missed my footing, and fell
sprawling on the pavement. I was immediately sur-

rounded by myrmidons, who, I doubt not, were on the watch for me." Indeed, I was in no situation to escape, for I had sprained my ankle in the fall, and could not stand. I was seized as a housebreaker; and to exonerate myself of a greater crime, I had to accuse myself of a less. I made known who I was, and why I came there. Alas! the varlets knew it already, and were only amusing themselves at my expense. My perfidious muse had been playing me one of her slippery tricks. The old curmudgeon of a father had found my sonnets and acrostics hid away in holes and corners of his shop: he had no taste for poetry like his daughter, and had instituted a rigorous though silent observation. He had moused upon our letters, detected our plans, and prepared every thing for my reception. Thus was I ever doomed to be led into scrapes by the muse. Let no man henceforth carry on a secret amour in poetry!

The old man's ire was in some measure appeased by the pommeling of my head and the anguish of my sprain; so he did not put me to death on the spot. He was even humane enough to furnish a shutter, on which I was carried back to college like a wounded warrior. The porter was roused to admit me. The college gate was thrown open for my entry. The affair was blazed about the next morning, and became the joke of the college from the butery to the hall.

I had leisure to repent during several weeks' confinement by my sprain, which I passed in translating Boethius' Consolations of Philosophy. I received a most tender and ill-spelled letter from my mistress, who had been sent to a relation in Coventry. She protested her innocence of my misfortunes, and vowed to be true to me "till death." I took no notice of the letter, for I was cured, for the present, both of love and poetry. Women, however, are more constant in their attachments than men, whatever philosophers may say to the contrary. I am assured that she actually remained faithful to her vow for several months; but she had to deal with a cruel father, whose heart was as hard as the knob of his cane. He was not to be touched by tears or poetry, but absolutely compelled her to marry a reputable young tradesman, who made her a happy woman in spite of herself, and of all the rules of romance: and, what is more, the mother of several children. They are at this very day a thriving couple, and keep a snug corner shop, just opposite the figure of Peeping Tom, at Coventry.

I will not fatigue you by any more details of my studies at Oxford; though they were not always as severe as these, nor did I always pay as dear for my lessons. To be brief, then, I lived on in my usual miscellaneous manner, gradually getting knowledge of good and evil, until I had attained my twenty-first year. I had scarcely come of age when I heard of the sudden death of my father. The shock was severe, for though he had never treated me with much kindness, still he was my father, and at his death I felt alone in the world.

I returned home, and found myself the solitary master of the paternal mansion. A crowd of gloomy feelings came thronging upon me. It was a place that always sobered me, and brought me to reflection; now especially, it looked so deserted and melancholy. I entered the little breakfast-room. There were my father's whip and spurs hanging by the fire-place; the Stud-book, Sporting Magazine, and Racing Calendar, his only reading. His favourite spaniel lay on the hearth-rug. The poor animal, who had never before noticed me, now came fondling about me, licked my hand, then looked round the room, whined, wagged his tail slightly, and gazed wistfully in my face. I felt the full force of the appeal. "Poor Dash," said I, "we are both alone in the world, with nobody to care for us, and will take care of one another."—The dog never quite came afterwards.

I could not go into my mother's room—my heart swelled when I passed within sight of the door. Her portrait hung in the parlour, just over the place where she used to sit. As I cast my eyes on it, I thought it looked at me with tenderness, and I burst into tears. I was a careless dog, it is true, hardened a little perhaps, by living in public schools, and buffeted about among strangers, who cared nothing for me; but the recollection of a mother's tenderness was overcoming.

I was not of an age or a temperament to be long depressed. There was a reaction in my system that always brought me up again after every pressure, and, indeed, my spirits were most buoyant after temporary prostration. I settled the concerns of the estate as soon as possible; realized my property, which was not very considerable, but which appeared a vast deal to me, having a poetical eye, that magnified every thing; and finding myself, at the end of a few months, free of all further business or restraint, I determined to go to London and enjoy myself. Why should not I?—I was young, animated, joyous, had plenty of funds for present pleasures, and a view of my uncle's estate in the perspective. Let those mope at college, and pore over books, thought I, who have their way to make in the world; it would be ridiculous drudgery in a youth of my expectations!

Away to London, therefore, I rattled in a tandem, determined to take the town gaily. I passed through several of the villages where I had played the Jack of Pudding a few years before; and I visited the scenes of many of my adventures and follies, merely from that feeling of melancholy pleasure which we have in stepping again the footprints of foregone existence, even when they have passed among weeds and brambles. I made a circuit in the latter part of my journey, as to take in West End and Hampstead, the scene of my last dramatic exploit, and of the battle of the booth. As I drove along the ridge of Hampstead Hill, by Jack Straw's Castle, I paused at the spot where Columbine and I had sat down so desolately in our ragged finery, and had looked

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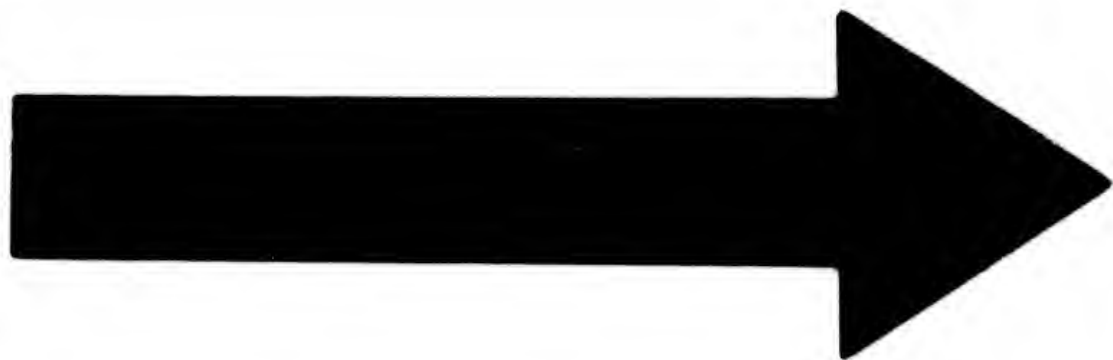
ously on London. I almost expected to see her
gain, standing on the hill's brink, "like Niobe, all
ars;"—mournful as Babyion in ruins!
"Poor Columbine!" said I, with a heavy sigh,
thou wert a gallant, generous girl—a true woman;
faithful to the distressed, and ready to sacrifice thy-
self in the cause of worthless man!"
I tried to whistle off the recollection of her, for
ere was always something of self-reproach with it.
drove gaily along the road, enjoying the stare of
ostlers and stable-boys, as I managed my horses
knowingly down the steep street of Hampstead;
hen, just at the skirts of the village, one of the
cesses of my leader came loose. I pulled up, and
the animal was restive, and my servant a bungler,
called for assistance to the robustious master of
ing alehouse, who stood at his door with a tankard
his hand. He came readily to assist me, followed
his wife, with her bosom half open, a child in
her arms, and two more at her heels. I stared for
moment, as if doubting my eyes. I could not be
taken; in the fat, beer-blown landlord of the ale-
house, I recognized my old rival Harlequin, and in
his slattern spouse, the once trim and dimpling Co-
lumbine.
The change of my looks from youth to manhood,
and the change in my circumstances, prevented them
from recognizing me. They could not suspect in
the dashing young buck, fashionably dressed and
wearing his own equipage, the painted beau, with old
shod hat, and long, flimsy, sky-blue coat. My
heart yearned with kindness towards Columbine, and
I was glad to see her establishment a thriving one.
As soon as the harness was adjusted, I tossed a small
piece of gold into her ample bosom; and then, pre-
tending to give my horses a hearty cut of the whip,
made the lash curl with a whistling about the sleek
sides of ancient Harlequin. The horses dashed off
like lightning, and I was whirled out of sight before
the mer of the parties could get over their surprise at
my liberal donations. I have always considered this
one of the greatest proofs of my poetical genius;
and as distributing poetical justice in perfection.
I now entered London *en cavalier*, and became a
star upon town. I took fashionable lodgings in the
best street; employed the first tailor; frequented the
best lounges; gambled a little; lost my money
humouredly, and gained a number of fashion-
able, good-for-nothing acquaintances. I gained some-
thing also for a man of science, having become
an expert boxer in the course of my studies at Ox-
ford.
I was distinguished, therefore, among the gen-
tlemen of the Fancy; became hand and glove with
the most famous boxers, and was the admiration of
the Fives Court. A gentleman's science, however,
is not to get him into sad scrapes; he is too prone to
be the knight-errant, and to pick up quarrels which
scientific gentlemen would quietly avoid. I un-
derstand one day to punish the insolence of a porter,
as a Hercules of a fellow, but then I was so se-

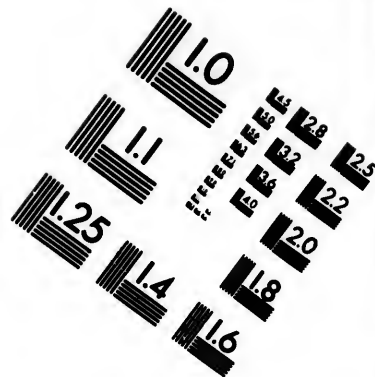
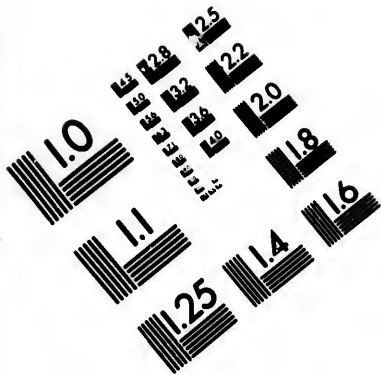
cure in my science! I gained the victory of course.
The porter pocketed his humiliation, bound up his
broken head, and went about his business as uncon-
cerned as though nothing had happened; while I
went to bed with my victory, and did not dare to
show my battered face for a fortnight: by which I
discovered that a gentleman may have the worst of
the battle even when victorious.

I am naturally a philosopher, and no one can mora-
lize better after a misfortune has taken place: so I lay
on my bed and moralized on this sorry ambition,
which levels the gentleman with the clown. I
know it is the opinion of many sages, who have
thought deeply on these matters, that the noble science
of boxing keeps up the bull-dog courage of the na-
tion; and far be it from me to decry the advantage of
becoming a nation of bull-dogs; but I now saw clearly
that it was calculated to keep up the breed of Eng-
lish ruffians. "What is the Fives Court," said I to my-
self, as I turned uncomfortably in bed, "but a college
of scoundrelism, where every bully ruffian in the land
may gain a fellowship? What is the slang language
of 'The Fancy' but a jargon by which fools and
knaves commune and understand each other, and en-
joy a kind of superiority over the uninitiated? What
is a boxing-match but an arena, where the noble and
the illustrious are jostled into familiarity with the in-
famous and the vulgar? What, in fact, is the Fancy
itself, but a chain of easy communication, extending
from the peer down to the pickpocket, through the
medium of which a man of rank may find he has
shaken hands, at three removes, with the murderer
on the gibbet?"

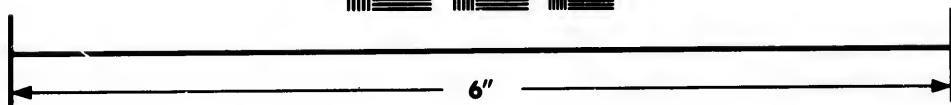
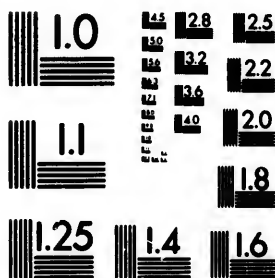
"Enough!" ejaculated I, thoroughly convinced
through the force of my philosophy, and the pain of
my bruises—"I'll have nothing more to do with The
Fancy." So when I had recovered from my victory,
I turned my attention to softer themes, and became a
devoted admirer of the ladies. Had I had more in-
dustry and ambition in my nature, I might have
worked my way to the very height of fashion, as I
saw many laborious gentlemen doing around me.
But it is a toilsome, an anxious, and an unhappy life:
there are few beings so sleepless and miserable as
your cultivators of fashionable smiles. I was quite
content with that kind of society which forms the
frontiers of fashion, and may be easily taken posses-
sion of. I found it a light, easy, productive soil. I
had but to go about and sow visiting-cards, and I
reaped a whole harvest of invitations. Indeed, my
figure and address were by no means against me. It
was whispered, too, among the young ladies, that I
was prodigiously clever, and wrote poetry; and the
old ladies had ascertained that I was a young gentle-
man of good family, handsome fortune, and "great
expectations."

I now was carried away by the hurry of gay life,
so intoxicating to a young man, and which a man of
poetical temperament enjoys so highly on his first
tasting of it: that rapid variety of sensations; that





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whirl of brilliant objects; that succession of pungent pleasures! I had no time for thought. I only felt. I never attempted to write poetry; my poetry seemed all to go off by transpiration. I lived poetry; it was all a poetical dream to me. A mere sensualist knows nothing of the delights of a splendid metropolis. He lives in a round of animal gratifications and heartless habits. But to a young man of poetical feelings, it is an ideal world, a scene of enchantment and delusion; his imagination is in perpetual excitement, and gives a spiritual zest to every pleasure.

A season of town-life, however, somewhat sobered me of my intoxication; or, rather, I was rendered more serious by one of my old complaints—I fell in love. It was with a very pretty, though a very haughty fair one, who had come to London under the care of an old maiden aunt to enjoy the pleasures of a winter in town, and to get married. There was not a doubt of her commanding a choice of lovers; for she had long been the belle of a little cathedral city, and one of the poets of the place had absolutely celebrated her beauty in a copy of Latin verses. The most extravagant anticipations were formed by her friends of the sensation she would produce. It was feared by some that she might be precipitate in her choice, and take up with some inferior title. The aunt was determined nothing should gain her under a lord.

Alas! with all her charms, the young lady lacked the one thing needful—she had no money. So she waited in vain for duke, marquis, or earl, to throw himself at her feet. As the season waned, so did the lady's expectations; when, just towards the close, I made my advances.

I was most favourably received by both the young lady and her aunt. It is true, I had no title; but then such great expectations! A marked preference was immediately shown me over two rivals, the younger son of a needy baronet, and a captain of dragoons on half-pay. I did not absolutely take the field in form, for I was determined not to be precipitate; but I drove my equipage frequently through the street in which she lived, and was always sure to see her at the window, generally with a book in her hand. I resumed my knack at rhyming, and sent her a long copy of verses; anonymously, to be sure, but she knew my hand-writing. Both aunt and niece, however, displayed the most delightful ignorance on the subject. The young lady showed them to me; wondered whom they could be written by; and declared there was nothing in this world she loved so much as poetry; while the maiden aunt would put her peevish spectacles on her nose, and read them, with blunders in sense and sound, that were excruciating to an author's ears; protesting there was nothing equal to them in the whole *Elegant Extracts*.

The fashionable season closed without my adventuring to make a declaration, though I certainly had encouragement. I was not perfectly sure that I had effected a lodgment in the young lady's heart, and,

to tell the truth, the aunt overdid her part, and was little too extravagant in her liking of me. I knew that maiden aunts were not apt to be captivated by the mere personal merits of their nieces' admirers, and I wanted to ascertain how much of all this favour I owed to driving an equipage, and having great expectations.

I had received many hints how charming their native place was during the summer months; what pleasant society they had; and what beautiful drives about the neighbourhood. They had not, therefore, returned home long, before I made my appearance in dashing style, driving down the principal street. The very next morning I was seen at prayers, seated in the same pew with the reigning belle. Questions were whispered about the aisles, after service, "Who is he?" and "What is he?" And the replies were, as usual, "A young gentleman of good family and high tone, and great expectations."

I was much struck with the peculiarities of this reverend little place. A cathedral, with its dependencies and regulations, presents a picture of old times, and of a different order of things. It is a relic of a more poetical age. There still linger about it the silence and solemnity of the cloister. In the present instance especially, where the cathedral was large, and the town was small, its influence was more apparent. The solemn pomp of the service performed twice a day, with the grand intonation of the organ, and the voices of the choir swelling through the magnificent pile, diffused, as it were, a perpetual sabbath over the place. This routine of solemnity continually going on, independent, as it were, of the world; this daily offering of melody and praise ascending like incense from the altar, had a powerful effect upon my imagination.

The aunt introduced me to her coterie, formed of families connected with the cathedral, and of moderate fortune, but high respectability, who had neatly themselves under the wings of the cathedral to enjoy good society at moderate expense. It was a highly aristocratical little circle; scrupulous in its intercourse with others, and jealously cautious in admitting anything common or unclean.

It seemed as if the courtesies of the old school were taken refuge here. There were continual interchanges of civilities, and of small presents of fruits and cacies, and of complimentary crow-quill billets; a quiet, well-bred community like this, living at ease, little duties, and little amusements, and civilities, fill up the day. I have seen, in the evening of a warm day, a corpulent, powdered footman, emerging from the iron gateway of a stately mansion, traversing the little place with an air of mighty port, bearing a small tart on a large silver salver.

Their evening amusements were sober and simple. They assembled at a moderate hour; the ladies played music, and the old ladies whist; and in an early hour they dispersed. There was no dancing on these social occasions. Two or three old

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chairs were in constant activity, though the greater
part made their exit in clogs and pattens, with a foot-
man or waiting-maid carrying a lantern in advance;
and long before midnight the clank of pattens and
gleam of lanterns about the quiet little place told that
the evening party had dissolved.

Still I did not feel myself altogether so much at my
ease as I had anticipated, considering the smallness
of the place. I found it very different from other
country places, and that it was not so easy to make a
dash there. Sinner that I was! the very dignity and
decorum of the little community was rebuking to me.
I feared my past idleness and folly would rise in judg-
ment against me. I stood in awe of the dignitaries
of the cathedral, whom I saw mingling familiarly in
society. I became nervous on this point. The creak
of a prebendary's shoes, sounding from one end of a
quiet street to the other, was appalling to me; and the
sight of a shovel-hat was sufficient at any time to
check me in the midst of my boldest poetical soarings.

And then the good aunt could not be quiet, but
would cry me up for a genius, and extol my poetry to
every one. So long as she confined this to the ladies
it did well enough, because they were able to feel
and appreciate poetry of the new romantic school.
Nothing would content the good lady, however, but
she must read my verses to a prebendary, who had
long been the undoubted critic of the place. He was
a thin, delicate old gentleman, of mild, polished man-
ners, steeped to the lips in classic lore, and not easily
put in a heat by any hot-blooded poetry of the day.
He listened to my most fervid thoughts and fervid
words without a glow; shook his head with a smile,
and condemned them as not being according to Ho-
race, as not being legitimate poetry.

Several old ladies, who had heretofore been my
admirers, shook their heads at hearing this; they
could not think of praising any poetry that was not
according to Horace; and as to any thing illegitimate,
it was not to be countenanced in good society. Thanks
to my stars, however, I had youth and novelty on my
side: so the young ladies persisted in admiring my
poetry in despite of Horace and illegitimacy.

I consoled myself with the good opinion of the
young ladies, whom I had always found to be the best
judges of poetry. As to these old scholars, said I,
they are apt to be chilled by being steeped in the cold
mountains of the classics. Still I felt that I was losing
ground, and that it was necessary to bring matters to
point. Just at this time there was a public ball, at-
tended by the best society of the place, and by the
entry of the neighbourhood: I took great pains with
my toilet on the occasion, and I had never looked
after. I had determined that night to make my
grand assault on the heart of the young lady, to
battle it with all my forces, and the next morning to
demand a surrender in due form.

I entered the ball-room amidst a buzz and flutter,
which generally took place among the young ladies
on my appearance. I was in fine spirits; for, to tell

the truth, I had exhilarated myself by a cheerful glass
of wine on the occasion. I talked, and rattled, and
said a thousand silly things, slap-dash, with all the
confidence of a man sure of his auditors,—and every
thing had its effect.

In the midst of my triumph I observed a little knot
gathering together in the upper part of the room.
By degrees it increased. A tittering broke out there,
and glances were cast round at me, and then there
would be fresh tittering. Some of the young ladies
would hurry away to distant parts of the room, and
whisper to their friends. Wherever they went, there
was still this tittering and glancing at me. I did not
know what to make of all this. I looked at myself
from head to foot, and peeped at my back in a glass,
to see if any thing was odd about my person; any
awkward exposure, any whimsical tag hanging out:
—no—every thing was right—I was a perfect picture.
I determined that it must be some choice saying of
mine that was bandied about in this knot of merry
beauties, and I determined to enjoy one of my good
things in the rebound. I stepped gently, therefore,
up the room, smiling at every one as I passed, who, I
must say, all smiled and tittered in return. I ap-
proached the group, smirking and perking my chin,
like a man who is full of pleasant feeling, and sure of
being well received. The cluster of little belles open-
ed as I advanced.

Heavens and earth! whom should I perceive in the
midst of them but my early and tormenting flame,
the everlasting Sacharissa! She was grown, it is
true, into the full beauty of womanhood; but showed,
by the provoking merriment of her countenance, that
she perfectly recollected me, and the ridiculous fla-
gellations of which she had twice been the cause.

I saw at once the exterminating cloud of ridicule
that was bursting over me. My crest fell. The flame
of love went suddenly out of my bosom, or was ex-
tinguished by overwhelming shame. How I got down
the room I know not: I fancied every one tittering at
me. Just as I reached the door, I caught a glance
of my mistress and her aunt listening to the whispers
of Sacharissa, the old lady raising her hands and eyes,
and the face of the young one lighted up, as I ima-
gined, with scorn ineffable. I paused to see no more,
but made two steps from the top of the stairs to the
bottom. The next morning, before sunrise, I heat a
retreat, and did not feel the blushes cool from my
tingling cheeks, until I had lost sight of the old towers
of the cathedral.

I now returned to town thoughtful and crest-fallen.
My money was nearly spent, for I had lived freely and
without calculation. The dream of love was over,
and the reign of pleasure at an end. I determined to
retrench while I had yet a trifle left: so selling my
equipage and horses for half their value, I quietly put
the money in my pocket, and turned pedestrian. I
had not a doubt that, with my great expectations, I
could at any time raise funds, either on usury or by
borrowing; but I was principled against both one and

the other, and resolved, by strict economy, to make my slender purse hold out until my uncle should give up the ghost, or rather the estate. I staid at home, therefore, and read, and would have written, but I had already suffered too much from my poetical productions, which had generally involved me in some ridiculous scrape. I gradually acquired a rusty look, and had a straitened money-borrowing air, upon which the world began to shy me. I have never felt disposed to quarrel with the world for its conduct; it has always used me well. When I have been flush and gay, and disposed for society, it has caressed me; and when I have been pinched and reduced, and wished to be alone, why, it has left me alone; and what more could a man desire? Take my word for it, this world is a more obliging world than people generally represent it.

Well, sir, in the midst of my retrenchment, my retirement, and my studiousness, I received news that my uncle was dangerously ill. I hastened on the wings of an heir's affections to receive his dying breath and his last testament. I found him attended by his faithful valet, old Iron John; by the woman who occasionally worked about the house, and by the foxy-headed boy, young Orson, whom I had occasionally hunted about the park. Iron John gasped a kind of asthmatical salutation as I entered the room, and received me with something almost like a smile of welcome. The woman sat blubbering at the foot of the bed; and the foxy-headed Orson, who had now grown up to be a lubberly lout, stood gazing in stupid vacancy at a distance.

My uncle lay stretched upon his back. The chamber was without fire, or any of the comforts of a sick room. The cobwebs flaunted from the ceiling. The tester was covered with dust, and the curtains were tattered. From underneath the bed peeped out one end of his strong-box. Against the wainscot were suspended rusty blunderbusses, horse-pistols, and a cut-and-thrust sword, with which he had fortified his room to defend his life and treasure. He had employed no physician during his illness; and from the scanty relics lying on the table, seemed almost to have denied to himself the assistance of a cook.

When I entered the room, he was lying motionless; his eyes fixed and his mouth open: at the first look I thought him a corpse. The noise of my entrance made him turn his head. At the sight of me a ghastly smile came over his face, and his glazing eye gleamed with satisfaction. It was the only smile he had ever given me, and it went to my heart. "Poor old man!" thought I, "why would you force me to leave you thus desolate, when I see that my presence has the power to cheer you?"

"Nephew," said he, after several efforts, and in a low gasping voice—"I am glad you are come. I shall now die with satisfaction. Look," said he, raising his withered hand, and pointing—"Look in that box on the table: you will find that I have not forgotten you."

I pressed his hand to my heart, and the tears stood in my eyes. I sat down by his bed-side and watched him, but he never spoke again. My presence, however, gave him evident satisfaction; for every now and then, as he looked at me, a vague smile would come over his visage, and he would feebly point to the sealed box on the table. As the day wore away, his life appeared to wear away with it. Towards sunset his hand sunk on the bed, and lay motionless, his eyes grew glazed, his mouth remained open, and thus he gradually died.

I could not but feel shocked at this absolute extinction of my kindred. I dropped a tear of real sorrow over this strange old man, who had thus reserved the smile of kindness to his death-bed; like an evening sun after a gloomy day, just shining out to set in darkness. Leaving the corpse in charge of the domestics, I retired for the night.

It was a rough night. The winds seemed as if singing my uncle's requiem about the mansion, and the blood-hounds howled without, as if they knew of the death of their old master. Iron John almost grudged me the tallow candle to burn in my apartment, and light up its dreariness, so accustomed had he been to starveling economy. I could not sleep. The recollection of my uncle's dying scene, and the dreary sounds about the house affected my mind. These, however, were succeeded by plans for the future, and I lay awake the greater part of the night, indulging the poetical anticipation how soon I should make these old walls ring with cheerful life, and restore the hospitality of my mother's ancestors.

My uncle's funeral was decent but private. I knew there was nobody that respected his memory, and it was determined that none should be summoned to sneer over his funeral, and make merry at his grave. He was buried in the church of the neighbouring village, though it was not the burying-place of his race; but he had expressly enjoined that he should not be buried with his family: he had quarrelled with most of them when living, and he carried his resentment even into the grave.

I defrayed the expenses of his funeral out of my own purse, that I might have done with the undertakers at once, and clear the ill-omened birds from the premises. I invited the parson of the parish, and the lawyer from the village, to attend at the house the next morning, and hear the reading of the will. I treated them to an excellent breakfast, a profusion that had not been seen at the house for many a year. As soon as the breakfast things were removed, I summoned Iron John, the woman, and the boy, for I was particular in having every one present and proceed regularly. The box was placed on the table—all in silence—I broke the seal—raised the lid, and behold—not the will—but my accursed poem of *Dotha Castle and Giant Despair!*

Could any mortal have conceived that this withered man, so taciturn and apparently so lost to feeling, could have treasured up for years the thought

less pleasantry of a boy, to punish him with such cruel ingenuity? I now could account for his dying smile, the only one he had ever given me. He had been a grave man all his life; it was strange that he should die in the enjoyment of a joke, and it was hard that that joke should be at my expense.

The lawyer and the parson seemed at a loss to comprehend the matter. "Here must be some mistake," said the lawyer; "there is no will here."

"Oh!" said Iron John, creaking forth his rusty jaws, "if it is a will you are looking for, I believe I can find one."

He retired with the same singular smile with which he had greeted me on my arrival, and which I now apprehended boded me no good. In a little while he returned with a will perfect at all points, properly signed and sealed, and witnessed and worded with horrible correctness; in which the deceased left large legacies to Iron John and his daughter, and the residue of his fortune to the foxy-headed boy; who, to my utter astonishment, was his son by this very woman; he having married her privately, and, as I verily believe, for no other purpose than to have an heir, and so balk my father and his issue of the inheritance. There was one little proviso, in which he mentioned, that, having discovered his nephew to have a pretty turn for poetry, he presumed he had no occasion for wealth; he recommended him, however, to the patronage of his heir, and requested that he might have a garret, rent-free, in Doubting Castle.

GRAVE REFLECTIONS

OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

MR BUCKTHORNE had paused at the death of his uncle, and the downfall of his great expectations, which formed, as he said, an epoch in his history; and it was not until some little time afterwards, and in a very sober mood, that he resumed his party-colored narrative.

After leaving the remains of my defunct uncle, I told he, when the gate closed between me and what was once to have been mine, I felt thrust out naked to the world, and completely abandoned to fortune. What was to become of me? I had been brought up to nothing but expectations, and they had all been disappointed. I had no relations to look to for counsel or assistance. The world seemed all to have died away from me. Wave after wave of relationship ebbed off, and I was left a mere hulk upon the sand. I am not apt to be greatly cast down, but at this time I felt sadly disheartened. I could not visualize my situation, nor form a conjecture how I was to get forward. I was now to endeavour to make money. The idea was new and strange to me. It was like being asked to discover the phi-

losopher's stone. I had never thought about money otherwise than to put my hand into my pocket and find it; or if there were none there, to wait until a new supply came from home. I had considered life as a mere space of time to be filled up with enjoyments: but to have it portioned out into long hours and days of toil, merely that I might gain bread to give me strength to toil on—to labour but for the purpose of perpetuating a life of labour, was new and appalling to me. This may appear a very simple matter to some; but it will be understood by every unlucky wight in my predicament, who has had the misfortune of being born to great expectations.

I passed several days in rambling about the scenes of my boyhood; partly because I absolutely did not know what to do with myself, and partly because I did not know that I should ever see them again. I clung to them as one clings to a wreck, though he knows he must eventually cast himself loose and swim for his life. I sat down on a little hill within sight of my paternal home, but I did not venture to approach it, for I felt compunction at the thoughtlessness with which I had dissipated my patrimony: yet was I to blame, when I had the rich possessions of my curmudgeon of an uncle in expectation?

The new possessor of the place was making great alterations. The house was almost rebuilt. The trees which stood about it were cut down: my mother's flower-garden was thrown into a lawn—all was undergoing a change. I turned my back upon it with a sigh, and rambled to another part of the country.

How thoughtful a little adversity makes one! As I came within sight of the school-house where I had so often been flogged in the cause of wisdom, you would hardly have recognized the truant boy, who, but a few years since, had eloped so heedlessly from its walls. I leaned over the paling of the play-ground, and watched the scholars at their games, and looked to see if there might not be some urchin among them like what I was once, full of gay dreams about life and the world. The play-ground seemed smaller than when I used to sport about it. The house and park, too, of the neighbouring squire, the father of the cruel Sacharissa, had shrunk in size and diminished in magnificence. The distant hills no longer appeared so far off, and, alas! no longer awakened ideas of a fairy land beyond.

As I was rambling pensively through a neighbouring meadow, in which I had many a time gathered primroses, I met the very pedagogue who had been the tyrant and dread of my boyhood. I had sometimes vowed to myself, when suffering under his rod, that I would have my revenge if I ever met him when I had grown to be a man. The time had come; but I had no disposition to keep my vow. The few years which had matured me into a vigorous man had shrunk him into decrepitude. He appeared to have had a paralytic stroke. I looked at him, and wondered that this poor helpless mortal

could have been an object of terror to me; that I should have watched with anxiety the glance of that failing eye, or dreaded the power of that trembling hand. He tottered feebly along the path, and had some difficulty in getting over a stile. I ran and assisted him. He looked at me with surprise, but did not recognize me, and made a low bow of humility and thanks. I had no disposition to make myself known, for I felt that I had nothing to boast of. The pains he had taken, and the pains he had inflicted, had been equally useless. His repeated predictions were fully verified, and I felt that little Jack Buckthorne, the idle boy, had grown to be a very good-for-nothing man.

This is all very comfortless detail; but as I have told you of my follies, it is meet that I show you how for once I was schooled for them. The most thoughtless of mortals will some time or other have his day of gloom, when he will be compelled to reflect.

I felt on this occasion as if I had a kind of penance to perform, and I made a pilgrimage in expiation of my past levity. Having passed a night at Leamington, I set off by a private path, which leads up a hill through a grove and across quiet fields, till I came to the small village, or rather hamlet, of Lenington. I sought the village church. It is an old low edifice of grey stone, on the brow of a small hill, looking over fertile fields, towards where the proud towers of Warwick Castle lift themselves against the distant horizon.

A part of the churchyard is shaded by large trees. Under one of them my mother lay buried. You have no doubt thought me a light, heartless being. I thought myself so; but there are moments of adversity which let us into some feelings of our nature to which we might otherwise remain perpetual strangers.

I sought my mother's grave: the weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone was half hid among nettles. I cleared them away, and they stung my hands; but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave, and read over and over again the epitaph on the stone.

It was simple,—but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain; my feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had gradually been filling during my lonely wanderings; it was now charged to the brim, and overflowed. I sunk upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass, and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy;—how few love us for ourselves; how few will befriend us in our misfortunes—then it

is that we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. "O my mother!" exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave; "O that I were once more by your side; sleeping, never to wake again on the cares and troubles of this world."

I am not naturally of a morbid temperament, and the violence of my emotion gradually exhausted itself. It was a hearty, honest, natural discharge of grief which had been slowly accumulating, and gave me wonderful relief. I rose from the grave as if I had been offering up a sacrifice, and I felt as if that sacrifice had been accepted.

I sat down again on the grass, and plucked, one by one, the weeds from her grave: the tears trickled more slowly down my cheeks, and ceased to be bitter. It was a comfort to think that she had died before sorrow and poverty came upon her child, and that all his great expectations were blasted.

I leaned my cheek upon my hand, and looked upon the landscape. Its quiet beauty soothed me. The whistle of a peasant from an adjoining field came cheerily to my ear. I seemed to respire hope and comfort with the free air that whispered through the leaves, and played lightly with my hair, and dried the tears upon my cheek. A lark, rising from the field before me, and leaving as it were a stream of song behind him as he rose, lifted my fancy with him. He hovered in the air just above the place where the towers of Warwick Castle marked the horizon, and seemed as if fluttering with delight at his own melody. "Surely," thought I, "if there were such a thing as transmigration of souls, this might be the time for some poet let loose from earth, but still revolving in song, and caroling about fair fields and lofty towers."

At this moment the long-forgotten feeling of poetry rose within me. A thought sprung at once into my mind.—"I will become an author!" said I. "I have hitherto indulged in poetry as a pleasure, and has brought me nothing but pain; let me try what will do when I cultivate it with devotion as a pursuit."

The resolution thus suddenly aroused within me heaved a load from off my heart. I felt a confidence in it from the very place where it was formed. It seemed as though my mother's spirit whispered to me from her grave. "I will henceforth," said I, "endeavour to be all that she fondly imagined me to be. I will endeavour to act as if she were witness of my actions; I will endeavour to acquit myself in such a manner that, when I revisit her grave, there may at least be no compunctious bitterness in my tears."

I bowed down and kissed the turf in solemn attestation of my vow. I plucked some primroses

appearance, though much altered for the better since my last visit. Several of the windows were broken and patched up with boards, and others had been bricked up to save taxes. I observed smoke, however, rising from the chimneys, a phenomenon rarely witnessed in the ancient establishment. On passing that part of the house where the dining-room was situated, I heard the sound of boisterous merriment, where three or four voices were talking at once, and oaths and laughter were horribly mingled.

The uproar of the dogs had brought a servant to the door, a tall hard-fisted country clown, with a livery-coat put over the under garments of a ploughman. I requested to see the master of the house, but was told he was at dinner with some "gemmen" of the neighbourhood. I made known my business, and sent in to know if I might talk with the master about his cattle, for I felt a great desire to have a peep at him in his orgies.

Word was returned that he was engaged with company, and could not attend to business, but that if I would step in and take a drink of something, I was heartily welcome. I accordingly entered the hall, where whips and hats of all kinds and shapes were lying on an oaken table; two or three clownish servants were lounging about; every thing had a look of confusion and carelessness.

The apartments through which I passed had the same air of departed gentility and sluttish housekeeping. The once rich curtains were faded and dusty, the furniture greased and tarnished. On entering the dining-room I found a number of odd, vulgar-looking, rustic gentlemen seated round a table, on which were bottles, decanters, tankards, pipes, and tobacco. Several dogs were lying about the room, or sitting and watching their masters, and one was gnawing a bone under a side-table. The master of the feast sat at the head of the board. He was greatly altered. He had grown thickset and rather gummy, with a fiery foxy head of hair. There was a singular mixture of foolishness, arrogance, and conceit, in his countenance. He was dressed in a vulgarly fine style, with leather breeches, a red waistcoat, and green coat, and was evidently, like his guests, a little flushed with drinking. The whole company stared at me with a whimsical muzzy look, like men whose senses were a little obfuscated by beer rather than wine.

My cousin (God forgive me! the appellation sticks in my throat), my cousin invited me with awkward civility, or, as he intended it, condescension, to sit to the table and drink. We talked, as usual, about the weather, the crops, politics, and hard times. My cousin was a loud politician, and evidently accustomed to talk without contradiction at his own table. He was amazingly loyal, and talked of standing by the throne to the last guinea, "as every gentleman of fortune should do." The village exciseman, who was half asleep, could just ejaculate "very true" to every thing he said. The conversation turned upon cattle; he boasted of his breed, his mode of crossing it, and

of the general management of his estate. This unluckily drew on a history of the place and of the family. He spoke of my late uncle with the greatest reverence, which I could easily forgive. He mentioned my name, and my blood began to boil. He described my frequent visits to my uncle, when I was a lad; and I found the varlet, even at that time, imp as he was, had known that he was to inherit the estate. He described the scene of my uncle's death and the opening of the will, with a degree of coarse humour that I had not expected from him; and, vexed as I was, I could not help joining in the laugh. I have always relished a joke, even though made at my own expense. He went on to speak of my various pursuits, my strolling freak, and that somehow nettled me; at length he talked of my parents. He ridiculed my father; I stomached even that, though with great difficulty. He mentioned my mother with sneer, and in an instant he lay sprawling at my feet.

Here a tumult succeeded: the table was nearly overturned; bottles, glasses, and tankards, rolled crashing and clattering about the floor. The company seized hold of both of us, to keep us from doing any further mischief. I struggled to get loose, for I was boiling with fury. My cousin defied me to strike and fight him on the lawn. I agreed, for I felt the strength of a giant in me, and I longed to pounce on him soundly.

Away then we were borne. A ring was formed. I had a second assigned me in true boxing style. My cousin, as he advanced to flight, said something about his generosity in showing me such fair play when I had made such an unprovoked attack upon him at his own table. "Stop there," cried I, in rage. "Unprovoked? know that I am John Buckthorne, and you have insulted the memory of my mother."

The lout was suddenly struck by what I said: he drew back, and thought for a moment.

"Nay, damn it," said he, "that's too much—that's clean another thing—I've a mother myself—and no one shall speak ill of her, had as she is."

He paused again; nature seemed to have a rough struggle in his rude bosom.

"Damn it, cousin," cried he, "I'm sorry for what I said. Thou'st served me right in knocking me down, and I like thee the better for it. Here's my hand: come and live with me, and damn me but the best room in the house, and the best horse in the stable, shall be at thy service."

I declare to you I was strongly moved at this instance of nature breaking her way through such a lump of flesh. I forgave the fellow in a moment for two heinous crimes, of having been born in wedlock and inheriting my estate. I shook the hand he offered me, to convince him that I bore him no ill will, and then making my way through the gaping crowd of toad-eaters, bade adieu to my uncle's domain forever.—This is the last I have seen or heard of my cousin, or of the domestic concerns of Doubting Castle.

THE STROLLING MANAGER.

ent of his estate. This un-
y of the place and of the
late uncle with the greatest
ould easily forgive. He men-
his blood began to boil. He
visits to my uncle, when I
the varlet, even at that time
wn that he was to inherit the
the scene of my uncle's death
with a degree of coarseness
expected from him; and, very
help joining in the laugh, for
a joke, even though made at
went on to speak of my various
freak, and that somewhat
e talked of my parents. Her
stomached even that, though
er mentioned my mother with
nt he lay sprawling at my feet
ceeded: the table was near
glasses, and tankards, rolled
g about the floor. The com-
th of us, to keep us from doing
I struggled to get loose, for
My cousin defied me to strike
lawn. I agreed, for I felt that
me, and I longed to pounce

re borne. A ring was formed
igned me in true boxing style
vanced to fight, said something
in showing me such fair play
such an unprovoked attack upon
k. "Stop there," cried I, in
d? know that I am John Buck-
ve insulted the memory of my

enly struck by what I said: he
ght for a moment.
aid he, "that's too much—that
—I've a mother myself—and
her, had as she is."
nature seemed to have a rough
bosom.
" cried he, "I'm sorry for what
ved me right in knocking me
e the better for it. Here's my
e with me, and damn me but
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As I was walking one morning with Buckthorne
near one of the principal theatres, he directed my
attention to a group of those equivocal beings that
may often be seen hovering about the stage-doors of
theatres. They were marvellously ill-favoured in
their attire, their coats buttoned up to their chins;
yet they wore their hats smartly on one side, and had
a certain knowing, dirty-gentlemanlike air, which is
common to the subalterns of the drama. Buckthorne
knew them well by early experience.

"These," said he, "are the ghosts of departed
heroes and heroes; fellows who sway sceptres and
sceptreons; command kingdoms and armies; and
after giving away realms and treasures over night,
are scarce a shilling to pay for a breakfast in the
morning. Yet they have the true vagabond abhor-
rence of all useful and industrious employment; and
yet they have their pleasures too; one of which is to
bask in this way in the sunshine, at the stage-door,
during rehearsals, and make hackneyed theatrical
jokes on all passers-by. Nothing is more traditional
and legitimate than the stage. Old scenery, old
scenes, old sentiments, old ranting, and old jokes,
are handed down from generation to generation; and
probably continue to be so until time shall be no
more. Every hanger-on of a theatre becomes a wag
in inheritance, and flourishes about at tap-rooms and
gentry clubs with the property jokes of the green-
room."

While amusing ourselves with reconnoitring this
group, we noticed one in particular who appeared to
be the oracle. He was a weather-beaten veteran,
sleazebrowned by time and beer, who had no doubt
been grey in the parts of robbers, cardinals, Roman
generals, and walking noblemen.

There is something in the set of that hat, and
the turn of that physiognomy, that is extremely fami-
liar to me," said Buckthorne. He looked a little
startled. "I cannot be mistaken," added he, "that
man is my old brother of the truncheon Flimsey,
the tragic hero of the Strolling Company."

That was he in fact. The poor fellow showed evi-
dent signs that times went hard with him, he was so
thin and shabbily dressed. His coat was somewhat
tattered, and of the Lord Townley cut; single-
breasted, and scarcely capable of meeting in front of
a body, which, from long intimacy, had acquired
the symmetry and robustness of a beer barrel. He
wore a pair of dingy-white stockinet pantaloons,
which had much ado to reach his waistcoat; a great
quantity of dirty cravat; and a pair of old russet-co-
loured tragedy boots.

When his companions had dispersed, Buckthorne
went to him aside, and made himself known to him.
The tragic veteran could scarcely recognize him, or
said that he was really his quondam associate,
gentleman Jack." Buckthorne invited him

to a neighbouring coffee-house to talk over old times;
and in the course of a little while we were put in
possession of his history in brief.

He had continued to act the heroica in the strolling
company for some time after Buckthorne had left it,
or rather had been driven from it so abruptly. At
length the manager died, and the troop was thrown
into confusion. Every one aspired to the crown,
every one was for taking the lead; and the manager's
widow, although a tragedy queen, and a brimstone
to boot, pronounced it utterly impossible for a woman
to keep any control over such a set of tempestuous
rascals.

"Upon this hint, I spake," said Flimsey. I step-
ped forward, and offered my services in the most ef-
fectual way. They were accepted. In a week's
time I married the widow, and succeeded to the
throne. "The funeral baked meats did coldly fur-
nish forth the marriage table," as Hamlet says. But
the ghost of my predecessor never haunted me; and
I inherited crowns, sceptres, bowls, daggers, and all
the stage-trappings and trumpery, not omitting the
widow, without the least molestation.

I now led a flourishing life of it; for our company
was pretty strong and attractive, and as my wife and
I took the heavy parts of tragedy, it was a great sav-
ing to the treasury. We carried off the palm from
all the rival shows at country fairs; and I assure you
we have even drawn full houses, and been applaud-
ed by the critics at Bartlemy Fair itself, though we
had Astley's troop, the Irish giant, and "the death
of Nelson" in wax-work, to contend against.

I soon began to experience, however, the cares of
command. I discovered that there were cabals break-
ing out in the company, headed by the clown, who
you may recollect was a terribly peevish, fractious
fellow, and always in ill-humour. I had a great
mind to turn him off at once, but I could not do with-
out him, for there was not a droler scoundrel on the
stage. His very shape was comic, for he had but to
turn his back upon the audience, and all the ladies
were ready to die with laughing. He felt his import-
ance, and took advantage of it. He would keep the
audience in a continual roar, and then come behind
the scenes, and fret and fume, and play the very devil.
I excused a great deal in him, however, knowing
that comic actors are a little prone to this infirmity of
temper.

I had another trouble of a nearer and dearer na-
ture to struggle with, which was the affection of my
wife. As ill-luck would have it, she took it into her
head to be very fond of me, and became intolerably
jealous. I could not keep a pretty girl in the com-
pany, and hardly dared embrace an ugly one, even
when my part required it. I have known her reduce
a fine lady to tatters, "to very rags," as Hamlet says,
in an instant, and destroy one of the very best dresses
in the wardrobe, merely because she saw me kiss her
at the side scenes; though I give you my honour it
was done merely by way of rehearsal.

This was doubly annoying, because I have a natural liking to pretty faces, and wish to have them about me; and because they are indispensable to the success of a company at a fair, where one has to vie with so many rival theatres. But when once a jealous wife gets a freak in her head, there's no use in talking of interest or any thing else. Egad, sir, I have more than once trembled when, during a fit of her tantrums, she was playing high tragedy, and flourishing her tin dagger on the stage, lest she should give way to her humour, and stab some fancied rival in good earnest.

I went on better, however, than could be expected, considering the weakness of my flesh, and the violence of my rib. I had not a much worse time of it than old Jupiter, whose spouse was continually ferreting out some new intrigue, and making the heavens almost too hot to hold him.

At length, as luck would have it, we were performing at a country fair, when I understood the theatre of a neighbouring town to be vacant. I had always been desirous to be enrolled in a settled company, and the height of my desire was to get on a par with a brother-in-law, who was manager of a regular theatre, and who had looked down upon me. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. I concluded an agreement with the proprietors, and in a few days opened the theatre with great eclat.

Behold me now at the summit of my ambition, "the high top-gallant of my joy," as Romeo says. No longer a chieftain of a wandering tribe, but a monarch with a legitimate throne, and entitled to call even the great potentates of Covent Garden and Drury Lane cousins. You, no doubt, think my happiness complete. Alas, sir! I was one of the most uncomfortable dogs living. No one knows, who has not tried, the miseries of a manager; but above all of a country manager. No one can conceive the contentions and quarrels within doors, the oppressions and vexations from without. I was pestered with the bloods and loungers of a country town, who infested my green-room, and played the mischief among my actresses. But there was no shaking them off. It would have been ruin to affront them; for though troublesome friends, they would have been dangerous enemies. Then there were the village critics and village amateurs, who were continually tormenting me with advice, and getting into a passion if I would not take it; especially the village doctor and the village attorney, who had both been to London occasionally, and knew what acting should be.

I had also to manage as arrant a crew of scapegraces as ever were collected together within the walls of a theatre. I had been obliged to combine my original troop with some of the former troop of the theatre, who were favourites of the public. Here was a mixture that produced perpetual ferment. They were all the time either fighting or frolicking with each other, and I scarcely know which mood was least troublesome. If they quarrelled, every

thing went wrong; and if they were friends, they were continually playing off some prank upon each other, or upon me; for I had unhappily acquired among them the character of an easy, good-natured fellow—the worst character that a manager can possess.

Their waggery at times drove me almost crazy for there is nothing so vexatious as the hackneyed tricks and hoaxes and pleasantries of a veteran land of theatrical vagabonds. I relished them well enough it is true, while I was merely one of the company, but as manager I found them detestable. They were incessantly bringing some disgrace upon the theatre by their tavern frolics, and their pranks about the country town. All my lectures about the importance of keeping up the dignity of the profession and the respectability of the company were in vain. The villains could not sympathize with the delicate feelings of a man in station. They even trifled with the seriousness of stage business. I have had the whole piece interrupted, and a crowded audience of at least twenty-five pounds kept waiting, because the actor had hid away the breeches of Rosalind; and had known Hamlet to stalk solemnly on to deliver his soliloquy, with a dishclout pinned to his skirts. Such are the baleful consequences of a manager's getting a character for good-nature.

I was intolerably annoyed, too, by the great actor who came down starring, as it is called, from London. Of all baneful influences, keep me from the sight of a London star. A first-rate actress going round of the country theatres is as bad as a blazing comet whisking about the heavens, and shaking the earth and plagues and discords from its tail.

The moment one of these "heavenly bodies" appeared in my horizon, I was sure to be in hot water. My theatre was overrun by provincial dandies, copper-washed counterfeits of Bond-street loungers, who are always proud to be in the train of an actress from town, and anxious to be thought on exceeding good terms with her. It was really a relief to me when some random young nobleman would come in for a share of the bait, and awe all this small fry at a distance. I have always felt myself more at ease with a nobleman than with the dandy of a country town.

And then the injuries I suffered in my personal dignity and my managerial authority from the mouths of these great London actors! 'Sblood, sir, I was no longer master of myself on my throne. I was tormented and lectured in my own green-room, and was an absolute nincompoop on my own stage. There was no tyrant so absolute and capricious as a London actor at a country theatre. I dreaded the sight of any one of them, and yet if I did not engage them, I was sure of having the public clamorous against me. They drew full houses, and appeared to be making my fortune; but they swallowed up all the profits by their insatiable demands. They were absolute tapers to my little theatre, the more it took in the pot they grew. They were sure to leave me with a

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hausted public, empty benches, and a score or two
of affronts to settle among the town's folk, in con-
sequence of misunderstandings about the taking of
places.

But the worst thing I had to undergo in my ma-
nagerial career was patronage. Oh, sir! of all things
deliver me from the patronage of the great people of
a country town. It was my ruin. You must know
that this town, though small, was filled with feuds,
and parties, and great folks; being a busy little trad-
ing and manufacturing town. The mischief was that
their greatness was of a kind not to be settled by re-
ference to the court calendar, or college of heraldry;
it was therefore the most quarrelsome kind of great-
ness in existence. You smile, sir, but let me tell you
there are no feuds more furious than the frontier feuds
which take place in these "debatable lands" of gen-
erality. The most violent dispute that I ever knew in
high life was one which occurred at a country town,
on a question of precedence between the ladies of a
manufacturer of pins and a manufacturer of needles.

At the town where I was situated there were per-
petual altercations of the kind. The head manu-
facturer's lady, for instance, was at daggers-drawings
with the head shopkeeper's, and both were too rich
and had too many friends to be treated lightly. The
doctor's and lawyer's ladies held their heads still high-
ly; but they in their turn were kept in check by the
wife of a country banker, who kept her own carriage;
while a masculine widow of cracked character and
second-hand fashion, who lived in a large house, and
claimed to be in some way related to nobility, looked
down upon them all. To be sure, her manners were
not over elegant, nor her fortune over large; but then,
her blood—oh, her blood carried it all hollow;
there was no withstanding a woman with such blood
in her veins.

After all, her claims to high connexion were ques-
tioned, and she had frequent battles for precedence
at balls and assemblies with some of the sturdy dames
of the neighbourhood, who stood upon their wealth
and their virtue; but then she had two dashing daugh-
ters, who dressed as fine as dragons, had as high blood
as their mother, and seconded her in every thing: so
they carried their point with high heads, and every
body hated, abused, and stood in awe of the Fantad-
lin.

Such was the state of the fashionable world in this
important little town. Unluckily, I was not as
well acquainted with its politics as I should have been.
I had found myself a stranger and in great perplexities
during my first season; I determined, therefore, to
submit myself under the patronage of some powerful
person, and thus to take the field with the prejudices
of the public in my favour. I cast round my thoughts
for the purpose, and in an evil hour they fell upon
Mrs Fantadlin. No one seemed to me to have a more
absolute sway in the world of fashion. I had always
noticed that her party slammed the box-door the
fastest at the theatre; that her daughters entered like

a tempest with a flutter of red shawls and feathers;
had most beaux attending on them; talked and laughed
during the performance, and used quizzing-glasses
incessantly. The first evening of my theatre's re-
opening, therefore, was announced in staring capitals
on the play-bills, as under the patronage of "The
Honourable Mrs Fantadlin."

Sir, the whole community flew to arms! Presume
to patronize the theatre! Insufferable! And then
for me to dare to term her 'The Honourable!' What
claim had she to the title, forsooth! The fashionable
world had long groaned under the tyranny of the
Fantadlins, and were glad to make a common cause
against this new instance of assumption. All minor
feuds were forgotten. The doctor's lady and the
lawyer's lady met together, and the manufacturer's
lady and the shopkeeper's lady kissed each other; and
all, headed by the banker's lady, voted the theatre a
bore, and determined to encourage nothing but the
Indian Jugglers and Mr Walker's Eidouranon.

Such was the rock on which I split. I never got
over the patronage of the Fantadlin family. My house
was deserted; my actors grew discontented because
they were ill paid; my door became a hammering
place for every bailiff in the country; and my wife
became more and more shrewish and tormenting the
more I wanted comfort.

I tried for a time the usual consolation of a harassed
and henpecked man: I took to the bottle, and tried
to tittle away my cares, but in vain. I don't mean
to decry the bottle; it is no doubt an excellent remedy
in many cases, but it did not answer in mine. It
cracked my voice, coppered my nose, but neither
improved my wife nor my affairs. My establishment
became a scene of confusion and speculation. I was
considered a ruined man, and of course fair game for
every one to pluck at, as every one plunders a sinking
ship. Day after day some of the troop deserted, and,
like deserting soldiers, carried off their arms and ac-
countrements with them. In this manner my ward-
robe took legs and walked away, my finery strolled
all over the country, my swords and daggers glittered
in every barn, until, at last, my tailor made "one
fell swoop," and carried off three dress coats, half a
dozen doublets, and nineteen pair of flesh-coloured
pantaloons. This was the "be all and the end all" of
my fortune. I no longer hesitated what to do. Egad,
thought I, since stealing is the order of the day, I'll
steal too: so I secretly gathered together the jewels
of my wardrobe, packed up a hero's dress in a hand-
kerchief, slung it on the end of a tragedy sword, and
quietly stole off at dead of night, "the bell then beat-
ing one," leaving my queen and kingdom to the
mercy of my rebellious subjects, and my merciless
foes the humbailiffs.

Such, sir, was the "end of all my greatness." I
was heartily cured of all passion for governing, and
returned once more into the ranks. I had for some
time the usual run of an actor's life: I played in va-
rious country theatres, at fairs, and in barns; some-

times hard pushed, sometimes flush, until, on one occasion, I came within an ace of making my fortune, and becoming one of the wonders of the age.

I was playing the part of Richard the Third in a country barn, and in my best style; for, to tell the truth, I was a little in liquor, and the critics of the company always observed that I played with most effect when I had a glass too much. There was a thunder of applause when I came to that part where Richard cries for "a horse! a horse!" My cracked voice had always a wonderful effect here; it was like two voices run into one; you would have thought two men had been calling for a horse, or that Richard had called for two horses. And when I flung the taunt at Richmond, "Richard is hoarse with calling thee to arms," I thought the barn would have come down about my ears with the raptures of the audience.

The very next morning a person waited upon me at my lodgings. I saw at once he was a gentleman by his dress; for he had a large brooch in his bosom, thick rings on his fingers, and used a quizzing-glass. And a gentleman he proved to be; for I soon ascertained that he was a kept author, or kind of literary tailor to one of the great London theatres; one who worked under the manager's directions, and cut up and cut down plays, and patched and pieced, and new-faced, and turned them inside out; in short, he was one of the readiest and greatest writers of the day.

He was now on a foraging excursion in quest of something that might be got up for a prodigy. The theatre, it seems, was in desperate condition—nothing but a miracle could save it. He had seen me act Richard the night before, and had pitched upon me for that miracle. I had a remarkable bluster in my style and swagger in my gait. I certainly differed from all other heroes of the barn: so the thought struck the agent to bring me out as a theatrical wonder, as the restorer of natural and legitimate acting, as the only one who could understand and act Shakspeare rightly.

When he opened his plan I shrunk from it with becoming modesty, for, well as I thought of myself, I doubted my competency to such an undertaking.

I hinted at my imperfect knowledge of Shakspeare, having played his characters only after mutilated copies, interlarded with a great deal of my own talk by way of helping memory or heightening the effect.

"So much the better," cried the gentleman with rings on his fingers; "so much the better. New readings, sir!—new readings! Don't study a line—let us have Shakspeare after your own fashion."

"But then my voice was cracked; it could not fill a London theatre."

"So much the better! so much the better! The public is tired of intonation—the *ore rotundo* has had its day. No, sir, your cracked voice is the very thing—spit and splutter, and snap and snarl, and 'play the very dog' about the stage, and you'll be the making of us."

"But then,"—I could not help blushing to the end

of my very nose as I said it, but I was determined to be candid;—"but then," added I, "there is one awkward circumstance; I have an unlucky habit—my misfortunes, and the exposures to which one is subjected in country barns, have obliged me now and then to—to—take a drop of something comfortable—and so—and so——"

"What! you drink?" cried the agent eagerly.

I bowed my head in blushing acknowledgment.

"So much the better! so much the better! The irregularities of genius! A sober fellow is common place. The public like an actor that drinks. Give me your hand, sir. You're the very man to make dash with."

I still hung back with lingering diffidence, declaring myself unworthy of such praise.

"Sblood, man," cried he, "no praise at all. You don't imagine I think you a wonder; I only want the public to think so. Nothing is so easy as to gull the public, if you only set up a prodigy. Common tales any body can measure by common rule; but a prodigy sets all rule and measurement at defiance."

These words opened my eyes in an instant; now came to a proper understanding; less flattering it is true, to my vanity, but much more satisfactory to my judgment.

It was agreed that I should make my appearance before a London audience, as a dramatic sun just bursting from behind the clouds: one that was to blanch all the lesser lights and false fires of the stage. Every precaution was to be taken to possess the public mind at every avenue. The pit was to be packed with sturdy clappers; the newspapers secured with vehement puffers; every theatrical resort to be haunted by hireling talkers. In a word, every engine of theatrical lumbag was to be put in action. Wherever I differed from former actors, it was to be maintained that I was right and they were wrong. I ranted, it was to be pure passion; if I were vulgar it was to be pronounced a familiar touch of nature; if I made any queer blunder, it was to be a new reading. If my voice cracked, or I got out in my part, it was only to bounce, and grin, and snarl at the audience, and make any horrible grimace that could get into my head, and my admirers were to call it a great point," and to fall back and shout and dash with rapture.

"In short," said the gentleman with the quizzing-glass, "strike out boldly and bravely: no matter how or what you do, so that it be but odd and strange. If you do but escape pelting the first night, your fortune and the fortune of the theatre is made."

I set off for London, therefore, in company with the kept author, full of new plans and new hopes. I was to be the restorer of Shakspeare and Nature, the legitimate drama; my very swagger was to be heroic, and my cracked voice the standard of elevation. Alas, sir, my usual luck attended me: but I arrived at the metropolis a rival wonder had appeared; a woman who could dance the slack-

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and run up a cord from the stage to the gallery with
fire-works all round her. She was seized on by the
manager with avidity. She was the saving of the
great national theatre for the season. Nothing was
talked of but Madame Saqui's fire-works and flesh-
coloured pantaloons; and Nature, Shakspeare, the
legitimate drama, and poor Pillgarlick were com-
pletely left in the lurch.

When Madame Saqui's performance grew stale,
other wonders succeeded: horses, and harlequin-
ades, and mummery of all kinds; until another dra-
matic prodigy was brought forward to play the very
game for which I had been intended. I called upon
the kept author for an explanation, but he was deeply
engaged in writing a melo-drama or a pantomime,
and was extremely testy on being interrupted in his
studies. However, as the theatre was in some mea-
sure pledged to provide for me, the manager acted,
according to the usual phrase, "like a man of honour;"
and I received an appointment in the corps. It had
been a turn of a die whether I should be Alexander
the Great or Alexander the coppersmith—the latter
I carried it. I could not be put at the head of the
drama, so I was put at the tail of it. In other words,
I was enrolled among the number of what are called
useful men; those who enact soldiers, senators, and
Saqui's shadowy line. I was perfectly satisfied
with my lot; for I have always been a bit of a philo-
sopher. If my situation was not splendid, it at least
was secure; and in fact I have seen half a dozen pro-
diges appear, dazzle, burst like bubbles and pass
away, and yet here I am, snug, unenvied and unmo-
dest, at the foot of the profession.

No, no, you may smile; but let me tell you, we
useful men are the only comfortable actors on the
stage. We are safe from hisses, and below the hope
of applause. We fear not the success of rivals, nor
the critic's pen. So long as we get the words
of our parts, and they are not often many, it is all we
need for. We have our own merriment, our own
friends, and our own admirers—for every actor has
his own friends and admirers, from the highest to the
lowest. The first-rate actor dines with the noble
patron, and entertains a fashionable table with
music and songs, and theatrical slipslop. The second-
rate actors have their second-rate friends and ad-
mirers, with whom they likewise spout tragedy and
slipslop—and so down even to us; who have our
own friends and admirers among spruce clerks and aspir-
ing apprentices—who treat us to a dinner now and
then, and enjoy at tenth hand the same scraps and
bits of slipslop that have been served up by our
fortunate brethren at the tables of the great.
Now, for the first time in my theatrical life, ex-
perience what true pleasure is. I have known enough
of society to pity the poor devils who are called fa-
milies of the public. I would rather be a kitten in
the arms of a spoiled child, to be one moment patted
and pampered, and the next moment thumped over
the head with the spoon. I smile to see our leading

actors fretting themselves with envy and jealousy
about a trumpety renown, questionable in its quality,
and uncertain in its duration. I laugh, too, though
of course in my sleeve, at the bustle and importance,
and trouble and perplexities of our manager, who is
harassing himself to death in the hopeless effort to
please every body.

I have found among my fellow subalterns two or
three quondam managers, who like myself have wield-
ed the sceptres of country theatres, and we have many
a sly joke together at the expense of the manager and
the public. Sometimes too, we meet, like deposed
and exiled kings, talk over the events of our respective
reigns, moralize over a tankard of ale, and laugh at
the humbug of the great and little world; which, I
take it, is the essence of practical philosophy.

Thus end the anecdotes of Buckthorne and his
friends. It grieves me much that I could not pro-
cure from him further particulars of his history, and
especially of that part of it which passed in town.
He had evidently seen much of literary life; and, as
he had never risen to eminence in letters, and yet
was free from the gall of disappointment, I had hoped
to gain some candid intelligence concerning his con-
temporaries. The testimony of such an honest chro-
nicler would have been particularly valuable at the
present time; when, owing to the extreme fecundity
of the press, and the thousand anecdotes, criticisms,
and biographical sketches that are daily poured forth
concerning public characters, it is extremely difficult
to get at any truth concerning them.

He was always, however, excessively reserved and
fastidious on this point, at which I very much wonder-
ed, authors in general appearing to think each other
fair game, and being ready to serve each other up for
the amusement of the public.

A few mornings after our hearing the history of the
ex-manager, I was surprised by a visit from Buck-
thorne before I was out of bed. He was dressed for
travelling.

"Give me joy! give me joy!" said he, rubbing
his hands with the utmost glee, "my great expecta-
tions are realized!"

I gazed at him with a look of wonder and in-
quiry.

"My booby cousin is dead!" cried he; "may he
rest in peace! he nearly broke his neck in a fall from
his horse in a fox-chase. By good luck, he lived long
enough to make his will. He has made me his heir,
partly out of an odd feeling of retributive justice, and
partly because, as he says, none of his own family or
friends know how to enjoy such an estate. I'm off
to the country to take possession. I've done with
authorship. That for the critics!" said he, snap-
ping his fingers. "Come down to Doubting Castle,
when I get settled, and, egad, I'll give you a rouse."
So saying, he shook me heartily by the hand, and
bounded off in high spirits.

A long time elapsed before I heard from him again. Indeed, it was but lately that I received a letter, written in the happiest of moods. He was getting the estate into fine order; every thing went to his wishes, and, what was more, he was married to Sarcharissa, who it seems had always entertained an ardent though secret attachment for him, which he fortunately discovered just after coming to his estate.

"I find," said he, "you are a little given to the sin of authorship, which I renounce: if the anecdotes I have given you of my story are of any interest, you may make use of them; but come down to Doubting Castle, and see how we live, and I'll give you my whole London life over a social glass; and a rattling history it shall be about authors and reviewers."

If ever I visit Doubting Castle and get the history he promises, the public shall be sure to hear of it.

PART III.

THE ITALIAN BANDITTI.

THE INN AT TERRACINA.

CRACK! crack! crack! crack! crack!

"Here comes the estafette from Naples," said mine host of the inn at Terracina; "bring out the relay."

The estafette came galloping up the road according to custom, brandishing over his head a short-handled whip, with a long, knotted lash, every smack of which made a report like a pistol. He was a tight, square-set young fellow, in the usual uniform: a smart blue coat, ornamented with facings and gold lace, but so short behind as to reach scarcely below his waistband, and cocked up not unlike the tail of a wren; a cocked hat, edged with gold lace; a pair of stiff riding-boots; but, instead of the usual leathern breeches, he had a fragment of a pair of drawers, that scarcely furnished an apology for Modesty to hide behind.

The estafette galloped up to the door, and jumped from his horse.

"A glass of rosolio, a fresh horse, and a pair of breeches," said he, "and quickly, *per l'amor di Dio*. I am behind my time, and must be off!"

"San Gennaro!" replied the host; "why where hast thou left thy garment?"

"Among the robbers between this and Fondi."

"What, rob an estafette! I never heard of such folly. What could they hope to get from thee?"

"My leather breeches!" replied the estafette. "They were bran new, and shone like gold, and hit the fancy of the captain."

"Well, these fellows grow worse and worse. To meddle with an estafette! and that merely for the sake of a pair of leather breeches!"

The robbing of a government messenger seemed to strike the host with more astonishment than any other enormity that had taken place on the road; and, indeed, it was the first time so wanton an outrage had been committed; the robbers generally taking care not to meddle with any thing belonging to government.

The estafette was by this time equipped, for he had not lost an instant in making his preparations while talking. The relay was ready; the rosolio tossed off; he grasped the reins and the stirrup.

"Were there many robbers in the band?" said a handsome, dark young man, stepping forward from the door of the inn.

"As formidable a hand as ever I saw," said the estafette, springing into the saddle.

"Are they cruel to travellers?" said a beautiful young Venetian lady, who had been hanging on the gentleman's arm.

"Cruel, signora!" echoed the estafette, giving a glance at the lady as he put spurs to his horse. "Corpo di Bacco! They stiletto all the men; and, as to the women——" Crack! crack! crack! crack! crack! The last words were drowned in the smacking of the whip, and away galloped the estafette along the road to the Porcienne marshes.

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated the fair Venetian, "what will become of us!"

The inn of which we are speaking stands just on the side of the walls of Terracina, under a vast precipitous height of rocks, crowned with the ruins of the castle of Theodoric the Goth. The situation of Terracina is remarkable. It is a little, ancient, lazy Italian town, on the frontiers of the Roman territory. There seems to be an idle pause in every thing about the place. The Mediterranean spreads before it the sea without flux or reflux. The port is without a wharf, excepting that once in a while a solitary felucca may be seen disgoring its holy cargo of baccala, the negre provision for the quaresima, or Lent. The inhabitants are apparently a listless, heedless race, people of soft sunny climates are apt to be; but on this passive, indolent exterior, are said to lurk dangerous qualities. They are supposed by many to be better than the banditti of the neighbouring mountains, and indeed to hold a secret correspondence with them. The solitary watch-towers, erected here and there along the coast, speak of pirates and corsairs that hover about these shores; while the low habitations for soldiers, which dot the distant road, blow winds up through an olive grove, intimate that in ascent there is danger for the traveller, and for the bandit. Indeed, it is between this town and Fondi that the road to Naples is most infested by banditti. It has several winding and solitary places where the robbers are enabled to see the traveller from a distance, from the brows of hills or impetuous precipices, and to lie in wait for him at lonely and difficult passes.

The Italian robbers are a desperate class of ven-

conscious of the greatness or of the munificence of their fare. It was a landaulet, with a servant mounted on the dickey. The compact, highly-finished, yet proudly simple construction of the carriage; the quantity of neat, well-arranged trunks and conveniences; the loads of box-coats on the dickey; the fresh, burly, bluff-looking face of the master at the window; and the ruddy, round-headed servant, in close-cropped hair, short coat, drab breeches, and long gaiters, all proclaimed at once that this was the equipage of an Englishman.

"Horses to Fondi," said the Englishman, as the landlord came bowing to the carriage-door.

"Would not his Eccellenza alight and take some refreshment?"

"No—he did not mean to eat until he got to Fondi."

"But the horses will be some time in getting ready."

"Ah! that's always the way; nothing but delay in this cursed country."

"If his Eccellenza would only walk into the house—"

"No, no, no!—I tell you no!—I want nothing but horses, and as quick as possible. John, see that the horses are got ready, and don't let us be kept here an hour or two. Tell him if we're delayed over the time, I'll lodge a complaint with the postmaster."

John touched his hat, and set off to obey his master's orders with the taciturn obedience of an English servant.

In the mean time, the Englishman got out of the carriage, and walked up and down before the inn with his hands in his pockets, taking no notice of the crowd of idlers who were gazing at him and his equipage. He was tall, stout, and well made; dressed with neatness and precision; wore a travelling cap of the colour of gingerbread; and had rather an unhappy expression about the corners of his mouth; partly from not having yet made his dinner, and partly from not having been able to get on at a greater rate than seven miles an hour. Not that he had any other cause for haste than an Englishman's usual hurry to get to the end of a journey; or, to use the regular phrase, "to get on." Perhaps too he was a little sore from having been fleeced at every stage.

After some time, the servant returned from the stable with a look of some perplexity.

"Are the horses ready, John?"

"No, sir—I never saw such a place. There's no getting any thing done. I think your honour had better step into the house and get something to eat; it will be a long while before we get to Fundy."

"D—n the house—it's a mere trick—I'll not eat any thing, just to spite them," said the Englishman, still more crusty at the prospect of being so long without his dinner.

"They say your honour's very wrong," said John, "to set off at this late hour. The road's full of highwaymen."

"Mere tales to get custom."

"The estafette which passed us was stopped by a whole gang," said John, increasing his emphasis with each additional piece of information.

"I don't believe a word of it."

"They robbed him of his breeches," said John, giving, at the same time, a hitch to his own waist-band.

"All humbug!"

Here the dark handsome young man stepped forward, and addressing the Englishman very politely, in broken English, invited him to partake of a repast he was about to make.

"Thank'ee," said the Englishman, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets, and casting a slight side glance of suspicion at the young man, as if he thought, from his civility, he must have a design upon his purse.

"We shall be most happy, if you will do us the favour," said the lady in her soft Venetian dialect. There was a sweetness in her accents that was most persuasive. The Englishman cast a look upon her countenance; her beauty was still more eloquent. His features instantly relaxed. He made a polite bow. "With great pleasure, Signora," said he.

In short, the eagerness to "get on" was suddenly slackened; the determination to furnish himself as fast as Fondi, by way of punishing the landlord, was abandoned; John chose an apartment in the inn for his master's reception; and preparations were made to remain there until morning.

The carriage was unpacked of such of its contents as were indispensable for the night. There was the usual parade of trunks and writing-desks, and portfolios, and dressing-boxes, and those other oppressive conveniences which burthen a comfortable man. The observant loiterers about the inn-door, wrapped up in great dirt-coloured cloaks, with only a hawk's eye uncovered, made many remarks to each other on the quantity of luggage, that seemed enough for an army. The domestics of the inn talked with wonder of the splendid dressing-case, with its gold and silver furniture, that was spread out on the toilet-table, and the bag of gold that chinked as it was taken out of the trunk. The strange *milor's* wealth, and the treasures he carried about him, were the talk, that evening, over all Terracina.

The Englishman took some time to make his ablutions and arrange his dress for table; and, after considerable labour and effort in putting himself at ease, made his appearance, with stiff white cravat, his clothes free from the least speck of dust, and adjusted with precision. He made a civil bow on entering, in the unprofessing English way, which the fair Venetian, accustomed to the complimentary salutations of the continent, considered extremely odd.

The supper, as it was termed by the Italian, and dinner, as the Englishman called it, was now served from heaven and earth, and the waters under the earth had been moved to furnish it; for there were little

of the air, and beasts of the field, and fish of the sea. The Englishman's servant, too, had turned the kitchen topsy-turvy in his zeal to cook his master a beefsteak; and made his appearance, loaded with ketchup, and soy, and Cayenne pepper, and Harvey sauce, and a bottle of port wine, from that warehouse the carriage, in which his master seemed desirous of carrying England about the world with him. Indeed the repast was one of those Italian faragoes which require a little qualifying. The tureen of soup was a black sea, with livers, and limbs, and fragments of all kinds of birds and beasts floating like wrecks about it. A meagre winged animal, which my host called a delicate chicken, had evidently died of a consumption. The macaroni was smoked. The beefsteak was tough buffalo's flesh. There was what appeared to be a dish of stewed eels, of which the Englishman ate with great relish; but had nearly repudiated them when told that they were vipers, caught among the rocks of Terracina, and esteemed of great delicacy.

There is nothing, however, that conquers a traveller's spleen sooner than eating, whatever may be the cookery; and nothing brings him into good humour with his company sooner than eating together: the Englishman, therefore, had not half finished his repast and his bottle, before he began to think the Venetian a very tolerable fellow for a foreigner, and his wife almost handsome enough to be an Englishwoman.

In the course of the repast, the usual topics of travellers were discussed, and among others, the reports of robbers, which harassed the mind of the fair Venetian. The landlord and waiter dipped into the conversation with that familiarity permitted on the continent, and served up so many bloody tales as they served up the dishes, that they almost frightened away the poor lady's appetite.

The Englishman, who had a national antipathy to every thing that is technically called "humbug," listened to them all with a certain screw of the mouth, expressive of incredulity. There was the well-known story of the school of Terracina, captured by the robbers; and one of the students coolly massacred, in order to bring the parents to terms for the ransom of the rest. And another, of a gentleman of Rome, who received his son's ear in a letter, with information that his son would be remitted to him in this manner, by instalments, until he paid the required ransom.

The fair Venetian shuddered as she heard these tales; and the landlord, like a true narrator of the tale, doubled the dose when he saw how it operated. He was just proceeding to relate the misfortune of a great English lord and his family, when the Englishman, tired of his volubility, interrupted and pronounced these accounts to be mere travellers' tales, or the exaggerations of ignorant peasants, and designing inn-keepers. The landlord was silent at the doubt levelled at his stories, and the

innuendo levelled at his cloth; he cited, in corroboration, half a dozen tales still more terrible.

"I don't believe a word of them," said the Englishman.

"But the robbers have been tried and executed."

"All a farce!"

"But their heads are stuck up along the road!"

"Old skulls, accumulated during a century."

The landlord muttered to himself as he went out at the door, "San Gennaro! quanto sono singolari questi Inglesi!"

A fresh hubbub outside of the inn announced the arrival of more travellers; and, from the variety of voices, or rather of clamours, the clattering of hoofs, the rattling of wheels, and the general uproar both within and without, the arrival seemed to be numerous.

It was, in fact, the procaccio and its convoy; a kind of caravan which sets out on certain days for the transportation of merchandise, with an escort of soldiery to protect it from the robbers. Travellers avail themselves of its protection, and a long file of carriages generally accompany it.

A considerable time elapsed before either landlord or waiter returned; being hurried hither and thither by that tempest of noise and bustle, which takes place in an Italian inn on the arrival of any considerable accession of custom. When mine host re-appeared, there was a smile of triumph on his countenance.

"Perhaps," said he, as he cleared the table, "perhaps the signor has not heard of what has happened?"

"What?" said the Englishman, drily.

"Why, the procaccio has brought accounts of fresh exploits of the robbers."

"Pish!"

"There's more news of the English Milor and his family," said the host exultingly.

"An English lord? What English lord?"

"Milor Popkin."

"Lord Popkins? I never heard of such a title!"

"O sicuro! a great nobleman, who passed through here lately with mi lady and her daughters. A magnificent, one of the grand counsellors of London, an almanno!"

"Almanno—almanno?—tut—he means alderman."

"Sicuro—Aldermanno Popkin, and the Principessa Popkin, and the Signorine Popkin!" said mine host, triumphantly.

He now put himself into an attitude, and would have launched into a full detail, had he not been thwarted by the Englishman, who seemed determined neither to credit nor indulge him in his stories, but drily motioned for him to clear away the table.

An Italian tongue, however, is not easily checked: that of mine host continued to wag with increasing volubility, as he conveyed the relics of the repast out of the room; and the last that could be distinguished of his voice, as it died away along the corridor, was

the iteration of the favourite word, Popkin—Popkin—Popkin—pop—pop—pop.

The arrival of the procaccio had, indeed, filled the house with stories, as it had with guests. The Englishman and his companions walked after supper up and down the large hall, or common room of the inn, which ran through the centre of the building. It was spacious and somewhat dirty, with tables placed in various parts, at which groups of travellers were seated; while others strolled about, waiting, in famished impatience, for their evening's meal.

It was a heterogeneous assemblage of people of all ranks and countries, who had arrived in all kind of vehicles. Though distinct knots of travellers, yet the travelling together, under one common escort, had jumbled them into a certain degree of companionship on the road: besides, on the continent travellers are always familiar, and nothing is more motley than the groups which gather casually together in sociable conversation in the public rooms of inns.

The formidable number, and formidable guard of the procaccio, had prevented any molestation from banditti; but every party of travellers had its tale of wonder, and one carriage vied with another in its budget of assertions and surmises. Fierce, whiskered faces had been seen peering over the rocks; carbines and stiletos gleaming from among the bushes; suspicious-looking fellows, with flapped hats and scowling eyes, had occasionally reconnoitred a straggling carriage, but had disappeared on seeing the guard.

The fair Venetian listened to all these stories with that avidity with which we always pamper any feeling of alarm; even the Englishman began to feel interested in the common topic, and desirous of getting more correct information than mere flying reports. Conquering, therefore, that shyness which is prone to keep an Englishman solitary in crowds, he approached one of the talking groups, the oracle of which was a tall, thin Italian, with long aquiline nose, a high forehead, and lively prominent eye, beaming from under a green velvet travelling-cap, with gold tassel. He was of Rome, a surgeon by profession, a poet by choice, and something of an improvisatore.

In the present instance, however, he was talking in plain prose, but holding forth with the fluency of one who talks well, and likes to exert his talent. A question or two from the Englishman drew copious replies; for an Englishman sociable among strangers is regarded as a phenomenon on the continent, and always treated with attention for the rarity's sake. The improvisatore gave much the same account of the banditti that I have already furnished.

"But why does not the police exert itself, and root them out?" demanded the Englishman.

"Because the police is too weak, and the banditti are too strong," replied the other. "To root them out would be a more difficult task than you imagine. They are connected and almost identified with the mountain peasantry and the people of the villages.

The numerous bands have an understanding with each other, and with the country round. A gendarne cannot stir without their being aware of it. They have their scouts every where, who lurk about towns, villages, and inns, mingle in every crowd, and pervade every place of resort. I should not be surprised if some one should be supervising us at this moment."

—The fair Venetian looked round fearfully, and turned pale.

Here the improvisatore was interrupted by a lively Neapolitan lawyer.

"By the way," said he, "I recollect a little adventure of a learned doctor, a friend of mine, which happened in this very neighbourhood; not far from the ruins of Theodorico's Castle, which are on the top of those great rocky heights above the town."

A wish was, of course, expressed to hear the adventure of the doctor by all excepting the improvisatore, who, being fond of talking and of hearing himself talk, and accustomed, moreover, to harangue without interruption, looked rather annoyed at being checked when in full career. The Neapolitan, however, took no notice of his chagrin, but related the following anecdote.

THE ADVENTURE OF

THE LITTLE ANTIQUARY.

My friend, the Doctor, was a thorough antiquary, a little rusty, musty old fellow, always groping among ruins. He relished a building as you Englishmen relish a cheese,—the more mouldy and crumbling was, the more it suited his taste. A shell of an nameless temple, or the cracked walls of a broken-down amphitheatre, would throw him into raptures, and he took more delight in these crusts and shavings of antiquity, than in the best-conditioned modern palaces.

He was a curious collector of coins also, and just gained an accession of wealth that almost turned his brain. He had picked up, for instance, several Roman Consulars, half a Roman As, two Punic which had doubtless belonged to the soldiers of Hannibal, having been found on the very spot where he had encamped among the Apennines. He had, moreover, one Samnite, struck after the Social War, a Philistis, a queen that never existed; but above all he valued himself upon a coin, indescribable but which he had initiated in these matters, bearing a Pegasus on one side, and a Pegasus on the other, and which, by some antiquarian logic, the little man added to an historical document, illustrating the progress of christianity.

All these precious coins he carried about him in a leather purse, buried deep in a pocket of his black breeches.

The last maggot he had taken into his brain, was to hunt after the ancient cities of the Pelasgi, which are said to exist to this day among the mountains of the Abruzzi; but about which a singular degree of obscurity prevails. He had made many discoveries concerning them, and had recorded a great many valuable notes and memorandums on the subject, in a voluminous book, which he always carried about with him; either for the purpose of frequent reference, or through fear lest the precious document should fall into the hands of brother antiquaries. He had, therefore, a large pocket in the skirt of his coat, where he bore about this inestimable tome, banging against his rear as he walked.

Thus heavily laden with the spoils of antiquity, the good little man, during a sojourn at Terracina, mounted one day the rocky cliffs which overhang the town, to visit the castle of Theodoric. He was groping about the ruins towards the hour of sunset, buried in his reflections, his wits no doubt wool-gathering among the Goths and Romans, when he heard footsteps behind him.

He turned, and beheld five or six young fellows, of rough, saucy demeanour, clad in a singular manner, half peasant, half huntsman, with carbines in their hands. Their whole appearance and carriage told him no doubt into what company he had fallen.

The Doctor was a feeble little man, poor in look, and poorer in purse. He had but little gold or silver

to be robbed of; but then he had his curious ancient coin in his breeches pocket. He had, moreover, certain other valuables, such as an old silver watch, thick as a turnip, with figures on it large enough for a clock; and a set of seals at the end of a steel chain, that dangled half way down to his knees. All these were of precious esteem, being family relics. He had also a seal-ring, a veritable antique intaglio, that covered half his knuckles. It was a Venus, which the old man almost worshipped with the zeal of a voluptuary. But what he most valued was his inestimable collection of hints relative to the Pelasgian cities, which he would gladly have given all the money in his pocket to have had safe at the bottom of his trunk in Terracina.

However, he plucked up a stout heart, at least as stout a heart as he could, seeing that he was but a puny little man at the best of times. So he wished the hunters a "buon giorno." They returned his salutation, giving the old gentleman a sociable slap on the back that made his heart leap into his throat.

They fell into conversation, and walked for some time together among the heights, the Doctor wishing them all the while at the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius. At length they came to a small osteria on the mountain, where they proposed to enter and have a cup of wine together: the Doctor consented, though he would as soon have been invited to drink hemlock.

One of the gang remained sentinel at the door; the others swaggered into the house, stood their guns in the corner of the room, and each drawing a pistol or stiletto out of his belt, laid it upon the table. They now drew benches round the board, called lustily for wine, and, hailing the Doctor as though he had been a boon companion of long standing, insisted upon his sitting down and making merry.

The worthy man complied with forced grimace, but with fear and trembling; sitting uneasily on the edge of his chair; eyeing ruefully the black-muzzled pistols, and cold, naked stilletos; and supping down heartburn with every drop of liquor. His new comrades, however, pushed the bottle bravely, and plied him vigorously. They sang, they laughed; told excellent stories of their robberies and combats, mingled with many ruffian jokes; and the little Doctor was fain to laugh at all their cut-throat pleasantries, though his heart was dying away at the very bottom of his bosom.

By their own account, they were young men from the villages, who had recently taken up this line of life out of the wild caprice of youth. They talked of their murderous exploits as a sportsman talks of his amusements: to shoot down a traveller seemed of little more consequence to them than to shoot a hare. They spoke with rapture of the glorious roving life they led, free as birds; here to-day, gone to-morrow; ranging the forests, climbing the rocks, scouring the valleys; the world their own wherever they could lay hold of it; full purses—merry companions—pretty women.

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buried deep in a pocket of his

Among the many fond speculations of antiquaries is that of the existence of traces of the ancient Pelasgian cities in the Apennines; and many a wistful eye is cast by the traveller, versed in antiquarian lore, at the richly-wooded mountains of the Abruzzi, as a forbidden fairy land of research. These spots, so beautiful and so inaccessible, from the rudeness of their inhabitants and the series of banditti which infest them, are a region of fable to the unlearned. Sometimes a wealthy virtuoso, whose purse and whose consequence could command a military escort, has penetrated to one individual point among the mountains; and sometimes a wandering artist or student, under protection of poverty or insouciance, has brought away some vague account, only calculated to give a keener edge to curiosity and conjecture.

By those who maintain the existence of the Pelasgian cities, it is affirmed, that the formation of the different kingdoms in the peninsula gradually caused the expulsion of the Pelasgi from Greece; but that their great migration may be dated from the building the wall round Acropolis, and that at this period they came into Italy. To these, in the spirit of theory, they would ascribe the introduction of the elegant arts into the country. It is admitted, however, that, as barbarians flying before the first dawn of civilization, they could bring little with them superior to the creations of the aborigines, and nothing that would have survived to the antiquarian through such a lapse of ages. It would appear more probable, that these cities, improperly termed Pelasgian, were coeval with many that have been discovered,—the maritime Aricia, built by Hippolytus before the siege of Troy, and the poetic Tibur, Æsculetum and Proenae, built by Telegonus after the dispersion of the Greeks. These, lying contiguous to inhabitable cultivated spots, have been discovered. There are others, however, on the ruins of which the later and more civilized Grecian artists have engrafted themselves, and which have become famous by their merits or their medals. But that there are many more undiscovered, imbedded in the Abruzzi, it is the delight of antiquarians to fancy. Strange that such a virgin soil for research, and an unknown realm of knowledge, should at this day remain the very centre of hackneyed Italy!

The little antiquary got fuddled with their talk and their wine, for they did not spare bumpers. He half forgot his fears, his seal-ring, and his family-watch; even the treatise on the Pelasgian cities, which was warming under him, for a time faded from his memory in the glowing picture that they drew. He declares that he no longer wonders at the prevalence of this robber mania among the mountains; for he felt at the time, that, had he been a young man, and a strong man, and had there been no danger of the galleys in the back-ground, he should have been half tempted himself to turn bandit.

At length the hour of separating arrived. The Doctor was suddenly called to himself and his fears by seeing the robbers resume their weapons. He now quaked for his valuables, and, above all, for his antiquarian treatise. He endeavoured, however, to look cool and unconcerned; and drew from out his deep pocket a long, lank, leathern purse, far gone in consumption, at the bottom of which a few coin clinked with the trembling of his hand.

The chief of the party observed his movement, and laying his hand upon the antiquary's shoulder, "Harkee! Signor Dottore!" said he, "we have drunk together as friends and comrades; let us part as such. We understand you. We know who and what you are, for we know who every body is that sleeps at Terracina, or that puts foot upon the road. You are a rich man, but you carry all your wealth in your head: we cannot get at it, and we should not know what to do with it if we could. I see you are uneasy about your ring; but don't worry yourself, it is not worth taking; you think it an antique, but it's a counterfeit—a mere sham."

Here the ire of the antiquary arose: the Doctor forgot himself in his zeal for the character of his ring. Heaven and earth! his Venus a sham! Had they pronounced the wife of his bosom "no better than she should be," he could not have been more indignant. He fired up in vindication of his intaglio.

"Nay, nay," continued the robber, "we have no time to dispute about it; value it as you please. Come, you're a brave little old signor—one more cup of wine, and we'll pay the reckoning. No compliments—You shall not pay a grain—You are our guest—I insist upon it. So—now make the best of your way back to Terracina; it's growing late. Buon viaggio! And harkee! take care how you wander among these mountains,—you may not always fall into such good company."

They shouldered their guns; sprang gaily up the rocks; and the little Doctor hobbled back to Terracina, rejoicing that the robbers had left his watch, his coins, and his treatise, unmolested; but still indignant that they should have pronounced his Venus an impostor.

The improvisatore had shown many symptoms of impatience during this recital. He saw his theme in

danger of being taken out of his hands, which, to an able talker, is always a grievance, but to an improvisatore is an absolute calamity: and then for it to be taken away by a Neapolitan, was still more vexatious; the inhabitants of the different Italian states having an implacable jealousy of each other in all things, great and small. He took advantage of the first pause of the Neapolitan to catch hold again of the thread of the conversation.

"As I observed before," said he, "the prowling of the banditti are so extensive, they are so much in league with one another, and so interwoven with various ranks of society—"

"For that matter," said the Neapolitan, "I have heard that your government has had some understanding with those gentry; or, at least, has winked at their misdeeds."

"My government!" said the Roman, impatiently.

"Ay, they say that Cardinal Gonsalvi—"

"Hush!" said the Roman, holding up his finger and rolling his large eyes about the room.

"Nay, I only repeat what I heard commonly murmured in Rome," replied the Neapolitan, sturdily. "It was openly said, that the cardinal had been up the mountains, and had an interview with some of the chiefs. And I have been told, moreover, that while honest people have been kicking their heels in the cardinal's antechamber, waiting by the hour for admittance, one of those stiletto-looking fellows has elbowed his way through the crowd, and entered without ceremony into the cardinal's presence."

"I know," observed the improvisatore, "there have been such reports, and it is not impossible that government may have made use of these men particular periods; such as at the time of your abortive revolution, when your carbonari were busy with their machinations all over the country. The information which such men could collect, were familiar, not merely with the recesses and secret places of the mountains, but also with the dark and dangerous recesses of society; who knew every suspicious character, and all his movements and all his lurkings; in a word, who knew all that was plotted in the world of mischief;—the utility of such men as instruments in the hands of government was too obvious to be overlooked; and Cardinal Gonsalvi, a politic statesman, may, perhaps, have made use of them. Besides, he knew that, with all their atrociousness the robbers were always respectful towards church, and devout in their religion."

"Religion! religion!" echoed the Englishman.

"Yes, religion," repeated the Roman. "They have each their patron saint. They will cross themselves and say their prayers, whenever, in their mountain haunts, they hear the matin or the evening bells sounding from the valleys; and will often descend from their retreats, and run eminent rivers to visit some favourite shrine. I recollect an instance in point.

"I was one evening in the village of Frosco"

which stands on the beautiful brow of a hill rising from the Campagna, just below the Abruzzi mountains. The people, as is usual in fine evenings in our Italian towns and villages, were recreating themselves in the open air, and chatting in groups in the public square. While I was conversing with a knot of friends, I noticed a tall fellow, wrapped in a great mantle, passing across the square, but sculking along in the dusk, as if anxious to avoid observation. The people drew back as he passed. It was whispered to me that he was a notorious bandit."

"But why was he not immediately seized?" said the Englishman.

"Because it was nobody's business; because nobody wished to incur the vengeance of his comrades; because there were not sufficient gendarmes near to ensure security against the number of desperadoes he might have at hand; because the gendarmes might not have received particular instructions with respect to him, and might not feel disposed to engage in a hazardous conflict without compulsion. In short, I might give you a thousand reasons rising out of the state of our government and manners, not one of which after all might appear satisfactory."

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders with an air of contempt.

"I have been told," added the Roman, rather quickly, "that even in your metropolis of London, notorious thieves, well known to the police as such, walk the streets at noon-day in search of their prey, and are not molested, unless caught in the very act of robbery."

The Englishman gave another shrug, but with a different expression.

"Well, sir, I fixed my eye on this daring wolf, as prowling through the fold, and saw him enter church. I was curious to witness his devotion. You know our spacious magnificent churches. The one in which he entered was vast, and shrouded in the dusk of evening. At the extremity of the long aisle a couple of tapers feebly glimmered on the grand altar. In one of the side chapels was a votive table placed before the image of a saint. Before this table the robber had prostrated himself. His mantle partly falling off from his shoulders as he knelt, revealed a form of Herculean strength; a stiletto and pistol glittered in his belt; and the light falling on his countenance, showed features not unhandsome, but strongly and fiercely characterised. As he prayed, he became vehemently agitated; his lips quivered; sighs and murmurs, almost groans, burst from him; he beat his breast with violence; then spread his hands and wrung them convulsively, as he extended them towards the image. Never had I seen such a terrific picture of remorse. I felt fearful of being discovered watching him, and withdrew. Shortly afterwards I saw him issue from the church wrapped in his mantle. He re-crossed the square, and doubt returned to the mountains with a disburthened conscience, ready to incur a fresh arrear of crime."

Here the Neapolitan was about to get hold of the conversation, and had just preluded with the ominous remark, "That puts me in mind of a circumstance," when the improvisatore, too adroit to suffer himself to be again superseded, went on, pretending not to hear the interruption.

"Among the many circumstances connected with the banditti, which serve to render the traveller uneasy and insecure, is the understanding which they sometimes have with inn-keepers. Many an isolated inn among the lonely parts of the Roman territories, and especially about the mountains, are of a dangerous and perfidious character. They are places where the banditti gather information, and where the unwary traveller, remote from hearing or assistance, is betrayed to the midnight dagger. The robberies committed at such inns are often accompanied by the most atrocious murders; for it is only by the complete extermination of their victims that the assassins can escape detection. I recollect an adventure," added he, "which occurred at one of these solitary mountain inns, which, as you all seem in a mood for robber anecdotes, may not be uninteresting."

Having secured the attention and awakened the curiosity of the by-standers, he paused for a moment, rolled up his large eyes as improvisatori are apt to do when they would recollect an impromptu, and then related with great dramatic effect the following story, which had, doubtless, been well prepared and digested beforehand.

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

It was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Apennines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain foliage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction. Its faded embellishments spoke of former splendour, but its crazy springs and axletrees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentleman, in a kind of military travelling dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the grey locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty-looking fellow, with a scar across his face, an orange-tawny *schwur-bart*, or pair of mustachios, bristling from under his nose, and altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman; a wreck of one of those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been

broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The Count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was, in a manner, an exile from his country. He had resided for some time in the first cities of Italy, for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is more than probable that many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping; her gaiety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sunk into silence and debility. The old Count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days the old family carriage was rumbling among the Apennines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes; had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress. She had grown up under his eye, he had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent. Nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity in seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening; they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often beetled over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two and three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tippling old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the Count, and maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses among the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The Count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone.

"Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn."

"Yonder it is, Signor," said the muleteer.

"Where?" demanded the Count.

"Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate

pile of building about a quarter of a league distant.

"That the place?—why, it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village."

Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous exclamations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his Eccellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello—a palazzo—and such people!—and such a larder!—and such beds!—His Eccellenza might fare as sumptuously, and sleep as soundly there as a prince!"

The Count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air; and in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palace; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style; with a great quantity of waste room. It had, in fact, been, in former times, a hunting-seat of one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and in its out-buildings to have accommodated a little army. A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited herself on the Count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Every thing, however, had a wretched squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blacked out of all distinctness.

They chose two bed-rooms, one within another; the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and misshapen; but on examining the beds so vaunted by old Pietro, they found them stuffed with fibres of hemp knotted in great lumps. The Count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no other choice left.

The chilliness of the apartments crept to the bones; and they were glad to return to a common chamber, or kind of hall, where there was a fire burning in a huge cavern, mis-called a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffled out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was polished and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the corner, immovable from its size and weight.

quarter of a league distant. It looks more like a ruin than we were to put up for the night."

A string of piteous exclamations were ever at the tip of the muleteer. "Such roads! and in his poor animals were way—they would fall lame; and they reach the village. And then I wish for better than the palazzo—and such people!—I such beds!—His Excellency, and sleep as soundly there

was easily persuaded, for he was lighter out of the night air; and the carriage rattled and jingled of the inn.

certainly in some measure answered the description. It was large enough for a palace; built in a strong, but a little style; with a great quantity of wood, in fact, been, in former times, one of the Italian princesses, though within its walls and in its interior accommodated a little army. It seemed now to people this dream that presented themselves on the walls that were begrimed with dirt, and in a depression. They all knew of the Count, and gave him a welcome as he came, talking, and almost whooping.

The Count waited herself on the Count to show them the apartments, and led them through a long gloomy corridor to a suite of chambers opening into lofty ceilings, and great beams of wood. Every thing, however, had a look of neglect. The walls were damp and there hung some great pictures, and here and there a chapel, and blackened

bed-rooms, one within another, and a daughter. The bedsteads were open; but on examining the bedsteads, Pietro, they found them stuffed with knotted in great lumps. The Count's shoulders, but there was no choice

the apartments crept to the Count, and were glad to return to a common hall, where there was a fire burning, and a mis-called a chimney. A quantity of wood had just been thrown on, which produced a great deal of smoke. The room corresponded to the mansion. The floor was paved with a large oaken table stood in the centre, of a size and weight.

The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a stout woman of course; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty; yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions; and both the Count and his daughter felt relieved, when she assigned them to the care of a dark, sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Caspar was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters; and vowed by the saints and mustachios to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expression with which she regarded the travellers, from under her strong dark eye-brows.

As to the Count, he was a good-humoured passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large, broken arm-chair to the fire-side for his daughter, and another for himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavoured to re-arrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter, then upon the cheerless, squalid apartment, and shrugging his shoulders, would give a dash stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance: the good Count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier firewood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of faggots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely. The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the Count's daughter ministering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as a woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded; perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, and caused to be ministered to by such hands. Certain it was, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her forehead.

"May San Francesco watch over you, Signora!" she exclaimed.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The court-yard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle. The landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests; and the poor Count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window just as the new-comers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage, and handed out the princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment, and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gaily dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The count's daughter shrunk back at sight of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the princess, and the crazy, rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair,—a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame: she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair, rested her pale cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire.

The Count thought she appeared paler than usual.— "Does any thing ail thee, my child?" said he.

"Nothing, dear father!" replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head.

"The air of the window has chilled thee," said the Count, fondly, "but a good night's rest will make all well again."

The supper-table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the new-comers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it. She had scarcely made the apology when the Princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man.

The Count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society both at Rome and Naples; and at whose conversazioni, in fact, he had constantly been invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles both for his merits and prospects, and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both the Count and

the Princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme; the Princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and liked to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter, and began something of a complimentary observation; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur; while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sunk again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance.

This singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together; and as the Princess travelled with her own cook, a very tolerable supper soon smoked upon the board. This, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liqueurs, and delicate condiments brought from one of her carriages; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes by a rich offering at the holy shrine. She was, to be sure, rather a luxurious penitent, and a contrast to the primitive pilgrims, with scrip and staff, and cockle-shell; but then it would be unreasonable to expect such self-denial from people of fashion; and there was not a doubt of the ample efficacy of the rich crucifixes, and golden vessels, and jeweled ornaments, which she was bearing to the treasury of the blessed Virgin.

The Princess and the Count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves: the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing in spite of the politeness of the Princess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The Count shook his head.

"She is not well this evening," said he. "I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival."

A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the daughter, but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fire-place. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the Count's carriage, leaned against the wall; the Princess perceived it: "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night?" demanded she.

The Count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar, presented it, though in an embarrassed man-

ner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so; indeed she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and, after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, but chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice, and the delicacy of the touch, were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little Princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceeding out of time; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall.

"And now," said the Count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favour. Let the Princess know that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can think," added he, "what a proficiency she has made in your language; though she has been a sad girl and neglected it of late."

The colour flushed the pale cheek of the daughter. She hesitated, murmured something; but with sudden effort collected herself, struck the guitar boldly and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous melting tones of her voice went to the heart; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears.

The Count folded her tenderly in his arms. "The art not well, my child," said he, "and I am tending thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee!" She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room.

The Count shook his head as the door closed. "Something is the matter with that child," said he, "which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father's foolishness," continued he, "but I have seen much trouble in my family; and this poor girl is all that now left to me; and she used to be so lively—"

"Maybe she's in love!" said the little Princess with a shrewd nod of the head.

"Impossible!" replied the good Count artlessly. "She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me."

How little did the worthy gentleman dream of thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love conflicts which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid scarcely breathes unto herself!

The nephew of the Princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, burst forth with violence. She opened the casement, the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled

helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them.

"But what is to become of the young lady," said Caspar, "if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in a tumult? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray?"

Here the feelings of the father were roused: he looked upon his lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians.

The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself. "The Princess! the Princess!—only let the Princess know her danger."—She was willing to share it with her.

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faithful old servant. No time was to be lost—the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. "Mount the horse," said he to the Count, "take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the Princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid."

The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the Princess—

"For what?" said old Caspar bluntly, "You could do no good—You would be in the way—We should have to take care of you instead of ourselves."

There was no answering these objections: the Count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation—"There is a young cavalier with the Princess—her nephew—perhaps he may—"

"I understand you, Mademoiselle," replied old Caspar with a significant nod; "not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it!"

The young lady blushed deeper than ever: she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant.

"That is not what I mean," said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation; but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the court-yard to the small postern-gate, where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The Count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had pointed out. Many a fearful and anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of building; the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusty casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succour should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted.

They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed

against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy delfle among the rocks.

"Who goes there!" exclaimed a voice. The Count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle. The horse became restive, started back, and reared, and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The Count leaned forward, put pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

The whole place was soon aroused; but such was the awe in which the banditti were held, that the inhabitants shrunk at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that part through the mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of those horrible places where the unsuspecting wayfarer is entrapped and silently disposed of. The rich ornaments worn by the slatternly hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that route, who, it was supposed at first, had been carried off by the robbers for the sake of ransom, but who had never been heard of more. Such were the tales buzzed in the ears of the Count by the villagers as he endeavoured to rouse them to the rescue of the Princess and train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the force of prayers, and tears, and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety until it became agonizing. Fortunately, there was a number of gendarmes resting at the village. A number of young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The Count having deposited his daughter in a place of safety, had too much of the old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time. The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the villagers prepared for their reception, had become cautious and furious in their attack. The Princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship of a veteran, and the nephew of the Princess the dash and valour of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer, when a charge from the musketry of the gendarmes drove them the joyful tidings of succour.

A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in turn; while their comrades made desperate attacks

THE

ADVENTURE OF THE POPKINS FAMILY.

It was but a few days before, that the carriage of Alderman Popkins had driven up to the inn of Terracina. Those who have seen an English family carriage on the continent must have remarked the sensation it produces. It is an epitome of England; a little morsel of the old island rolling about the world. Every thing about it compact, snug, finished, and fitting. The wheels turning on patent axles without rattling; the body, hanging so well on its springs, yielding to every motion, yet protecting from every aloock; the ruddy faces gaping from the windows—sometimes of a portly old citizen, sometimes of a voluminous dowager, and sometimes of a fine fresh hoyden just from boarding-school. And then the dickeys loaded with well-dressed servants, beef-fed and bluff; looking down from their heights with contempt on all the world around; profoundly ignorant of the country and the people, and devoutly certain that every thing not English must be wrong.

Such was the carriage of Alderman Popkins as it made its appearance at Terracina. The courier who had preceded it to order horses, and who was a Neapolitan, had given a magnificent account of the riches and greatness of his master; blundering with an Italian's splendour of imagination about the alderman's titles and dignities. The host had added his usual share of exaggeration; so that by the time the alderman drove up to the door, he was a *Milor—Magnifico—Principe*—the Lord knows what!

The alderman was advised to take an escort to Fondi and Itri, but he refused. It was as much as a man's life was worth, he said, to stop him on the king's highway: he would complain of it to the ambassador at Naples; he would make a national affair of it. The Principessa Popkins, a fresh, motherly dame, seemed perfectly secure in the protection of her husband, so omnipotent a man in the City. The Signorine Popkins, two fine bouncing girls, looked to their brother Tom, who had taken lessons in boxing; and as to the dandy himself, he swore no scaramouch of an Italian robber would dare to meddle with an Englishman. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, and turned out the palms of his hands with a true Italian grimace, and the carriage of Milor Popkins rolled on.

They passed through several very suspicious places without any molestation. The Miss Popkins, who were very romantic, and had learnt to draw in water-colours, were enchanted with the savage scenery around; it was so like what they had read in Mrs Radcliffe's romances; they should like of all things to make sketches. At length the carriage arrived at a place where the road wound up a long hill. Mrs Popkins had sunk into a sleep; the young ladies were lost in the "Loves of the Angels;" and the dandy

to relieve them from under cover of the neighbouring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated; several of them killed, and several taken prisoners; which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of gendarmes was stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the pannels of the doors. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighbouring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain, and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look.

"Were any of the Princess's party killed?" inquired the Englishman.

"As far as I can recollect, there were two or three."

"Not the nephew, I trust?" said the fair Venetian.

"Oh no: he hastened with the Count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained throughout the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accompanied by the nephew of the Princess, she uttered a cry of rapture and fainted. Happily, however, she soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly after to the young cavalier; and the whole party accompanied the old Princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where her votive offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Casa."

It would be tedious to follow the devious course of the conversation as it wound through a maze of stories of the kind, until it was taken up by two other travellers who had come under convoy of the Proaccio: Mr Hobbs and Mr Dobbs, a linen-draper and green-grocer, just returning from a hasty tour in Greece and the Holy Land. They were full of the story of Alderman Popkins. They were astonished that the robbers should dare to molest a man of his importance on 'Change, he being an eminent dry-garmenter of Throgmorton-street, and a magistrate to boot.

In fact, the story of the Popkins family was but too true. It was attested by too many present to be for a moment doubted; and from the contradictory and discordant testimony of half a score, all eager to relate it, and all talking at the same time, the Englishman was enabled to gather the following particulars.

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was hectoring the postillions from the coach-box. The alderman got out, as he said, to stretch his legs up the hill. It was a long, winding ascent, and obliged him every now and then to stop and blow and wipe his forehead, with many a pish! and phew! being rather pursy and short of wind. As the carriage, however, was far behind him, and moved slowly under the weight of so many well-stuffed trunks and well-stuffed travellers, he had plenty of time to walk at leisure.

On a jutting point of rock that overhung the road, nearly at the summit of the hill, just where the route began again to descend, he saw a solitary man seated, who appeared to be tending goats. Alderman Popkins was one of your shrewd travellers who always like to be picking up small information along the road; so he thought he'd just scramble up to the honest man, and have a little talk with him by way of learning the news and getting a lesson in Italian. As he drew near to the peasant, he did not half like his looks. He was partly reclining on the rocks, wrapped in the usual long mantle, which, with his slouched hat, only left a part of a swarthy visage, with a keen black eye, a beetle brow, and a fierce moustache to be seen. He had whistled several times to his dog, which was roving about the side of the hill. As the alderman approached, he rose and greeted him. When standing erect, he seemed almost gigantic, at least in the eyes of Alderman Popkins, who, however, being a short man, might be deceived.

The latter would gladly now have been back in the carriage, or even on 'Change in London; for he was by no means well-pleased with his company. However, he determined to put the best face on matters, and was beginning a conversation about the state of the weather, the baddishness of the crops, and the price of goats in that part of the country, when he heard a violent screaming. He ran to the edge of the rock, and looking over, beheld his carriage surrounded by robbers. One held down the fat footman, another had the dandy by his starched cravat, with a pistol to his head; one was rummaging a portmanteau, another rummaging the Principessa's pockets; while the two Miss Popkins were screaming from each window of the carriage, and their waiting-maid squalling from the dickey.

Alderman Popkins felt all the ire of the parent and the magistrate roused within him. He grasped his cane, and was on the point of scrambling down the rocks, either to assault the robbers, or to read the riot act, when he was suddenly seized by the arm. It was by his friend the goatherd, whose cloak, falling open, discovered a belt stuck full of pistols and stiletos. In short, he found himself in the clutches of the captain of the band, who had stationed himself on the rock to look out for travellers, and to give notice to his men.

A sad ransacking took place. Trunks were turned inside out, and all the finery and frippery of the Popkins family scattered about the road. Such a chaos

of Venice beads and Roman mosaics, and Paris bonnets of the young ladies, mingled with the alderman's night caps and lambs' wool stockings, and the dandy's hair-brushes, stays, and starched cravats.

The gentlemen were eased of their purses and their watches, the ladies of their jewels; and the whole party were on the point of being carried up into the mountain, when, fortunately, the appearance of soldiery at a distance obliged the robbers to make off with the spoils they had secured, and leave the Popkins family to gather together the remnants of their effects, and make the best of their way to Fondi.

When safe arrived, the alderman made a terrible blustering at the inn; threatened to complain to the ambassador at Naples, and was ready to shake his cane at the whole country. The dandy had many stories to tell of his scuffles with the brigands, who overpowered him merely by numbers. As to the Miss Popkins, they were quite delighted with the adventure, and were occupied the whole evening in writing it in their journals. They declared the captain of the band to be a most romantic-looking man, they dared to say some unfortunate lover, or exiled nobleman; and several of the band to be very handsome young men—"quite picturesque!"

"In verity," said mine host of Terracina, "they say the captain of the band is *un galantuomo*."

"A gallant man!" said the Englishman indignantly: "I'd have your gallant man hanged like a dog!"

"To dare to meddle with Englishmen!" said Mr Hobbs.

"And such a family as the Popkinses!" said Mr Dobbs.

"They ought to come upon the county for damages!" said Mr Hobbs.

"Our ambassador should make a complaint to the government of Naples," said Mr Dobbs.

"They should be obliged to drive these rascals out of the country," said Hobbs.

"If they did not, we should declare war against them," said Dobbs.

"Pish!—humbug!" muttered the Englishman himself, and walked away.

The Englishman had been a little wearied by the story, and by the ultra zeal of his countrymen, and was glad when a summons to their supper relieved him from the crowd of travellers. He walked with his Venetian friends and a young Frenchman of an interesting demeanour, who had become sociable with them in the course of the conversation. They directed their steps toward the sea, which was lit by the rising moon.

As they strolled along the beach, they came where a party of soldiers were stationed in a cove. They were guarding a number of galley-slaves, who were permitted to refresh themselves in the evening breeze, and sport and roll upon the sand.

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The Frenchman paused, and pointed to the group of wretches at their sports. "It is difficult," said he, "to conceive a more frightful mass of crime than is here collected. Many of these have probably been robbers, such as you have heard described. Such is, too often, the career of crime in this country. The parricide, the fratricide, the infanticide, the miscreant of every kind, first flies from justice and turns mountain bandit; and then, when wearied of a life of danger, becomes traitor to his brother desperadoes; betrays them to punishment, and thus buys a commutation of his own sentence from death to the galleys; happy in the privilege of wallowing on the shore an hour a day, in this mere state of animal enjoyment."

The fair Venetian shuddered as she cast a look at the horde of wretches at their evening amusement. "They seemed," she said, "like so many serpents writhing together." And yet the idea that some of them had been robbers, those formidable beings that haunted her imagination, made her still cast another fearful glance, as we contemplate some terrible beast of prey, with a degree of awe and horror, even though caged and chained.

The conversation reverted to the tales of banditti which they had heard at the inn. The Englishman condemned some of them as fabrications, others as exaggerations. As to the story of the improvisatore, he pronounced it a mere piece of romance, originating in the heated brain of the narrator.

"And yet," said the Frenchman, "there is so much romance about the real life of those beings, and about the singular country they infest, that it is hard to tell what to reject on the ground of improbability. I have had an adventure happen to myself which gave me an opportunity of getting some insight into their manners and habits, which I found altogether out of the common run of existence."

There was an air of mingled frankness and modesty about the Frenchman which had gained the good will of the whole party, not even excepting the Englishman. They all eagerly inquired after the particulars of the circumstance he alluded to, and as they strolled slowly up and down the sea-shore, he related the following adventure.

THE PAINTER'S ADVENTURE.

I AM an historical painter by profession, and resided for some time in the family of a foreign prince at his villa, about fifteen miles from Rome, among some of the most interesting scenery of Italy. It is situated on the heights of ancient Tusculum. In its neighbourhood are the ruins of the villas of Cicero, Sylla, Lullus, Rufinus, and other illustrious Romans, who sought refuge here occasionally from their toils, in the bosom of a soft and luxurious repose. From the midst

of delightful bowers, refreshed by the pure mountain-breeze, the eye looks over a romantic landscape full of poetical and historical associations. The Albanian mountains; Tivoli, once the favourite residence of Horace and Mæcenas; the vast, deserted, melancholy Campagna, with the Tiber winding through it, and St Peter's dome swelling in the midst, the monument, as it were, over the grave of ancient Rome.

I assisted the prince in researches which he was making among the classic ruins of his vicinity: his exertions were highly successful. Many wrecks of admirable statues and fragments of exquisite sculpture were dug up; monuments of the taste and magnificence that reigned in the ancient Tusculan abodes. He had studded his villa and its grounds with statues, relievos, vases, and sarcophagi, thus retrieved from the bosom of the earth.

The mode of life pursued at the villa was delightfully serene, diversified by interesting occupations and elegant leisure. Every one passed the day according to his pleasure or pursuits; and we all assembled in a cheerful dinner-party at sunset.

It was on the fourth of November, a beautiful serene day, that we had assembled in the saloon at the sound of the first dinner-bell. The family were surprised at the absence of the prince's confessor. They waited for him in vain, and at length placed themselves at table. They at first attributed his absence to his having prolonged his customary walk; and the early part of the dinner passed without any uneasiness. When the dessert was served, however, without his making his appearance, they began to feel anxious. They feared he might have been taken ill in some alley of the woods, or that he might have fallen into the hands of robbers. Not far from the villa, with the interval of a small valley, rose the mountains of the Abruzzi, the strong-hold of banditti. Indeed, the neighbourhood had for some time past been infested by them; and Barbone, a notorious bandit chief, had often been met prowling about the solitudes of Tusculum. The daring enterprises of these ruffians were well known: the objects of their cupidity or vengeance were insecure even in palaces. As yet they had respected the possessions of the prince; but the idea of such dangerous spirits hovering about the neighbourhood was sufficient to occasion alarm.

The fears of the company increased as evening closed in. The prince ordered out forest guards and domestics with flambeaux to search for the confessor. They had not departed long when a slight noise was heard in the corridor of the ground-floor. The family were dining on the first floor, and the remaining domestics were occupied in attendance. There was no one on the ground-floor at this moment but the housekeeper, the laundress, and three field-labourers who were resting themselves, and conversing with the women.

I heard the noise from below, and presuming it to be occasioned by the return of the absentee, I left the table and hastened down stairs, eager to gain intelli-

gence that might relieve the anxiety of the prince and princess. I had scarcely reached the last step, when I beheld before me a man dressed as a bandit; a carbine in his hand, and a stiletto and pistols in his belt. His countenance had a mingled expression of ferocity and trepidation: he sprang upon me, and exclaimed exultingly, "Ecco il principe!"

I saw at once into what hands I had fallen, but endeavoured to summon up coolness and presence of mind. A glance towards the lower end of the corridor showed me several ruffians, clothed and armed in the same manner with the one who had seized me. They were guarding the two females, and the field-labourers. The robber, who held me firmly by the collar, demanded repeatedly whether or not I were the prince: his object evidently was to carry off the prince, and extort an immense ransom. He was enraged at receiving none but vague replies, for I felt the importance of misleading him.

A sudden thought struck me how I might extricate myself from his clutches. I was unarmed, it is true, but I was vigorous. His companions were at a distance. By a sudden exertion I might wrest myself from him, and spring up the staircase, whither he would not dare to follow me singly. The idea was put in practice as soon as conceived. The ruffian's throat was bare; with my right hand I seized him by it, with my left hand I grasped the arm which held the carbine. The suddenness of my attack took him completely unawares, and the strangling nature of my grasp paralyzed him. He choked and faltered. I felt his hand relaxing its hold, and was on the point of jerking myself away, and darting up the staircase, before he could recover himself, when I was suddenly seized by some one from behind.

I had to let go my grasp. The bandit, once released, fell upon me with fury, and gave me several blows with the butt end of his carbine, one of which wounded me severely in the forehead and covered me with blood. He took advantage of my being stunned to rifle me of my watch, and whatever valuables I had about my person.

When I recovered from the effect of the blow, I heard the voice of the chief of the banditti, who exclaimed—"Quello è il principe; siamo contenti; andiamo!" (It is the prince; enough; let us be off.) The band immediately closed round me and dragged me out of the palace, bearing off the three labourers likewise.

I had no hat on, and the blood flowed from my wound; I managed to stanch it, however, with my pocket-handkerchief, which I bound round my forehead. The captain of the band conducted me in triumph, supposing me to be the prince. We had gone some distance before he learnt his mistake from one of the labourers. His rage was terrible. It was too late to return to the villa and endeavour to retrieve his error, for by this time the alarm must have been given, and every one in arms. He darted at me a ferocious look—swore I had deceived him, and

caused him to miss his fortune—and told me to prepare for death. The rest of the robbers were equally furious. I saw their hands upon their poniards, and I knew that death was seldom an empty threat with these ruffians. The labourers saw the peril into which their information had betrayed me, and eagerly assured the captain that I was a man for whom the prince would pay a great ransom. This produced a pause. For my part, I cannot say that I had been much dismayed by their menaces. I mean not to make any boast of courage; but I have been so schooled to hardship during the late revolutions, and have beheld death around me in so many perilous and disastrous scenes, that I have become in some measure callous to its terrors. The frequent hazard of life makes a man at length as reckless of it as a gambler of his money. To their threat of death, I replied, "that the sooner it was executed the better." This reply seemed to astonish the captain; and the prospect of ransom held out by the labourers had, no doubt, a still greater effect on him. He considered for a moment, assumed a calmer manner, and made a sign to his companions, who had remained waiting for my death-warrant, "Forward!" said he, "we will see about this matter by and by!"

We descended rapidly towards the road of La Molara, which leads to Rocca Priori. In the midst of this road is a solitary inn. The captain ordered the troop to halt at the distance of a pistol-shot from it and enjoined profound silence. He approached the threshold alone, with noiseless steps. He examined the outside of the door very narrowly, and then returning precipitately, made a sign for the troop to continue its march in silence. It has since been ascertained, that this was one of those infamous inns which are the secret resorts of banditti. The innkeeper has an understanding with the captain, as he most probably had with the chiefs of the different bands. When any of the patrols and gendarmes were quartered at his house, the brigands were warned of it by a preconcerted signal on the door; when there was no such signal, they might enter with safety, and be sure of welcome.

After pursuing our road a little further we struck off towards the woody mountains which envelop Rocca Priori. Our march was long and painful; with many circuits and windings: at length we clambered a steep ascent, covered with a thick forest; and when we had reached the centre, I was told to seat myself on the ground. No sooner had I done so than, at a sign from their chief, the robbers surrounded me, and spreading their great cloaks from one to the other, formed a kind of pavilion of mantles, to which their bodies might be said to serve as columns. The captain then struck a light, and a flambeau was immediately lighted. The mantles were extended to prevent the light of the flambeau from being seen through the forest. Anxious as was my situation, I could not look round upon this screen of dusky drapery, but believed by the bright colours of the robbers' garments

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the gleaming of their weapons, and the variety of strong-marked countenances, lit up by the flambeau, without admiring the picturesque effect of the scene. It was quite theatrical.

The captain now held an inkhorn, and giving me pen and paper, ordered me to write what he should dictate. I obeyed. It was a demand, couched in the style of robber eloquence, "that the prince should send three thousand dollars for my ransom; or that my death should be the consequence of a refusal."

I knew enough of the desperate character of these things to feel assured this was not an idle menace. Their only mode of insuring attention to their demands is to make the infliction of the penalty in- evitable. I saw at once, however, that the demand was preposterous, and made in improper language. I told the captain so, and assured him that so ex- avagant a sum would never be granted.—"That I was neither a friend nor relative of the prince, but mere artist, employed to execute certain paintings. That I had nothing to offer as a ransom but the price of my labours: if this were not sufficient, my life was at their disposal; it was a thing on which I set of little value."

I was the more hardy in my reply, because I saw that coolness and hardihood had an effect upon the robbers. It is true, as I finished speaking, the cap- tain laid his hand upon his stiletto; but he restrained himself, and snatching the letter, folded it, and or- dered me in a peremptory tone to address it to the prince. He then dispatched one of the labourers with it to Tusculum, who promised to return with possible speed.

The robbers now prepared themselves for sleep, and I was told that I might do the same. They read their great cloaks on the ground, and lay down round me. One was stationed at a little distance to keep watch, and was relieved every two hours. The strangeness and wildness of this mountain bi- tness among lawless beings, whose hands seemed ready to grasp the stiletto, and with whom life was so trivial and insecure, was enough to banish repose. The coldness of the earth and of the dew, however, had a still greater effect than mental causes in disturbing my rest. The airs wafted to these mountains from the distant Mediterranean, diffused a great chilliness as the night advanced. An expect- ant suggested itself. I called one of my fellow- robbers, the labourers, and made him lie down be- neath me. Whenever one of my limbs became chilled, I approached it to the robust limb of my neighbour, and borrowed some of his warmth. In this way I was able to obtain a little sleep.

Day at length dawned, and I was roused from my slumber by the voice of the chieftain. He desired me to rise and follow him. I obeyed. On consid- ering his physiognomy attentively, it appeared a great deal softened. He even assisted me in scrambling up the steep forest, among rocks and brambles. Habit made him a vigorous mountaineer; but I found

it excessively toilsome to climb these rugged heights. We arrived at length at the summit of the mountain.

Here it was that I felt all the enthusiasm of my art suddenly awakened; and I forgot in an instant all my perils and fatigues at this magnificent view of the sunrise in the midst of the mountains of Abruzzi. It was on these heights that Hannibal first pitched his camp, and pointed out Rome to his fol- lowers. The eye embraces a vast extent of country. The minor height of Tusculum, with its villas and its sacred ruins, lie below; the Sabine hills and the Albanian mountains stretch on either hand; and beyond Tusculum and Frascati spreads out the im- mense Campagna, with its lines of tombs, and here and there a broken aqueduct stretching across it, and the towers and domes of the eternal city in the midst.

Fancy this scene lit up by the glories of a rising sun, and bursting upon my sight as I looked forth from among the majestic forests of the Abruzzi. Fancy, too, the savage foreground, made still more savage by groups of banditti, armed and dressed in their wild picturesque manner, and you will not wonder that the enthusiasm of a painter for a moment overpowered all his other feelings.

The banditti were astonished at my admiration of a scene which familiarity had made so common in their eyes. I took advantage of their halting at this spot, drew forth a quire of drawing-paper, and began to sketch the features of the landscape. The height on which I was seated was wild and solitary, separated from the ridge of Tusculum by a valley nearly three miles wide, though the distance appeared less from the purity of the atmosphere. This height was one of the favourite retreats of the banditti, commanding a look-out over the country; while at the same time it was covered with forests, and distant from the pop- ulous haunts of men.

While I was sketching, my attention was called off for a moment by the cries of birds, and the bleatings of sheep. I looked around, but could see nothing of the animals which uttered them. They were re- peated, and appeared to come from the summits of the trees. On looking more narrowly, I perceived six of the robbers perched in the tops of oaks, which grew on the breezy crest of the mountain, and commanded an uninterrupted prospect. From hence they were keeping a look-out, like so many vultures; casting their eyes into the depths of the valley below us; communicating with each other by signs, or holding discourse in sounds which might be mistaken by the wayfarer for the cries of hawks and crows, or the bleating of the mountain flocks. After they had reconnoitred the neighbourhood, and finished their sin- gular discourse, they descended from their airy perch, and returned to their prisoners. The captain posted three of them at three naked sides of the mountain, while he remained to guard us with what appeared his most trusty companion.

I had my book of sketches in my hand; he request-

ed to see it, and after having run his eye over it, expressed himself convinced of the truth of my assertion that I was a painter. I thought I saw a gleam of good feeling dawning in him, and determined to avail myself of it. I knew that the worst of men have their good points and their accessible sides, if one would but study them carefully. Indeed there is a singular mixture in the character of the Italian robber. With reckless ferocity he often mingles traits of kindness and good-humour. He is not always radically bad; but driven to his course of life by some unpremeditated crime, the effect of those sudden bursts of passion to which the Italian temperament is prone. This has compelled him to take to the mountains, or, as it is technically termed among them, "andare in campagna." He has become a robber by profession; but like a soldier, when not in action, he can lay aside his weapon and his fierceness, and become like other men.

I took occasion, from the observations of the captain on my sketchings, to fall into conversation with him. I found him sociable and communicative. By degrees I became completely at my ease with him. I had fancied I perceived about him a degree of self-love, which I determined to make use of. I assumed an air of careless frankness, and told him, that, as an artist, I pretended to the power of judging of the physiognomy; that I thought I perceived something in his features and demeanour which announced him worthy of higher fortunes; that he was not formed to exercise the profession to which he had abandoned himself; that he had talents and qualities fitted for a nobler sphere of action; that he had but to change his course of life, and, in a legitimate career, the same courage and endowments which now made him an object of terror, would assure him the applause and admiration of society.

I had not mistaken my man; my discourse both touched and excited him. He seized my hand, pressed it, and replied with strong emotion—"You have guessed the truth; you have judged of me rightly." He remained for a moment silent; then with a kind of effort, he resumed—"I will tell you some particulars of my life, and you will perceive that it was the oppression of others, rather than my own crimes, which drove me to the mountains. I sought to serve my fellow-men, and they have persecuted me from among them." We seated ourselves on the grass, and the robber gave me the following anecdotes of his history.

THE

STORY OF THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN.

I AM a native of the village of Prossedi. My father was easy enough in circumstances, and we lived peaceably and independently, cultivating our fields.

All went on well with us until a new chief of the Sbirri was sent to our village to take command of the police. He was an arbitrary fellow, prying into every thing, and practising all sorts of vexations and oppressions in the discharge of his office. I was at the time eighteen years of age, and had a natural love of justice and good neighbourhood. I had also a little education, and knew something of history, so as to be able to judge a little of men and their actions. This inspired me with hatred for this paltry despot. My own family, also, became the object of his suspicion or dislike, and felt more than once the arbitrary abuse of his power. These things worked together in my mind, and I gasped after vengeance. My character was always ardent and energetic, and, as well as upon by the love of justice, determined me, by a blow, to rid the country of the tyrant.

Full of my project, I rose one morning before peep of day, and concealing a stiletto under my waistcoat—here you see it!—(and he drew forth a long poniard) I lay in wait for him in the outskirts of the village. I knew all his haunts, and his habit of making his rounds and prowling about like a wolf in the grey of the morning. At length I met him, and attacked him with fury. He was armed, but I took him unawares, and was full of youth and vigour, gave him repeated blows to make sure work, and left him lifeless at my feet.

When I was satisfied that I had done for him, I turned with all haste to the village, but had the luck to meet two of the Sbirri as I entered it. They accosted me, and asked if I had seen their chief. I assumed an air of tranquillity, and told them I had not. They continued on their way, and within a few hours brought back the dead body to Prossedi. The suspicions of me being already awakened, I was rested and thrown into prison. Here I lay several weeks, when the Prince, who was Seigneur of Prossedi, directed judicial proceedings against me. I was brought to trial, and a witness was produced who pretended to have seen me flying with precipitation not far from the bleeding body; and so I was condemned to the galleys for thirty years.

"Curse on such laws!" vociferated the bandit, foaming with rage: "Curse on such a government, and ten thousand curses on the Prince who caused me to be adjudged so rigorously, while so many of the Roman princes harbour and protect assassins a thousand times more culpable! What had I done that what was inspired by a love of justice and my country? Why was my act more culpable than that of Brutus, when he sacrificed Cæsar to the cause of liberty and justice?"

There was something at once both lofty and ludicrous in the rhapsody of this robber chief, thus associating himself with one of the great names of antiquity. It showed, however, that he had at least some merit of knowing the remarkable facts in the history of his country. He became more calm, and resumed his narrative.

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I was conducted to Civita Vecchia in fetters. My
 heart was burning with rage. I had been married
 scarce six months to a woman whom I passionately
 loved, and who was pregnant. My family was in
 despair. For a long time I made unsuccessful efforts
 to break my chain. At length I found a morsel of
 iron, which I hid carefully, and endeavoured, with
 pointed flint, to fashion it into a kind of file. I
 occupied myself in this work during the night-time,
 and when it was finished, I made out, after a long
 search, to sever one of the rings of my chain. My flight
 was successful.

I wandered for several weeks in the mountains
 which surround Prossedi, and found means to inform
 the wife of the place where I was concealed. She
 came often to see me. I had determined to put my-
 self at the head of an armed band. She endeavoured,
 for a long time, to dissuade me, but finding my reso-
 lution fixed, she at length united in my project of
 vengeance, and brought me, herself, my poniard.
 Other means I communicated with several brave
 fellows of the neighbouring villages, whom I knew
 to be ready to take to the mountains, and only pant-
 ing for an opportunity to exercise their daring spirits.
 Soon formed a combination. procured arms, and
 we have had ample opportunities of revenging our-
 selves for the wrongs and injuries which most of us
 had suffered. Every thing has succeeded with us
 till now; and had it not been for our blunder in
 making you for the Prince, our fortunes would
 have been made.

ere the robber concluded his story. He had
 ed himself into complete companionship, and
 assured me he no longer bore me any grudge for the
 wrong of which I had been the innocent cause. He
 had professed a kindness for me, and wished me to
 remain some time with them. He promised to give
 me a sight of certain grottos which they occupied
 near Villettri, and whither they resorted during the
 intervals of their expeditions. He assured me that
 they led a jovial life there; had plenty of good cheer;
 sat on beds of moss; and were waited upon by
 young and beautiful females, whom I might take for
 models.

I confessed I felt my curiosity roused by his de-
 scription of the grottos and their inhabitants: they
 reminded those scenes in robber story which I had al-
 ways looked upon as mere creations of the fancy. I
 could gladly have accepted his invitation, and paid
 a visit to these caverns, could I have felt more secure
 in my company.

I began to find my situation less painful. I had
 gently propitiated the good-will of the chieftain,
 and hoped that he might release me for a moderate
 ransom. A new alarm, however, awaited me. While
 the captain was looking out with impatience for the
 return of the messenger who had been sent to the
 post, the sentinel who had been posted on the side

of the mountain facing the plain of La Molara came
 running towards us with precipitation. "We are
 betrayed!" exclaimed he. "The police of Fraacati
 are after us. A party of carabinieri have just stopped
 at the inn below the mountain." Then, laying his
 hand on his stiletto, he swore, with a terrible oath,
 that if they made the least movement towards the
 mountain, my life and the lives of my fellow-prison-
 ers should answer for it.

The chieftain resumed all his ferocity of demean-
 our, and approved of what his companion said; but
 when the latter had returned to his post, he turned
 to me with a softened air: "I must act as chief,"
 said he, "and humour my dangerous subalterns. It
 is a law with us to kill our prisoners, rather than
 suffer them to be rescued; but do not be alarmed.
 In case we are surprised, keep by me. Fly with
 us, and I will consider myself responsible for your
 life."

There was nothing very consolatory in this arrange-
 ment, which would have placed me between two dan-
 gers. I scarcely knew, in case of flight, from which
 I should have most to apprehend, the carbines of the
 pursuers, or the stilettos of the pursued. I remained
 silent, however, and endeavoured to maintain a look
 of tranquillity.

For an hour was I kept in this state of peril and
 anxiety. The robbers, crouching among their leafy
 coverts, kept an eagle watch upon the carabinieri
 below, as they loitered about the inn; sometimes
 lolling about the portal; sometimes disappearing for
 several minutes; then sallying out, examining their
 weapons, pointing in different directions, and appar-
 ently asking questions about the neighbourhood.
 Not a movement, a gesture, was lost upon the keen
 eyes of the brigands. The carabinieri having finished
 their refreshment, seized their arms, continued along
 the valley toward the great road, and gradually left
 the mountain behind them. "I felt almost certain,"
 said the chief, "that they could not be sent after us.
 They know too well how prisoners have fared in our
 hands on similar occasions. Our laws in this respect
 are inflexible, and are necessary for our safety. If
 we once flinched from them, there would no longer
 be such thing as a ransom to be procured."

There were no signs yet of the messenger's return.
 I was preparing to resume my sketching, when the
 captain drew a quire of paper from his knapsack.
 "Come," said he, laughing, "you are a painter,—
 take my likeness. The leaves of your portfolio are
 small,—draw it on this." I gladly consented, for it
 was a study that seldom presents itself to a painter.
 I recollected that Salvator Rosa in his youth had vol-
 unterily sojourned for a time among the banditti of
 Calabria, and had filled his mind with the savage
 scenery and savage associates by which he was sur-
 rounded. I seized my pencil with enthusiasm at the
 thought. I found the captain the most docile of sub-
 jects, and, after various shiftings of position, I placed
 him in an attitude to my mind.

Picture to yourself a stern muscular figure, in fanciful bandit costume; with pistols and poniards in belt; his brawny neck bare; a handkerchief loosely thrown round it, and the two ends in front strung with rings of all kinds, the spoils of travellers; relics and medals hanging on his breast; his hat decorated with various coloured ribands; his vest and short breeches of bright colours and finely embroidered; his legs in buskins or leggings. Fancy him on a mountain height, among wild rocks and rugged oaks, leaning on his carbine, as if meditating some exploit; while far below are beheld villages and villas, the scenes of his maraudings, with the wide Campagna dimly extending in the distance.

The robber was pleased with the sketch, and seemed to admire himself upon paper. I had scarcely finished, when the labourer arrived who had been sent for my ransom. He had reached Tusculum two hours after midnight. He brought me a letter from the Prince, who was in bed at the time of his arrival. As I had predicted, he treated the demand as extravagant, but offered five hundred dollars for my ransom. Having no money by him at the moment, he had sent a note for the amount, payable to whomsoever should conduct me safe and sound to Rome. I presented the note of hand to the chieftain: he received it with a shrug, "Of what use are notes of hand to us?" said he. "Who can we send with you to Rome to receive it? We are all marked men; known and described at every gate and military post, and village church-door. No; we must have gold and silver; let the sum be paid in cash, and you shall be restored to liberty."

The captain again placed a sheet of paper before me, to communicate his determination to the Prince. When I had finished the letter, and took the sheet from the quire, I found on the opposite side of it the portrait which I had just been tracing. I was about to tear it off, and give it to the chief.

"Hold!" said he, "let it go to Rome: let them see what kind of looking fellow I am. Perhaps the Prince and his friends may form as good an opinion of me from my face as you have done."

This was said sportively, yet it was evident there was vanity lurking at the bottom. Even this wary, distrustful chief of banditti forgot for a moment his usual foresight and precaution, in the common wish to be admired. He never reflected what use might be made of this portrait in his pursuit and conviction.

The letter was folded and directed, and the messenger departed again for Tusculum. It was now eleven o'clock in the morning, and as yet we had eaten nothing. In spite of all my anxiety, I began to feel a craving appetite. I was glad therefore to hear the captain talk something about eating. He observed that for three days and nights they had been lurking about among rocks and woods, meditating their expedition to Tusculum, during which time all their provisions had been exhausted. He should now take measures to procure a supply. Leaving me therefore

in charge of his comrade, in whom he appeared to have implicit confidence, he departed, assuring me that in less than two hours we should make a good dinner. Where it was to come from was an enigma to me, though it was evident these beings had secret friends and agents throughout the country.

Indeed, the inhabitants of these mountains, and the valleys which they embosom, are a rude, half civilized set. The towns and villages among the forests of the Abruzzi, shut up from the rest of the world, are almost like savage dens. It is wonderful that such rude abodes, so little known and visited, should be embosomed in the midst of one of the most travelled and civilized countries of Europe. Among the regions the robber prowls unmolested; not a mountaineer hesitates to give him a secret harbour and assistance. The shepherds, however, who tend the flocks among the mountains, are the favourite emissaries of the robbers, when they would send messages down to the valleys either for ransom or supplies.

The shepherds of the Abruzzi are as wild as the scenes they frequent. They are clad in a rude garb of black or brown sheep-skin; they have high conical hats, and coarse sandals of cloth bound round the legs with thongs similar to those worn by the robbers. They carry long staves, on which as they lean, they form picturesque objects in the lonely landscape, and they are followed by their ever-constant companion, the dog. They are a curious questioning set, glad any time to relieve the monotony of their solitude by the conversation of the passers-by; and the dog would lend an attentive ear, and put on as sagacious and inquisitive a look as his master.

But I am wandering from my story. I was left alone with one of the robbers, the confidential companion of the chief. He was the youngest and most vigorous of the band; and though his countenance had something of that dissolute fierceness which seems natural to this desperate, lawless mode of life, yet there were traces of manly beauty about it. He was an artist I could not but admire it. I had remarked in him an air of abstraction and reverie, and at the first movement of inward suffering and impatience, he now sat on the ground, his elbows on his knees, his head resting between his clenched fists, and his eyes fixed on the earth with an expression of sad and bitter rumination. I had grown familiar with him by repeated conversations, and had found him superior in mind to the rest of the band. I was anxious to seize any opportunity of sounding the feelings of these singular beings. I fancied I read in the countenance of this one traces of self-condemnation and remorse; and the ease with which I had drawn forth the confidence of the chieftain encouraged me to hope the same with his follower.

After a little preliminary conversation, I ventured to ask him if he did not feel regret at having abandoned his family, and taken to this dangerous profession. "I feel," replied he, "but one regret, and that is to end only with my life." As he said this, he pro-

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his clenched fists upon his bosom, drew his breath
through his set teeth, and added, with a deep emo
tion, "I have something within here that stiles me;
it is like a burning iron consuming my very heart. I
could tell you a miserable story—but not now—ano
ther time."

He relapsed into his former position, and sat with
his head between his hands, muttering to himself in
broken ejaculations, and what appeared at times to
be curses and maledictions. I saw he was not in a
mood to be disturbed, so I left him to himself. In a
little while the exhaustion of his feelings, and prob
ably the fatigues he had undergone in this expedi
tion, began to produce drowsiness. He struggled
with it for a time, but the warmth and stillness of
mid-day made it irresistible, and he at length stretch
ed himself upon the herbage and fell asleep.

I now beheld a chance of escape within my reach.
My guard lay before me at my mercy. His vigorous
limbs relaxed by sleep—his bosom open for the blow
—his carbine slipped from his nerveless grasp, and
lying by his side—his stiletto half out of the pocket
in which it was usually carried. Two only of his
comrades were in sight, and those at a considerable
distance on the edge of the mountain, their backs
turned to us, and their attention occupied in keeping
a look-out upon the plain. Through a strip of in
tervening forest, and at the foot of a steep descent, I
beheld the village of Rocca Priori. To have secured
the carbine of the sleeping brigand; to have seized
upon his poniard, and have plunged it in his heart,
would have been the work of an instant. Should he
be without noise, I might dart through the forest,
and down to Rocca Priori before my flight might be
discovered. In case of alarm, I should still have a
fair start of the robbers, and a chance of getting
beyond the reach of their shot.

Here then was an opportunity for both escape and
vengeance; perilous indeed, but powerfully tempting.
Had my situation been more critical I could not have
hesitated it. I reflected, however, for a moment.
The attempt, if successful, would be followed by the
sacrifice of my two fellow-prisoners, who were sleep
ing profoundly, and could not be awakened in time
to escape. The labourer who had gone after the
prisoners might also fall a victim to the rage of the rob
bers, without the money which he brought being
saved. Besides, the conduct of the chief towards me
made me feel confident of speedy deliverance. These
reflections overcame the first powerful impulse, and I
dismissed the turbulent agitation which it had awakened.
I again took out my materials for drawing, and
employed myself with sketching the magnificent pro
spect. It was now about noon, and every thing had
fallen into repose, like the bandit that lay sleeping be
fore me. The noontide stillness that reigned over
the mountains, the vast landscape below, gleaming
with distant towns, and dotted with various habita
tions and signs of life, yet all so silent, had a powerful
effect upon my mind. The intermediate valleys, too,

which lie among the mountains, have a peculiar air
of solitude. Few sounds are heard at mid-day to
break the quiet of the scene. Sometimes the whistle
of a solitary muleteer, lagging with his lazy animal
along the road, which winds through the centre of the
valley; sometimes the faint piping of a shepherd's
reed from the side of the mountain, or sometimes the
bell of an ass slowly pacing along, followed by a
munk with bare feet, and bare, shining head, and
carrying provisions to his convent.

I had continued to sketch for some time among my
sleeping companions, when at length I saw the captain
of the band approaching, followed by a peasant lead
ing a mule, on which was a well-filled sack. I at
first apprehended that this was some new prey fallen
into the hands of the robbers; but the contented look
of the peasant soon relieved me, and I was rejoiced to
hear that it was our promised repast. The brigands
now came running from the three sides of the moun
tain, having the quick scent of vultures. Every one
busied himself in unloading the mule, and relieving
the sack of its contents.

The first thing that made its appearance was an
enormous ham, of a colour and plumpness that would
have inspired the pencil of Teniers; it was followed
by a large cheese, a bag of boiled chestnuts, a little
barrel of wine, and a quantity of good household bread.
Every thing was arranged on the grass with a degree
of symmetry; and the captain, presenting me his
knife; requested me to help myself. We all seated
ourselves round the viands, and nothing was heard
for a time but the sound of vigorous mastication, or
the gurgling of the barrel of wine as it revolved brisk
ly about the circle. My long fasting, and the moun
tain air and exercise, had given me a keen appetite;
and never did repast appear to me more excellent or
picturesque.

From time to time one of the band was dispatched
to keep a look-out upon the plain. No enemy was at
hand, and the dinner was undisturbed. The peasant
received nearly three times the value of his provisions,
and set off down the mountain highly satisfied with
his bargain. I felt invigorated by the hearty meal I
had made, and notwithstanding the wound I had re
ceived the evening before was painful, yet I could
not but feel extremely interested and gratified by the
singular scenes continually presented to me. Every
thing was picturesque about these wild beings and
their haunts. Their bivouacs; their groups on guard;
their indolent noontide repose on the mountain-brow;
their rude repast on the herbage among rocks and
trees; every thing presented a study for a painter:
but it was towards the approach of evening that I felt
the highest enthusiasm awakened.

The setting sun, declining beyond the vast Cam
pagna, shed its rich yellow beams on the woody
summit of the Abruzzi. Several mountains crowned
with snow shone brilliantly in the distance, contrast
ing their brightness with others, which, thrown into
shade, assumed deep tints of purple and violet. As

the evening advanced, the landscape darkened into a sterner character. The immense solitude around; the wild mountains broken into rocks and precipices, intermingled with vast oaks, corks, and chesnuts; and the groups of banditti in the fore-ground, reminded me of the savage scenes of Salvator Rosa.

To beguile the time, the captain proposed to his comrades to spread before me their jewels and cameos, as I must doubtless be a judge of such articles, and able to form an estimate of their value. He set the example, the others followed it; and in a few moments I saw the grass before me sparkling with jewels and gems that would have delighted the eyes of an antiquary or a fine lady.

Among them were several precious jewels, and antique intaglios and cameos of great value; the spoils, doubtless, of travellers of distinction. I found that they were in the habit of selling their booty in the frontier towns; but as these in general were thinly and poorly peopled, and little frequented by travellers, they could offer no market for such valuable articles of taste and luxury. I suggested to them the certainty of their readily obtaining great prices for these gems among the rich strangers with whom Rome was thronged.

The impression made upon their greedy minds was immediately apparent. One of the band, a young man, and the least known, requested permission of the captain to depart the following day, in disguise, for Rome, for the purpose of traffic; promising, on the faith of a bandit (a sacred pledge among them), to return in two days to any place he might appoint. The captain consented, and a curious scene took place: the robbers crowded round him eagerly, confiding to him such of their jewels as they wished to dispose of, and giving him instructions what to demand. There was much bargaining and exchanging and selling of trinkets among them; and I beheld my watch, which had a chain and valuable seals, purchased by the young robber-merchant of the ruffian who had plundered me, for sixty dollars. I now conceived a faint hope, that if it went to Rome, I might somehow or other regain possession of it.

In the mean time day declined, and no messenger returned from Tusculum. The idea of passing another night in the woods was extremely disheartening, for I began to be satisfied with what I had seen of robber-life. The chieftain now ordered his men to follow him, that he might station them at their posts; adding, that if the messenger did not return before night, they must shift their quarters to some other place.

I was again left alone with the young bandit who had before guarded me: he had the same gloomy air and haggard eye, with now and then a bitter sardonic

¹ The hopes of the artist were not disappointed—the robber was stopped at one of the gates of Rome. Something in his looks or deportment had excited suspicion. He was searched, and the valuable trinkets found on him sufficiently evinced his character. On applying to the police, the artist's watch was returned to him.

smile. I was determined to probe this ulcerated heart, and reminded him of a kind of promise he had given me to tell me the cause of his suffering. It seemed to me as if these troubled spirits were glad of any opportunity to disburthen themselves, and of having some fresh, undiseased mind, with which they could communicate. I had hardly made the request, when he seated himself by my side, and gave me his story, in, as nearly as I can recollect, the following words:

STORY OF THE YOUNG ROBBER.

I WAS born in the little town of Frosinone, which lies at the skirts of the Abruzzi. My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept gay company too much to relish the cowl, so grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, but good humoured in the main; so I made my way very well for a time, until I fell in love. There lived in our town a surveyor or landbailiff of the prince, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen: she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our townfolk, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and different from the sun-burnt females to whom I had been accustomed.

As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself to advantage in the eyes of the little beauty. I used to see her at church; and as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window of an evening; and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy; and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, and had been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place.

Her father brought home a suitor for her, a farmer, from a neighbouring town. The wedding day was appointed, and preparations were made. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought I looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market-place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stiletto and stabbed him to the heart. I fled to a neighbouring town for refuge, and with a little money I obtained a shelter, but I did not dare to venture from my asy-

to probe this ulcerated heart, kind of promise he had given of his suffering. It seemed spirits were glad of any opportunity, and of having themselves, and of having mind, with which they could hardly make the request, when I side, and gave me his story recollect, the following words.

THE YOUNG ROBBER.

A little town of Frosinone, which is in the province of the Abruzzi. My father had made me for the church; but I had so much to relish the cowl, so I made my way very well in love. There lived in our household a beautiful girl of sixteen; she was something better than the common, and was kept almost entirely occasionally, and became madly looked so fresh and tender, and sun-burnt females to whom I had not me in money, I always dress opportunities of showing myself the eyes of the little beauty. I used to play a little upon her sometimes under her window. I tried to have interviews with her in a vineyard, not far from the town; but she was young and shy; she cast a strict eye upon her, and took a bad opinion of me, and I became a match for his daughter. I became a scoundrel through my way, having always to easy success among the considered one of the smartest young men in the neighbourhood. I went home a suitor for her, a neighbouring town. The wedding preparations were made at her window, and I thought I determined the match should be what it might. I met her in the market-place, and could not on my rage. A few hot words, when I drew my stiletto and fled to a neighbouring church. With a little money I obtained the dare to venture from my

At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known me from boyhood; and, hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enrol myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of taking to this mode of life, having known several brave fellows of the mountains, who used to spend their money freely among us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meeting, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop. We were for some time in a distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts. At length they returned with all their violence to the recollection of Rosetta: the solitude in which I often found myself gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch that night over our sleeping camp in the mountains, my feelings have been roused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody mountains which rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked down upon the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have an interview with her;—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home, and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and when I looked upon the women who were associated with some of our troop, I could not have borne the thoughts of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her; the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

About three weeks since, I persuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of Frosinone, suggesting the chance of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to a ransom. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quietly from my companions, and drew near to reconnoitre the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's; it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white. I advanced secretly and without noise, until, putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing shriek, but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her mouth, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the frenzy of my passion; I renounced my mode of life; to put my fate in her hands; to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love, horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly in my grasp, and filled the air with her cries.

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given any thing at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her; and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that, according to the laws of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to chuse between obedience and death. I surrendered her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was overcome by affright, and her steps were so feeble and faltering that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and assuming a forced tranquillity, begged that she might be confided to me, as one to whom she was more accustomed. The captain regarded me, for a moment, with a searching look, but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms; she was almost senseless. Her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face, and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and yet to think it was not mine!

We arrived at the foot of the mountain. I ascended it with difficulty, particularly where the woods were thick, but I would not relinquish my delicious burthen. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do so. The thoughts that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my rude companions maddened me. I felt tempted, the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea before I saw its rashness; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavoured to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a little distance ahead, in case any favourable opportunity of escape should present. Vain effort! The voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt. I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but was without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on me a terrible look of suspicion, and ordered me to scour the woods with my companions in search of some shepherd, who might be sent to her father's to demand a ransom.

I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was certain death—to leave her alone, in the power of the captain!—I spoke out then with a fervour, inspired by my passion and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her; that she was my prize; and that my previous attachment to her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her, otherwise I should refuse

obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades did the same. They laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do? I felt the madness of resistance. I was menaced on all hands, and my companions obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief—yes, alone—and almost lifeless!—

Here the robber paused in his recital, overpowered by his emotions. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he panted rather than breathed; his brawny bosom rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. When he had become a little calm, he continued his recital.

I was not long in finding a shepherd, said he. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one half the distance I had made. I hurried them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached, I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta. His triumphant look, and the desolate condition of the unfortunate girl, left me no doubt of her fate. I know not how I restrained my fury.

It was with extreme difficulty, and by guiding her hand, that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was dispatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me. "You have set an example," said he, "of mutiny and self-will, which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troop. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain. But you are an old friend; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a foolish passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course." So saying, he gave his commands: lots were drawn, and the helpless girl was abandoned to the troop.

Here the robber paused again, panting with fury, and it was some moments before he could resume his story.

Hell, said he, was raging in my heart. I beheld the impossibility of avenging myself; and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place; I threw myself upon the earth; tore up the grass with my hands; and beat my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered. An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fiercer feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd, which was filled with wine, and applying it to her lips, endeavoured to make her swallow a little. To what a condition was she reduced! she, whom I had

once seen the pride of Frosinone; who but a short time before I had beheld sporting in her father's vineyard, so fresh, and beautiful, and happy! Her teeth were clenched; her eyes fixed on the ground; her form without motion, and in a state of absolute insensibility. I hung over her in an agony of recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish at what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel; and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go upon the ridge of the woods, to keep a look-out over the neighbourhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, stilling the fury that raged within me, though I felt for the moment, that he was my most deadly foe.

On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. I perceived that the captain was but following, with strictness, the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity. That the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have been fatal to me, but for his forbearance; that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precautions, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the shepherd at distance crossing the plain. I hastened to meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunged in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then, calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly "My daughter has been dishonoured by those wretches; let her be returned without ransom,—let her die!"

I shuddered at this reply. I knew that, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable. Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her executioner!

The robber again paused with agitation. I was musing upon his last frightful words which prompted to what excess the passions may be carried, when he escaped from all moral restraint. There was a horrible verity in this story that reminded me of some of the tragic fictions of Dante.

We now come to a fatal moment, resumed the bandit. After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his the refusal of the father. At a signal which we understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order, but I interfered. I observed that there was something due to pity as well as to justice. That I was ready as any one to approve the implacable

Frosinone; who but a short while before had been seen in the neighbourhood, and happy! Her eyes fixed on the ground; her face pale, and in a state of absolute agony; and in an agony of recollection, as if she had been, and of anguish at the thought of her accomplice. I darted round a look at the prisoners, who seemed like so many victims of an angel; and I felt myself being their accomplice.

Being suspicious, saw, with his eyes fixed on me, as if he was passing within me, and upon the ridge of the woods, to the neighbourhood, and awaiting the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, and was enraged within me, though I felt that he was my most deadly foe.

However, a ray of reflection came into my mind, I perceived that the captain was not so strictness, the terrible laws of the law, and fidelity. That the passion which had blinded me, with justice, had been for his forbearance; that he had taken and had taken precautions, by which he was to prevent my committing any further anger. From that instant I resolved to pardon him.

These thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain, the country was solitary and so I saw a shepherd and his flock. I beheld the shepherd at the plain. I hastened to meet him, and he had found the father of the poor distress. He had read the emotion, and then, calming him by his exertion, he had replied coldly that he had been dishonoured by those who had returned without ransom,—

his reply. I knew that, according to the law, her death was inevitable. I felt, nevertheless, that I could have her to myself, I could be her!

I paused with agitation. I saw the most frightful words which provoke the passions may be carried, without any restraint. There was a story that reminded me of some of the tales of Dante.

At a fatal moment, resumed the report of the shepherd, I returned to the chieftain received from his father. At a signal which we had followed him to some distance from the chieftain pronounced her sentence, and stood ready to execute his order. I observed that there was some well as to justice. That I was to approve the implacable law

which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransoms demanded for our prisoners; but that though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. "The night is approaching," continued I; "she will soon be wrapped in sleep; let her then be dispatched. All I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but more tenderly than another." Several raised their voices against my proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into a thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

I hastened to seize upon my prey. There was a certain kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by procrastination, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my poniard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So perished this unfortunate!

He ceased to speak. I sat, horror-struck, covering my face with my hands, seeking, as it were, to hide from myself the frightful images he had presented to my mind. I was roused from this silence by the voice of the captain: "You sleep," said he, "and it is time to be off. Come, we must abandon this night, as night is setting in, and the messenger is not returned. I will post some one on the mountain-side to conduct him to the place where we shall pass the night."

This was no agreeable news to me. I was sick at heart with the dismal story I had heard. I was harassed and fatigued, and the sight of the banditti began to grow insupportable to me.

The captain assembled his comrades. We rapidly ascended the forest, which we had mounted with so much difficulty in the morning, and soon arrived in that place which appeared to be a frequented road. The robbers proceeded with great caution, carrying their guns cocked, and looking on every side with wary and suspicious eyes. They were apprehensive of encountering the civic patrol. We left Rocca Priori behind us.

There was a fountain near by, and as I was excessively thirsty, I begged permission to stop and drink. The captain himself went and brought me water in his hat. We pursued our route, when, at

the extremity of an alley which crossed the road, I perceived a female on horseback, dressed in white. She was alone. I recollected the fate of the poor girl in the story, and trembled for her safety.

One of the brigands saw her at the same instant, and plunging into the bushes, he ran precipitately in the direction towards her. Stopping on the border of the alley, he put one knee to the ground, presented his carbine ready to menace her, or to shoot her horse if she attempted to fly, and in this way awaited her approach. I kept my eyes fixed on her with intense anxiety. I felt tempted to shout and warn her of her danger, though my own destruction would have been the consequence. It was awful to see this tiger crouching ready for a bound, and the poor innocent victim wandering unconsciously near him. Nothing but a mere chance could save her. To my joy the chance turned in her favour. She seemed almost accidentally to take an opposite path, which led outside of the wood, where the robber dared not venture. To this casual deviation she owed her safety.

I could not imagine why the captain of the band had ventured to such a distance from the height on which he had placed the sentinel to watch the return of the messenger. He seemed himself anxious at the risk to which he exposed himself. His movements were rapid and uneasy; I could scarce keep pace with him. At length, after three hours of what might be termed a forced march, we mounted the extremity of the same woods, the summit of which we had occupied during the day; and I learnt with satisfaction that we had reached our quarters for the night. "You must be fatigued," said the chieftain; but it was necessary to survey the environs, so as not to be surprised during the night. Had we met with the famous civic guard of Rocca Priori, you would have seen fine sport." Such was the indefatigable precaution and forethought of this robber chief, who really gave continual evidence of military talent.

The night was magnificent. The moon, rising above the horizon in a cloudless sky, faintly lit up the grand features of the mountain; while lights twinkling here and there, like terrestrial stars, in the wide dusky expanse of the landscape, betrayed the lonely cabins of the shepherds. Exhausted by fatigue, and by the many agitations I had experienced, I prepared to sleep, soothed by the hope of approaching deliverance. The captain ordered his companions to collect some dry moss; he arranged with his own hands a kind of mattress and pillow of it, and gave me his ample mantle as a covering. I could not but feel both surprised and gratified by such unexpected attentions on the part of this benevolent cut-throat; for there is nothing more striking than to find the ordinary charities, which are matters of course in common life, flourishing by the side of such stern and sterile crime. It is like finding the tender flowers and fresh herbage of the valley growing among the rocks and cinders of the volcano.

Before I fell asleep I had some further discourse

with the captain, who seemed to feel great confidence in me. He referred to our previous conversation of the morning; told me he was weary of his hazardous profession; that he had acquired sufficient property, and was anxious to return to the world, and lead a peaceful life in the bosom of his family. He wished to know whether it was not in my power to procure for him a passport to the United States of America. I applauded his good intentions, and promised to do every thing in my power to promote its success. We then parted for the night. I stretched myself upon my couch of moss, which, after my fatigues, felt like a bed of down; and, sheltered by the robber-mantle from all humidity, I slept soundly, without waking, until the signal to arise.

It was nearly six o'clock, and the day was just dawning. As the place where we had passed the night was too much exposed, we moved up into the thickness of the woods. A fire was kindled. While there was any flame, the mantles were again extended round it; but when nothing remained but glowing cinders, they were lowered, and the robbers seated themselves in a circle.

The scene before me reminded me of some of those described by Homer. There wanted only the victim on the coals, and the sacred knife to cut off the succulent parts, and distribute them around. My companions might have rivalled the grim warriors of Greece. In place of the noble repasts, however, of Achilles and Agamemnon, I beheld displayed on the grass the remains of the ham which had sustained so vigorous an attack on the preceding evening, accompanied by the relics of the bread, cheese, and wine. We had scarcely commenced our frugal breakfast, when I heard again an imitation of the bleating of sheep, similar to what I had heard the day before. The captain answered it in the same tone. Two men were soon after seen descending from the woody height, where we had passed the preceding evening. On nearer approach, they proved to be the sentinel and the messenger. The captain rose, and went to meet them. He made a signal for his comrades to join him. They had a short conference, and then returning to me with eagerness, "Your ransom is paid," said he; "you are free!"

Though I had anticipated deliverance, I cannot tell you what a rush of delight these tidings gave me. I cared not to finish my repast, but prepared to depart. The captain took me by the hand, requested permission to write to me, and begged me not to forget the passport. I replied, that I hoped to be of effectual service to him, and that I relied on his honour to return the prince's note for five hundred dollars, now that the cash was paid. He regarded me for a moment with surprise, then seeming to recollect himself, *È giusto,*" said he, "*eccolo—addio!*" He delivered me the note, pressed my hand once more, and we separated. The labourers were permitted to follow

me, and we resumed with joy our road toward Tusculum.

The Frenchman ceased to speak. The party continued, for a few moments, to pace the shore in silence. The story had made a deep impression, particularly on the Venetian lady. At that part which related to the young girl of Frosinone, she was violently affected. Sobs broke from her; she clung closer to her husband, and as she looked up to him as for protection, the moonbeams shining on her beautifully fair countenance, showed it paler than usual, while tears glittered in her fine dark eyes.

"*Coraggio, mia vita!*" said he, as he gently and fondly tapped the white hand that lay upon his arm.

The party now returned to the inn, and separated for the night. The fair Venetian, though of the sweetest temperament, was half out of humour with the Englishman, for a certain slowness of faith which he had evinced throughout the whole evening. She could not understand this dislike to "humbbug," as he termed it, which held a kind of sway over him, and seemed to control his opinions and his very actions.

"I'll warrant," said she to her husband, as they retired for the night, "I'll warrant, with all his affected indifference, this Englishman's heart would quake at the very sight of a bandit."

Her husband gently, and good-humouredly, checked her.

"I have no patience with these Englishmen," said she, as she got into bed—"they are so cold and insensible!"

THE

ADVENTURE OF THE ENGLISHMAN.

In the morning all was bustle in the inn at Terracina. The procaccio had departed at day-break on its road towards Rome, but the Englishman was yet to start, and the departure of an English equipage is always enough to keep an inn in a bustle. On this occasion there was more than usual stir, for the Englishman, having much property about him, and having been convinced of the real danger of the road, had applied to the police, and obtained, by dint of liberal pay, an escort of eight dragoons and twelve foot-soldiers, as far as Fondi. Perhaps, too, there might have been a little ostentation at bottom, though, to say the truth, he had nothing of it in his manner. He moved about taciturn and reserved as usual, among the gaping crowd; gave laconic orders to John, as he packed away the thousand and one indispensable conveniences of the night; double-loaded his pistols with great *sang froid*, and deposited them in the pockets of the carriage, taking no notice of a pair of keen eyes gazing on him from among the herd of loitering idlers.

The fair Venetian now came up with a request, made in her dulcet tones, that he would permit their carriage to proceed under protection of his escort. The Englishman, who was busy loading another pair of pistols for his servant, and held the ramrod between his teeth, nodded assent, as a matter of course, but without lifting up his eyes. The fair Venetian was a little piqued at what she supposed indifference:—"O Dio!" ejaculated she softly as she retired, "Quanto sono insensibili questi Inglesi!"

At length, off they set in gallant style. The eight dragoons prancing in front, the twelve foot-soldiers marching in rear, and the carriage moving slowly in the centre, to enable the infantry to keep pace with them. They had proceeded but a few hundred yards, when it was discovered that some indispensable article had been left behind. In fact, the Englishman's purse was missing, and John was dispatched to the inn to search for it. This occasioned a little delay, and the carriage of the Venetians drove slowly on. John came back out of breath and out of humour. The purse was not to be found. His master was irritated; he recollected the very place where it lay; he had not a doubt that the Italian servant had pocketed it. John was again sent back. He returned once more without the purse, but with the landlord and the whole household at his heels. A thousand ejaculations and protestations, accompanied by all sorts of grimaces and contortions—"No purse had been seen—his Eccellenza must be mistaken." "No—his Eccellenza was not mistaken—the purse lay on the marble table, under the mirror, a green purse, half full of gold and silver." Again a thousand grimaces and contortions, and vows by San Gennaro, that no purse of the kind had been seen.

The Englishman became furious. "The waiter had pocketed it—the landlord was a knave—the inn was a den of thieves—it was a vile country—he had been cheated and plundered from one end of it to the other—but he'd have satisfaction—he'd drive right off to the police."

He was on the point of ordering the postillions to turn back, when, on rising, he displaced the cushion of the carriage, and the purse of money fell chinking to the floor.

All the blood in his body seemed to rush into his face—"Curse the purse," said he, as he snatched it up. He dashed a handful of money on the ground before the pale cringing waiter—"There—be off!" cried he, "John, order the postillions to drive on." Above half an hour had been exhausted in this altercation. The Venetian carriage had loitered along; the passengers looking out from time to time, and expecting the escort every moment to follow. They had gradually turned an angle of the road that shut them out of sight. The little army was again in motion, and made a very picturesque appearance as it wound along at the bottom of the rocks; the morning sunshine beaming upon the weapons of the soldiery.

The Englishman lolled back in his carriage, vexed with himself at what had passed, and consequently out of humour with all the world. As this, however, is no uncommon case with gentlemen who travel for their pleasure, it is hardly worthy of remark. They had wound up from the coast among the hills, and came to a part of the road that admitted of some prospect a-head.

"I see nothing of the lady's carriage, sir," said John, leaning down from the coach-box.

"Pish!" said the Englishman, testily—"don't plague me about the lady's carriage; must I be continually pestered with the concerns of strangers?" John said not another word, for he understood his master's mood.

The road grew more wild and lonely; they were slowly proceeding on a foot-pace up a hill; the dragoons were some distance a-head, and had just reached the summit of the hill, when they uttered an exclamation, or rather shout, and galloped forward. The Englishman was roused from his sulky reverie. He stretched his head from the carriage, which had attained the brow of the hill. Before him extended a long hollow defile, commanded on one side by rugged precipitous heights, covered with bushes and scanty forest. At some distance he beheld the carriage of the Venetians overturned. A numerous gang of desperadoes were rifling it; the young man and his servant were overpowered, and partly stripped; and the lady was in the hands of two of the ruffians. The Englishman seized his pistols, sprang from the carriage, and called upon John to follow him.

In the mean time, as the dragoons came forward, the robbers, who were busy with the carriage, quitted their spoil, formed themselves in the middle of the road, and taking a deliberate aim, fired. One of the dragoons fell, another was wounded, and the whole were for a moment checked and thrown into confusion. The robbers loaded again in an instant. The dragoons discharged their carbines, but without apparent effect. They received another volley, which though none fell, threw them again into confusion. The robbers were loading a second time, when they saw the foot soldiers at hand. "Scampa via!" was the word: they abandoned their prey, and retreated up the rocks, the soldiers after them. They fought from cliff to cliff, and bush to bush, the robbers turning every now and then to fire upon their pursuers; the soldiers scrambling after them, and discharging their muskets whenever they could get a chance. Sometimes a soldier or a robber was shot down, and came tumbling among the cliffs. The dragoons kept firing from below, whenever a robber came in sight.

The Englishman had hastened to the scene of action, and the balls discharged at the dragoons had whistled past him as he advanced. One object, however, engrossed his attention. It was the beautiful Venetian lady in the hands of two of the robbers, who, during the confusion of the fight, carried her

shrieking up the mountain. He saw her dress gleaming among the bushes, and he sprang up the rocks to intercept the robbers, as they bore off their prey. The ruggedness of the steep, and the entanglements of the bushes, delayed and impeded him. He lost sight of the lady, but was still guided by her cries, which grew fainter and fainter. They were off to the left, while the reports of muskets showed that the battle was raging to the right. At length he came upon what appeared to be a rugged footpath, faintly worn in a gully of the rocks, and beheld the ruffians at some distance hurrying the lady up the defile. One of them hearing his approach, let go his prey, advanced towards him, and levelling the carbine which had been slung on his back, fired. The ball whizzed through the Englishman's hat, and carried with it some of his hair. He returned the fire with one of his pistols, and the robber fell. The other brigand now dropped the lady, and drawing a long pistol from his belt, fired on his adversary with deliberate aim. The ball passed between his left arm and his side, slightly wounding the arm. The Englishman advanced, and discharged his remaining pistol, which wounded the robber, but not severely.

The brigand drew a stiletto and rushed upon his adversary, who eluded the blow, receiving merely a slight wound, and defended himself with his pistol, which had a spring-bayonet. They closed with one another, and a desperate struggle ensued. The robber was a square-built, thick-set man, powerful, muscular, and active. The Englishman, though of larger frame and greater strength, was less active and less accustomed to athletic exercises and feats of hardihood, but he showed himself practised and skilled in the art of defence. They were on a craggy height, and the Englishman perceived that his antagonist was striving to press him to the edge. A side-glance showed him also the robber whom he had first wounded, scrambling up to the assistance of his comrade, stiletto in hand. He had in fact attained the summit of the cliff, he was within a few steps, and the Englishman felt that his case was desperate, when he heard suddenly the report of a pistol, and the ruffian fell. The shot came from John, who had arrived just in time to save his master.

The remaining robber, exhausted by loss of blood and the violence of the contest, showed signs of faltering. The Englishman pursued his advantage, pressed on him, and as his strength relaxed, dashed him headlong from the precipice. He looked after him, and saw him lying motionless among the rocks below.

The Englishman now sought the fair Venetian. He found her senseless on the ground. With his servant's assistance he bore her down to the road, where her husband was raving like one distracted. He had sought her in vain, and had given her over for lost; and when he beheld her thus brought back in safety, his joy was equally wild and ungovernable. He would have caught her insensible form to his bosom had not the Englishman restrained him. The latter

now really aroused, displayed a true tenderness and manly gallantry, which one would not have expected from his habitual phlegm. His kindness, however, was practical, not wasted in words. He dispatched John to the carriage for restoratives of all kinds, and totally thoughtless of himself, was anxious only about his lovely charge. The occasional discharge of fire-arms along the height, showed that a retreating fight was still kept up by the robbers. The lady gave signs of reviving animation. The Englishman, eager to get her from this place of danger, conveyed her to his own carriage, and, committing her to the care of her husband, ordered the dragoons to escort them to Fondi. The Venetian would have insisted on the Englishman's getting into the carriage; but the latter refused. He poured forth a torrent of thanks and benedictions; but the Englishman beckoned to the postillions to drive on.

John now dressed his master's wounds, which were found not to be serious, though he was faint with loss of blood. The Venetian carriage had been righted, and the baggage replaced; and, getting into it, they set out on their way towards Fondi, leaving the foot-soldiers still engaged in ferreting out the banditti.

Before arriving at Fondi, the fair Venetian had completely recovered from her swoon. She made the usual question—

"Where was she?"

"In the Englishman's carriage."

"How had she escaped from the robbers?"

"The Englishman had rescued her."

Her transports were unbounded; and mingled with them were enthusiastic ejaculations of gratitude to her deliverer. A thousand times did she reproach herself for having accused him of coldness and insensibility. The moment she saw him she rushed into his arms with the vivacity of her nation, and hung about his neck in a speechless transport of gratitude. Never was man more embarrassed by the embrace of a fine woman.

"Tut!—tut!" said the Englishman.

"You are wounded!" shrieked the fair Venetian as she saw blood upon his clothes.

"Pooh! nothing at all!"

"My deliverer!—my angel!" exclaimed she, clasping him again round the neck, and sobbing on his bosom.

"Pish!" said the Englishman with a good-humoured tone, but looking somewhat foolish, "this is all humbug."

The fair Venetian, however, has never since accused the English of insensibility.

PART IV.

THE MONEY-DIGGERS.

found among the Papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker.

Now I remember those old women's words
Who in my youth would tell me winter's tales:
And speak of sprites and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid.

MALLOW'S Jew of Malta.

HELL-GATE.

ABOUT six miles from the renowned city of the Manhattoes, in that sound or arm of the sea which passes between the main land and Nassau, or Long Island, there is a narrow strait, where the current is violently expressed between shouldering promontories, and awfully perplexed by rocks and shoals. Being, at the best of times, a very violent, impetuous current, it takes these impediments in mighty dudgeon; billowing in whirlpools; brawling and fretting in rapids; raging and roaring in rapids and breakers; and, in short, indulging in all kinds of wrong-headed excesses. At such times, woe to any unlucky vessel that ventures within its clutches!

This termagant humour, however, prevails only at certain times of tide. At low water, for instance, it is as pacific a stream as you would wish to see; but as the tide rises, it begins to fret; at half tide it roars with might and main, like a bully bellowing for more drink; and when the tide is full, it relapses into quietude, and, for a time, sleeps as soundly as an alderman after dinner. In fact, it may be compared to a peaceable toper, who is a peaceable fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he has a skinful, but who, when half-seas-over, plays the very wildest.

This mighty, blustering, bullying, hard-drinking current, in the strait, was a place of great danger and perplexity to the Dutch navigators of ancient days; hectoring their tub-built barks in the most unruly style; whirling them about in a manner to make any but a Dutchman giddy, and not unfrequently stranding them on rocks and reefs, as it did the famous squadron of the Dreamer, when seeking a place to found the city of the Manhattoes. Whereupon, out of spleen they denominated it *Helle-gat*, and so only gave it over to the devil. This appellation has since been aptly rendered into English by the name of Hell-gate, and into nonsense by the name of Hell-gate, according to certain foreign intruders, who neither understood Dutch nor English—may St Nicholas confound them!

This strait of Hell-gate was a place of great and perilous enterprise to me in my boyhood; hav-

ing been much of a navigator on those small seas, and having more than once run the risk of shipwreck and drowning in the course of certain holiday-voyages, to which, in common with other Dutch urchins, I was rather prone. Indeed, partly from the name, and partly from various strange circumstances connected with it, this place had far more terrors in the eyes of my truant companions and myself, than had Scylla and Charybdis for the navigators of yore.

In the midst of this strait, and hard by a group of rocks called the Hen and Chickens, there lay the wreck of a vessel which had been entangled in the whirlpools, and stranded during a storm. There was a wild story told to us of this being the wreck of a pirate, and some tale of bloody murder which I cannot now recollect, but which made us regard it with great awe, and keep far from it in our cruising. Indeed, the desolate look of the forlorn hulk, and the fearful place where it lay rotting, were enough to awaken strange notions. A row of timber-heads, blackened by time, just peered above the surface at high water; but at low tide a considerable part of the hull was bare, and its great ribs, or timbers, partly stripped of their planks, and dripping with seaweeds, looked like the huge skeleton of some sea-monster. There was also the stump of a mast, with a few ropes and blocks swinging about, and whistling in the wind, while the sea-gull wheeled and screamed around the melancholy carcass. I have a faint recollection of some hobgoblin tale of sailors' ghosts being seen about this wreck at night, with bare skulls, and blue lights in their sockets instead of eyes, but I have forgotten all the particulars.

In fact, the whole of this neighbourhood was, like the Straits of Pelorus of yore, a region of fable and romance to me. From the strait to the Manhattoes the borders of the Sound are greatly diversified, being broken and indented by rocky nooks overhung with trees, which give them a wild and romantic look. In the time of my boyhood, they abounded with traditions about pirates, ghosts, smugglers, and buried money; which had a wonderful effect upon the young minds of my companions and myself.

As I grew to more mature years, I made diligent research after the truth of these strange traditions; for I have always been a curious investigator of the valuable but obscure branches of the history of my native province. I found infinite difficulty, however, in arriving at any precise information. In seeking to dig up one fact, it is incredible the number of fables that I unearthed. I will say nothing of the Devil's Stepping-stones, by which the arch-fiend made his retreat from Connecticut to Long Island, across the Sound; seeing the subject is likely to be learnedly treated by a worthy friend and contemporary historian, whom I have furnished with particulars thereof.

For a very interesting and authentic account of the devil and his stepping-stones, see the valuable Memoir read before the New York Historical Society, since the death of Mr. Knickerbocker, by his friend, an eminent jurist of the place.

Neither will I say any thing of the black man in a three-cornered hat, seated in the stern of a jolly-boat, who used to be seen about Hell-gate in stormy weather, and who went by the name of the pirate's *spuke* (i. e. pirate's ghost), and whom, it is said, old Governor Stuyvesant once shot with a silver bullet; because I never could meet with any person of staunch credibility who professed to have seen this spectrum, unless it were the widow of Manus Conklen, the blacksmith, of Frogsneck; but then, poor woman, she was a little purblind, and might have been mistaken; though they say she saw farther than other folks in the dark.

All this, however, was but little satisfactory in regard to the tales of pirates and their buried money, about which I was most curious; and the following is all that I could for a long time collect that had any thing like an air of authenticity.

KIDD THE PIRATE.

In old times, just after the territory of the New Netherlands had been wrested from the hands of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States-General of Holland, by King Charles the Second, and while it was as yet in an unquiet state, the province was a great resort of random adventurers, loose livers, and all that class of haphazard fellows who live by their wits, and dislike the old-fashioned restraint of law and Gospel. Among these, the foremost were the buccaneers. These were rovers of the deep, who, perhaps, in time of war had been educated in those schools of piracy, the privateers; but having once tasted the sweets of plunder, had ever retained a hankering after it. There is but a slight step from the privateersman to the pirate: both fight for the love of plunder; only that the latter is the bravest, as he dares both the enemy and the gallows.

But in whatever school they had been taught, the buccaneers who kept about the English colonies were daring fellows, and made sad work in times of peace among the Spanish settlements and Spanish merchantmen. The easy access to the harbour of the Manhattoes, the number of hiding-places about its waters, and the laxity of its scarcely organized government, made it a great rendezvous of the pirates; where they might dispose of their booty, and concert new depredations. As they brought home with them wealthy lading of all kinds, the luxuries of the tropics, and the sumptuous spoils of the Spanish provinces, and disposed of them with the proverbial carelessness of freebooters, they were welcome visitors to the thrifty traders of the Manhattoes. Crews of these desperadoes, therefore, the runagates of every country and every clime, might be seen swaggering in open day about the streets of the little burgh, elbowing its quiet mynheers; trafficking away their rich outlandish plunder at half or quarter price to the wary merchant;

and then squandering their prize-money in taverns, drinking, gambling, singing, swearing, shouting, and astounding the neighbourhood with midnight brawl and ruffian revelry.

At length these excesses rose to such a height as to become a scandal to the provinces, and to call loudly for the interposition of government. Measures were accordingly taken to put a stop to the widely-extended evil, and to ferret this vermin brood out of the colonies.

Among the agents employed to execute this purpose was the notorious Captain Kidd. He had long been an equivocal character; one of those nondescript animals of the ocean that are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He was somewhat of a trader, something more of a smuggler, with a considerable dash of the picaresque. He had traded for many years among the pirates, in a little rakish, musquitto-built vessel, that could run into all kinds of waters. He knew all the haunts and lurking-places; was always hooking a line on mysterious voyages, and as busy as a Mother Carey chicken in a storm.

This nondescript personage was pitched upon by government as the very man to hunt the pirates by sea, upon the good old maxim of "setting a rogue to catch a rogue;" or as others are sometimes used to catch their cousins-german, the fish.

Kidd accordingly sailed for New York, in 1695, in a gallant vessel called the Adventure Galley, well armed and duly commissioned. On arriving at his old haunts, however, he shipped his crew on new terms; enlisted a number of his old comrades, laid out the knife and the pistol; and then set sail for the East. Instead of cruising against pirates, he turned pirate himself; steered to the Madeiras, to Bonavia and Madagascar, and cruised about the entrance of the Red Sea. Here, among other maritime robberies, he captured a rich Quedah merchantman, manned by Moors, though commanded by an Englishman. Kidd would fain have passed this off for a worthy exploit, as being a kind of crusade against the infidels; but government had long since lost all relish for such Christian triumphs.

After roaming the seas, trafficking his prizes, and changing from ship to ship, Kidd had the hardihood to return to Boston, laden with booty, with a crew of swaggering companions at his heels.

Times, however, were changed. The buccaneers could no longer show a whisker in the colonies with impunity. The new governor, Lord Bellamont, signaled himself by his zeal in extirpating the offenders; and was doubly exasperated against Kidd, having been instrumental in appointing him to a trust which he had betrayed. No sooner, therefore, did he show himself in Boston, than the alarm was given of his re-appearance, and measures were taken to arrest this cut-purse of the ocean. The desperate character which Kidd had acquired, however, and the desperate fellows who followed like bull-dogs at his heels, caused a little delay in his arrest. He took advantage of this, it is said, to bury the greater

their prize-money in taverns, singing, swearing, shouting, and frolic with midnight brawl.

They rose to such a height as to excite the attention of the provinces, and to call loudly for government. Measures were taken to stop the widely-extended trade, and a commission was appointed to inquire into the matter.

It was thought advisable to dispatch a frigate to bring Kidd to England. Great exertions were made to screen him from justice, but in vain; he and his comrades were tried, condemned, and hanged at Execution Dock in London. Kidd died hard, for the rope with which he was first tied up broke with his weight, and he tumbled to the ground. He was tied up a second time, and more effectually; from hence it came, doubtless, the story of Kidd's leaving a charmed life, and that he had to be twice hanged.

Such is the main outline of Kidd's history; but it has given birth to an innumerable progeny of traditions. The report of his having buried great treasures of gold and jewels before his arrest, set the imaginations of all the good people along the coast in a ferment. There were rumours on rumours of great sums of money found here and there, sometimes in the part of the country, sometimes in another; of coins with Moorish inscriptions, doubtless the spoils of his eastern prizes, but which the common people looked upon with superstitious awe, regarding the Moorish letters as diabolical or magical characters.

Some reported the treasure to have been buried in solitary, unsettled places about Plymouth and Cape Cod; but by degrees various other parts, not only on the eastern coast, but along the shores of the Sound, and even of Manhatta and Long Island, were gilded with these rumours. In fact, the rigorous measures Lord Bellamont had spread sudden consternation among the buccanniers in every part of the provinces: they had secreted their money and jewels in lonely out-of-the-way places, about the wild shores of the rivers and sea-coast, and dispersed themselves over every part of the face of the country. The hand of justice prevented many of them from ever returning to regain their buried treasures, which remained, and remain probably to this day, objects of enterprise for the money-digger.

This is the cause of those frequent reports of trees and rocks bearing mysterious marks, supposed to indicate the spots where treasure lay hidden; and they have been the ransackings after the pirates' booty. In all the stories which once abounded of these enterprises, the devil played a conspicuous part. When he was conciliated by ceremonies and invocations, or some solemn compact was made with him, he was ever prone to play the money-diggers the slippery trick. Some would dig so far as to come to an iron chest, when some baffling circumstance was sure to take place. Either the earth would fall in and fill up the pit, or some direful noise or apparition would frighten the party from the place: sometimes the devil himself would appear, and bear off the prize when within their very grasp; and if they revisited the place the next day, not a trace

would be found of their labours of the preceding night. All these rumours, however, were extremely vague, and for a long time tantalized without gratifying my curiosity. There is nothing in this world so hard to get at as truth, and there is nothing in this world but truth that I care for. I sought among all my favourite sources of authentic information, the oldest inhabitants, and particularly the old Dutch wives of the province; but though I flatter myself that I am better versed than most men in the curious history of my native province, yet for a long time my inquiries were unattended with any substantial result. At length it happened that, one calm day in the latter part of summer, I was relaxing myself from the toils of severe study, by a day's amusement in fishing in those waters which had been the favourite resort of my boyhood. I was in company with several worthy burghers of my native city, among whom were more than one illustrious member of the corporation, whose names, did I dare to mention them, would do honour to my humble page. Our sport was indifferent. The fish did not bite freely, and we frequently changed our fishing-ground without bettering our luck. We were at length anchored close under a ledge of rocky coast, on the eastern side of the island of Manhatta. It was a still warm day. The stream whirled and dimpled by us without a wave or even a ripple; and every thing was so calm and quiet, that it was almost startling when the kingfisher would pitch himself from the branch of some dry tree, and after suspending himself for a moment in the air to take his aim, would souse into the smooth water after his prey. While we were lolling in our boat, half drowsy with the warm stillness of the day, and the dulness of our sport, one of our party, a worthy alderman, was overtaken by a slumber, and, as he dozed, suffered the sinker of his dropline to lie upon the bottom of the river. On awaking, he found he had caught something of importance from the weight. On drawing it to the surface, we were much surprised to find it a long pistol of very curious and outlandish fashion, which from its rusted condition, and its stock being worm-eaten and covered with barnacles, appeared to have lain a long time under water. The unexpected appearance of this document of warfare, occasioned much speculation among my pacific companions. One supposed it to have fallen there during the revolutionary war; another, from the peculiarity of its fashion, attributed it to the voyagers in the earliest days of the settlement; perchance to the renowned Adrian Block, who explored the Sound, and discovered Block Island, since so noted for its cheese. But a third, after regarding it for some time, pronounced it to be of veritable Spanish workmanship.

"I'll warrant," said he, "if this pistol could talk, it would tell strange stories of hard fights among the Spanish Dons. I've no doubt but it is a relic of the buccanniers of old times—who knows but it belonged to Kidd himself?"

“Ah! that Kidd was a resolute fellow,” cried an old iron-faced Cape-Cod whaler.—“There’s a fine old song about him, all to the tune of—

My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed—

And then it tells all about how he gained the devil’s good graces by burying the Bible :

I had the Bible in my hand,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
And I buried it in the sand
As I sailed.—

Odsfish, if I thought this pistol had belonged to Kidd, I should set great store by it, for curiosity’s sake. By the way, I recollect a story about a fellow who once dug up Kidd’s buried money, which was written by a neighbour of mine, and which I learnt by heart. As the fish don’t bite just now, I’ll tell it to you by way of passing away the time.”—And so saying, he gave us the following narration.

THE DEVIL, AND TOM WALKER.

A FEW miles from Boston in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water’s edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Kidd the pirate. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill; the elevation of the place permitted a good look-out to be kept that no one was at hand; while the remarkable trees formed good land-marks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this it is well known he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill-gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time that earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meagre, miserly fellow, of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself: they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on, she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her

husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn-looking house that stood alone, and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin-trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveller stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a grid-iron, stalked about a field, where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding-stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine.

The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom’s wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them. The lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamour and clapper-clawing; eyed the den of discord askance; and hurried on his way rejoicing, if bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighbourhood, he took what he considered a short cut homeward, through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pine and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noon-day, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighbourhood. It was full of pits and quagnires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black, smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the water-pole, the bull-frog, and the water-snake; while the trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half-drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious foot-holds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; starting now and then by the sudden screaming of the heron, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort, which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the old Indian fort but a few embankments, gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part

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oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which
 formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of
 the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening when Tom
 Walker reached the old fort, and he paused therefore
 awhile to rest himself. Any one but he would have
 felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy
 place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it,
 from the stories handed down from the time of the
 Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages
 held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the
 evil spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be trou-
 bled with any fears of the kind. He reposed himself
 for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listen-
 ing to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving
 with his walking-staff into a mound of black mould at
 his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his
 staff struck against something hard. He raked it out
 of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with
 an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before
 him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that
 had elapsed since this death-blow had been given.
 It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that
 had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian
 warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave it a
 kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom
 lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man se-
 ated directly opposite him, on the stump of a tree. He
 was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor
 seen any one approach; and he was still more per-
 plexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom
 would permit, that the stranger was neither negro
 nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in a rude half
 Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round
 his body; but his face was neither black nor copper-
 colour, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with
 soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires
 and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair,
 that stood out from his head in all directions, and
 bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of
 great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the
 black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds!" said Tom with a sneer. "No
 more your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon
 Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d——d," said the stranger,
 "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look
 more to his own sins and less to those of his neigh-
 bours. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody
 is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger point-
 ed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flour-
 ishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that
 it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first
 high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark

of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody,
 —an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driv-
 ing shrewd bargains with the Indians. He now look-
 ed round, and found most of the tall trees marked
 with the name of some great man of the colony, and
 all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which
 he had been seated, and which had evidently just
 been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield;
 and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name,
 who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was
 whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black
 man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am like-
 ly to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut
 down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other.

"This woodland belonged to me long before one of
 your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray who are you, if I may be so bold?"
 said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the wild
 huntsman in some countries; the black miner in
 others. In this neighbourhood I am known by the
 name of the black woodman. I am he to whom the
 red men consecrated this spot, and in honour of whom
 they now and then roasted a white man, by way of
 sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have
 been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse
 myself by presiding at the persecutions of quakers
 and anabaptists: I am the great patron and prompter
 of slave-dealers and the grand master of the Salem
 witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake
 not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly
 called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black
 man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according
 to the old story; though it has almost too familiar an
 air to be credited. One would think that to meet
 with such a singular personage, in this wild, lonely
 place, would have shaken any man's nerves; but
 Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted,
 and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that
 he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a
 long and earnest conversation together, as Tom re-
 turned homeward. The black man told him of great
 sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the
 pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge, not far
 from the morass. All these were under his com-
 mand, and protected by his power, so that none could
 find them but such as propitiated his favour. These
 he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, hav-
 ing conceived an especial kindness for him; but they
 were to be had only on certain conditions. What
 these conditions were may easily be surmised, though
 Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have
 been very hard, for he required time to think of

them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused—"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom. "There is my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on, until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home, he found the black print of a finger, burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "A great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares!" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence, but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms, and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the Devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused, out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked, the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her.

At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself. Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back, she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man, whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms: she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance: morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons, and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in conse-

quence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts which have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp, and sunk into some pit or slough; others, more unclimberly, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others surmised that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man, with an axe on his shoulder, was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes, that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighbouring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot, and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamour of carrion-crows that were hovering about a cypress-tree. He looked up and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron, and hanging in the branches of the tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy; for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavour to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but woful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it!

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game; however; for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and found handfuls of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders, as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property with the loss of his wife, for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude towards

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the black woodman, who, he considered, had done
him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate
a further acquaintance with him, but for some time
without success; the old black legs played shy, for
whatever people may think, he is not a ways to be
had for calling for: he knows how to play his cards
when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's
eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to
any thing rather than not gain the promised treasure,
he met the black man one evening in his usual wood-
man's dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering
along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune.
He affected to receive Tom's advances with great in-
difference, made brief replies, and went on humming
his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to busi-
ness, and they began to haggle about the terms on
which the former was to have the pirate's treasure.
There was one condition which need not be men-
tioned, being generally understood in all cases where
the devil grants favours; but there were others about
which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly
obstinate. He insisted that the money found through
his means should be employed in his service. He
proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in
the black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit
out a slave-ship. This, however, Tom resolutely
refused: he was bad enough in all conscience; but
the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave-
dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not
insist upon it, but proposed, instead, that he should
turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for
the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his pe-
culiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to
Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next
month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom
Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent. a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive
the merchant to bankruptcy—"

"I'll drive him to the d—!" cried Tom Walker.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the
black legs with delight. "When will you want the
thing?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker.—So they shook hands,
and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind
his desk in a counting-house in Boston. His reputa-
tion for a ready-moneyed man, who would lend mo-
ney out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad.
Every body remembers the time of Governor Bel-
cher, when money was particularly scarce. It was

a time of paper credit. The country had been de-
luded with government bills; the famous Land Bank
had been established; there had been a rage for spe-
culating; the people had run mad with schemes for
new settlements; for building cities in the wilderness;
land-jobbers went about with maps of grants, and
to townships, and El Dorados, lying nobody knew where,
but which every body was ready to purchase. In a
word, the great speculating fever which breaks out
every now and then in the country had raged to an
alarming degree, and every body was dreaming of
making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the
fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the
imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in
doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with
the consequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom
Walker set up as a usurer in Boston. His door was
soon thronged by customers. The needy and the ad-
venturous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming
land-jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant
with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to
raise money by desperate means and desperate sacri-
fices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy;
and he acted like a "friend in need;" that is to say,
he always exacted good pay and good security. In
proportion to the distress of the applicant was the
hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and
mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer
and closer; and sent them at length dry as a sponge
from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; be-
came a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked
hat upon 'Change. He built himself, as usual, a vast
house out of ostentation, but left the greater part of it
unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He
even set up a carriage in the fulness of his vainglory,
though he nearly starved the horses which drew it;
and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched
on the axle-trees, you would have thought you heard
the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful.
Having secured the good things of this world, he be-
gan to feel anxious about those of the next. He
thought with regret on the bargain he had made with
his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat
him out of the conditions. He became, therefore,
all of a sudden a violent church-goer. He prayed
loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken
by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell
when he had sinned most during the week by the cla-
mour of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians
who had been modestly and steadfastly travelling
Zionward, were struck with self-reproach at seeing
themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by
this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in reli-
gious as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor
and censurer of his neighbours, and seemed to think
every sin entered up to their account became a credit

on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of quakers and anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat-pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business. On such occasions he would lay his green spectacles in the book to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargainer.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new-shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that, at the last day, the world would be turned upside down, in which case he would find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined, at the worst, to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives' fable.

If he really did take such a precaution, it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner.

On one hot afternoon in the dog-days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house, in his white linen cap, and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator, for whom he had professed the greatest friendship.

The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined, and brought upon the parish," said the land-jobber.

"Charity begins at home," replied Tom. "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety.

"The d—l take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing."

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street-door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for!" said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrank back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat-pocket, and his big Bible on the desk, buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares; the black man whisked him like a child into the saddle, gave the horse a lash, and away he galloped, with Tom on his back, in the midst of the thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears, and stared after him from the

windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets, his white cap bobbing up and down, his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man, he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman, who lived on the border of the swamp, reported, that in the height of the thunder-gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs, and a howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window, he just caught sight of a figure such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the black hemlock swamp, towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after, a thunder-bolt fell in that direction, which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders; but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses; and the very next day his great house took fire, and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money-brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak-trees, from whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighbouring swamp and old Indian fort are often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback in morning-gown and white cap, which is, doubtless, the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story had resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, so prevalent throughout New England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

Such, as nearly as I can recollect, was the purpose of the tale told by the Cape-Cod whaler. There were divers trivial particulars which I have omitted and which whiled away the morning very pleasantly until, the time of tide favourable to fishing being passed, it was proposed that we should go to land and refresh ourselves under the trees, till the noon-heat should have abated.

We accordingly landed on a delectable part of the island of Manhattan, in that shady and embowed tract formerly under the dominion of the ancient family of the Hardenbrooks. It was a spot well known to me in the course of the aquatic expeditions of my boyhood. Not far from where we landed there

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an old Dutch family vault, constructed on the side of
a bank, which had been an object of great awe and
fable among my school-boy associates. We had
peeped into it during one of our coasting voyages,
and had been startled by the sight of mouldering cof-
fins, and musty bones within; but what had given it
the most fearful interest in our eyes, was its being in
some way connected with the pirate wreck which lay
rotting among the rocks of Hell-gate. There were
stories, also, of smuggling connected with it; parti-
cularly relating to a time when this retired spot was
owned by a noted burgher, called Ready-money Pro-
vost, a man of whom it was whispered, that he had
many and mysterious dealings with parts beyond seas.
All these things, however, had been jumbled together
in our minds, in that vague way in which such themes
are mingled up in the tales of boyhood.

While I was pondering upon these matters, my
companions had spread a repast from the contents of
our well-stored pannier, under a broad chestnut on
the green sward, which swept down to the water's
edge.—Here we solaced ourselves on the cool grassy
carpet during the warm sunny hours of mid-day.
While lolling on the grass, indulging in that kind of
musing reverie of which I am fond, I summoned up
the dusky recollections of my boyhood respecting
this place, and repeated them, like the imperfectly-
remembered traces of a dream, for the amusement
of my companions. When I had finished, a worthy
old burgher, John Josse Vandermoere, the same
who once related to me the adventures of Dolph
Heyliger, broke silence, and observed, that he recol-
lected a story of money-digging, which occurred in
this very neighbourhood, and might account for some
of the traditions which I had heard in my boyhood.
As we knew him to be one of the most authentic nar-
rators in the province, we begged him to let us have
the particulars, and accordingly, while we solaced
ourselves with a clean long pipe of Blase Moore's best
tobacco, the authentic John Josse Vandermoere re-
lated the following tale.

WOLFERT WEBBER ;

OR,

GOLDEN DREAMS.

In the year of grace, one thousand seven hundred
and—blank—for I do not remember the precise date;
however, it was somewhere in the early part of the
last century, there lived in the ancient city of the
Manhattoes a worthy burgher, Wolfert Webber by
name. He was descended from old Cobus Webber
of the Brille in Holland, one of the original settlers,
famous for introducing the cultivation of cabbages,
and who came over to the province during the pro-

tectorship of Oloffe Van Kortlandt, otherwise called
the Dreamer.

The field in which Cobus Webber first planted
himself and his cabbages had remained ever since in
the family, who continued in the same line of hus-
bandry, with that praiseworthy perseverance for
which our Dutch burghers are noted. The whole
family-genius, during several generations, was de-
voted to the study and development of this once noble
vegetable, and to this concentration of intellect may,
doubtless, be ascribed the prodigious size and renown
to which the Webber cabbages attained.

The Webber dynasty continued in uninterrupted
succession; and never did a line give more unques-
tionable proofs of legitimacy. The eldest son suc-
ceeded to the looks as well as the territory of his
sire; and had the portraits of this line of tranquil
potentates been taken, they would have presented a
row of heads marvellously resembling, in shape and
magnitude, the vegetables over which they reigned.

The seat of government continued unchanged in
the family mansion, a Dutch-built house, with a front,
or rather gable-end, of yellow brick, tapering to a
point, with the customary iron weathercock at the
top. Every thing about the building bore the air of
long-settled ease and security. Flights of martins
peopled the little coops nailed against its walls, and
swallows built their nests under the eaves: and every
one knows that these house-loving birds bring good-
luck to the dwelling where they take up their abode.
In a bright sunny morning, in early summer, it was
delectable to hear their cheerful notes as they sported
about in the pure sweet air, chirping forth, as it
were, the greatness and prosperity of the Webbers.

Thus quietly and comfortably did this excellent
family vegetate under the shade of a mighty button-
wood tree, which, by little and little, grew so great,
as entirely to overshadow their palace. The city
gradually spread its suburbs round their domain.
Houses sprang up to interrupt their prospects; the
rural lanes in the vicinity began to grow into the
bustle and populousness of streets; in short, with all
the habits of rustic life, they began to find themselves
the inhabitants of a city. Still, however, they main-
tained their hereditary character and hereditary pos-
sessions, with all the tenacity of petty German princes
in the midst of the empire. Wolfert was the last of
the line, and succeeded to the patriarchal bench at
the door, under the family-tree, and swayed the
sceptre of his fathers, a kind of rural potentate in the
midst of a metropolis.

To share the cares and sweets of sovereignty, he
had taken unto himself a helpmate, one of that ex-
cellent kind called stirring women; that is to say,
she was one of those notable little housewives who
are always busy when there is nothing to do. Her
activity, however, took one particular direction; her
whole life seemed devoted to intense knitting:—
whether at home or abroad, walking or sitting, her
needles were continually in motion; and it is even

affirmed that, by her unwearied industry, she very nearly supplied her household with stockings throughout the year. This worthy couple were blessed with one daughter, who was brought up with great tenderness and care; uncommon pains had been taken with her education, so that she could stitch in every variety of way, make all kinds of pickles and preserves, and mark her own name on a sampler. The influence of her taste was seen, also, in the family-garden, where the ornamental began to mingle with the useful; whole rows of fiery marigolds and splendid hollyhocks bordered the cabbage-beds, and gigantic sun-flowers lolled their broad jolly faces over the fences, seeming to ogle most affectionately the passers-by.

Thus reigned and vegetated Wolfert Webber over his paternal acres, peaceful and contentedly. Not but that, like all other sovereigns, he had his occasional cares and vexations. The growth of his native city sometimes caused him annoyance. His little territory gradually became hemmed in by streets and houses, which intercepted air and sunshine. He was now and then subjected to the irruptions of the border population that infest the skirts of a metropolis; who would sometimes make midnight forays into his dominions, and carry off captive whole platoons of his noblest subjects. Vagrant swine would make a descent, too, now and then, when the gate was left open, and lay all waste before them; and mischievous urchins would often decapitate the illustrious sun-flowers, the glory of the garden, as they lolled their heads so fondly over the walls. Still all these were petty grievances, which might now and then ruffle the surface of his mind, as a summer breeze will ruffle the surface of a mill-pond, but they could not disturb the deep-seated quiet of his soul. He would but seize a trusty staff that stood behind the door, issue suddenly out, and anoint the back of the aggressor, whether pig or urchin, and then return within doors, marvelously refreshed and tranquillized.

The chief cause of anxiety to honest Wolfert, however, was the growing prosperity of the city. The expenses of living doubled and trebled; but he could not double and treble the magnitude of his cabbages; and the number of competitors prevented the increase of price. Thus, therefore, while every one around him grew richer, Wolfert grew poorer; and he could not, for the life of him, perceive how the evil was to be remedied.

This growing care, which increased from day to day, had its gradual effect upon our worthy burgher; insomuch, that it at length implanted two or three wrinkles in his brow, things unknown before in the family of the Webbers; and it seemed to pinch up the corners of his cocked hat into an expression of anxiety totally opposite to the tranquil, broad-brimmed, low-crowned beavers of his illustrious progenitors.

Perhaps even this would not have materially disturbed the serenity of his mind, had he had only himself and his wife to care for; but there was his daughter

gradually growing to maturity; and all the world knows that when daughters begin to ripen, no fruit nor flower requires so much looking after. I have no talent at describing female charms, else fain would I depict the progress of this little Dutch beauty. How her blue eyes grew deeper and deeper, and her cherry lips redder and redder; and how she ripened and ripened, and rounded and rounded, in the opening breath of sixteen summers; until in her seventeenth spring she seemed ready to burst out of her bodice like a half-blown rose-bud.

Ah, well-a-day! could I but show her as she was then, tricked out on a Sunday morning in the hereditary finery of the old Dutch clothes-press, of which her mother had confided to her the key. The wedding-dress of her grandmother modernized for use, with sundry ornaments, handed down as heir-looms in the family; her pale brown hair, smoothed with buttermilk in flat waving lines, on each side of her fair forehead; the chain of yellow virgin gold that encircled her neck; the little cross that just rested at the entrance of a soft valley of happiness, as if it would sanctify the place; the—but, pooh—it is not for an old man like me to be prosing about female beauty. Suffice it to say, Amy had attained her seventeenth year. Long since had her sampler exhibited hearts in couples, desperately transfixed with arrows, and true-lover's-knots, worked in deep blue silk; and it was evident she began to languish for some more interesting occupation than the rearing of sunflowers, or pickling of cucumbers.

At this critical period of female existence, when the heart within a damsel's bosom, like its emblem, the miniature which hangs without, is apt to be engrossed by a single image, a new visitor began to make his appearance under the roof of Wolfert Webber. This was Dirk Waldron, the only son of a poor widow; but who could boast of more fathers than any lad in the province; for his mother had had four husbands, and this only child; so that, though born in her last wedlock, he might fairly claim to be the tardy fruit of a long course of cultivation. This son of four fathers united the merits and the vigour of all his sires. If he had not had a great family before him, he seemed likely to have a great one after him; for you had only to look at the fresh bucksome youth, to see that he was formed to be the founder of a mighty race.

This youngster gradually became an intimate visitor of the family. He talked little, but he sat long. He filled the father's pipe when it was empty; gathered up the mother's knitting-needle or ball of worsted when it fell to the ground; stroked the sleek coat of the tortoise-shell cat; and replenished the teapot for the daughter, from the bright copper kettle that sat before the fire. All these quiet little offices may seem of trifling import; but when true love is translated into Low Dutch, it is in this way that it eloquently expresses itself. They were not lost upon the Webber family. The winning youngster found marvelously great favour in the eyes of the mother; the tortoise-shell

albeit the most staid and demure of her kind, gave indubitable signs of approbation of his visits; the teakettle seemed to sing out a cheery note of welcome at his approach; and if the shy glances of the daughter might be rightly read, as she sat bridling, and dimpling, and sewing by her mother's side, she was not a whit behind Dame Webber, or grinnalkin, or the teakettle in good-will.

Wolfert alone saw nothing of what was going on; profoundly wrapped up in meditation on the growth of the city, and his cabbages, he sat looking in the fire and puffing his pipe in silence. One night, however, as the gentle Amy, according to custom, lighted her lover to the outer door, and he, according to custom, took his parting salute, the smack resounded so vigorously through the long, silent entry, as to startle even the dull ear of Wolfert. He was slowly roused to a new source of anxiety. It had never entered into his head, that this mere child, who, as it seemed, but the other day, had been climbing about his knees, and playing with dolls and baby-houses, could, all at once, be thinking of lovers and matrimony. He rubbed his eyes; examined into the fact; and really found, that while he had been dreaming of other matters, she had actually grown to be a woman, and what was worse, had fallen in love. Here arose new cares for poor Wolfert. He was a kind father; but he was a prudent man. The young man was a lively, stirring lad; but then he had neither money nor land. Wolfert's ideas all ran in one channel; and he saw no alternative, in case of a marriage, but to portion off the young couple with a corner of his cabbage-garden, the whole of which was barely sufficient for the support of his family.

Like a prudent father, therefore, he determined to nip this passion in the bud, and forbade the youngster the house; though sorely did it go against his fatherly heart, and many a silent tear did it cause in the bright eye of his daughter. She showed herself, however, a pattern of filial piety and obedience. She never pouted and sulked; she never flew in the face of parental authority; she never fell into a passion, or fell into hysterics, as many romantic novel-read young ladies would do. Not she, indeed! She was none such heroic rebellious trumpery, I'll warrant you. On the contrary, she acquiesced like an obedient daughter; shut the street door in her lover's face; and if ever she did grant him an interview, it was either out of the kitchen-window, or over the garden fence.

Wolfert was deeply cogitating these matters in his mind, and his brow wrinkled with unusual care, as he wended his way one Saturday afternoon to a rural inn, about two miles from the city. It was a favourite resort of the Dutch part of the community, from being always held by a Dutch line of landlords, and retaining an air and relish of the good old times. It was a Dutch-built house, that had probably been a country-seat of some opulent burgher in the early days of the settlement. It stood near a point of land

called Corlear's Hook, which stretches out into the Sound, and against which the tide, at its flux and reflux, sets with extraordinary rapidity. The venerable and somewhat crazy mansion was distinguished from afar by a grove of elms and sycamores, that seemed to wave a hospitable invitation, while a few weeping willows, with their dank, drooping foliage, resembling falling waters, gave an idea of coolness that rendered it an attractive spot during the heats of summer. Here therefore, as I said, resorted many of the old inhabitants of the Manhattan, where, while some played at shuffle-board, and quoits, and nine-pins, others smoked a deliberate pipe, and talked over public affairs.

It was on a blustering autumnal afternoon that Wolfert made his visit to the inn. The grove of elms and willows was stripped of its leaves, which whirled in rustling eddies about the fields. The nine-pin alley was deserted, for the premature chilliness of the day had driven the company within doors. As it was Saturday afternoon, the habitual club was in session, composed, principally, of regular Dutch burghers, though mingled occasionally with persons of various character and country, as is natural in a place of such motley population.

Beside the fire-place, in a huge leather-bottomed arm-chair, sat the dictator of this little world, the venerable Remm, or, as it was pronounced, Ramm Rapelye. He was a man of Walloon race, and illustrious for the antiquity of his line, his great grandmother having been the first white child born in the province. But he was still more illustrious for his wealth and dignity: he had long filled the noble office of alderman, and was a man to whom the Governor himself took off his hat. He had maintained possession of the leather-bottomed chair from time immemorial; and had gradually waxed in bulk as he sat in this seat of government; until, in the course of years, he filled its whole magnitude. His word was decisive with his subjects; for he was so rich a man that he was never expected to support any opinion by argument. The landlord waited on him with peculiar officiousness; not that he paid better than his neighbours, but then the coin of a rich man seems always to be so much more acceptable. The landlord had ever a pleasant word and a joke to insinuate in the ear of the august Ramm. It is true, Ramm never laughed; and, indeed, ever maintained a mastiff-like gravity and even surliness of aspect; yet he now and then rewarded mine host with a token of approbation; which, though nothing more nor less than a kind of grunt, still delighted the landlord more than a broad laugh from a poorer man.

"This will be a rough night for the money-diggers," said mine host, as a gust of wind howled round the house and rattled at the windows.

"What! are they at their work again?" said an English half-pay captain with one eye, who was a very frequent attendant at the inn.

"Ay, are they," said the landlord, "and well

may they be. They've had luck of late. They say a great pot of money has been dug up in the field just behind Stuyvesant's Orchard. Folks think it must have been buried there in old times, by Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor."

"Fudge!" said the one-eyed man-of-war, as he added a small portion of water to a bottom of brandy.

"Well, you may believe or not, as you please," said mine host, somewhat nettled; "but every body knows that the old governor buried a great deal of his money at the time of the Dutch troubles, when the English red-coats seized on the province. They say too, the old gentleman walks; ay, and in the very same dress that he wears in the picture that hangs up in the family-house."

"Fudge!" said the half-pay officer.

"Fudge, if you please! But didn't Corny Van Zandt see him at midnight, stalking about in the meadow with his wooden leg, and a drawn sword in his hand, that flashed like fire? And what can he be walking for, but because people have been troubling the place where he buried his money in old times?"

Here the landlord was interrupted by several guttural sounds from Ramm Rapelye, betokening that he was labouring with the unusual production of an idea. As he was 'oo great a man to be slighted by a prudent publican, mine host respectfully paused until he should deliver himself. The corpulent frame of this mighty burgher now gave all the symptoms of a volcanic mountain on the point of an eruption. First there was a certain heaving of the abdomen, not unlike an earthquake; then was emitted a cloud of tobacco-smoke from that crater, his mouth; then there was a kind of rattle in the throat, as if the idea were working its way up through a region of phlegm; then there were several disjointed members of a sentence thrown out, ending in a cough: at length his voice forced its way in the slow but absolute tone of a man who feels the weight of his purse, if not of his ideas; every portion of his speech being marked by a testy puff of tobacco-smoke.

"Who talks of old Peter Stuyvesant's walking?"
 —Puff—"Have people no respect for persons?"
 —Puff—puff—"Peter Stuyvesant knew better what to do with his money than to bury it."—Puff—"I know the Stuyvesant family."—Puff—"Every one of them."—Puff—"Not a more respectable family in the province."—Puff—"Old standers."—Puff—"Warm house-holders."—Puff—"None of your upstarts."—Puff—puff—puff—"Don't talk to me of Peter Stuyvesant's walking."—Puff—puff—puff—puff.

Here the redoubtable Ramm contracted his brow, clasped up his mouth till it wrinkled at each corner, and redoubled his smoking with such vehemence, that the cloudy volumes soon wreathed round his head as the smoke envelops the awful summit of Mount Etna.

A general silence followed the sudden rebuke of

this very rich man. The subject, however, was too interesting to be readily abandoned. The conversation soon broke forth again from the lips of Peechy Prauw Van Hook, the chronicler of the club, one of those prosy, narrative old men who seem to be troubled with an incontinence of words as they grow old.

Peechy could at any time tell as many stories in an evening as his hearers could digest in a month. He now resumed the conversation by affirming, that his knowledge money had at different times been dug up in various parts of the island. The lucky person who had discovered them had always dreamt of them three times beforehand; and, what was worthy of remark, those treasures had never been found but by some descendant of the good old Dutch families which clearly proved that they had been buried by Dutchmen in the olden time.

"Fiddlestick with your Dutchmen!" cried the half-pay officer. "The Dutch had nothing to do with them. They were all buried by Kidd the pirate and his crew."

Here a key-note was touched which roused the whole company. The name of Captain Kidd was like a talisman in those times, and was associated with a thousand marvellous stories. The half-pay officer took the lead, and in his narrations fathered upon Kidd all the plunderings and exploits of Morgan, Black-beard, and the whole list of bloody buccaners.

The officer was a man of great weight among the peaceable members of the club, by reason of his warlike character and gunpowder tales. All his golden stories of Kidd, however, and of the booty he had buried, were obstinately rivalled by the tales of Peechy Prauw; who rather than suffer his Dutch progenitors to be eclipsed by a foreign freebooter, enriched every field and shore in the neighbourhood with the hidden wealth of Peter Stuyvesant and his contemporaries.

Not a word of this conversation was lost upon Wolfert Webber. He returned pensively home, full of magnificent ideas. The soil of his native island seemed to be turned into gold-dust, and every field to teem with treasure. His head almost reeled at the thought, how often he must have heedlessly rambled over places where countless sums lay scarcely covered by the turf beneath his feet. His mind was in an uproar with this whirl of new ideas. As he came in sight of the venerable mansion of his forefathers, and the little realm where the Webbers had so long and so contentedly flourished, his gorge rose at the narrowness of his destiny.

"Unlucky Wolfert!" exclaimed he. "Others may go to bed and dream themselves into whole mountains of wealth; they have but to seize a spade in the morning, and turn up doubloons like potatoes; but they must dream of hardship and rise to poverty—may dig thy fields from year's end to year's end, and yet raise nothing but cabbages!"

Wolfert Webber went to bed with a heavy heart, and it was long before the golden visions that the

The subject, however, was too easily abandoned. The conversation again from the lips of Peechey, the chronicler of the club, one of the old men who seem to be troubled with words as they grow old. They time tell as many stories in an hour as could digest in a month. His conversation by affirming, that they had at different times been dug up from the island. The lucky persons whom they had always dreamt of themselves; and, what was worthy of notice, had never been found but by the good old Dutch families, and that they had been buried by the Dutchmen!" cried the half-Dutch had nothing to do with all buried by Kidd the pirate.

was touched which roused the name of Captain Kidd was those times, and was associated with those treacherous stories. The half-pay of the soldiers, and in his narrations fatherly underings and exploits of Morgan, the whole list of bloody buccanens, a man of great weight among the members of the club, by reason of his was a gunpowder tales. All his golden tales, however, and of the booty he had obtained, were rivaled by the tales of Peter the pirate, rather than suffer his Dutch presence by a foreign freebooter, and shore in the neighbourhood of the health of Peter Stuyvesant and his

conversation was lost upon Wolfert returned pensively home, full of thoughts. The soil of his native island was turned into gold-dust, and every field was a mine. His head almost reeled at the thought that he must have heedlessly rambled away countless sums lay scarcely covered under his feet. His mind was in a whirl of new ideas. As he came to the mansion of his forefathers, and there the Webbers had so long abided, his gorge rose at the memory.

"It," exclaimed he. "Others can turn themselves into whole mines of gold, but to seize a spade in the morning, to dig up potatoes; but those who rise to poverty—more than a year's end to year's end, and yet to be buried in cabbages!"

his brain permitted him to sink into repose. The same visions, however, extended into his sleep, and assumed a more definite form. He dreamt that he had discovered an immense treasure in the centre of his garden. At every stroke of the spade he laid bare a golden ingot; diamonds sparkled out of the dust; bags of money were heaped up their bellies, corpulent with pieces-of-eight, doubloons; and chests, wedged close with moldores, ducats, and pistareens, yawned before his ravished eyes, and vomited forth their glittering contents.

Wolfert awoke a poorer man than ever. He had no heart to go about his daily concerns, which appeared so paltry and profitless, but sat all day long in the chimney-corner, picturing to himself ingots and bags of gold in the fire.

The next night his dream was repeated. He was in his garden, digging, and laying open stores of hidden wealth. There was something very singular in this repetition. He passed another day of idleness; and though it was cleaning day, and the case, as usual in Dutch households, completely untidy, yet he sat unmoved amidst the general confusion.

The third night he went to bed with a palpitating heart. He put on his red night-cap, wrong side outside, for good luck. It was deep midnight before his anxious mind could settle itself into sleep. Again the golden dream was repeated, and again he saw his garden teeming with ingots and money-bags.

Wolfert rose the next morning in complete bewilderment. A dream, three times repeated, was never known to lie, and if so, his fortune was made. In his agitation, he put on his waistcoat with the hind button before, and this was a corroboration of good fortune. He no longer doubted that a huge store of gold lay buried somewhere in his cabbage field, and he waited to be sought for; and he repined at having so long been scratching about the surface of the soil instead of digging to the centre. He took his seat at the breakfast-table, full of these speculations; and his daughter to put a lump of gold into his tea; and on handing his wife a plate of slap-jacks, begged to help herself to a doubloon.

His grand care now was, how to secure this immense treasure without its being known. Instead of working regularly in his grounds in the day-time, he now stole from his bed at night, and with spade and pickaxe, went to work to rip up and dig about his paternal acres from one end to the other. In a short time, the whole garden, which had presented the appearance of a goodly and regular appearance, with its phalanx of cabbages, like a vegetable army in battle array, was reduced to a scene of devastation; while the relentless Wolfert, with night-cap on head, and spade in hand, stalked through the slaughter-ranks, the destroying angel of his own vegetable world.

Every morning bore testimony to the ravages of

the preceding night, in cabbages of all ages and conditions, from the tender sprout to the full-grown head, piteously rooted from their quiet beds, like worthless weeds, and left to wither in the sunshine. It was in vain Wolfert's wife remonstrated; it was in vain his darling daughter wept over the destruction of some favourite marigold. "Thou shalt have gold of another guess sort," he would cry, chucking her under the chin. "Thou shalt have a string of crooked ducats for thy wedding necklace, my child!"

His family began really to fear that the poor man's wits were diseased. He muttered in his sleep at night about mines of wealth; about pearls, and diamonds, and bars of gold. In the day-time he was moody and abstracted, and walked about as if in a trance. Dame Webber held frequent councils with all the old women of the neighbourhood. Scarcely an hour in the day but a knot of them might be seen, wagging their white caps together round her door, while the poor woman made some piteous recital. The daughter, too, was fain to seek for more frequent consolation from the stolen interviews of her favoured swain, Dirk Waldron. The delectable little Dutch songs with which she used to dulcify the house grew less and less frequent; and she would forget her sewing, and look wistfully in her father's face, as he sat pondering by the fire-side. Wolfert caught her eye one day fixed on him thus anxiously, and for a moment was roused from his golden reveries. "Cheer up, my girl," said he, exultingly; "why dost thou droop? Thou shalt hold up thy head one day with the Brinckerhoffs and the Schermerhorns, the Van Hornes, and the Van Dams—By St Nicholas, but the Patroon himself shall be glad to get thee for his son!"

Amy shook her head at this vainglorious boast, and was more than ever in doubt of the soundness of the good man's intellect.

In the mean time, Wolfert went on digging and digging; but the field was extensive, and as his dream had indicated no precise spot, he had to dig at random. The winter set in before one tenth of the scene of promise had been explored. The ground became frozen hard, and the nights too cold for the labours of the spade. No sooner, however, did the returning warmth of spring loosen the soil, and the small frogs begin to pipe in the meadows, but Wolfert resumed his labours with renovated zeal. Still, however, the hours of industry were reversed. Instead of working cheerily all day, planting and setting out his vegetables, he remained thoughtfully idle, until the shades of night summoned him to his secret labours. In this way he continued to dig, from night to night, and week to week, and month to month, but not a stiver did he find. On the contrary, the more he digged, the poorer he grew. The rich soil of his garden was digged away, and the sand and gravel from beneath were thrown to the surface, until the whole field presented an aspect of sandy barrenness.

In the mean time the seasons gradually rolled on. The little frogs which had piped in the meadows in early spring, croaked as bull-frogs during the summer heats, and then sunk into silence. The peach-tree budded, blossomed, and bore its fruit. The swallows and martins came, twittered about the roof, built their nest, reared their young, held their congress along the eaves, and then winged their flight in search of another spring. The caterpillar spun its winding-sheet, dangled in it from the great button-wood tree before the house, turned into a moth, fluttered with the last sunshine of summer, and disappeared; and, finally, the leaves of the button-wood tree turned yellow, then brown, then rustled one by one to the ground, and, whirling about in little eddies of wind and dust, whispered that winter was at hand.

Wolfert gradually woke from his dream of wealth as the year declined. He had reared no crop for the supply of his household during the sterility of winter. The season was long and severe, and, for the first time, the family was really straitened in its comforts. By degrees a revulsion of thought took place in Wolfert's mind, common to those whose golden dreams have been disturbed by pinching realities. The idea gradually stole upon him that he should come to want. He already considered himself one of the most unfortunate men in the province, having lost such an incalculable amount of undiscovered treasure; and now, when thousands of pounds had eluded his search, to be perplexed for shillings and pence was cruel in the extreme.

Haggard care gathered about his brow; he went about with a money-seeking air; his eyes bent downwards into the dust, and carrying his hands in his pockets, as men are apt to do when they have nothing else to put into them. He could not even pass the city alms-house without giving it a rueful glance, as if destined to be his future abode. The strangeness of his conduct and of his looks occasioned much speculation and remark. For a long time he was suspected of being crazy, and then every body pitied him; at length it began to be suspected that he was poor, and then every body avoided him.

The rich old burghers of his acquaintance met him outside of the door when he called; entertained him hospitably on the threshold; pressed him warmly by the hand at parting; shook their heads as he walked away, with the kind-hearted expression of "Poor Wolfert!" and turned a corner nimbly, if by chance they saw him approaching as they walked the streets. Even the barber and cobbler of the neighbourhood, and a tattered tailor in an alley hard by, three of the poorest and merriest rogues in the world, eyed him with that abundant sympathy which usually attends a lack of means; and there is not a doubt but their pockets would have been at his command, only that they happened to be empty.

Thus every body deserted the Webber mansion, as if poverty were contagious, like the plague; every

body but honest Dirk Waldron, who still kept up stolen visits to the daughter, and, indeed, seemed wax more affectionate as the fortunes of his mistress were in the wane.

Many months had elapsed since Wolfert had frequented his old resort, the rural inn. He was taking a long lonely walk one Saturday afternoon, musing over his wants and disappointments, when his feet took, instinctively, their wonted direction, and awaking out of a reverie, he found himself before the door of the inn. For some moments he hesitated whether to enter, but his heart yearned for companionship; and where can a ruined man find better companionship than at a tavern, where there is neither sober example nor sober advice to put him out of countenance?

Wolfert found several of the old frequenters of the inn at their usual post, and seated in their usual places; but one was missing, the great Rammhelve, who for many years had filled the leather-bottomed chair of state. His place was supplied by a stranger, who seemed, however, completely at home in the chair and the tavern. He was rather under size, but deep-chested, square, and muscular. His broad shoulders, double joints, and bow-knees gave tokens of prodigious strength. His face was dark and weather-beaten; a deep scar, as if from a slash of a cutlass, had almost divided his nose, and made a gash in his upper lip, through which his teeth shone like a bulldog's. A mop of iron-grey hair gave a grizzly finish to his hard-favoured visage. His dress was of an amphibious character. He wore an old hat edged with tarnished lace, and cocked in a peculiar style on one side of his head; a rusty blue military coat with brass buttons, and a wide pair of petticoat trowsers, or rather breeches, for they were gathered up at the knees. He ordered every body about him with an authoritative air; talked in a blustering voice, that sounded like the crackling of the tinder under a pot; and the landlord and servants were perfect impunity; and was waited upon with greater obsequiousness than had ever been shown to the mighty Rammhelve himself.

Wolfert's curiosity was awakened to know who and what was this stranger, who had thus usurped absolute sway in this ancient domain. Peechly Prater took him aside into a remote corner of the inn, and there, in an under voice, and with great caution, imparted to him all that he knew on the subject. The inn had been aroused, several months before, on a dark stormy night, by repeated long howls that seemed like the howlings of a wolf. They came from the water-side; and at length were distinguished to be hailing the house in the sea-faring manner, "House-a-hoy!" The landlord turned out with his head-waiter, tapster, ostler, and errand-boy, to say, with his old negro, Cuff. On approaching the place from whence the voice proceeded, they found this amphibious-looking personage at the water-side quite alone, and seated on a great oaken sea-

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ow he came there, whether he had been set on
ore from some boat, or had floated to land on his
est, nobody could tell, for he did not seem dis-
sed to answer questions; and there was something
his looks and manners that put a stop to all ques-
oning. Suffice it to say, he took possession of a
rner room of the inn, to which his chest was re-
oved with great difficulty. Here he had remained
er since, keeping about the inn and its vicinity;
ometimes, it is true, he disappeared for one, two, or
ree days at a time, going and returning without
ing any notice or account of his movements. He
ays appeared to have plenty of money, though
en of very strange outlandish coinage; and he re-
larly paid his bill every evening before turning in.
had fitted up his room to his own fancy, having
ng a hammock from the ceiling instead of a bed,
d decorated the walls with rusty pistols and cut-
ses of foreign workmanship. A great part of his
e was passed in this room, seated by the window,
hich commanded a wide view of the Sound, a short
-fashioned pipe in his mouth, a glass of rum toddy
his elbow, and a pocket-telescope in his hand,
h which he reconnoitred every boat that moved
n the water. Large square-rigged vessels seemed
excite but little attention; but the moment he
eried any thing with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, or
a barge, yawl, or jolly-boat hove in sight, up
nt the telescope, and he examined it with the
st scrupulous attention.

All this might have passed without much notice,
in those times the province was so much the re-
of adventurers of all characters and climes, that
oddity in dress or behaviour attracted but small
ention. In a little while, however, this strange
-monster, thus strangely cast upon dry land, began
ncreach upon the long-established customs and
omers of the place, and to interfere, in a dicta-
al manner, in the affairs of the nine-pin alley and
bar-room, until in the end he usurped an abso-
e command over the whole inn. It was all in
a to attempt to withstand his authority. He was
exactly quarrelsome, but boisterous and peremp-
y, like one accustomed to tyrannize on a quarter-
g; and there was a dare-devil air about every
g he said and did, that inspired a wariness in all
standers. Even the half-pay officer, so long the
o of the club, was soon silenced by him; and the
et burghers stared with wonder at seeing their
mmable man-of-war so readily and quietly ex-
uished. And then the tales that he would tell
e enough to make a peaceable man's hair stand
nd. There was not a sea-fight, or marauding
reebooting adventure that had happened within
ast twenty years, but he seemed perfectly versed
e. He delighted to talk of the exploits of the buc-
ers in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main.
his eyes would glisten as he described the way-
ng of treasure-ships, the desperate fights, yard-
and yard-arm, broadside and broadside; the

boarding and capturing of huge Spanish galleons!
With what chuckling relish would he describe the
descent upon some rich Spanish colony; the rifling
of a church; the sacking of a convent! You would
have thought you heard some gormandizer dilating
upon the roasting of a savoury goose at Michaelmas,
as he described the roasting of some Spanish Don
to make him discover his treasure—a detail given with
a minuteness that made every rich old burgher pre-
sent turn uncomfortably in his chair. All this would
be told with infinite glee, as if he considered it an
excellent joke; and then he would give such a tyran-
nical leer in the face of his next neighbour, that
the poor man would be fain to laugh out of sheer
faint-heartedness. If any one, however, pretended
to contradict him in any of his stories, he was on fire
in an instant. His very cocked hat assumed a mo-
mentary fierceness, and seemed to resent the contra-
diction. "How the devil should you know as well
as I?—I tell you it was as I say;" and he would at
the same time let slip a broadside of thundering oaths
and tremendous sea-phrases, such as had never been
heard before within these peaceful walls.

Indeed, the worthy burghers began to surmise
that he knew more of these stories than mere hear-
say. Day after day their conjectures concerning him
grew more and more wild and fearful. The strange-
ness of his arrival, the strangeness of his manners,
the mystery that surrounded him, all made him
something incomprehensible in their eyes. He was
a kind of monster of the deep to them—he was a
merman—he was Behemoth—he was Leviathan—
in short, they knew not what he was.

The domineering spirit of this boisterous sea-urchin
at length grew quite intolerable. He was no respect-
er of persons; he contradicted the richest burghers
without hesitation; he took possession of the sacred
elbow-chair, which, time out of mind, had been the
seat of sovereignty of the illustrious Ramm Rapelye,
—nay, he even went so far in one of his rough jocul-
lar moods, as to slap that mighty burgher on the back,
drink his toddy, and wink in his face.—a thing scarce-
ly to be believed. From this time Ramm Rapelye
appeared no more at the inn; and his example was
followed by several of the most eminent customers,
who were too rich to tolerate being bullied out of
their opinions, or being obliged to laugh at another
man's jokes. The landlord was almost in despair;
but he knew not how to get rid of the sea-mon-
ster and his sea-chest, who seemed both to have
grown like fixtures or excrescences on his establish-
ment.

Such was the account whispered cautiously in
Wolfert's ear by the narrator, Peechy Prauw, as he
held him by the button in a corner of the hall; cast-
ing a wary glance now and then towards the door of
the bar-room, lest he should be overheard by the ter-
rible hero of his tale.

Wolfert took his seat in a remote part of the room
in silence, impressed with profound awe of this un-

known, so versed in freebooting history. It was to him a wonderful instance of the revolutions of mighty empires, to find the venerable Ram Rapelye thus ousted from the throne, and a rugged tarpawling dictating from his elbow-chair, hectoring the patriarchs, and filling this tranquil little realm with brawl and bravado.

The stranger was, on this evening, in a more than usually communicative mood, and was narrating a number of astounding stories of plunderings and burnings on the high seas. He dwelt upon them with peculiar relish; heightening the frightful particulars in proportion to their effect on his peaceful auditors. He gave a long swaggering detail of the capture of a Spanish merchantman. She was lying becalmed during a long summer's day, just off from an island which was one of the lurking places of the pirates. They had reconnoitred her with their spy-glasses from the shore, and ascertained her character and force. At night a picked crew of daring fellows set off for her in a whale-boat. They approached with muffled oars, as she lay rocking idly with the undulations of the sea, and her sails flapping against the masts. They were close under her stern before the guard on deck was aware of their approach. The alarm was given; the pirates threw hand-grenades on deck, and sprang up the main-chain sword in hand. The crew flew to arms, but in great confusion; some were shot down, others took refuge in the tops, others were driven overboard and drowned, while others fought hand to hand from the main-deck to the quarter-deck, disputing gallantly every inch of ground. There were three Spanish gentlemen on board with their ladies, who made the most desperate resistance. They defended the companion-way, cut down several of their assailants, and fought like very devils, for they were maddened by the shrieks of the ladies from the cabin. One of the Dons was old, and soon dispatched. The other two kept their ground vigorously, even though the captain of the pirates was among the assailants. Just then there was a shout of victory from the main-deck—"The ship is ours!" cried the pirates. One of the Dons immediately dropped his sword and surrendered; the other, who was a hot-headed youngster, and just married, gave the captain a slash in the face that laid all open.

The captain just made out to articulate the words "no quarter!"

"And what did they do with the prisoners?" said Peechy Praw, eagerly.

"Threw them all overboard!" was the answer.

A dead pause followed this reply.

Peechy Praw shrunk quietly back, like a man who had unwarily stolen upon the lair of a sleeping lion. The honest burghers cast fearful glances at the deep scar slashed across the visage of the stranger, and moved their chairs a little farther off. The seaman, however, smoked on, without moving a muscle, as though he either did not perceive, or did not

regard, the unfavourable effect he had produced on his hearers.

The half-pay officer was the first to break silence, for he was continually tempted to make his factual head against this tyrant of the seas, and regain his lost consequence in the eyes of his ancient companions. He now tried to match the gunpowder tales of the stranger, by others equally tremendous. Kidd, as usual, was his hero, concerning whom he seemed to have picked up many of the floating traditions of the province. The seaman always evinced a settled pique against the one-warrior. On this occasion he listened with peculiar impatience. He sat with one arm akimbo, the other elbow on a table, the hand holding on to the stem-pipe he was pettishly puffing; his legs crossed, drumming with one foot on the ground, and casting every now and then the side glance of a basilisk at the prozing captain. At length the latter spoke of Kidd having ascended the Hudson with some of his crew to land his plunder in secrecy. "Kidd up the Hudson!" burst forth the seaman with a tremendous oath—"Kidd never was up the Hudson!"

"I tell you he was," said the other. "Ay, they say he buried a quantity of treasure on the flat that runs out into the river, called the Devils Dans Kammer."

"The Devil's Dans Kammer in your teeth!" cried the seaman. "I tell you Kidd never was up the Hudson. What a plague do you know of Kidd and his haunts?"

"What do I know?" echoed the half-pay officer. "Why, I was in London at the time of his trial; and I had the pleasure of seeing him hanged at Execution Dock."

Then Sir, let me tell you that you saw as pretty fellow hanged as ever trod shoe-leather. Ay," putting his face nearer to that of the officer, "and there was many a land-lubber looked on that might as better have swung in his stead."

The half-pay officer was silenced: but the indignation thus pent up in his bosom glowed with increased vehemence in his single eye, which kindled like a

Peechy Praw, who never could remain silent, served that the gentleman certainly was in the right. Kidd never did bury money up the Hudson, nor indeed in any of those parts, though many affirmed to be the fact. It was Bradish and others of the buccaneers who had buried money; some said in the Bay; others on Long Island; others in the neighbourhood of Hell-gate. Indeed, added he, I recollect the adventure of Sam, the negro fisherman, many years ago, which some think had something to do with buccaneers. As we are all friends here, and as it goes no farther, I'll tell it to you. "Upon a dark night many years ago, as Black Sam was returning from fishing in Hellgate——"

Here the story was nipped in the bud by a sudden movement from the unknown, who, laying his fist on the table, knuckles downward, with a

THE ADVENTURE OF

THE BLACK FISHERMAN.

EVERY body knows Black Sam, the old negro fisherman, or, as he is commonly called, Mud Sam, who has fished about the Sound for the last half century. It is now many many years since Sam, who was then as active a young negro as any in the province, and worked on the farm of Killian Suydam, on Long Island, having finished his day's work at an early hour, was fishing, one still summer evening, just about the neighbourhood of Hell-gate.

He was in a light skiff, and being well acquainted with the currents and eddies, he had shifted his station according to the shifting of the tide, from the Hen and Chickens to the Hog's Back, from the Hog's Back to the Pot, and from the Pot to the Frying-pan; but in the eagerness of his sport he did not see that the tide was rapidly ebbing, until the roaring of the whirlpools and eddies warned him of his danger; and he had some difficulty in shooting his skiff from among the rocks and breakers, and getting to the point of Blackwell's Island. Here he cast anchor for some time, waiting the turn of the tide to enable him to return homewards. As the night set in, it grew blustering and gusty. Dark clouds came bundling up in the west, and now and then a growl of thunder, or a flash of lightning, told that a summer storm was at hand. Sam pulled over, therefore, under the lee of Manhattan Island, and, coasting along, came to a snug nook, just under a steep beetling rock, where he fastened his skiff to the root of a tree that shot out from a cleft in the rock, and spread its broad branches, like a canopy, over the water. The gust came scouring along; the wind threw up the river in white surges; the rain rattled among the leaves; the thunder bellowed worse than that which is now bellowing; the lightning seemed to lick up the surges of the stream: but Sam, snugly sheltered under rock and tree, lay crouched in his skiff, rocking upon the billows until he fell asleep.

When he awoke, all was quiet. The gust had passed away, and only now and then a faint gleam of lightning in the east showed which way it had gone. The night was dark and moonless; and from the state of the tide Sam concluded it was near midnight. He was on the point of making loose his skiff to return homewards, when he saw a light gleaming along the water from a distance, which seemed rapidly approaching. As it drew near, he perceived it came from a lantern in the bow of a boat, which was gliding along under shadow of the land. It pulled up in a small cove, close to where he was. A man jumped on shore, and searching about with the lantern, exclaimed, "This is the place—here's the iron ring." The boat was then made fast, and the man returning on board, assisted his comrades in conveying something heavy on shore. As the light gleamed

force that indented the very boards, and looking grimly over his shoulder, with the grin of an angry bear—

"Hark'ee, neighbour!" said he, with significant nodding of the head, "you'd better let the buccaneers and their money alone—they're not for old men and old women to meddle with. They fought hard for your money; they gave body and soul for it; and wherever it lies buried, depend upon it he must have a tug with the devil who gets it!"

This sudden explosion was succeeded by a blank silence throughout the room; Peechy Prauw shrank within himself, and even the one-eyed officer turned pale. Wolfert, who from a dark corner in the room had listened with intense eagerness to all this talk about buried treasure, looked with mingled awe and reverence at this bold buccaneer, for such he really suspected him to be. There was a chinking of gold and a sparkling of jewels in all his stories about the Spanish Main that gave a value to every period; and Wolfert would have given any thing for the rummaging of the ponderous sea-chest, which his imagination framed full of golden chalice, crucifixes, and jolly round bags of doubloons.

The dead stillness that had fallen upon the company was at length interrupted by the stranger, who pulled out a prodigious watch, of curious and ancient workmanship, and which in Wolfert's eyes, had a decidedly Spanish look. On touching a spring, it struck ten o'clock; upon which the sailor called for his reckoning, and having paid it out of a handful of outlandish coin, he drank off the remainder of his beverage, and, without taking leave of any one, rolled out of the room, muttering to himself, as he stumped up stairs to his chamber.

It was some time before the company could recover from the silence into which they had been thrown. The very footsteps of the stranger, which were heard now and then as he traversed his chamber, inspired awe. Still the conversation in which they had been engaged was too interesting not to be resumed. A heavy thunder-gust had gathered up unnoticed while they were lost in talk, and the torrents of rain that fell forbade all thoughts of setting off for home until the storm should subside. They drew nearer together, therefore, and entreated the worthy Peechy Prauw to continue the tale which had been so courteously interrupted. He readily complied, whispering, however, in a tone scarcely above his breath, and drowned occasionally by the rolling of the thunder; and he would pause every now and then, and listen with evident awe, as he heard the heavy footsteps of the stranger pacing overhead. The following is the purport of his story.

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among them, Sam saw that they were five stout desperate-looking fellows, in red woollen caps, with a leader in a three-cornered hat, and that some of them were armed with dirks, or long knives, and pistols. They talked low to one another, and occasionally in some outlandish tongue which he could not understand.

On landing, they made their way among the bushes, taking turns to relieve each other in lugging their burthen up the rocky bank. Sam's curiosity was now fully aroused; so, leaving his skiff, he clambered silently up a ridge that overlooked their path. They had stopped to rest for a moment; and the leader was looking about among the bushes with his lantern. "Have you brought the spades?" said one. "They are here," replied another, who had them on his shoulder.

"We must dig deep, where there will be no risk of discovery," said a third.

A cold chill ran through Sam's veins. He fancied he saw before him a gang of murderers about to bury their victim. His knees smote together. In his agitation he shook the branch of a tree with which he was supporting himself, as he looked over the edge of the cliff.

"What's that?" cried one of the gang. "Some one stirs among the bushes!"

The lantern was held up in the direction of the noise. One of the red-caps cocked a pistol, and pointed it towards the very place where Sam was standing. He stood motionless—breathless—expecting the next moment to be his last. Fortunately, his dingy complexion was in his favour, and made no glare among the leaves.

"'Tis no one," said the man with the lantern. "What a plague! you would not fire off your pistol and alarm the country?"

The pistol was uncocked, the burthen was resumed, and the party slowly toiled along the bank. Sam watched them as they went, the light sending back fitful gleams through the dripping bushes; and it was not till they were fairly out of sight that he ventured to draw breath freely. He now thought of getting back to his boat, and making his escape out of the reach of such dangerous neighbours; but curiosity was all powerful. He hesitated, and lingered and listened. By and by he heard the strokes of spades. "They are digging the grave!" said he to himself, and the cold sweat started upon his forehead. Every stroke of a spade, as it sounded through the silent groves, went to his heart. It was evident there was as little noise made as possible; every thing had an air of terrible mystery and secrecy. Sam had a great relish for the horrible—a tale of murder was a treat for him, and he was a constant attendant at executions. He could not resist an impulse, in spite of every danger, to steal nearer to the scene of mystery, and overlook the midnight fellows at their work. He crawled along cautiously, therefore, inch by inch, stepping with the utmost care among the dry leaves lest their rustling should betray him. He came at length

to where a steep rock intervened between him and the gang; for he saw the light of their lantern shining up against the branches of the trees on the other side. Sam slowly and silently clambered up the surface of the rock, and raising his head above its naked edge, beheld the villains immediately below him, and so near, that though he dreaded discovery, he dared not withdraw, lest the least movement should be heard. In this way he remained, with his round black face peering above the edge of the rock, like the sun just emerging above the edge of the horizon, or the round-cheeked moon on the dial of a clock.

The red-caps had nearly finished their work; the grave was filled up and they were carefully replacing the turf. This done, they scattered dry leaves over the place; "And now," said the leader, "defy the devil himself to find it out!"

"The murderers!" exclaimed Sam, involuntarily. The whole gang started, and looking up, beheld the round black head of Sam just above them; his white eyes strained half out of their orbits, his white teeth chattering, and his whole visage shining with cold perspiration.

"We're discovered!" cried one.

"Down with him," cried another.

Sam heard the cocking of a pistol, but did not panic for the report. He scrambled over rock and stone through bush and briar; rolled down banks like a hedgehog; scrambled up others like a catamount. In every direction he heard some one or other of the gang hemming him in. At length he reached the rocky ridge along the river: one of the red-caps was hard behind him. A steep rock like a wall rose directly in his way, it seemed to cut off all retreat when, fortunately, he espied the strong cord-like branch of a grape-vine reaching half way down it. He sprang at it with the force of a desperate man, seized it with both hands; and, being young and agile, succeeded in swinging himself to the summit of the cliff. Here he stood in full relief against the sky when the red-cap cocked his pistol and fired. The ball whistled by Sam's head. With the lucky thought of a man in an emergency, he uttered a yell, fell to the ground, and detached at the same time a fragment of the rock, which tumbled with a loud splash into the river.

"I've done his business," said the red-cap to one or two of his comrades as they arrived panting: "he tells no tales, except to the fishes in the river."

His pursuers now turned off to meet their companions. Sam, sliding silently down the surface of the rock, let himself quietly into his skiff; cast loose the fastenings, and abandoned himself to the rapid current, which in that place runs like a mill-stream, and soon swept him off from the neighbourhood. He was not, however, until he had drifted a great distance that he ventured to ply his oars; when he made his skiff dart like an arrow through the strait of Hog's Back itself; nor did he feel himself thorough-

intervened between him and the light of their lantern shining through the branches of the trees on the other side. He silently clambered up the surface of the rock, his head above its naked top, his arms immediately below him, and his feet, though he dreaded discovery, he made the least movement should he be seen. He remained, with his round head above the edge of the rock, like a stone above the edge of the horizon, until the moon on the dial of a clock. He had nearly finished their work; and they were carefully replacing the stones, they scattered dry leaves, and now, said the leader, "to find it out!"

"I exclaimed Sam, involuntarily, and looking up, beheld the man just above them; his white teeth of their orbits, his white teeth whole visage shining with cold!" cried one.

"I cried another.

"I saw the muzzle of a pistol, but did not pause to scramble over rock and stone. The man rolled down banks like a stone, up others like a catamount. I heard some one or other of the men in. At length he reached the river: one of the red-caps was a steep rock like a wall rose, it seemed to cut off all retreat. He espied the strong cord-like rope reaching half way down in the force of a desperate man's hands; and, being young and agile, he threw himself to the summit of the rock in full relief against the sky. He checked his pistol and fired. The man's head. With the lucky thought of emergency, he uttered a yell, fell backward, and at the same time a fragment of rock tumbled with a loud splash into the water.

"Business," said the red-cap to one of the men as they arrived panting: "he has gone to the fishes in the river."

"I turned off to meet their coming, and quietly down the surface of the rock, abandoned himself to the rapid current. At that place runs like a mill-stream, and off from the neighbourhood. He had until he had drifted a great distance to ply his oars; when he made an arrow through the strait of Hell-gate, the danger of Pot, Frying-pans, nor did he feel himself through

ly secure until safely nestled in bed in the cockloft of the ancient farm-house of the Suydams.

Here the worthy Peechy Praww paused to take breath, and to take a sip of the gossip tankard that stood at his elbow. His auditors remained with open mouths and outstretched necks, gaping like a nest of swallows for an additional mouthful.

"And is that all?" exclaimed the half-pay officer.

"That's all that belongs to the story," said Peechy Praww.

"And did Sam never find out what was buried by the red-caps?" said Wolfert, eagerly, whose mind was haunted by nothing but ingots and doubloons.

"Not that I know of," said Peechy; "he had no time to spare from his work, and, to tell the truth, he did not like to run the risk of another race among the rocks. Besides, how should he recollect the spot where the grave had been digged, every thing would look so different by day-light? And then, where was the use of looking for a dead body, when there was no chance of hanging the murderers?"

"Ay, but are you sure it was a dead body they buried?" said Wolfert.

"To be sure," cried Peechy Praww, exultingly.

"Does it not haunt in the neighbourhood to this very day?"

"Haunts!" exclaimed several of the party, opening their eyes still wider, and edging their chairs still closer.

"Ay, haunts," repeated Peechy: "have none of you heard of Father Red-cap, who haunts the old burnt farm-house in the woods, on the border of the Sound, near Hell-gate?"

"Oh! to be sure, I've heard tell of something of the kind; but then I took it for some old wives' tale."

"Old wives' fable or not," said Peechy Praww, "that farm-house stands hard by the very spot. It's been unoccupied time out of mind, and stands in a lonely part of the coast; but those who fish in the neighbourhood have often heard strange noises there; and lights have been seen about the wood at night; and an old fellow in a red cap has been seen at the windows more than once, which people take to be the ghost of the body that was buried there. Once upon a time three soldiers took shelter in the building for the night, and rammaged it from top to bottom, when they found old Father Red-cap astride of a cider-barrel in the cellar, with a jug in one hand and a goblet in the other. He offered them a drink out of his goblet; but just as one of the soldiers was putting it to his mouth—whew!—a flash of fire blazed through the cellar, blinded every mother's son of them for several minutes, and when they recovered their eye-sight, jug, goblet, and Red-cap, had vanished, and nothing but the empty cider-barrel remained!"

Here the half-pay officer, who was growing very dizzy and sleepy, and nodding over his liquor, with

half-extinguished eye, suddenly gleamed up like an expiring rush-light.—

"That's all fudge!" said he, as Peechy finished his last story.

"Well, I don't vouch for the truth of it myself," said Peechy Praww, "though all the world knows that there's something strange about that house and ground; but as to the story of Mud Sam, I believe it just as well as if it had happened to myself."

The deep interest taken in this conversation by the company had made them unconscious of the uproar that prevailed abroad among the elements, when suddenly they were all electrified by a tremendous clap of thunder; a lumbering crash followed instantaneously, shaking the building to its very foundation—all started from their seats, imagining it the shock of an earthquake, or that old Father Red-cap was coming among them in all his terrors. They listened for a moment, but only heard the rain pelted against the windows, and the wind howling among the trees. The explosion was soon explained by the apparition of an old negro's bald head thrust in at the door, his white goggle-eyes contrasting with his jetty poll, which was wet with rain, and shone like a bottle. In a jargon but half intelligible, he announced that the kitchen chimney had been struck with lightning.

A sullen pause of the storm, which now rose and sunk in gusts, produced a momentary stillness. In this interval, the report of a musket was heard, and a long shout, almost like a yell, resounded from the shore. Every one crowded to the window. Another musket-shot was heard, and another long shout, that mingled wildly with a rising blast of wind. It seemed as if the cry came up from the bosom of the waters; for though incessant flashes of lightning spread a light about the shore, no one was to be seen.

Suddenly the window of the room overhead was opened, and a loud halloo uttered by the mysterious stranger. Several hailings passed from one party to the other, but in a language which none of the company in the bar-room could understand; and presently they heard the window closed, and a great noise overhead, as if all the furniture were pulled and hauled about the room. The negro servant was summoned, and shortly after was seen assisting the veteran to lug the ponderous sea-chest down stairs.

The landlord was in amazement—"What!—you are not going on the water in such a storm?"

"Storm!" said the other scornfully; "do you call such a sputter of weather a storm?"

"You'll get drenched to the skin—you'll catch your death!" said Peechy Praww, affectionately.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the merman; "don't preach about weather to a man that has cruized in whirlwinds and tornadoes!"

The obsequious Peechy was again struck dumb.

The voice from the water was heard once more, in a tone of impatience. The by-standers stared with redoubled awe at this man of storms, who seemed to have come up out of the deep, and to be summoned back to it again. As, with the assistance of the negro, he slowly bore his ponderous sea-chest towards the shore, they eyed it with a superstitious feeling, half doubting whether he were not really about to embark upon it, and launch forth upon the wild waves. They followed him at a distance with a lantern.

"Dowse the light!" roared the hoarse voice from the water—"no one wants lights here!"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the veteran, turning short upon them; "back to the house with you."

Wolfert and his companions shrunk back in dismay. Still their curiosity would not allow them entirely to withdraw. A long sheet of lightning now flickered across the waves, and discovered a boat, filled with men, just under a rocky point, rising and sinking with the heaving surges, and swashing the water at every heave. It was with difficulty held to the rocks by a boat-hook, for the current rushed furiously round the point. The veteran hoisted one end of the lumbering sea-chest on the gunwale of the boat; he seized the handle at the other end to lift it in, when the motion propelled the boat from the shore; the chest slipped off from the gunwale, and sinking into the waves, pulled the veteran headlong after it. A loud shriek was uttered by all on shore, and a volley of execrations by those on board—but boat and man were hurried away by the rushing swiftness of the tide. A pitchy darkness succeeded; Wolfert Webber, indeed, fancied that he distinguished a cry for help, and that he beheld the drowning man beckoning for assistance; but when the lightning again gleamed along the water, all was void; neither man nor boat were to be seen; nothing but the dashing and weltering of the waves as they hurried past.

The company returned to the tavern to await the subsiding of the storm. They resumed their seats, and gazed on each other with dismay. The whole transaction had not occupied five minutes, and not a dozen words had been spoken. When they looked at the oaken chair, they could scarcely realize the fact, that the strange being, who had so lately tenanted it, full of life and Herculean vigour, should already be a corpse. There was the very glass he had just drunk from; there lay the ashes from the pipe which he had smoked, as it were, with his last breath. As the worthy burghers pondered on these things, they felt a terrible conviction of the uncertainty of existence, and each felt as if the ground on which he stood was rendered less stable by this awful example.

As, however, the most of the company were possessed of that valuable philosophy which enables a man to bear up with fortitude against the misfortunes of his neighbours, they soon managed to console themselves for the tragic end of the veteran. The landlord was particularly happy that the poor dear man

had paid his reckoning before he went; and made a kind of farewell speech on the occasion. "He came," said he, "in a storm, and he went in a storm—he came in the night, and he went in the night—he came nobody knows from whence, and he has gone nobody knows where. For aught I know, he has gone to sea once more on his chest, and may land to bother some people on the other side of the world! Though it's a thousand pities," added he, "if he has gone to Davy Jones's locker, that he had not left his own locker behind him."

"His locker! St Nicholas preserve us!" cried Pechy Prauw—"I'd not have had that sea-chest in the house for any money; I'll warrant he'd come racking after it at nights, and making a haunted house of the inn; and as to his going to sea in his chest, I recollect what happened to Skipper Onderdonk's ship on his voyage from Amsterdam. The boatswain died during a storm, so they wrapped him up in a sheet, and put him in his own sea-chest, and threw him overboard; but they neglected, in their hurry, to say prayers over him; and the storm raged and roared louder than ever, and they saw the dead man seated in his chest, with his shroud for a sail, coming hard after the ship, and the sea breaking before him in great sprays, like fire; and there he kept scudding day after day, and night after night, expecting every moment to go to wreck; and every night they saw the dead boatswain, in his sea-chest, trying to get up with them, and they heard him whistle above the blasts of wind, and he seemed to send great seas, mountain high, after them, that would have swamped the ship if they had not put out the dead-lights; and so it went on till they lost sight of him in the fogs of Newfoundland, and supposed he had veered ship, and stood for Dead Man's land. So much for burying a man at sea, without saying prayers over him."

The thunder-gust which had hitherto detained the company was at an end. The cuckoo-clock in the hall told midnight; every one pressed to depart, but seldom was such a late hour of the night trespassed on by these quiet burghers. As they sallied forth, they found the heavens once more serene. The stars which had lately obscured them had rolled away, and lay piled up in fleecy masses on the horizon, lighted up by the bright crescent of the moon, which shined like a little silver lamp hung up in a palace of clouds.

The dismal occurrence of the night, and the dismal narrations they had made, had left a superstitious feeling in every mind. They cast a fearful glance at the spot where the buccaneer had disappeared, almost expecting to see him sailing on his chest in the moonshine. The trembling rays glittered along the waters, but all was placid; and the current dimpled over the spot where he had gone down. The party huddled together in a little crowd as they repaired homewards, particularly when they passed a low field, where a man had been murdered; and even then

ing before he went; and made
h on the occasion. "He came,"
, and he went in a storm—he
d he went in the night—he came
whence, and he has gone nobody
ought I know, he has gone to sea
chest, and may land to both
ther side of the world! Though
," added he, "if he has gone to
, that he had not left his own

exton, who had to complete his journey alone, through
accustomed, one would think, to ghosts and goblins,
yet went a long way round, rather than pass by his
own churchyard.

Wolfert Webber had now carried home a fresh
stock of stories and notions to ruminate upon. These
accounts of pots of money and Spanish treasures,
buried here and there and every where about the
rocks and bays of these wild shores, made him al-
most dizzy. "Blessed St Nicholas!" ejaculated he,
half aloud, "is it not possible to come upon one of
these golden hoards, and to make one's self rich in
twinking? How hard that I must go on, delving
and delving, day in and day out, merely to make a
morsel of bread, when one lucky stroke of a spade
might enable me to ride in my carriage for the rest
of my life!"

As he turned over in his thoughts all that had been
old of the singular adventure of the negro fisherman,
his imagination gave a totally different complexion to
the tale. He saw in the gang of red-caps nothing
but a crew of pirates burying their spoils, and his cu-
ridity was once more awakened by the possibility of
length getting on the traces of some of this lurking
wealth. Indeed, his infected fancy tinged every thing
with gold. He felt like the greedy inhabitant of Bag-
dad, when his eye had been greased with the magic
ointment of the dervise, that gave him to see all the
treasures of the earth. Caskets of buried jewels,
chests of ingots, and barrels of outlandish coins, seem-
ed to court him from their concealments, and sup-
plicate him to relieve them from their untimely
graves.

On making private inquiries about the grounds said
to be haunted by Father Red-cap, he was more and
more confirmed in his surmise. He learned that the
place had several times been visited by experienced
money-diggers, who had heard Black Sam's story,
though none of them had met with success. On the
contrary, they had always been dogged with ill luck
of some kind or other, in consequence, as Wolfert
concluded, of not going to work at the proper time,
and with the proper ceremonials. The last attempt
had been made by Cobus Quackenbos, who dug for
a whole night, and met with incredible difficulty;

for, as fast as he threw one shovelful of earth out of
the hole, two were thrown in by invisible hands.
He succeeded so far, however, as to uncover an iron
chest, when there was a terrible roaring, ramping
and raging of uncouth figures about the hole, and at
length a shower of blows dealt by invisible cudgels,
that fairly belaboured him off of the forbidden ground.
This Cobus Quackenbos had declared on his death-
bed, so that there could not be any doubt of it. He
was a man that had devoted many years of his life to
money-digging, and it was thought would have ulti-
mately succeeded, had he not died recently of a brain-
fever in the almshouse.

Wolfert Webber was now in a worry of trepida-
tion and impatience, fearful lest some rival adventurer

should get a scent of the buried gold. He deter-
mined privately to seek out the black fisherman, and
get him to serve as guide to the place where he had
witnessed the mysterious scene of interment. Sam
was easily found, for he was one of those old habitual
beings that live about a neighbourhood until they
wear themselves a place in the public mind, and be-
come, in a manner, public characters. There was
not an unlucky urchin about town that did not know
Mud Sam, the fisherman, and think that he had a
right to play his tricks upon the old negro. Sam had
led an amphibious life, for more than half a century,
about the shores of the bay and the fishing-grounds
of the Sound. He passed the greater part of his time
on and in the water, particularly about Hell-gate;
and might have been taken, in bad weather, for one
of the hobgoblins that used to haunt that strait.
There would he be seen at all times, and in all wea-
thers; sometimes in his skiff anchored among the
eddies, or prowling like a shark about some wreck,
where the fish are supposed to be most abundant.
Sometimes seated on a rock, from hour to hour, look-
ing, in the mist and drizzle, like a solitary heron
watching for its prey. He was well acquainted with
every hole and corner of the Sound, from the Walla-
bont to Hell-gate, and from Hell-gate even unto the
Devil's Stepping-stones; and it was even affirmed
that he knew all the fish in the river by their chris-
tian names.

Wolfert found him at his cabin, which was not
much larger than a tolerable dog-house. It was
rudely constructed of fragments of wrecks and drift-
wood, and built on the rocky shore, at the foot of
the old fort, just about what at present forms the
point of the Battery. A "most ancient and fish-like
smell" pervaded the place. Oars, paddles, and fish-
ing-rods were leaning against the wall of the fort; a
net was spread on the sands to dry; a skiff was drawn
up on the beach; and at the door of his cabin was
Mud Sam himself, indulging in the true negro luxury
of sleeping in the sunshine.

Many years had passed away since the time of Sam's
youthful adventure, and the snows of many a winter
had grizzled the knotty wool upon his head. He per-
fectly recollected the circumstances, however, for he
had often been called upon to relate them, though, in
his version of the story, he differed in many points
from Peechy Prauw; as is not unfrequently the case
with authentic historians. As to the subsequent re-
searches of money-diggers, Sam knew nothing about
them, they were matters quite out of his line; neither
did the cautious Wolfert care to disturb his thoughts
on that point. His only wish was to secure the old
fisherman as a pilot to the spot, and this was readily
effected. The long time that had intervened since
his nocturnal adventure, had effaced all Sam's awe of
the place, and the promise of a trifling reward roused
him at once from his sleep and his sunshine.

The tide was adverse to making the expedition by
water, and Wolfert was too impatient to get to the

land of promise to wait for its turning; they set off therefore by land. A walk of four or five miles brought them to the edge of a wood, which at that time covered the greater part of the eastern side of the island. It was just beyond the pleasant region of Bloomen-dael. Here they struck into a long lane, straggling among trees and bushes, very much overgrown with weeds and mullein stalks, as if but seldom used, and so completely overshadowed, as to enjoy but a kind of twilight. Wild vines entangled the trees, and flaunted in their faces; brambles and briars caught their clothes as they passed; the garter-snake glided across their path; the spotted toad hopped and waddled before them; and the restless cat-bird mewed at them from every thicket. Had Wolfert Webber been deeply read in romantic legend, he might have fancied himself entering upon forbidden, enchanted ground; or that these were some of the guardians set to keep a watch upon buried treasure. As it was, the loneliness of the place, and the wild stories connected with it, had their effect upon his mind.

On reaching the lower end of the lane, they found themselves near the shore of the Sound, in a kind of amphitheatre surrounded by forest-trees. The area had once been a grass-plot, but was now shagged with briars and rank weeds. At one end, and just on the river bank, was a ruined building, little better than a heap of rubbish, with a stack of chimneys rising, like a solitary tower, out of the centre; the current of the Sound rushed along just below it, with wildly grown trees drooping their branches into its waves.

Wolfert had not a doubt that this was the haunted house of Father Red-cap, and called to mind the story of Peechy Prauw. The evening was approaching, and the light, falling dubiously among these woody places, gave a melancholy tone to the scene, well calculated to foster any lurking feeling of awe or superstition. The night-hawk, wheeling about in the highest regions of the air, emitted his peevish, boding cry. The woodpecker gave a lonely tap now and then on some hollow tree, and the fire-bird streamed by them with his deep red plumage. They now came to an enclosure that had once been a garden. It extended along the foot of a rocky ridge, but was little better than a wilderness of weeds, with here and there a matted rose-bush, or a peach or plum-tree, grown wild and ragged, and covered with moss. At the lower end of the garden they passed a kind of vault in the side of a bank, facing the water. It had the look of a root-house. The door, though decayed, was still strong, and appeared to have been recently patched up. Wolfert pushed it open. It gave a harsh grating upon its hinges, and striking against something like a box, a rattling sound ensued, and a scull rolled on the floor. Wolfert drew back shuddering, but was reassured, on being

• Orchard erect.

informed by the negro that this was a family-vault belonging to one of the old Dutch families that owned this estate; an assertion which was corroborated by the sight of coffins of various sizes piled within. Sam had been familiar with all these scenes when a boy, and now knew that he could not be far from the place of which they were in quest.

They now made their way to the water's edge, scrambling along ledges of rocks that overhung the waves, and obliged often to hold by shrubs and grape-vines to avoid slipping into the deep and hurried stream. At length they came to a small cove, or rather indent of the shore. It was protected by steep rocks, and overshadowed by a thick copse of oaks and chestnuts, so as to be sheltered and almost concealed. The beach shelved gradually within the cove, but the current swept, deep and black and rapid, along its jutting points.

The negro paused; raised his remnant of a hat, and scratched his grizzled poll for a moment, as he regarded this nook: then suddenly clapping his hands, he stepped exultingly forward, and pointed to a large iron ring, stapled firmly in the rock, just where a broad shelf of stone furnished a commodious landing-place. It was the very spot where the red-caps had landed. Years had changed the more perishable features of the scene; but rock and iron yield slowly to the influence of time. On looking more closely, Wolfert remarked three crosses cut in the rock just above the ring; which had no doubt some mysterious signification.

Old Sam now readily recognized the overhanging rock under which his skiff had been sheltered during the thunder-gust. To follow up the course which the midnight gang had taken, however, was a harder task. His mind had been so much taken up on that eventful occasion by the persons of the drama, as to pay but little attention to the scenes; and these places look so different by night and day. After wandering about for some time, however, they came to an opening among the trees, which Sam thought resembled the place. There was a ledge of rock of moderate height, like a wall, on one side, which he thought might be the very ridge from whence he had overlooked the diggers. Wolfert examined it narrowly, and at length discovered three crosses, similar to those above the iron ring, cut deeply into the face of the rock, but nearly obliterated by the moss that had grown over them. His heart leaped with joy, for he doubted not they were the private marks of the buccaneers. All now that remained was to ascertain the precise spot where the treasure lay buried, for otherwise he might dig at random in the neighbourhood of the crosses, without coming upon the spoils, and he had already had enough of such profitless labour. Here, however, the old negro was perfectly at a loss, and indeed perplexed by a variety of opinions; for his recollections were all confused. Sometimes he declared it must have been at the foot of a mulberry-tree hard by; then it was just

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beside a great white stone; then it must have been under a small green knoll, a short distance from the ledge of rock; until at length Wolfert became as bewildered as himself.

The shadows of evening were now spreading themselves over the woods, and rock and tree began to mingle together. It was evidently too late to attempt any thing further at present; and indeed Wolfert had come unprovided with implements to prosecute his researches. Satisfied, therefore, with having ascertained the place, he took note of all its landmarks, that he might recognize it again, and set out on his return homewards; resolved to prosecute his golden enterprise without delay.

The leading anxiety, which had hitherto absorbed every feeling, being now in some measure appeased, fancy began to wander, and to conjure up a thousand shapes and chimeras as he returned through this haunted region. Pirates hanging in chains seemed to swing from every tree, and he almost expected to see some Spanish Don, with his throat cut from ear to ear, rising slowly out of the ground, and shaking the ghost of a money-bag.

Their way back lay through the desolate garden, and Wolfert's nerves had arrived at so sensitive a state, that the flitting of a bird, the rustling of a leaf, or the falling of a nut, was enough to startle them. As they entered the confines of the garden, they caught sight of a figure at a distance, advancing slowly up one of the walks, and bending under the weight of a burthen. They paused, and regarded him attentively. He wore what appeared to be a woollen cap, and, still more alarming, of a most sanguinary red. The figure moved slowly on, ascended the bank, and stopped at the very door of the sepulchral vault. Just before entering it, he looked around. What was the affright of Wolfert, when he recognized the grisly visage of the drowned buccaneer! He uttered an ejaculation of horror. The figure slowly raised his iron fist, and shook it with a terrible menace.

Wolfert did not pause to see any more, but hurried off as fast as his legs could carry him, nor was Sam slow in following at his heels, having all his ancient errors revived. Away then did they scramble, through bush and brake, horribly frightened at every scramble that tugged at their skirts; nor did they pause to breathe, until they had blundered their way through this perilous wood, and had fairly reached the high road to the city.

Several days elapsed before Wolfert could summon courage enough to prosecute the enterprise, so much had he been dismayed by the apparition, whether living or dead, of the grisly buccaneer. In the mean time what a conflict of mind did he suffer! He neglected all his concerns; was moody and restless all day; lost his appetite; wandered in his thoughts and words, and committed a thousand blunders. His rest was broken; and when he fell asleep, the night-mare, in a shape of a huge money-bag, sat squatted upon his

breast. He babbled about incalculable sums; fancied himself engaged in money-digging; threw the bed-clothes right and left, in the idea that he was shovelling away the dirt; groped under the bed in quest of the treasure, and lugged forth, as he supposed, an inestimable pot of gold.

Dame Webber and her daughter were in despair at what they conceived a returning touch of insanity. There are two family oracles, one or other of which Dutch housewives consult in all cases of great doubt and perplexity—the dominie and the doctor. In the present instance, they repaired to the doctor. There was at that time a little, dark, mouldy man of medicine, famous among the old wives of the Manhattoes for his skill, not only in the healing art, but in all matters of strange and mysterious nature. His name was Dr Knipperhausen, but he was more commonly known by the appellation of the High German doctor. To him did the poor women repair for counsel and assistance touching the mental vagaries of Wolfert Webber.

They found the doctor seated in his little study, clad in his dark camblet robe of knowledge, with his black velvet cap, after the manner of Boerhaave, Van Helmont, and other medical sages; a pair of green spectacles set in black horn upon his clubbed nose; and poring over a German folio that reflected back the darkness of his physiognomy.

The doctor listened to their statement of the symptoms of Wolfert's malady with profound attention; but when they came to mention his raving about buried money, the little man pricked up his ears. Alas, poor women! they little knew the aid they had called in.

Dr Knipperhausen had been half his life engaged in seeking the short cuts to fortune, in quest of which so many a long life-time is wasted. He had passed some years of his youth among the Harz mountains of Germany, and had derived much valuable instruction from the miners, touching the mode of seeking treasure buried in the earth. He had prosecuted his studies also under a travelling sage, who united the mysteries of medicine with magic and legerlemain. His mind, therefore, had become stored with all kinds of mystic lore; he had dabbled a little in astrology, alchymy, divination; knew how to detect stolen money, and to tell where springs of water lay hidden; in a word, by the dark nature of his knowledge he had acquired the name of the High German doctor, which is pretty nearly equivalent to that of necromancer.

The doctor had often heard the rumours of treasure being buried in various parts of the island, and had long been anxious to get in the traces of it. No sooner were Wolfert's waking and sleeping vagaries confided to him, than he beheld in them the confirmed symptoms of a case of money-digging, and lost no time in probing it to the bottom. Wolfert had long

* The same, no doubt, of whom mention is made in the history of Dolph Heyliger.

been sorely oppressed in mind by the golden secret, and as a family physician is a kind of father confessor, he was glad of an opportunity of unburthening himself. So far from curing, the doctor caught the lady from his patient. The circumstances unfolded to him awakened all his cupidity; he had not a doubt of money being buried somewhere in the neighbourhood of the mysterious crosses, and offered to join Wolfert in the search. He informed him that much secrecy and caution must be observed in enterprises of the kind; that money is only to be digged for at night, with certain forms and ceremonies, the burning of drugs, the repeating of mystic words, and above all, that the seekers must first be provided with a divining-rod, which had the wonderful property of pointing to the very spot on the surface of the earth under which treasure lay hidden. As the doctor had given much of his mind to these matters, he charged himself with all the necessary preparations, and as the quarter of the moon was propitious, he undertook to have the divining-rod ready by a certain night.

Wolfert's heart leaped with joy at having met with so learned and able a coadjutor. Every thing went on secretly but swimmingly. The doctor had many consultations with his patient, and the good woman of the household lauded the comforting effect of his visits. In the mean time, the wonderful divining-rod, that great key to nature's secrets, was duly prepared. The doctor had thumbed over all his hooks of knowledge for the occasion; and the black fisherman was engaged to take him in his skiff to the scene of enterprize; to work with spade and pickaxe in unearthing the treasure; and to freight his bark with the weighty spoils they were certain of finding.

At length the appointed night arrived for this perilous undertaking. Before Wolfert left his home, he counselled his wife and daughter to go to bed, and feel no alarm if he should not return during the night. Like reasonable women, on being told not to feel alarm, they fell immediately into a panic. They saw at once by his manner that something unusual was in agitation; all their fears about the unsettled state of his mind were revived with tenfold force; they hung about him, entreating him not to expose himself to the night air, but all in vain. When once Wolfert

* The following note was found appended to this passage, in the hand-writing of Mr Knickerbocker :

There has been much written against the divining-rod by those light minds who are ever ready to scoff at the mysteries of nature; but I fully join with Dr Knipperhausen in giving it my faith. I shall not insist upon its efficacy in discovering the concealment of stolen goods, the boundary-stones of fields, the traces of robbers and murderers, or even the existence of subterraneous springs and streams of water; albeit I think these properties not to be readily discredited; but of its potency in discovering veins of precious metal, and hidden sums of money, and jewels, I have not the least doubt. Some said that the rod turned only in the hands of persons who had been born in particular months of the year; hence astrologers had recourse to planetary influence when they would procure a talisman. Others declared that the properties of the rod were either an effect of chance, or the fraud of the holder, or the work of the devil. Thus saith the reverend father Gaspard Sebett in his treatise on magic: "Propter hæc et similia

was mounted on his hobby, it was no easy matter to get him out of the saddle. It was a clear starlight night, when he issued out of the portal of the Webber palace. He wore a large flapped hat, tied under the chin with a handkerchief of his daughter's, to secure him from the night damp; while Dame Webber threw her long red cloak about his shoulders, and fastened it round his neck.

The Doctor had been no less carefully armed and accoutred by his housekeeper, the vigilant Frau Ilsy, and sallied forth in his cambler robe by way of surcoat; his black velvet cap under his cocked hat; a thick clasped book under his arm; a basket of drugs and dried herbs in one hand, and in the other the miraculous rod of divination.

The great church clock struck ten as Wolfert and the Doctor passed by the churchyard, and the watchman bawled, in a hoarse voice, a long and doleful "All's well!" A deep sleep had already fallen upon this primitive little burgh. Nothing disturbed this awful silence, excepting now and then the bark of some profligate, night-walking dog, or the serenade of some romantic cat.

It is true Wolfert fancied more than once that he heard the sound of a stealthy foot fall at a distance behind them; but it might have been merely the sound of their own steps echoing along the quiet streets. He thought also, at one time, that he saw a tall figure sculking after them, stopping when they stopped, and moving on as they proceeded; but the dim and uncertain lamp-light threw such vague gleams and shadows, that this might all have been mere fancy.

They found the old fisherman waiting for them, smoking his pipe in the stern of his skiff, which was moored just in front of his little cabin. A pickaxe and spade were lying in the bottom of the boat, with a dark lantern, and a stone bottle of good Dutch courage, in which honest Sam, no doubt, put even more faith than Dr Knipperhausen in his drugs.

Thus, then, did these three worthies embark in their cockle-shell of a skiff upon this nocturnal expedition, with a wisdom and valour equalled only by the three wise men of Gotham, who adventured to see in a bowl. The tide was rising, and running rapidly up the Sound. The current bore them along almost

argumenta audacter ego promiserò vim conversivam virgule furcate nequaquam naturalem esse, sed vel casu vel fraude regulam tractantis vel ope diaboli, etc." Georgius Agricola also was of opinion that it was a mere delusion of the devil to inveigle the avaricious and unwary into his clutches; and in his treatise, "De Re Metallica," lays particular stress on the mysterious words pronounced by those persons who employed the divining-rod during his time. But I make not a doubt that the divining-rod is one of those secrets of natural magic, the mystery of which is to be explained by the sympathies existing between physical things operated upon by the planets, and rendered efficacious by the strong faith of the individual. Let the divining-rod be properly gathered at the proper time of the moon, cut into the proper form, used with the necessary ceremonies, and with a perfect faith in its efficacy, and I can confidently recommend it to my fellow-citizens as an infallible means of discovering the various places on the island of the Manhattoes, where treasure hath been buried in olden time.

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t all have been mere fancy.

old fisherman waiting for them,
the stern of his skiff, which was
of his little cabin. A pick-axe
g in the bottom of the boat, with
a stone bottle of good Dutch con-
ut Sam, no doubt, put even more
erhausen in his drugs.

These three worthies embark in
a skiff upon this nocturnal expe-
m and valour equalled only by
of Gotham, who adventured to see
was rising, and running rapidly
current bore them along almost

promisero vim conversivam virgule
ralem esse, sed vel casu vel fraude in-
laboll, etc." Georgius Agricola also was
ere delusion of the devil to inveigle
o his clutches; and in his treatise, "De
ular stress on the mysterious words
who employed the divining-rod during
t a doubt that the divining-rod is one of
nagic, the mystery of which is to be ex-
existing between physical things opera-
and rendered efficacious by the strong
et the divining-rod be properly gathered
moon, cut into the proper form, used
ones, and with a perfect faith in its ef-
ly recommend it to my fellow-citizens
discovering the various places on the
where treasure hath been buried in the

D. K.

without the aid of an oar. The profile of the town
lay all in shadow. Here and there a light feebly
glimmered from some sick chamber, or from the cab-
in-window of some vessel at anchor in the stream.
Not a cloud obscured the deep starry firmament, the
lights of which wavered on the surface of the placid
river, and a shooting meteor, streaking its pale course
in the very direction they were taking, was interpreted
by the Doctor into a most propitious omen.

In a little while they glided by the point of Cor-
lear's Hook, with the rural inn, which had been the
scene of such night adventures. The family had re-
fired to rest, and the house was dark and still. Wolf-
fert felt a chill pass over him as they passed the point
where the buccaneer had disappeared. He pointed it
out to Dr Knipperhausen. While regarding it,
they thought they saw a boat actually lurking at the
very place; but the shore cast such a shadow over
the border of the water, that they could discern no-
thing distinctly. They had not proceeded far, when
they heard the low sound of distant oars, as if cau-
tiously pulled. Sam plied his oars with redoubled
vigour, and knowing all the eddies and currents of
the stream, soon left their followers, if such they
were, far astern. In a little while they stretched
across Turtle Bay and Kip's Bay, then shrouded them-
selves in the deep shadows of the Manhattan shore,
and glided swiftly along, secure from observation.
At length the negro shot his skiff into a little cove,
darkly embowered by trees, and made it fast to the
well-known iron ring.

They now landed, and, lighting the lantern, ga-
thered their various implements, and proceeded
slowly through the bushes. Every sound startled
them, even that of their own footsteps among the dry
leaves; and the hooting of a screech owl from the
shattered chimney of the neighbouring ruin made
their blood run cold.

In spite of all Wolfert's caution in taking note of
the landmarks, it was some time before they could
find the open place among the trees, where the
treasure was supposed to be buried. At length they
came to the ledge of rock, and on examining its sur-
face by the aid of the lantern, Wolfert recognized the
three mystic crosses. Their hearts beat quick, for the
momentous trial was at hand that was to determine
their hopes.

The lantern was now held by Wolfert Webber;
while the Doctor produced the divining-rod. It was
a forked twig, one end of which was grasped firmly
in each hand; while the centre, forming the stem,
pointed perpendicularly upwards. The Doctor moved
his wand about, within a certain distance of the
earth, from place to place, but for some time without
any effect; while Wolfert kept the light of the lan-
tern turned full upon it, and watched it with the
most breathless interest. At length the rod began
slowly to turn. The doctor grasped it with greater
earnestness, his hands trembling with the agitation of
his mind. The wand continued to turn gradually,

until at length the stem had reversed its position, and
pointed perpendicularly downward, and remained
pointing to one spot as fixedly as the needle to the pole.

"This is the spot!" said the Doctor in an almost
inaudible tone.

Wolfert's heart was in his throat.

"Shall I dig?" said the negro, grasping the spade.

"Potstausends, no!" replied the little Doctor has-
tily. He now ordered his companions to keep close
by him, and to maintain the most inflexible silence;
that certain precautions must be taken, and ceremo-
nies used, to prevent the evil spirits which kept about
buried treasure from doing them any harm.

He then drew a circle about the place, enough to
include the whole party. He next gathered dry twigs
and leaves, and made a fire, upon which he threw
certain drugs and dried herbs, which he had brought
in his basket. A thick smoke arose, diffusing its
potent odour, savouring marvellously of brimstone
and assafœtida, which, however grateful it might be
to the olfactory nerves of spirits, nearly strangled
poor Wolfert, and produced a fit of coughing and
wheezing that made the whole grove resound. Dr
Knipperhausen then unclasped the volume which he
had brought under his arm, which was printed in
red and black characters in German text. While
Wolfert held the lantern, the Doctor, by the aid of
his spectacles, read off several forms of conjuration
in Latin and German. He then ordered Sam to
seize the pick-axe and proceed to work. The close-
bound soil gave obstinate signs of not having been dis-
turbed for many a year. After having picked his
way through the surface, Sam came to a bed of sand
and gravel, which he threw briskly to right and
left with the spade.

"Hark!" said Wolfert, who fancied he heard a
trampling among the dry leaves, and a rustling
through the bushes. Sam paused for a moment, and
they listened—no footstep was near. The bat flitted
by them in silence; a bird, roused from its roost by
the light which glared up among the trees, flew
circling about the flame. In the profound stillness
of the woodland they could distinguish the current
rippling along the rocky shore, and the distant mur-
muring and roaring of Hell-gate.

The negro continued his labours, and had already
dug a considerable hole. The Doctor stood on
the edge, reading formulae, every now and then, from
his black-letter volume, or throwing more drugs and
herbs upon the fire, while Wolfert bent anxiously
over the pit, watching every stroke of the spade.
Any one witnessing the scene, thus lighted up by
fire, lantern, and the reflection of Wolfert's red man-
tle, might have mistaken the little Doctor for some
foul magician, busied in his incantations, and the
grizzly-headed negro for some swart goblin obedient
to his commands.

At length the spade of the old fisherman struck
upon something that sounded hollow; the sound vi-
brated to Wolfert's heart. He struck his spade again—

"'Tis a chest," said Sam.

"Full of gold, I'll warrant it!" cried Wolfert, clasping his hands with rapture.

Scarcely had he uttered the words when a sound from above caught his ear. He cast up his eyes, and lo! by the expiring light of the fire, he beheld, just over the disk of the rock, what appeared to be the grim visage of the drowned buccaneer, grinning hideously down upon him.

Wolfert gave a loud cry, and let fall the lantern. His panic communicated itself to his companions. The negro leaped out of the hole; the Doctor dropped his book and basket, and began to pray in German. All was horror and confusion. The fire was scattered about, the lantern extinguished. In their hurry-scurry, they ran against and confounded one another. They fancied a legion of hobgoblins let loose upon them, and that they saw, by the fitful gleams of the scattered embers, strange figures in red caps, gibbering and ramping around them. The Doctor ran one way, the negro another, and Wolfert made for the water-side. As he plunged, struggling onwards through bush and brake, he heard the tread of some one in pursuit. He scrambled frantically forward. The footsteps gained upon him. He felt himself fast by his cloak, when suddenly his pursuer was attacked in turn. A fierce fight and struggle ensued. A pistol was discharged that lit up rock and bush for a second, and showed two figures grappling together—all was then darker than ever. The contest continued; the combatants clenched each other, and panted and groaned, and rolled among the rocks. There was snarling and growling as of a cur, mingled with curses, in which Wolfert fancied he could recognize the voice of the buccaneer. He would fain have fled, but he was on the brink of a precipice, and could go no farther. Again the parties were on their feet; again there was a tugging and struggling, as if strength alone could decide the combat, until one was precipitated from the brow of the cliff, and sent headlong into the deep stream that whirled below. Wolfert heard the plunge, and a kind of strangling, bubbling murmur; but the darkness of the night hid every thing from him, and the swiftness of the current swept every thing instantly out of hearing.

One of the combatants was disposed of, but whether friend or foe Wolfert could not tell, or whether they might not both be foes. He heard the survivor approach, and his terror revived. He saw, where the profile of the rocks rose against the horizon, a human form advancing. He could not be mistaken—it must be the buccaneer. Whither should he fly? a precipice was on one side, a murderer on the other. The enemy approached—he was close at hand. Wolfert attempted to let himself down the face of the cliff. His cloak caught in a thorn that grew on the edge: he was jerked from off his feet, and held dangling in the air, half choked by the string with which his careful wife had fastened the garment round his neck. Wolfert thought his last moment

was arrived; already had he committed his soul to St Nicholas, when the string broke, and he tumbled down the bank, bumping from rock to rock, and bush to bush, and leaving the red cloak fluttering, like a bloody banner, in the air.

It was a long while before Wolfert came to himself. When he opened his eyes, the ruddy streaks of morning were already shooting up the sky. He found himself lying in the bottom of a boat, grievously battered. He attempted to sit up, but was too sore and stiff to move. A voice requested him, in friendly accents, to lie still. He turned his eyes towards the speaker—it was Dirk Waldron. He had dogged the party at the earnest request of Dame Webber and her daughter, who, with the laudable curiosity of their sex, had pried into the secret consultations of Wolfert and the Doctor. Dirk had been completely distanced in following the light skiff of the fisherman, and had just come in time to rescue the poor money-digger from his pursuer.

Thus ended this perilous enterprise. The Doctor and Black Sam severally found their way back to the Manhattoes, each having some dreadful tale of peril to relate. As to poor Wolfert, instead of returning in triumph, laden with bags of gold, he was borne home on a shutter, followed by a rabble rout of curious urchins.

His wife and daughter saw the dismal pageant from a distance, and alarmed the neighbourhood with their cries; they thought the poor man had suddenly settled the great debt of nature in one of his wayward moods. Finding him, however, still living, they had him speedily to bed, and a jury of old matrons of the neighbourhood assembled to determine how he should be doctored.

The whole town was in a buzz with the story of the money-diggers. Many repaired to the scene of the previous night's adventures; but though they found the very place of the digging, they discovered nothing that compensated them for their trouble. Some say they found the fragments of an oaken chest, and an iron potlid, which savoured strongly of hidden money, and that in the old family-vault there were traces of bales and boxes, but this is all very dubious.

In fact, the secret of all this story has never to this day been discovered. Whether any treasure were ever actually buried at that place; whether, if so, it were carried off at night by those who had buried it, or whether it still remains there under the guardianship of gnomes and spirits, until it shall be properly sought for, is all matter of conjecture. For my part, I incline to the latter opinion, and make no doubt that great sums lie buried, both there and in many other parts of this island and its neighbourhood, ever since the times of the buccaners and the Dutch colonists; and I would earnestly recommend the search after them to such of my fellow-citizens as are not engaged in any other speculations. There were many conjectures formed, also, as to who and what

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was the strange man of the seas who had domineered
over the little fraternity at Corlear's Hook for a time,
disappeared so strangely, and re-appeared so fear-
fully.

Some supposed him a smuggler, stationed at that
place to assist his comrades in landing their goods
among the rocky coves of the island. Others, that
he was one of the ancient comrades, either of Kidd
or Bradish, returned to convey away treasures for-
merly hidden in the vicinity. The only circumstance
that throws any thing like a vague light on this mys-
terious matter, is a report which pre-ailed of a strange
foreign-built shallop, with much the look of a pic-
caroon, having been seen hovering about the Sound
for several days without landing or reporting herself,
though boats were seen going to and from her at
night; and that she was seen standing out of the
mouth of the harbour, in the grey of the dawn, af-
ter the catastrophe of the money-diggers.

I must not omit to mention another report, also,
which I confess is rather apocryphal, of the buccaneer,
who was supposed to have been drowned, being seen
before daybreak with a lantern in his hand, seated
astride his great sea-chest, and sailing through Hell-
gate, which just then began to roar and bellow with
redoubled fury.

While all the gossip world was thus filled with talk
and rumour, poor Wolfert lay sick and sorrowful in
his bed, bruised in body, and sorely beaten down in
mind. His wife and daughter did all they could to
bind up his wounds, both corporal and spiritual. The
good old dame never stirred from his bed-side, where
she sat knitting from morning till night; while his
daughter busied herself about him with the fondest
care. Nor did they lack assistance from abroad.
Whatever may be said of the desertion of friends in
distress, they had no complaint of the kind to make;
not an old wife of the neighbourhood but abandoned
her work to crowd to the mansion of Wolfert Webber,
inquire after his health, and the particulars of his
story. Not one came, moreover, without her little
pikkin of penny-royal, sage balm, or other herb-tea,
delighted at an opportunity of signaling her kind-
ness and her doctorship.

What drenchings did not the poor Wolfert un-
dergo! and all in vain. It was a moving sight to
behold him wasting away day by day; growing
thinner and thinner, and ghastlier and ghastlier; and
staring with rueful visage from under an old patch-
work counterpane, upon the jury of matrons kindly
assembled to sigh and groan, and look unhappy
around him.

Dirk Waldron was the only being that seemed to
shed a ray of sunshine into this house of mourning.
He came in with cheery look and manly spirit, and
tried to reanimate the expiring heart of the poor
money-digger; but it was all in vain. Wolfert was
completely done over. If any thing was wanting to
complete his despair, it was a notice served upon him,
in the midst of his distress, that the corporation were

about to run a new street through the very centre of
his cabbage-garden. He now saw nothing before
him but poverty and ruin—his last reliance, the gar-
den of his forefathers, was to be laid waste—and
what then was to become of his poor wife and child?
His eyes filled with tears as they followed the dutiful
Amy out of the room one morning. Dirk Waldron
was seated beside him; Wolfert grasped his hand,
pointed after his daughter, and for the first time since
his illness, broke the silence he had maintained.

"I am going!" said he, shaking his head feebly;
"and when I am gone—my poor daughter—"

"Leave her to me, father!" said Dirk, manfully;
"I'll take care of her!"

Wolfert looked up in the face of the cheery, strap-
ping youngster, and saw there was none better able
to take care of a woman.

"Enough," said he, "she is yours!—and now
fetch me a lawyer—let me make my will and die!"

The lawyer was brought, a dapper, bustling,
round-headed little man—Roorbach (or Rolleback,
as it was pronounced) by name. At the sight of him
the women broke into loud lamentations, for they
looked upon the signing of a will as the signing of a
death-warrant. Wolfert made a feeble motion for
them to be silent. Poor Amy buried her face and
her grief in the bed-curtain; Dame Webber resumed
her knitting to hide her distress, which betrayed it-
self, however, in a pellucid tear which trickled silently
down, and hung at the end of her peaked nose;
while the cat, the only unconcerned member of the
family, played with the good dame's ball of worsted,
as it rolled about the floor.

Wolfert lay on his back, his night-cap drawn over
his forehead, his eyes closed, his whole visage the
picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief,
for he felt his end approaching, and that he had no
time to lose. The lawyer nibbed his pen, spread out
his paper, and prepared to write.

"I give and bequeath," said Wolfert, faintly, "my
small farm—"

"What! all?" exclaimed the lawyer.

Wolfert half opened his eyes, and looked upon the
lawyer.

"Yes—all," said he.

"What! all that great patch of land with cabbages
and sunflowers, which the corporation is just going
to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh, and
sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little
lawyer, chuckling and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again open-
ing his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!"
cried little Rolleback.

The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from
the threshold of existence; his eyes again lighted up;
he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his worsted

red night-cap, and stared broadly at the lawyer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed he.

"Faith, but I do!" rejoined the other. "Why, when that great field, and that huge meadow, come to be laid out in streets, and cut up into snug building lots—why, whoever owns it need not pull off his hat to the patrol!"

"Say you so?" cried Wolfert, half thrusting one leg out of bed; "why, then, I think I'll not make my will yet!"

To the surprise of every body, the dying man actually recovered. The vital spark, which had glimmered faintly in the socket, received fresh fuel from the oil of gladness which the little lawyer poured into his soul. It once more burnt up into a flame. Give physic to the heart, ye who would revive the body of a spirit-broken man! In a few days Wolfert left his room; in a few days more his table was covered with deeds, plans of streets, and building lots. Little Rollebuck was constantly with him, his right-hand man and adviser, and instead of making his will, assisted in the more agreeable task of making his fortune.

In fact, Wolfert Webber was one of those many worthy Dutch burghers of the Manhattoes, whose fortunes have been made in a manner in spite of themselves; who have tenaciously held on to their hereditary acres, raising turnips and cabbages about the skirts of the city, hardly able to make both ends meet, until the corporation has cruelly driven streets through their abodes, and they have suddenly awakened out of their lethargy, and to their astonishment found themselves rich men!

Before many months had elapsed, a great bustling street passed through the very centre of the Webber garden, just where Wolfert had dreamed of finding a

treasure. His golden dream was accomplished. He did indeed find an unlooked-for source of wealth; for when his paternal lands were distributed into building lots, and rented out to safe tenants, instead of producing a paltry crop of cabbages, they returned him an abundant crop of rents; insomuch that on quarter-day it was a goodly sight to see his tenants knocking at his door from morning till night, each with a little round-bellied bag of money, the golden produce of the soil.

The ancient mansion of his forefathers was still kept up; but instead of being a little yellow-fronted Dutch house in a garden, it now stood boldly in the middle of a street, the grand house of the neighbourhood; for Wolfert enlarged it with a wing on each side, and a cupola or tea-room on top, where he might climb up and smoke his pipe in hot weather; and in the course of time the whole mansion was overrun by the chubby-faced progeny of Amy Webber and Dirk Waldron.

As Wolfert waxed old, and rich, and corpulent, he also set up a great gingerbread-coloured carriage, drawn by a pair of black Flanders mares, with tails that swept the ground; and to commemorate the origin of his greatness, he had for his crest a full-blown cabbage painted on the pannels with the pithy motto *alles Hoof*, that is to say, ALL HEAD, meaning thereby, that he had risen by sheer head-work.

To fill the measure of his greatness, in the fulness of time the renowned Ramm Rapelye slept with his fathers, and Wolfert Webber succeeded to the leather-bottomed arm-chair, in the inn-parlour at Corlear's Hook, where he long reigned, greatly honoured and respected, insomuch that he was never known to tell a story without its being believed, nor to utter a joke without its being laughed at.

END OF THE TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

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