Tales of the Good Woman. By a Doubtful Gentleman

James Kirke Paulding

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"*Pietro*.—What news, Tharsalio?
"*Tharsalio*.—O great. It has been settled in a conclave of authors, that from this
"time forward, there shall be no true history but romance, and no true romance
"but history. The venders have sworn to print, and the readers to buy nothing
"but rhodomontade; your travellers have pledged their honours to write so that
"none can tell whether they are dealing in fact or fiction; and the poets have
"made affirmation on Doomsdaybook, never to speak truth but when they have

"nothing else to say. For my part, I'll not be out of fashion—I'll lie like an
"almanac−maker. —*The New Republic of Letters.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reader may possibly observe that the volume now offered to his acceptance, commences with page thirteen, and thence suppose there has been an omission of some portion of the work. This however is not the case. It originated in a mistake of the printer, and passed without being noticed by the editor until it was too late for correction. It may be as well to mention also, that the story of Phoebe Angevine alluded to in the prefatory memoir, as forming a part of the present volume, has been omitted, and another substituted. It will appear in a second series of tales, which will be shortly presented to the public.

MEMOIR OF THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

It hath been so often remarked by persons aiming at originality, that the pleasure of the reader is wonderfully enhanced by knowing something concerning the writer of the book he is about to devour, that the good natured world actually begins to believe it true, notwithstanding it hath so often grievously yawned over the lives of divers great authors. It is for this reason, that almost every work of any pretensions hath prefixed to it certain particulars concerning the writer, which in ordinary cases would be considered exceedingly frivolous, but inasmuch as they appertain to distinguished persons, partake in the dignity of the association, and like buttons of cheese paring on a satin doublet, become illustrious by the company they keep. Nothing indeed is more certain and irrefragable, than that every thing connected with or appertaining to an important gentleman, must of necessity be proportionably important. The world has nothing to do with the motions of ordinary men, on ordinary occasions; whether they have a good appetite, a good digestion, are in a good or bad humour, is a matter of not the least consequence. But it is far otherwise with great persons, whose every motion and impulse is felt like a pulsation running through the universe. Should a tailor prick his finger with a needle; or a worthy citizen invite his friends to a dinner, nobody is the worse or the wiser but themselves. But such matters appertaining to kings and people of consequence, are thought worthy of the most minute record. Hence it is that the most trifling acts of illustrious persons are matters of profound interest to ordinary people, and that the literary world hath received such singular satisfaction from being credibly certified that my Lord Byron drank gin and water, and tied his collar with a black ribbon, and that the Great Unknown is wonderfully addicted to Scotch herrings and whiskey punch.

We disclaim all pretensions to originality when we observe that the lives of literary persons are for the most part destitute of interest and adventure. In days long past, they lived in garrets, and nothing was more common than to find them starved or frozen to death of a cold frosty morning. Now, however, in this golden age of authors, we find them figuring in drawing−rooms, drinking toasts, and making speeches at public meetings, and performing all those great actions, which cause a man to be wondered at while living, and forgotten when dead. But still it is doubtless no small satisfaction to the curious reader to know, that there is nothing to be known worth knowing concerning the author whose work he is about devouring. It is to gratify this laudable propensity, that we proceed to detail the following particulars respecting the person who is shrewdly suspected of having indited the following Tales.

Concerning his family we regret to say little is known. Mr. Abraham Acker, of Staaten Island, the only person living who recollects any particulars concerning our author, thinks he remembers to have heard him say, that he came of the same stock with the Grand Turk, the Great Mogul, the emperor of China, Prester John the king of England, and divers other illustrious persons; but of this Mr. Acker, who we regret to say has nearly lost his memory, has great doubts. The same uncertainty rests on the place as well as the time of his birth. When questioned as to the first, he usually replied, that he was born in the Republic of Elsewhere; but as we cannot find such a place on any modern map, we are inclined to believe the worthy gentleman was partly mistaken.

So with respect to the time of his birth, which he once boasted was on the very day of the very year, that the Dutch took Holland; but in what year of our Lord that happened, we profess ourselves ignorant. But although neither the time or the place of his birth can now probably be ascertained, still there is only the greater elbow room for conjecture. From his well−remembered fondness for hasty pudding and pumpkin pies, it might be inferred that he was a native of Connecticut. Mr. Abraham Acker has a notion that he has some idea of hearing his father say that this was the case; but cannot be certain whether it was hasty pudding and pumpkin pies, or plumb pudding and apple dumplings, to which our author was so incontinently given. We will therefore content ourselves with stating the doubt, and leaving the courteous reader to draw his own conclusions. All we shall say is, that seven villages, that will no doubt live to be great cities, have long hotly disputed the glory of his birth; an honour we consider quite equal to the contest of seven ruined cities for the nativity of Daniel— or as he hath been flippantly called, Dan Homer.

On, however, questioning Mr. Acker still farther and more closely, we gathered that our author was deeply read in the Dutch language and antiquities; and that he not only smoked mortally, but spoke reverently of St.

Nicholas and Admiral Van Tromp. He likewise affected Dutch sermons and Dutch psalms. We ourselves are for these reasons, rather inclined to the supposition of his having been originally derived from Holland; and in this we agree with Mr. Acker, who thinks he once heard his father hazard a supposition that he was of "Dutch distraction," as Mr. Acker is pleased to express it. But against this supposition there is another fact remembered by Mr. Acker, to wit: that he had a most pestilent and arrant propensity to grumbling and finding fault upon all improper occasions, whence it might reasonably be inferred that he had some affinity with the English blood. As however we cannot learn that he ever obfuscated his intellectual faculties with small beer, or attempted to hang himself even in the most gloomy period of his fortunes, but on the contrary did demean himself like a sober man, taking the ups and downs of life as they came, we consider the above theory as untenable, and the matter again resolving itself into its original uncertainty.

In our early interviews with Mr. Acker, he related a fact that he was almost sure he heard from somebody, which served to settle this interesting point at once—namely, that our author's death was partly laid to his having gone twenty miles in a snow storm to hear a Dutch sermon, and finding on his arrival, the vestry had decided upon having their preaching ever after in the English tongue. But what was our mortification, when on a succeeding interview with Mr. Acker, we found he could recollect nothing of the matter, and was inclined to believe his memory was not as good as it was in the Old French War. It is therefore with no little regret as well as mortification, that we are compelled to sit down under the painful conviction, that the parentage, as well as the time and place of our author's birth, are matters now for ever beyond the reach of detection.

Having thus proved to the satisfaction of the reader, that nothing is to be gathered worth knowing, concerning the birth and parentage of our author, we shall proceed to discuss his life, character, and actions, of which, as very little is known, we shall have occasion to say a great deal. It appears from the testimony of Mr. Acker, that the Alma Mater of our author was a log hut, which was standing about fifty years since, at the crossroads, about half a mile from Castleton. Here he was taught by the best of all possible teachers, self; the school master, a gallant bachelor and somewhat of a roue, for the most part spending the school hours in social chat, with a winsome, black eyed dame, who lived just by, and whose husband, being a pedlar, was frequently abroad, speculating in old iron and goose feathers. The scholars were thus left to follow the bent of their genius, and Mr. Acker affirms that the excellence of this system was in after times demonstrated, not only in the vast genius of our author, but in like manner, in he himself having risen to the rank of a justice of the peace, while three or four of his school mates became members of the legislature. There is little doubt but they would have become still more illustrious, had not the school been suddenly dissolved, by the elopement of the master with the black eyed pedlar's wife, whom he carried off triumphantly in one of the honest man's own tin carts. Hereupon the sprightly younkers set up a great shout, and scampered home right glad of releasement from such durance vile.

Our author after this, pursued the bent of his genius a year or two in doing nothing; being, according to tradition, a most determined idler, whose principal amusement, was to join in those little parties so common in country villages, where you may see one man at work, and half a dozen looking on. This however soon gave way to the delight of all delights, to the contemplative philosopher, to wit: angling. He would sit on the rocky projection of some bold promontory jutting out into the unparalleled Hudson, the chief of all rivers, and put Job himself to shame. Morning, noon, and evening, there he sat watching the end of his pole, and buried in that delicious vacuum, when the mind as it were resigning its bright sceptre, an interregnum succeeds and one calm nothingness pervades existence. Tradition says, he sat so long at last, that he actually grew to the rock, and in the attempt to extricate himself, was happy to escape with a whole skin, by leaving a most consequential portion of his breeches sticking to a projection of Horneblende, a monument to his immortal glory.

It was thus that buried in reveries and abstractions, he attuned his mind to the depths of philosophy, and learned the most important of all arts, that of thinking. But his course of philosophy was too soon interrupted, by his being sent to another school in Jersey, about ten miles from his home, as he hath frequently mentioned to Mr. Acker, with tears in his eyes. Here he staid with an old relative who lived by himself, about three miles from the school. The way was by a solitary "turpentine walk," as Mr. Acker expresses it, which led along the devious windings of a pretty stream, running at the foot of a hill. If any of our readers have ever in their boyish days, been condemned to a solitary walk like this, in their way to and from school, they can judge how tedious, how irksome, how endless it is to a sprightly lad, full of life, health, mischief, and wantonness. Man was not born to live alone, nor more especially boys. Often, as he said to Mr. Acker, has he sat down at the foot of some old tree, and played

truant all day in weeping over his loneliness. His only resource, as Mr. Acker expresses it, was "to wrap himself up in himself," by which we understand that he tried to forget the past and the present, by looking forward to the future alone. His sole companion in those lonely walks was a poor dumb girl,—for the honest folks of that day considered schools as great nurseries of idleness,— who is believed to be the heroine of the story of Phoebe Angevine, in the following collection.

Our author, agreeably to his own account, delivered at various times, in desultory conversations with his friend, Mr. Acker, continued this mode of life, passing and repassing to and from school, with no other companion, except his own melancholy thoughts, for upwards of three years. During this period, his leisure hours were principally passed in reveries, abstractions, wool−gathering, and the cultivation of the noble science of castle building. His winter evenings he spent for the most part, by the kitchen fire side, in listening to the traditionary lore of an old black sybil almost blind, but wonderfully fond of frightening delighted youngsters and listening country maids, with stories of witches, goblins, Indians, and revolutionary horrors. By listening to the frequent repetition of these rural romances he appears to have been imbued with that not uncommon species of credulity, in which the mind sometimes sinking under, at others triumphing over, the delusions of the imagination, alternately derides and trembles, laughs at, and believes, according as we happen to be in sunshine and society, or alone and in darkness.

At the expiration of three years, he left school, or the school left him, we cannot ascertain which, and here, as he was wont to say, ended his scholastic studies. He often hinted to his friend, Mr. Acker, that he was early thrown upon the world, in one of our great cities, the name of which Mr. Acker does not recollect, where his skill in castle building was held in little or no estimation, when put in comparison with that of a tolerable mason or carpenter. His first vocation was that of junior clerk to a dry−goods store keeper, in which he distinguished himself, by running his nose against lamp posts, and being run over by carts, in going upon errands—in selling goods and forgetting to take pay for them—and in blowing a cracked flute behind the counter of evenings, so villanously, that he drove all persons of common sensibility to the other side of the street. His master, who despised philosophy, abstraction, and the fine arts, as desperate enemies to the first of all arts, that of making money, lectured him daily, and finally turned him out of the shop, as an incurable blockhead, because he refused to give his honour that a piece of chintz, which a lady was cheapening, was actually offered at less than the first cost.

Here we lose sight of our author for some years, until we find him, according to his friend Mr. Acker's recollection, in some business or other, the precise nature of which he does not recollect. He remembers however, sufficient to know, that our author made but a poor business of it, whatever it was. He was one of those unlucky people, who, destined as they are to immortality, seem good for nothing in this world while living. He took every thing by the left hand, and his fingers were all thumbs. He believed every body, and trusted every body; and this species of implicit faith, is of no great value in temporal things. Such a man is always a mark for the little rogues of this world, and never fails to allure about him a circle of petty depredators, that are sure to bring him to ruin at last. Such appears to have been the case with our author, who as it would seem, lost his money, if he ever had any, his credit and his patience, and suddenly turning from the extreme of credulity to that of scepticism, became a hater and despiser of the world. Like the rest of mankind, he judged of it as he found, or rather made it himself; and converted the little swarm of plunderers whom his easy credulity had attracted from the general mass to fatten upon him, into the representatives of the whole hive.

It appears from circumstances, that our author resented his misfortunes so seriously, that he quarrelled with the world outright, and to revenge himself the more effectually, retired into the bosom of Staaten Island, where he took lodgings at an obscure inn, on a bye road leading from the Narrows to the Blazing Star Ferry, where he lived upon the lean, or rather picked the bones of the land. This house, which has lately been pulled down, was at that time kept by a whimsical old bachelor, who having in early life been jilted by a buxom little Dutch damsel, in revenge put up the sign of a woman without a head, which he called "The Good Woman," thereby maliciously insinuating a horrible libel on the whole sex. Never man, according to Mr. Acker, who resided about a quarter of a mile from the "Good Woman," never man lived upon so little, or made a suit of clothes last so long as did our author. Nobody could exactly tell how he lived, for he neither begged, borrowed, or stole, nor did he labour with his hands, except in writing, which he did great part of the day, deducting the long intervals, when he sat with pen

suspended in his hand, watching as it were the smoke as it curled from the landlord's pipe, in a state of perfect "distraction," as Mr. Acker expressed it. We ourselves are of opinion he meant abstraction; but the difference is not material. It is not our business to solve the mystery how authors manage to exist in this world; we mean those who are condemned to live by thier wits, without the aid of fashionable friends, fashionable reviewers, and fashionable readers. We leave the solution to Him who watches over the fall of a sparrow, and who sent the ravens to feed the prophet in the wilderness. There are certain invisible means, inscrutable to the fat kine, by which the lean kine, among which we emphatically reckon the class of authors alluded to, manage to live, and move, and have a being, as it were in spite of nature and fate. Far be it from us to draw the veil from over the hallowed retreats of indigent, unpatronized genius, struggling with the neglect of the world, and its own worldly incapacities, and finally, perhaps, reaching the goal of immortality through the gloomy solitudes of a prison.

Here our author resided during the remainder of his days, which space of time comprises almost twenty years. During all this period, he was absent but three times, as we have taken the freedom to suppose, for the purpose of disposing of his writings; for it is difficult to comprehend what other business he could have. He formed no intimacy except with Mr. Acker, whose countenance as a magistrate was convenient in defending him against the prying curiosity of the neighbourhood, and those evil suggestions which mystery, however innocent and unaffected, is sure to excite. The only remarkable actions he performed in the course of this long sojourn among the simple children of the fields and woods, were killing an opossum and a rattle snake with sixteen rattles, the last that ever were seen on the island, either of which exploits, in the opinion of Squire Acker, fairly entitles him to a biography. Finally, he died at the supposed age of fourscore and ten years, without pain, and without fear, as a blameless old man should die; and slept not with his fathers, but among the children of strangers, who knew not even whence he came.

The younger Mr. Acker, as he is called by his neighbours, and who is now nearly ninety years old, has unluckily forgot our author's name; neither is there any person living who remembers it, so far as we have been able to ascertain. Though this must of necessity be a great disappointment to the curious reader, yet we know not that it is a circumstance much to be lamented. On the contrary, we are inclined to believe, that the obscurity, which in spite of all our researches, still hovers in misty vagueness over his birth, his life, his family, and his name, may contribute materially to the interest and popularity of the present work. Obscurity is held one of the prime sources of the sublime, and it is a subject worthy of curious inquiry, how far the sublimity of a work may depend upon its author being either entirely unknown, or only suspected by the public. However this may be, certain it is, that a detected author, like a detected criminal, does not stand the best chance of being admired by his friends. Having now told all we know of our author, we shall proceed to account for the manner in which the present work fell into the hands of the editor, who has lost no time in *giving* it—as the genteel phrase is—to the world.

In the course of last summer, there died in the neighbourhood of the city a very wealthy old gentleman, whose heirs, according to a pious and long established custom, quarrelling about the division of the estate, it was disposed of at public auction. Among his most valuable possessions, was a large library containing many rare books and manuscripts, which being of no use to the heirs, were sold for what they would bring. The manuscript whence the following tales have been selected, was one of these; it was a prime favourite with the worthy old gentleman who used to read it to his family with great effect of a long winter's evening, and it is recorded that not one of them ever fell asleep on these occasions, except when they were very tired. If the reader requires any other proof of the excellence of the manuscript, he will doubtless find it in a perusal of the following tales, which are faithfully printed from the original, with the exception of a few slight alterations in the spelling, which we have made on the authority of Mr. Webster's truly valuable dictionary, a work honourable to this country. How the deceased old gentleman came by the manuscript is not exactly known: but Mr. Abraham Acker has some remote idea of hearing, or dreaming he heard, our author about a year before his death, boast with no small degree of exultation, that he had sold a manuscript work which cost him only eighteen years labour, for fifteen silver dollars, to an old gentleman living in the vicinity of New−York. There can be no hesitation in believing this must have been the identical work, a selection from which is now offered to the public, especially when we assure the reader that Mr. Acker assured us, that he almost recollects crossing the ferry about this time with our author who carried a large bundle of papers under his arm. This circumstance fastened itself on his memory, by the phenomenon which accompanied the old gentleman's return, to wit, the jingling of his pockets.

Be this as it may, the deceased gentleman placed almost as high a value upon this acquisition as if it could be traced in a direct line from a Coptic monastery in Upper Egypt. Whether this was owing to its intrinsic value, or to its being unquestionably unique, must be left to the judgment of the reader. However, the fortunate possessor having deceased somewhat more than a twelvemonth ago, his property as we before premised, was sold and has passed into the hands of strangers. The old house was purchased and pulled down, by a lucky speculator in gas stock, who began to build a vast wooden palace for his posterity to sell, but he unluckily failed, before it was finished, by dipping a little too deep in a cotton speculation, whereby he got nearly smothered, and was fain to go back to his honest calling of a shipwright.

What was most to be regretted however, was the sale and dispersion of his library, consisting among other valuables, of souvenirs, magazines, romances, novels, tales, lying reports of societies, orations, biographies and poems, all of the very latest production. This was done by the authority of persons, whose names we forbear to drag before the world, although we cannot but regret that disposition to slight learning, prevalent in this busy, thriving, and opulent metropolis. For our humble part we were not so fortunate as to inherit any thing from our father, but a good name, but if we had, we would not have sold his old mansion house, provided he had left one, so long as we could have kept it without robbing others of their due. Far less would we have disposed of those books that bore his venerated name— those "dead friends," as the Indians beautifully describe them, which were the blessing of his leisure, the fountains of his wisdom, the companions of his old age, to purchase all the luxuries of modern frippery. But we beg pardon of all weeping heirs, and melancholy legatees for this digression.

It was truly mortifying, as showing the uncertain tenure of immortal fame, to see the treasures of fashionable literature knocked down for almost nothing, by the ignorant, unfeeling auctioneer, who, it was apparent, had no more respect for books than a Turk. Some one indeed bid off Miss Edgeworth at a high price, which seemed to astonish the man of the hammer, who observed she had been long out of date. "You are mistaken," replied the purchaser, "wit, and a keen observation of life and manners, based on good sense, can never be out of date, though they may be out of fashion." The English annuals were struck off to a picture virtuoso, who declared his intention of cutting out the plates, and throwing the rest away. The American Souvenirs were knocked on the head by an unlucky observation from a spruce Englishman, who observed that they had not cost one tenth as much as "the Keepsake," which had been got up at an expense of eleven thousand guineas. The fortunate purchaser, of the Keepsake, on hearing this, fancied he had got possession of a treasure, though he had only gained the sweepings of English literature, sanctioned by popular names, and embellished with a parcel of engravings, from worn out plates. Don Juan was bought by a young gentleman in whiskers, who was educating himself for a roue; and the Corsair, by a black looking, weather beaten, mysterious person, who was shrewdly suspected of being one of the gang of pirates, dispersed and annihilated by the gallant Commodore Porter. The Loves of the Angels, Little's Poems, and divers others of the same author, were purchased for little or nothing, by a middle aged lady, dressed in the extravagance of the mode, who I afterwards recognized at the police, as the mistress of a disorderly house. Another, but staid, grave female in a plaid cloak secured a bushel of the latest popular English poetry, for the use of her nursery, observing that such had been the rapid "developement" of mind within a few years past, that the little children turned up their noses at Giles Gingerbread and Goody Two−Shoes. In short, a fashionable author, who thought himself sure of immortality, might here have received a mortifying lesson of the transitory nature of popular applause, and sighed over the anticipation of speedy oblivion. The last and most lamentable of these sacrifices, was that of two copies of the London Literary Gazette, and Blackwood's Magazine, which were bought for six cents a volume, by a famous grocer, who, comparatively speaking, hath destroyed more valuable works, in the course of his business, than were consumed in the Alexandrian Library.

It may be asked why we ourselves did not appropriate some of these ineffable varieties. But we had reasons for declining, which however old fashioned and obsolete, are not the worst in the world. We were fain to limit ourselves to the purchase of the manuscript to which we have so frequently alluded, for a sum which will be kept a profound secret. Whether it was so large as to amount to an imprudency on our part; or so small as to entitle the work to the scorn of all fashionable readers, is a mystery between ourselves and the auctioneer, who hath sworn by his hammer not to reveal it except to posterity.

Previous to concluding this interesting portion of our editorial labours, we will pause one moment in order to anticipate the cavils of certain critics, who we foresee will be inclined to make themselves amends for not being able to find fault with the work itself, without doing violence to their consciences, by denying the claims of our

author to his own labours. Doubtless they will insist that there is nothing in the history and character of our author, or in the scanty information derived from Mr. Acker, to justify the assumption of his being capable of inditing tales, displaying a knowledge of life, and an acquaintance with the fashionable world, such as is found in the following work.

But let these gentlemen cavillers, who think they are marvellously conversant with high life, because they have read Pelham and Almacks, and perhaps figured at the tea parties of some rich broker—let them be quiet as becomes them. They know no more of fashionable life, than the authors of these works, or the broker himself; and may be likened to the mouse who fancied he had tasted the cream of the cheese, when he had only nibbled at the rind. Let them be told, and shut their mouths thereafter for ever, that there is no place in which a keen observer can attain to a clearer knowledge of the foibles and peculiarities of fashionable women, than a fashionable store, or tip−top milliner's. Where is it that they are so often found, and where else do they exhibit their tastes and propensities so frankly? It is there that their little caprices, their indecision, their extravagances, and all the changeable silk of their characters are exhibited without disguise; and it was doubtless while blowing his cracked flute behind the counter, that our author attained to that intimate knowledge as well as nice perception of character, so agreeably exhibited in the following work, which from having been written in that paradise of musquitoes, Staaten Island, at the sign of the "Good Woman," he hath sportively called "Tales of the Good Woman."

To that class of ill−natured and prying readers, which is ever finding out personal allusions and individual characters, in the most innocent generalities, we will content ourselves with stating, that our author certainly died at least ten years ago, according to the testimony of Mr. Acker, who has some idea of having attended his funeral. This single fact, we trust, will serve to do away all suspicion of any allusion to the fashionable society of the present day, since every body knows that a very large portion of those who figure as leaders in the *beau monde*, at present, were utterly unknown at that time. *New−York, − April 1st, 1829.* POSTCRIPT. Since writing the above, we have had another interview with young Mr. Acker, who distinctly recollects that he either heard, or dreamed he heard our author insinuate that he was the identical person who some few years since figured in the old National Advocate, as "The Last of the Cocked Hats."

TALES OF THE GOOD WOMAN. BY A DOUBTFUL GENTLEMAN. THE YANKEE ROUÉ.

—"I have more than I shall spend—mark sir!
"I would have this nephew of mine converse with gentlemen;
"I'll not pinch him in his allowance;
"The University had almost spoil'd him."
"With what, sir?"
"With modesty; a thing you know
"Not here in fashion—but that's almost cur'd."

Shirley.

CHAPTER I. THE UNCLE.

Young Calvin Sopus began life with every possible advantage for rising in the world, for he was born at the bottom of the wheel. He had no fortune, and there was therefore every motive to exert himself; he had no family, and was therefore not afraid of disgracing it by following any honest calling. I am not jesting, gentle reader, when I call these advantages. When thou hast seen as much of the world as I have, and witnessed the natural tendency of wealth and honours to sink, and of lowliness and poverty to rise, when left to their natural, unrestricted operation, thou wilt not hesitate to say with me, that to be placed in a situation where active exertion is necessary and honest occupation not beneath us, is to be born under a lucky star. Our hero—or rather our hero's uncle, had still another great natural advantage, if any more were necessary. He was blessed with a numerous race of brothers and sisters, who in good time made it necessary for the old ones to turn out of the hive to make way for the young ones. At the age of ten or eleven, or somewhere thereabout, he was placed with a neighbouring farmer, where he worked late and early—fed hard—slept hard—and had rather a hard time of it, as the well to do in the world say of those who are not so well fed, well clothed, and well lodged as themselves. They are not aware, poor souls! that labour which blesses others, blesses the labourer too; and that his very privations are hallowed as blessings, by the zest which wholesome occupation gives, to his amusements, his rest, and his food. Do these foolish people who pamper themselves into a delusion of happiness, by pitying the labouring classes, believe themselves selected from the great mass of mankind for exclusive enjoyments? Do they presume to think that Providence while bestowing upon them riches without labour or desert, hath entailed on all the rest of mankind the necessity of labour as a curse? That it hath condemned a vast majority of the human race to misery in this life, and a little meager minority to happiness without any peculiar merit of their own, because the one is obliged to labour, the other able to live in idleness? This cannot be. All that ambition wins, or avarice covets, can neither give or take away happiness. These are but straws and feathers for children to tire themselves with running after. They are the bones that Providence throws away, and which set the mighty mastiffs of the earth snarling and fighting evermore.

When Tamerlane the Great, who was lame of a leg, had conquered, taken prisoner, and overturned the throne of Bajazet the Great, Emperor of the Turks, who was blind of an eye, and the latter was brought before him, he burst into a fit of laughter. Bajazet reproached him with jesting at his misfortunes. "No," replied Tamerlane, "I was laughing to think what little value Allah must place upon power, wealth, and dominion, when he has taken an empire from a man with one eye to give to another with one leg."

But what has Calvin Sopus to do with Khans, Emperors, and Empires, quoth the critical reader. Be quiet, dear sir, I beseech thee; pray let me tell my story in my own way if you please. You don't know but I mean to make Calvin an Emperor before I have done with him. Stranger things than that have happened in our time—at least in fashionable novels.

Calvin remained with the farmer, working like one of his horses, every day and all day long, except Sundays, when he went to meeting in a new linsey woolsey suit of blue and grey mixture. Few and far between were the incidents that marked his life during the period between his debut and the age of sixteen years. One was the purchase of a beaver hat, which consumed the savings of years; the other his conversion to Methodism by a ghost which he saw on his return from a camp−meeting. He was passing a dark lane with a thick wood on either side, through which the little beams of moonlight darted here and there, when he saw something standing close to the fence. It was as white as a sheet, and there never was such a thing known as a black ghost. Had it been black, it would have been the Devil; but being white, it could be nothing but a ghost. The old farmer's wife threw up her eyes and took down her Hymn Book; the old farmer asked him why he did not speak to it.

"Speak to it!" quoth Calvin, "I had'nt breath to do any thing but run away."

So Calvin set it down that it was a ghost, and as ghosts never appear except for good reasons, which they always take care to keep to themselves, he took it for granted that something was going to happen. The very next night there was a bright aurora borealis, which set all the old women prophecying war, pestilence, and famine. Just such a thing appeared, exactly in the same place, just before the Revolutionary War. In addition to this, somebody saw a ball of fire, flashing before his window, and then there came a great clap of thunder, and then the

windows rattled just as if there had been a great earthquake, just such a one as happened before the old French war in Canada. If the reader has ever lived—has ever had the happiness I would say, for if my memory don't deceive me, I was once happy there—if he has ever had the happiness of living in the country—he must have learned from his own experience, that the goddess Rumour was born and brought up in a country village. The people of crowded cities are nothing to the idle gossips of a village, for keeping up a rumour. Neither will he, I think, have failed to observe that there is much more of superstitious credulity in the retired shades of life than in the crowd; not because the people are more ignorant, but that there is something in the quiet of the country—the loneliness of the pathways— the whisperings of the woods, the murmuring of the waters, the very hum of the insects, added to the repose, the gravity—the almost sadness which nature sometimes wears—for even her smiles are melancholy—there is something in all this, which disposes the mind to cower under the imagination—to conjure up visions of possibilities it nover cherished before—to start at shadows— quail at a sound—to believe and tremble. I myself have felt all this a thousand times—although I confess, old as I am, my reveries were of another class when I was young. I never entered a solitude or buried myself in the wicked twilight of the woods, without directly conjuring up the bright vision of some reigning fair one, the distant unapproachable object of my dreams and reveries, in whose presence I had never dared to do any thing but look just like a fool. But alone by myself in a wood, not Demosthenes was more eloquent, when haranguing the brawling waves with his mouth full of pebbles. I wish I could remember, that I might repeat some of my declarations, for the benefit of the dumb dandies of the day, whose silence, as I am credibly informed, is much complained of by the young ladies.

Be this as it may, Calvin waxed very serious after the sight of the ghost—the mysterious light in the north—the ball of fire—the clap of thunder, and the rattling of the windows. The spectre of death now began to hover before him, in his solitary walks to and from the fields—his mind was gradually imbued with gloomy, superstitious ideas— he became thin, pale, and sad—and his labours often stood still while he was pondering on his approaching fate—for it was not long ere he convinced himself he was ill and going to die. He continued to attend the meetings which were from time to time held in the neighbourhood, and was at length "*struck down*," as the phrase is—that is, he sunk under his weakness of body and fearful depression of mind, and lay for a while howling on the floor, in a state half physically, half morally distracted. He revived after a time, and sunk into horrors inexpressible; day nor night, nor labour nor repose, nor prayer nor repentance, nor purposed amendment, afforded the poor youth relief or respite. He imagined himself wrestling with Satan, who was shaking him over the bottomless pit—and— but my object is not his history, but that of his nephew. The good farmer sent for a doctor, a shrewd, observing, experienced old humourist, as many country doctors are, who felt his pulse, asked some questions, consulted the head of his loaded whip, and called Calvin a great blockhead.

"The fellow has got the pulse of a horse, the nerves of a lion, and the heart of a weasel. He is as well as I am, and will live at least a hundred years after you and I are gone." So saying he gave Calvin a smart cut with his whip across the shins, told him to get to work as hard as he could, and mounting his horse trotted away to his next patient. Calvin was so delighted to hear that he was not like to die soon, notwithstanding the ghost, the light in the north, and the other omens, that he took the doctor's advice, fell to work harder than ever, and was soon strong enough to bid defiance to his old enemy the ghost. He is not the only example of this sort which has fallen under my notice. He continued, however, to frequent Methodist meetings, till he came to town and grew rich, when he bought a pew in a genteeler church, there being a gentility in religion as well as in every thing else. But I must not take up too much of the reader's attention with Calvin, and thereby make him the hero of my story, although in so doing I might plead the example of Homer, whose real hero is certainly Hector; or of Milton, who has, unwittingly without doubt, concentrated his genius upon a personage who shall be nameless.

About the time that Calvin attained the age of eighteen, the good farmer with whom he lived, smitten by the far off and cheap beauties of the west, sold his house and every thing belonging thereto, and packed himself away to Ohio, where he bought half a township, and in process of time became a patroon. Calvin had a great deal of industry and very little enterprize. He did not like to go so far from home; so he determined to go to the city and seek his fortune. He arrived there with the product of all his hard earnings and savings, which was just enough to purchase a horse and cart, with which he commenced Jehu. Of his progress from a cartman to a grocer, from a grocer to a shipping merchant, and thence to a bold trader to China and the Northwest Coast, we shall enter into no details. It is sufficient to say, that by the time he grew too old to enjoy riches, he was as rich as a broker. Nothing indeed is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend no one—to get every thing,

and save all we get—to stint ourselves and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest on interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable, and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

Calvin was now almost sixty years old, and a bachelor. He had been so busy making money, that he could not spare time to look out for a wife. Now it was too late, and his first great disappointment, after getting his money, was not knowing what to do with it. There are no people more anxious for some one to give their money to after death, than those who give nothing away while living. He cast about among his relatives, of whom he had not hitherto taken the least notice, although there were divers good people in the Bowery and Pump−street, who boasted of being related to the rich China merchant, Calvin Sopus, Esquire, and much good did it do them. At length, he discovered among the sugar boxes, molasses hogsheads, and flies of a little corner grocery, "*up town*," a nephew, the son of his eldest sister, who had married an honest man of the name of Sheffield, whose mother's name had been Stafford. Agreeably to the fashion of the times, the eldest son was called Stafford Sheffield, and a very pretty name it was, and a very pretty lad was he. Nothing could equal his happiness, when the old man took him home, and announced that if he behaved himself like a man, he would make a man of him.

Rich old men, who have risen from a low state, generally despise gentlemen with all their might, yet are always desirous that their sons and heirs should be gentlemen. I never knew a rich cobbler or tailor, who was anxious that his son should follow his trade. There were two good reasons why Calvin should be a humourist. He was rich and a bachelor. Now only give an old man plenty of elbow room, and plenty of money, and ten to one, he will branch out into rare eccentricities, the greater in all probability, from their having been circumscribed in early life by poverty. There never was such a galley slave as poor Stafford Sheffield, from the moment he was transplanted from the shades of Pump−street to the sunshine of Hudson Square. He envied the cook in the kitchen, and the chimney sweepers in the street, for they were all free compared with him. There was not a moment of his life when he could do as he liked, and for some years he sustained a species of tyranny, which hath no name and no parallel in this world.

The old man had satisfied himself that the best, nay, the only effectual way of teaching young people self−denial, which in his opinion, and there he was right, was the safeguard of all the virtues, was never to permit them to do as they liked. Accordingly his practice was to ask the young man, if he would like to do this, or have that, or go thither; and if he replied "Yes," to deny him without ceremony. In this way, as he one day boasted to a neighbour, who was complaining of the conduct of his son—in this way he nipped his inclinations in the bud, and taught him the virtue of self−denial. It happened that our hero overheard this disclosure, and from that time he never wanted for any thing. "Boy," would Calvin say "should you like to go to the play to night" "N−n−o," would he answer, drawling and yawning, as if overcome with listelessness. "Why then, you shall go, you rascal," cries Calvin. "What a clever youth is my nephew," would he add when he was gone, "he cares nothing for frolic or amusement. Ah! this comes of my system of teaching self−denial." And he grew to love him so well, for having done so much honour to his system of self−denial, that Stafford had never afterwards any occasion to practice self−denial while the old man lived.

From the period in which Stafford attained the promise of manhood, attentions such as he had never received before, flowed in upon his uncle. The old man was continually invited out to dinners and parties, and there was hardly a day in which he did not receive some little present. In particular, a widow lady, who had nine pretty little accomplished daughters, who understood the art of spending according to the most fashionable canons of the day, almost stuffed him to death with jellies and blanc−mange. The dæmon of vanity actually awakened in the heart of the old man, and he sometimes thought to himself, the widow certainly had an eye upon him. He was mistaken, it was on his nephew. Whether it was gratitude for the jellies bestowed on his thrice honoured uncle, or the beauty of Miss Angelina's foot, that won him, I know not—but certain it is, that before our hero was twenty, he was irrevocably engaged to the young lady.

Luckily for young heirs, old men cannot live for ever. One day the enamoured widow sent Calvin a present of a pine−apple, of which he ate as he was wont to do of every thing that cost him nothing. The weather was very hot—and—why should I dwell on the heart−rending scene—in two short days Stafford was the disconsolate heir of—nobody could tell how much. But the widow, who had caused her son, who was an attorney and moreover a commissioner for taking affidavits, to make particular examination, privately assured Miss Angelina, that it was not far from half a million. Whereupon the young lady put on her hat, and shawl, and feathers, and flounces, and

flags, and streamers, sticks, whalebones, combs, pearls, chains, squares, rounds, three corners, busks, bodices, scarfs, borders, fans, fardingales, puffs, cuffs, ruffs, muffs, puzzles, fuzzles, frizzles, frizlets, bandlets, fillets, crosslets, bracelets armlets, amulets pendulets, with divers other nameless embellishments, and went and ran up a bill of two hundred dollars at the milliners. "We shall have the wedding before the mourning is over. What's the use of standing on ceremony with the memory of an old hunks like Sopus," quoth the widow. But the widow reckoned without her host.

CHAPTER II. OUR HERO GOES ABROAD TO FINISH HIS EDUCATION.

There was one part of Calvin's will that pleased Stafford amazingly. "I give and bequeath the whole of my estate, real and personal, to my nephew Stafford Sheffield." There was another part that made him laugh outright—"And considering that he was of age the day before yesterday and having the fullest confidence in those lessons of self−denial I have taught him, I hereby make him my sole executor." There was another part that caused him to make wry faces—"Provided that he assume the name and arms of Sopus."

"Plague take his name, and his arms too," quoth Stafford—"Nobody ever heard of either of them before. Stafford Sheffield Sopus! Gods what an anti−climax. I must see whether it is worth my while to make such a sacrifice." Accordingly he took to examining the items and there he encountered such stocks, such mortgages, such real estates, that his heart forthwith relented; and he announced to Miss Angelina that he was in future to be Mr. Sopus. "Sopus!" screamed she—but discretion and love stopped what farther she would have said. That unfortunate young lady, however, underwent a severe struggle between the name of Mrs. Sopus and the half a million. Affection at length carried the day, and she decided in favour of the half a million.

But it is astonishing what different views of things people take at different times. It is like looking through a Claude Lorraine glass, where sunshine and shade, and twilight succeed each other by turns. A young gentleman in expectancy, thinks and sees very differently from a young gentleman in possession. Besides, Stafford— away with the vulgar name of Sopus, which we will not allow our hero to assume until sanctioned by the legislative authority—Besides, our hero had no conception of the real wealth of his uncle, neither was he actually certain of inheriting it until it fell into his mouth. Had it been fifty, or even a hundred thousand, he might have brought himself to bury himself, his talents, and his money, in the oblivion of this new world. But half a million! It was impossible for a young man with half a million, to set himself down quietly at home, marry and amen! "I must first see the world, that's settled," quoth he.

Accordingly one beautiful moonlight evening he paid Angelina a visit, and the prudent mother very considerately left the young people together. "Lovers can't resist the moon," thought she. "He'll certainly fix the day this night." So thought the young lady—but ladies old and young are often disappointed. Our hero began—"My beloved Angelina, suffer me to call you mine, now that I am about"—here the young lady thought it was certainly coming—"now that I am about leaving you for a time, a year perhaps—an age to those who love like me."

"Leave me!" exclaimed she, in great surprise.

"Yes, my own Angelina, I am going to make myself worthy of you and of the happiness to which I aspire. I am going to see the world and finish my education, which I am sorry to say has been greatly neglected."

"You know best," answered the gentle Angelina, "but you had better talk to mamma," and she was rising to ring the bell.

"O no, don't, for heaven's sake!" cried friend Sopus, "I can't bear to have the mysteries of our love developed. I will write to your mother from the Hook. Adieu! my best beloved—think of me, write to me, and never forget me. I go to return more worthy of thy love." So saying, he darted out of the room in an agony of grief.

"What shall I do—what shall I do," cried Angelina, as her mother entered the room.

"You'd better make friends with the young broker again," answered the discreet mother.

"But perhaps," cried the daughter, "perhaps he'll fulfil his vows after he has finished his learning."

"Pooh, girl, you talk like a simpleton."

"If I were a widow, I dare say I should know better," answered Angelina in a sulky whisper.

Our hero was sorry, very sorry, that he was under the necessity of going abroad and finishing his education; but his sorrow diminished with the distance from home. As he lost sight of the Highlands of Neversink, the figure of the gentle Angelina become dim. When he got to the Banks of Newfoundland, and caught such a plenty of cod−fish, it became indistinct, and by the time he got to the English coast, it had almost entirely disappeared. He came to England with his pockets full of money, and I advise every body not to go there without it. They will neither get good eating nor good manners. He went to a fox chase, and wonderful to relate, came back pefectly cured of his love. Accordingly the next morning he despatched a letter to Angelina, informing her that he had

been at a fox chase, and that the superior transports of that noble amusement had satisfactorily convinced him there was something in the world he loved better than his adored Angelina. This being the case, as a man of honour, he was bound to release her from her engagement, which he now did, wishing she was only a man, that she might unite with him in the pleasures of fox hunting. Three weeks after the receipt of this letter, Angelina married the broker.

CHAPTER III. PROGRESS OF OUR HERO'S EDUCATION.

There was but one drawback upon our hero's happiness, on his arrival in England, and that was his name, which he cursed ten times a day. "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I would have applied to have Sopus put at the beginning instead of the end of my name, and then I could have sunk the old tea merchant. Now it is too late. But never mind—any name is genteel that is taken for an estate." But for all this he sunk the Sopus, every where but in his banker's books, and affected the name of Sheffield.

A man—a young man—with little experience and plenty of money, soon finishes his education abroad. It generally costs him more money than time. "But time is money," quoth poor Richard— and spending money to save time is therefore your true philosophy. Sopus had no more philosophy than a wild−goose—but nature often instinctively hits the true path of wisdom without a guide. It was so with our hero. In about two years, he got through the better half of half a million. He spent money in equipages—he spent it in horse races—at Brooke's—at taverns, and in worse places than either of these. He fancied that his half a million, was equal to a yearly income of half a million, and therefore entered the lists of folly with those who could afford to spend as much in one year, as he could all his life. No wonder he got on so fast with his education.

A party was going to Paris, having become somewhat tired of the English modes of spending money. There is nothing so tiresome, so sating, so absolutely sickening and monotonous, as a life of pleasure. While it incapacitates us for useful or rational pursuits, it supplies their absence by listlessness and vacuity. Our hero was tired of England, notwithstanding he had actually acquired some pretensions to the character of a Roué, which of all others is the one most coveted by young men of spirit, and most adored by young, aye, and old ladies of ton in England. He had had an affair— had taken his degree at Doctors Commons, and had only paid five thousand pounds for destroying the connubial felicity of a most amiable man, on the score of having proved that there was no connubial felicity to destroy. Nothing was wanting to the consummation of his fame but a duel. But alas! that was impossible. The injured party was a clergyman. So our hero was obliged to content himself with the honours of gallantry, foregoing those of courage.

Other exploits had contributed to raise his reputation. He had acted at a private theatre— made a speech at a meeting of the society for something or other—figured at a masquerade, and been introduced to the king. If this is not worth the half of half a million, I should like to know what is?

On his way to Dover, our hero looked several times out at the window of the post−chaise, but soon fell asleep, and waked only to eat his meals. "I came to study men and manners—it is not necessary for my education, that I should study landscapes and old Gothic trumpery—let painters and poets look to that." So he slept like a genuine tourist, from London to Dover; with the interregnums aforesaid.

In the steam−boat, he was politely accosted by a plain, yet dignified old gentleman, who observed that the boat was neither so elegant nor so swift as some of those he had seen in America. "Can't say, indeed," said our hero, superciliously. "I beg pardon," said the old gentleman, "I am an American, and thought I recognized you as a countryman." Friend Sopus was wroth: "What! not rubbed off the yankee yet?" quoth he. "Am I right?" asked the old gentleman. "Why—yes," said the other, "I was born in New−York—but really, as I mean to spend the rest of my life"— he ought to have said his money—"abroad, I have given up my country. I am no longer an American."

"Permit me to thank you, in the name of my countrymen," said the old gentleman, making him a low bow, and turning on his heel.

The companions of our hero burst into a loud laugh.

"What does the man mean?" cried he.

"He means that your countrymen are much obliged to you."

"If I thought so, I would—"

"Say nothing more about the matter," quoth his friend.

On arriving in Paris, Sopus called on the American minister, in whose person he recognized the old gentleman before whom he had abjured his country. Sopus made his visit as short as possible.

CHAPTER IV. OUR HERO FINISHES HIS EDUCATION AT PARIS.

Having still plenty of money, our hero found no difficulty in finding ways and means of spending it. Riches make themselves wings every where, but no where do they fly away more pleasantly than in Paris. He got acquainted with the dancers at the Opera Francois, and they furnished one wing. He got acquainted with the beau monde, and they furnished another. Finally, he got acquainted with some of the gambling houses, and they added two more. An American gentleman never suspects foul play in gambling with gentlemen, for he has no experience of that sort at home. But there are such things abroad, even among titled personages. A baron and a count attached themselves to him particularly, and what was not a little remarkable, never played without winning his money, although they never won before in their lives, and were especially mortified that this rare turn of fortune should be at the expense of their particular friend.

Our hero, while administering at the grocery in Pump−street, had whiled away the tedious intervals of leisure, by learning to play the fiddle a little. Transplanted to the genial regions of the Square, he took a master, and, as every man is good for something, he discovered an aptitude for music, and became a capital amateur. For the last twenty years music has got the better of all the arts and sciences in Europe. A Prima Donna reigns more despotically, and gives herself ten times more airs than a Semiramis; a fashionable composer, outranks a first rate poet or philosopher; and a man that can sing one of Rossini's songs, never wants a supper. Our hero got acquainted with Rossini, the vainest blockhead of the age, and gained his confidence to such a degree, that he told him in private, he had received immense offers through the British Ambassador, who had been specially instructed by his government. He thought, however, he should decline them, lest it might occasion a war between the two countries. "And what will the poor Dutchess de—say?" quoth Rossini, taking a pinch of snuff out of a gold box set with diamonds, and bearing the picture of an emperor, which had been given him for composing "*Di tanti palpiti* ," an air he had stolen from the Tyrolese, and spoiled a little.

Sopus was now at the pinnacle. He was introduced to Mademoiselle Sontag, who sung him a song which cost him five hundred guineas, in suppers and tickets for her benefit. He played the fiddle for her, and she declared every where in the first circles, that he played like a king. Now every thing done in the manner of kings, is perfect in Paris, except among the Liberals. Accordingly, the Liberals abused, and the Ultras praised; all Paris was divided into factions, and Rossini become jealous lest our hero's fiddle should cut out his piano. A musical war raged for some time, and produced great discords in the beau monde.

All this while our hero's money, which after all is a sine qua non in the fashionable world, was melting, or rather flying away rapidly. How could it do otherwise when it had so many wings? It is astonishing how little difference there is between a great deal and a little money. Every thing depends on the owner. If he is a prudent man, with moderate desires, he has always a plenty of money; but if, like our hero, he has been properly initiated into the virtue of self−denial, let him have boundless wealth, and he will always be wanting. It is not the money, but the man, makes the real difference between a competency and wealth. All other is ideal.

The ultras were delighted with our hero's fiddle, because he played like a king; and especially because he was an amateur, and it was charming to get so expensive an article as music for nothing. Among every people except barbarians and semibarbarians, it is the custom to devote all our attention to married ladies, leaving the young unmarried ones to get married as soon as possible. The unenlightened semi−barbarians of this republic rail at this as indicating corruption of manners. They should have heard the sentiments of our hero, derived from a first rate philosopher, on this subject. He was accustomed to assert that this fashion of following married women was founded in the strictest reason and propriety. In reason, because a man could not pay particular attention to a single lady without exciting disreputable suspicions that he intended to marry her. In propriety, because every body knew a man could not well marry a woman who already had a husband, and therefore nobody could suspect him of such an intention. It deceived no one and therefore there was no harm in it. The custom he maintained, was moreover founded, in the highest possible respect for the sex, since it furnished the best evidence of the virtue of the married ladies, who certainly would not permit such attentions, unless they felt themselves above all danger. Finally, it was his opinion that the custom was invaluable to the interests of the world at large, because it encouraged marriages, as the only means of gaining those attentions which are so indispensable to a fashionable

lady.

"But what do the husbands say to all this?" asked some one.

"Husbands? why what business is it to them?" replied Sopus.

What a fine thing is travelling, if a man only knows how to make good use of his opportunities— and how much he may improve his countrymen, and more especially his countrywomen when he comes home!

Friend Sopus finished his education as a roué, and his estate about the same time. The count and the baron never had such a run of luck before, and fortune now seemed to make them ample amends for all her former frowns. But a man can't sleep forever, and all at once it occurred to our hero that this unceasing run of the count and baron was somewhat singular. He determined to watch them, but he might as well have let it alone; for they would not have completely finished him in a month or two perhaps, if they had not perceived with the quick instinct of guilt, that he began to be a little suspicious of his friends. Taking advantage of one of those tides on which the affairs of men float to success or ruin, when our hero was flushed with wine, and with a billet from a dutchess who was a grandmother—ergo—a perfect Ninon, they assailed him with the oft practised and oft detected arts of a gambler, and completed his ruin in a single night, at a single sitting. They left him, as poor as old Sopus when he began the world with his horse and cart.

Our hero knew enough of the world, to know that the less the world knows of a man's wants, the better is he likely to be treated. He therefore said nothing about his being a ruined man. But murder will out, and so will poverty, either at the elbows or somewhere else. There is a pestilent servility commonly attendant upon it, that never fails to betray it to the eyes of experience. I never see a person that has treated me as a common acquaintance, or perhaps neglected me entirely for years, grow all at once very attentive, in calling and leaving cards, but I begin to suspect the rogue is going down hill—and, alas! for human nature—my suspicions are generally realized in the end. From being impudent, or rather from possessing that open self−possession, and happy confidence, which attends a man conscious of wealth, and sure of a welcome reception, our hero dwindled all at once into a mighty modest gentleman, and sneaked into a drawing room as quietly as a cat. Hereupon the bon ton began to smell a rat. Nothing but poverty, thought the wiser ones, can bring a fashionable roué to this pass. The suspicion was verified not long after, in his making a demonstration upon the purse of one of his best friends—a man who delighted in his music beyond measure so long as it cost him nothing. But though he loved music, he loved his money still better, and came off triumphantly, with an apology and a quick step.

Our hero became melancholy and thoughtful. Nay, he moralized, and railed at the ingratitude and bad taste of the Parisians, who would give every thing but money for a song. When a man is unhappy abroad, ten to one, but he begins to think of "home, sweet home." I heard three chimney sweeps singing that charming song in the snow the other day; so the sentiment must be universal. Our hero first thought—then sighed—then pined for home. Finally, he came to the resolution of once more visiting his dear native country, and marrying Angelina—for he had not heard of the inconstancy of that faithless woman. "I will teach them," quoth he, "to estimate properly the value of a fiddler—the delights of the opera, and the opera dancers—I will refine, enlighten, and civilize my semi−barbarous countrymen, who don't know the exquisite propriety of courting the married, and neglecting the single ladies, except the latter are rich; and my more than semi−barbarous countrywomen, who are as skittish as wild colts, a sure sign of ill breeding. I will teach the young gentlemen the proper value of whiskers—the young ladies the importance of rouge—the married women to flirt, and the married men to shut their eyes. In short, I will be the Solon of the fashionable world. The ladies will have me at their parties—the citizens will give me dinners— the single ladies will set their caps at me, and their mammas will encourage them, so long as they remain ignorant of the mortality of old Sopus' money bags—and that I shall take care they shall not soon know. I'll marry an heiress—I'll gallant the married ladies—I'll"—But where is the money to clear you out of Paris, and pay your passage across the seas—whispered that ill natured rascal, matter of fact.

He cast about among his dear friends. He went to the count and the baron, and stated his case frankly. The count and the baron had only won a couple of hundred thousands, and they generously lent him ten thousand francs. "You may depend on my remitting you the money on my arrival." "My dear friend, say no more—the money is yours." "What a couple of generous fellows are the count and the baron," quoth Sopus. And having finished his education, he embarked for the new world.

CHAPTER V. OUR HERO RETURNS TO HIS NATIVE CITY.

Rumour had wafted the fame of Sopus to the uttermost ends of the city, even into the farthest parts of Pump−street. It was reported by divers supercargoes and sea captains, who had been to London and Paris, that he moved in the highest circles—that he had lost a thousand guineas to the Duke of York, on a race—dined with the Duke of Sussex—had his health drank at a sheep shearing, at Holkham—and danced a minuet at Almacks with a dutchess, of three tails. These were his English glories. At Paris he was in the first circles too—supped with the Sontag—was adth whd behind the scenes at the grand opera—and played duetts with the Grandissimo Rossini. The very paving stones of the happy city, pricked up their ears, when our hero first set foot upon them; the fashionable world received him with open arms; the young ladies looked up to him as a glorious conquest—the young gentlemen studied him as a model; the mothers took every opportunity of telling him how much he was adthred by their daughters; and the rich brokers hailed him as an accession of specie, or a rise in bank stock. But they did not know he was only worth five thousand franks in the world. "What a wonderful improvement," cried Mrs Cridler, who had never seen him before in her life—"What an air—O, there is nothing like travelling," cried Mrs. Crawbuck—"What a head, a perfect Appleo," cried Mrs. Smirk—And "Heavens! what a pair of whiskers!" cried Mrs. Rosencrantz—at a small party given in honour of our hero's arrival.

"I wonder if they are natural," cried a young lady of great inexperience, being just from the Springs, after six weeks absence from town.

"O certainly," answered Heartwell, a young fellow of whom the reader will hear more anon, "certainly, it is a revival of an old fashion, with a little alteration. Then the swallows built in old men's beards, now they prefer young ones—that's all, madam."

"La!" cried the inexperienced young lady, "you don't say so?" a question not to be answered; so Heartwell strolled away in search of farther food for his satire. He was one of those men who can say what they please. What a glorious privilege! It is better than being an English bishop!

Sopus—unhappy name to pollute our high bred pages—Sopus, after he had been in town about a fortnight, thought he would go and see Miss Angelina. It was rather an impudent thing, but nothing for a man who had finished his education abroad. He knocked at the door of the widow, and asked for the young lady. She was married and had six children! "Base woman!" exclaimed our hero to himself, "I'll go and reproach her for her falsehood. It is true I resigned her when I went abroad, but how could she tell whether I would not have claimed her when I came home. But these women have no patience." He went according to the direction given him, and found the house where his mistress resided, large and splendid. The broker had got rich, heaven knows how, it is not my business. "Faith," said Sopus, "the lady is not without excuse." He rung, and was adth whd. The lady of the house came forward without knowing to whom, as we don't announce names here. She was as fat and as ugly as—there is no comparison that will do her justice. Sopus was struck into a cold shiver at the precipice he had escaped, and finding the lady did not immediately recollect him, made a low bow, saying he had unfortunately mistaken the house, and retreated with vast precipitation. "I forgive her," said he, "for not waiting for me;" and Angelina told every body of the strange man with great whiskers, that had called to see her by mistake.

Our hero notwithstanding the numerous invitations he received, and the life of pleasure he led, felt himself frequently at a loss for excitement. Excitement! that is as necessary to people that have nothing to do as air is to animated nature. It is in search of excitement, that men plunge into vices, and women into follies if not crimes. Excitement is the will o' the wisp, that leads to a thousand paths of misery and repentance; that like jealousy increases by what it feeds on, and finally from gentle impulses, proceeds to excesses that mar the ends of our existence, and end in irretrievable misery and disgrace. "When I hear young ladies talk as they do about wanting excitement," said Heartwell one day to me, "I figure to myself a being sated with all the rational delights of the world, wasted by indolence—weakened by dissipation—pampering her imagination with dangerous delusions, and sighing for fleeting pleasures either beyond her reach or if within it, fatal in the enjoyment." So said Heartwell, but he was sometimes a most intolerable proser.

When men lose their taste for innocent amusements and rational pleasures, if they are not restrained either by conscience, or by want of means and opportunity, they begin to seek those that are neither one nor the other. A

life of pleasure is therefore, too often a life of progressive deterioration. He who is tired of the company of pure and innocent females, sinks too often down to the society of those who are not so. He to whom the gentle smiles of young unsuspecting preference, the speaking eye full of innocent yet expressive meanings, has become incapable of making his heart throb, and his imagination dance, will most likely seek these excitements in tumultuous revelry, or lascivious debaucheries. He, in short, who has properly completed his education abroad, cannot possibly live without the excitement of something a little piquant in morals, a little spice of foreign seasoning, in short he will require the excitement of something either unattainable, or attainable only at the price of some little delicious fashionable wickedness such as is quite compatible with the character of a gentleman. It was so with our hero—to him fruit was of no value unless it was forbidden fruit. He would not have picked up a pippin on the highway, but he was ready to risk his neck in climbing after a crab apple. He pined for two things especially. A single lady with plenty of money for a wife; a married one with plenty of beauty for a friend. To these objects he was resolved to devote himself. In the mean time, he made acquaintance with several fashionable young men of fortune about town, whom he tried all he could to enlighten in the ways of the old world. Among the rest he became acquainted with Heartwell, a youth of about seven−and−twenty, tall, handsome, well born, well brought up, and well educated. Heartwell had been abroad too, but he brought home something besides vices and follies. He brought home a diminished adthration of Europe, and an increased adthration of his own country. Simple, yet dignified high bred manners, a simple taste in dress, a fine, open, manly heart, and not whiskers enough for a humming bird to build his nest in. He was in the main, good natured and tolerant of foibles, but withal this, there was a vein of sarcastic humour about him, that some people who dreaded it, called ill−nature.

CHAPTER VI. ROUÉISM AND THE FINE ARTS.

Our hero had brought home with him a thorough contempt for his own country. Ignorant himself of literature, and the first rudiments of the fine arts, still he fancied that having been abroad, he must of necessity be highly accomplished both in one and the other. He had never read any thing but the lowest periodicals in foreign literature: such as Blackwood's Magazine, and La Belle Assemblee, and from these had learned all the self−sufficient arrogance for which they are so peculiarly distinguished. Without knowing what his countrymen had done, or being able to judge of what they were capable of doing, he adopted the slang of those who knew as little as himself. He pronounced them destitute of genius, devoid of taste, and ignorant of all the refinements of civilization. It is a common foible with my countrymen abroad, basely to surrender their country to the scoffs of witlings, and to imagine they exempt themselves from the general condemnation, by joining in the sneer or the laugh.

Our country affords but few resources for idle men. They are not yet sufficiently numerous and rich to form a separate caste, and afford themselves the resources of a perpetual succession of amusements. Sopus was soon at a loss what to do with himself, for he could not be always playing the fiddle, or devoting himself to the married ladies. He sometimes found them actually busy; sometimes not fit to be seen; and sometimes, though of course very rarely, he found them out. What, however, most annoyed him, was their condign ignorance of fashionable life abroad, in supposing that his visits were either to their husbands or their daughters. One of them in particular, came nigh to causing his utter annihilation. He had paid her most obsequious homage at all places where he happened to meet her, and from the smiles and simperings with which it was received, had already began to cherish hopes that his person and accomplishments would prove irresistible.

One delicious morning in the month of June, when the purity of the air, and the luxurious blandness of the weather reminded him of Italy, he called upon the lady, at an hour when he knew the husband was absent. He found her in the graceful undress of a matron, sitting on a rich ottoman of pale yellow silk. The curtains of the windows were of a pink colour, and as the sun shone upon them, threw a rich tint, and delicious glow upon the face, the arms, and the neck of the beautiful wife. Sopus mistook it for a blush, and at that moment determined to make his declaration. The lady had been mending a silk stocking. He took it up, and it afforded him a theme for some very pretty little sly hints and innuendoes, which a truly modest woman never understands. Our hero's experience had made him estimate all women by the same standard. I must speak plainer, thought he, and allow her at least the honour of a summons before she surrenders.

He dropped on his knee, and exclaimed—

"Madam, I am the most miserable of men!"

"I am sorry for it, Mr. Sopus," replied the lady, taking up a stitch.

"You pity me then, angel of a woman?"

"If you are miserable, I certainly do."

"And pity is akin to love."

"So they say," replied the lady, quietly.

"But will you not permit me to love—to hope— to be happy?"

"Ask my daughter."

Zounds! thought Sopus, what a barbarous country, where the mothers ask the consent of the daughters, instead of the daughters the mothers.

"Your daughter, madam?"

"Yes; I never mean to give my daughter away without her own consent. I'll send her to you," and the good matron took the silk stocking, and quietly walked out of the room.

Friend Sopus was in a dilemma. The daughter was a fine, intelligent, well−bred girl, much adthred by Heartwell; but her father was a hale, hearty, middle aged man, and though rich, might not die in half a century. "These fellows," quoth our hero, "nine times in ten, outlive their heirs— but mum." The young lady entered, curtsied, I mean bowed, and sat down on the sofa, with as little emotion as if the room had been empty. These American women have no more sensibility and warmth than a cucumber, quoth our hero. At length the young

lady broke silence.

"My mother mentioned you had something particular to communicate, Mr. Sopus," said she, while a little shade of a smile passed over her face, and settled in the corner of her eye, as she pronounced his name. Ah! that cursed name, thought he, I shall never prosper under it; and now the fortune is gone, I wish the name were gone with it.

"Madam," said he, and though he had finished his education abroad, he actually felt a little awkward, "do you mean to go to the fancy ball to−night?"

The young lady laughed. "I believe I shall."

"Well then—hem—ha—may I have the superlative pleasure of dancing the first cotillion with you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sopus," and again that wicked laugh lurked in the corner of her eye.

Sopus made a profound bow, and so did the lady, not being able to curtesy, on account of the Cantelos—and thus they parted.

What a barbarous country! thought our hero, where a married woman don't know whether you are making love to herself or her daughter.

"Well, Julia," said the mother, "are you engaged?"

"To dance the first cotillion," said Julia; and she threw herself on the sofa, and laughed till she got a great pain in her side.

Coming out of the house, he encountered Heartwell, who was passing up the street.

"So," said he, "you've been paying your morning devoirs to Miss Wingate, a fine girl."

"Delightful," answered the other, and fell to praising her to the skies.

Heartwell paused, and looked a little serious; but suddenly resuming his wonted free and spirited manner, he proposed to take Sopus to the Academy of Arts, to see a collection of original paintings, by the most celebrated masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, exhibiting there.

"An Academy of Arts!" quoth Sopus, "Pooh, what can you have worth seeing there? But come, any thing to kill time."

"Ah!" cried he, as they entered the exhibition room, and saw the very worst collection ever imposed upon the good people of the city, labelled with the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino, Salvator and the Carracci. "Ah! really now, this is something like; I declare this really does honour to the country. It reminds me of the gallery at Florence. Why the names are the very same." Whereupon he out with his glass after the manner of travelled men, and fixing himself opposite to an immeasurable daub, full of green lions and brown trees, labelled Sal. Rosa, began to be quite enthusiastic. "What expression in the trees! What grace in the very rocks! What dignity in the lions! Any body could tell they were the kings of the beasts! There is nobody after all equal to Sally Rosa, for persuasive grace of attitude, softness of expression, and felicity of *groping*," as he was pleased to call it—"I knew her in Florence. She was a most elegant woman."

Heartwell stuffed the whole catalogue into his mouth, and walked away at a quick step. He however returned in a few moments.

"You are right," said he, "Miss Sally was particularly remarkable for all these characteristics. I see you are a connoiseur.

"A piece of a one," answered he, pulling up his stock, and adjusting his striped gingham collar. "But my dear Heartwell, never again call a foreign lady Miss or Mistress. It is Madame or Signora Sally Rosa."

"I shall bear it in mind," said the other.

After spending some time in pointing out the various excellencies of this rare collection of originals, by the great Italian and Flemish masters, in which Sopus displayed equal taste and accuracy, he was carried into the apartment where the statuary and busts are deposited.

"What in the name of all that is monstrous and vulgar, have we got here?" cried he, stopping opposite the Laocoon."

"'Tis the famous Laocoon," said Heartwell.

"La—La—ocoon," said Sopus, "who is it by?"

"The name of the artist is somewhat doubtful. It is supposed to be a work of great antiquity."

"Yes any body can see it must have been done in the infancy of the arts. The artist did well to keep his name secret. But who is this tall, long−spliced, sprawling fellow, standing on one leg?"

"That is the Apollo Belvidere. You must have seen it before."

"O, aye—I think I do recollect something of a wooden statue, stuck up at the Belvidere House, where my uncle's club used to meet. I suppose they call it the Apollo Belvidere on that account. Can you tell me who carved it?"

"No, I regret to say that I have forgot it," replied Heartwell, again having recourse to the system of gagging.

"No matter," said the other; "It is not worth remembering. Let us go back, I want to take another look at the Sally—or as these vulgarians call her, Sal."

Coming out of the Academy through the park, Heartwell said something about the City Hall, which set Sopus retailing the cant he had learned from the foreign periodicals.

"I've seen a handsomer stable than that, in England," said he. "Do you remember Lord Darlington's stables?"

"No," said Heartwell, "I confess I did not pay any particular attention to stables."

"No!" said the other in astonishment. "Were you never at Tattersall's?"

"Never."

"Why what the d—l did you travel for?"

"To see the world," replied Heartwell.

"And where could you see it better than at Tattersall's?"

"Why, as far as grooms, jockies, black legs, and sporting heroes go to the formation of a world. I don't know a better place. But I had no ambition to figure in such society."

"No!" answered the other, with a look of wonder. "But did you ever see Carlton House?"

"I did, and thought it a disgrace to the nation and its king."

"What, when it was lighted up with gas lamps?"

"Even when it was lighted up with gas lamps."

"But what think you of Windsor Castle. Is not that a palace worthy of a king?"

"Certainly; but that is a building of another age, and even the bad taste of the present has not been able to spoil it altogether. Indeed I may say of England, and of all Europe in fact, that so far as my experience goes, there is no building erected within the last two hundred years, that can claim the rank of a model. All the most perfect specimens of architecture, are of a date anterior to the settlement of this country, and our people are no more to be reproached for a bad taste in architecture, than those nations which have not any more than ourselves, produced master pieces within that period. The cathedrals which comprise all the treasures of architecture in England, and nearly all of later origin in Europe, are without exception comparatively ancient. They belong to other times; they are the proper boast of our ancestors, and as we are equally the descendants of the different nations of Europe, with the present race of Europeans, we have as fair a right to plume ourselves upon the triumphs of former ages It is so with painting, sculpture and poetry. The highest honours in all these, belong to ages, anterior to our existence as a separate nation. The modern Greeks might as well boast of their Homer, as the modern English of their Shakspeare and Milton, who were as much superior to their Byrons and their Moores, as Homer is to a modern Greek rhymer. The truth is, and I challenge any man of taste to deny it, that the two Banks in Philadelphia, the Little Phoenix of New−York, and the Capitol at Washington, are in their way, more perfect specimens, approaching nearer to the most perfect remains of Greece, than any buildings erected in England or on the continent of Europe within the same period."

Heartwell, who all this time had been looking at the City Hall, turned to see what effect his harangue had produced upon the roué, and found him busily employed in jerking pebbles at a tree, a little way off. "I'll bet you ten, I hit it three times out of five," quoth he.

CHAPTER VII. THE ADVENTURES OF THE ROUÉ.

Our hero soon after his return from abroad, had made some inquiries about his relatives in the Bowery and Pump−street; but he did not find their society worthy cultivating. They had little money, and plenty of heirs; so he cut their acquaintance. It was in one of these pious pilgrimages to the land of his forefathers, that he caught sight of a very pretty woman, who was standing in the doorway of a neat, two story brick house, with a brass knocker of most intolerable lustre. There was an air of sprightly vivacity about her, and something of a coquettish cast of the eye, that attracted his attention. He looked at her, and she looked at him; he smiled, and so did she. Our hero was going to walk up the steps, when she ran in and shut the door in his face. He however saw her looking out at the window at him as he passed down the street. On making inquiry, he found the lady was the wife of a rich butcher; that she was reckoned a very gay lady, and delighted in walking up and down Broadway. Sopus was a handsome man, at least in his own opinion. He had a short neck, spindle legs, and one shoulder was a little higher than the other. But a high, stiff cravat, wide pantaloons, and a little of the tailor's handy work, disguised these trifling defects. It was a blessed thing the invention of loose trowsers for a ball dress. Before that, a man could only disguise his legs in an undress; now it is no matter whether he has any legs at all. But his whiskers were what he prided himself upon most especially.

The lady with the mischievous laughing eye, ran strangely in the head of our hero. The next day, the next, and the next, he promenaded Pump−street, and never failed to find her at the window, where, it was his firm opinion, she stationed herself on purpose to see him. He determined to exhibit a touch of the roué. He pondered on the best way of making his approaches, whether by letter or in person, and decided upon the former, remembering how the worthy Mrs. Wingate had mistaken his declaration on a former occasion. Accordingly he wrote her a letter, of which I regret there is no copy extant, the butcher's lady having used it to curl her hair, after showing it to her husband. The slayer of oxen was at first exceedingly wroth, and talked about using his cleaver; but being rather a good natured man for a butcher, he passed it off with a laugh, and agreed that they would have a little sport with our roué.

The letter was accordingly answered in a style sufficiently encouraging, and was replied to by another, in which our hero ardently solicited an interview. After a proper delay, an answer was received, saying that if he would walk out to Corlaer's Hook, at about one in the morning, and stand under a certain tree, she would meet him without fail, as her husband was going into the country to buy cattle. Our hero thought this rather a curious place for the month of December, but considering that a faint heart never won a fair lady, he determined not to fail. Accordingly, when the appointed time arrived, Sopus put on two flannel waistcoats, two pair of drawers, two pair of stockings, and a pair of India rubber shoes and departed from his lodgings about twelve o'clock. It was a bitter cold night, as well as dark and gloomy; no lights twinkled from the shops in Chatham Row, save here and there the gorgeous emanations from an apothecary's window. The gas was out, and the good people snug in bed. Encumbered as he was with clothes, his progress was rather slow, and the distant church clock struck one just as he arrived at the great elm tree, which whilome waved its broad branches in Cannon' garden.

Gradually the night became dark as pitch, and a profound silence reigned far and near, interrupted only by the barking of curs, those pestilent disturbers of the night, who seem to envy the slumbers of their betters, and do all they can to mar them. The keen north−easter, cut its way into his very marrow, and made his teeth chatter, and his knees knock against each other. He shrunk close to the lee side of the tree, and devoutly wished himself under six blankets at home. After waiting about half an hour, during which he was gradually turning to stone, he heard distant footsteps of horses approaching, and the sound of carriage wheels. "Thank fortune!" thought he, "she is coming in a carriage." The carriage approached, and either from accident, the darkness, or some other cause, halted directly opposite to where he stood. Sopus started forward, and was proceeding to open the door, when he was arrested by a violent scream from within. "Thieves! robbers! murder!" cried a shrill female voice. "Hush!—its me—its me," whispered Sopus. "Thieves! robbers! murder!" shouted the voice louder than ever, while the coachman, being I suppose actually congealed with frost and fear, never thought of lashing his horses forward. A watchman at a distance, waked out of a deep sleep, and knocked three times with his cudgel on the curb stone. Our hero knew the meaning of that awful sound from sad experience, and at length perceiving there

must be some mistake in the business, gathered himself together, and ran away as fast as his multiplicity of clothes would permit. The watchmen came up, and finding him gone, followed the sound of his retreating footsteps over the frozen pavement, and coming up with our hero knocked him down, ordering him at the same time to stand still. Luckily, he was so well fortified with clothing, that the blow did him little harm. Our hero was taken from hence to the watch−house, and from thence to the police, where he was examined, and behaved like a man of the strictest honour. He determined not to betray his mistress, and accordingly his story was so lame, and ill put together, that the justice was on the point of committing him, previous to which he ordered a search of his person. Finding no weapons of offence, and seeing how he was dressed, his worship sagely concluded that no man in his senses would go out to rob on the highway without weapons, and in such a multiplicity of garments; he ordered his discharge, and contented himself with a caution against stopping coaches after midnight. The next day a facetious reporter to a newspaper, published the whole matter, with the usual exaggerations; but being a discreet man, he did not mention names. He only gave the initials, and described our hero so accurately that every body knew who was meant. He underwent the usual ordeal of quizzing; but kept his secret like a true man, only giving certain shrewd hints which nobody could misunderstand.

The next day he received a note, left by the butcher's boy as he stopt at his lodgings to deliver some beef, in which the lady deeply lamented the disappointment she had been under the necessity of inflicting upon him. Her husband had been taken ill, and was now confined to his bed. Now therefore was the opportunity for them to meet nearer at home. The note then proceeded to state that, precisely at nine in the evening, she would be in the summer house at the back of her garden, where she would expect him. She then proceeded to give particular directions about climbing the wall, opening the door, and finding his way in the dark. The writer concluded, by exacting the pledge of his honour that he would behave discreetly and like a gentleman. Our hero that evening dressed himself in his best; curled his hair, perfumed his whiskers, and sprinkled his handkerchief with otto of roses. At the appointed hour he stood at the garden wall—luckily there were no stars to tell tales, and the babbling moon was shining on some other stealing lover, in some other hemisphere.

The hour struck nine. Our hero climbed the wall, descended safely, and proceeded towards the summer house, the door of which being ajar, he cautiously entered. It was dark as pitch. He advanced a few steps when his foot slipt and he fell sprawling on the floor, which seemed wet and slippery. "Where are you my beloved," whispered he as he rose. "Here," replied a voice in tones sweeter than the zephyr. Sopus imagined he saw the shadowy figure of his mistress approaching, and precipitated himself towards it with all the ardour of high wrought expectation. He did not clasp a shadow. At that blissful moment, a hundred lights seemed to blaze spontaneously on all sides, and the astonished roué, discovered to his utter dismay that he was embracing the dead body—not of his mistress, but of an illustrious porker, which had that very day gained a premium for being the fattest in the market. Ten butcher's boys with the butcher at their head, were now standing about him with candles in their hands, and the butcher's dog held fast to the skirts of his coat. Sopus recoiled with horror from the embraces of the amorous swine, and had a genuine roué ever been ashamed of himself, our hero had been the man.

After enjoying his disastrous plight for some time, the butcher called off his dog, and addressed our hero as follows: "Young man, I had intended to make these lads give thee a hearty flogging, but you cut such a pretty figure, and have been so well punished already, that I will let you off this time. But take care how you write any more letters—my wife has shown me all as she received them, and she herself planned this scheme. It is lucky she did, for had I found it out myself, I would have broken every bone in your body. Go now about your business."

Our hero went home disconsolate, and when he saw himself in his mirror, came near to running stark mad. He had been inveigled into a slaughter house, the floor of which was purposely flooded with the blood of bulls and sheep. His whole figure was bloody—his hands reeking with gore, and his face having come in contact with the snout of the prize piggy, was most gloriously incardined. He threw off his clothes and went to bed in despair. The next morning the chamber maid fell into fits at the sight of his clothes, and it is clear that if Captain Morgan had been missing at that time, Sopus would certainly have been taken up for a free mason.

CHAPTER VIII. THE FANCY BALL AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOM.

The butcher and his wife, not belonging as yet to good society, not having removed to a fashionable part of the town, the story of the Pump−street amour, did not come to the ears of the beau monde. The laugh was confined to the inglorious regions of the Bowery, and Sopus soon forgot his bloody disasters. He continued, as before, a star in the milky−way of fashion, and though his five thousand francs had long since melted into thin air, he did not want money for his necessary occasions. A man who has finished his education abroad, in the proper schools, knows how to economize, as well as to spend. Our hero hhred lodgings in a cheap little cross street, where he boiled his own kettle of a morning, spunged for an invitation to dinner, and failing of that, resorted to a cheap ordinary, and took his tea with the ladies. To save his friends trouble, he had his cards left at a fashionable hotel, by arrangement with the bar keeper, where he was never at home by any accident. As to keeping himself in spending money, a man who had lost a couple of hundred thousands to such clever fellows as the count and the baron, could hardly fail of winning, now and then, at cards and dice. He had paid enough in all conscience for his experience. I do not say that he played foully; but he had studied chances, runs of luck, runs of the cards, and above all, he had studied character and faces, till he had reduced it almost to a certainty that he could, in the end, make something out of other people's inexperience. By choosing his company, and playing his cards well, he accordingly managed to secure to himself an honourable independence from day to day.

In the mean time the whole town was talking about the fancy ball to be given at the Assembly Room, and the young ladies studying costumes, till one or two of them actually lost their wits in the perplexity of choosing a character. It was reported that one lady changed her mind twentyfour times in one day, but the number was probably exaggerated.

"For my part," said Miss Macfaddle to Miss Maccubbin, "I mean to go as a milkmaid."

"Charming!" cried Miss Maccubbin, "your skin is as white as milk, and you'll look beautiful."

"But what do *you* mean to go in?" asked Miss Macfaddle

"Why, I am balancing between a Mary queen of Scots, and a Virgin of the Sun. Mamma is for the queen, but I prefer the virgin, if papa will only give me a real gold sun; I'm determined not to be put off with a gilt one. O, here comes Miss Fitzpoisson, to talk us to death of what she can't and what she can afford. She always looks like a dowdy, in that everlasting pink gauze. But, poor thing, I suppose she can't afford any better."

Miss Fitzpoisson now entered with Heartwell, and the conversation received a fresh impulse.

"Pray how are you going, Miss Fitzpoisson?" asked Miss Macfaddle.

"Why, at first, I thought of going as a Spanish lady, but my mamma thought the hat and feathers would cost too much. Then I thought of going as a sultana, but papa insisted on my appearing in the character of a Christian woman. Then I thought of wearing my grandmother's wedding dress, but brother George, told me there was no occasion to make myself look uglier than I was. Then I thought of a Gipsy, but brother Tom said I looked too much like a Gipsy already. Then I thought of a Swiss girl, but brother Frank told me the less of my ancles I showed the better. And then, and then, I determined not to go at all."

Bravo, thought Heartwell, a member of congress could not have made a better speech about nothing, or come to a more logical conclusion.

"But have you heard," said Miss Fitzpoisson—

"What? what?" asked the ladies all at once.

"Why, they say Mrs. widow Elevenstone is going as Zephyr, and her everlasting beau, Mr. Crickback, as Cupid. It will be capital, for you know she is so fat she can hardly walk, and he so lean he can scarcely stand."

"They had better personate Pharaoh's dream," said Heartwell. "She seven years of plenty, he seven years of famine."

"Lord," said Miss Macfaddle, "how you talk. How could they dress like ears of corn."

"Why in green silk, and satin hair, and a sheaf of corn under each arm."

"Well, I declare, that would be very pretty," said Miss Maccubbin, "but what character do you mean to go in?"

"O, I mean to go as Mount ætna."

"Mount ætna!" exclaimed the ladies all at once, "how will you manage about the smoke?"

"You shall see."

"I can tell you something better than that," cried Miss Macfaddle, "little Mr. Shorter is going as puss in boots. He has got a catskin robe and whiskers, and is learning to purr."

"Well, I declare," said Miss Maccubbin, "it will be quite allegorical."

"Categorical, you mean," said Heartwell.

"I don't mean any such thing," said the lady, pouting.

"But who is to play my Lord Marquis of Carabas?"

"O, young Middlings; you know his father was a miller."

"Does he mean to play the drowning scene?"

The lady gave Heartwell a great blow with her glove, and the party separated to go and talk of the fancy ball elsewhere.

CHAPTER IX. MORE OF THE GRAND FANCY BALL.

Our hero studied six days and seven nights, for an idea of a dress to open the ball with Julia Wingate, and at length fixed upon that of a Spanish cavalier, which he calculated on borrowing from a theatrical friend.

And now the day had come, and the night was approaching which was for ever to be remembered in the annals of the queen of the west, as the night of the great fancy ball at the City Assembly Room. Not the feast of the Centaurs, nor the hunting of the Calydonian boar, the two great frolics of antiquity, were ever half so renowned as we intend this ball shall be, in future mirrors of fashion. None but the ignoble vulgar slept that night or the night before. Young gentlemen packed up their whiskers, and came all the way from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston; and several young ladies had their heels frost bitten in travelling from the uttermost ends of the earth in prunelle shoes. Bandboxes, the size of bathing tubs, were seen parading through the streets with little milliners under them; the young gentlemen of the fancy stores had scarcely time to put their hair in papers, and poor Monsieur Manuel died a few days after, of the vast exertions he made in reducing the rebellious curls of young ladies in a state of nature, to obedience.

It being impossible to convey to the unhappy reader who was not present at the ball, any idea of its collective splendours, I shall follow the example of Homer, and attempt it through the agency of particular characters and incidents. If I cannot describe the accumulative horrors of the fight, I shall relate what damsels conquered, and what dandies fell on this melancholy occasion.

First, Forcible Feeble, though cased in the invulnerable armour of indifference, was cured of an obstinate fit of silence, by the magic influence of a wedding dress of his grandmother. Next, Peter Popinjay, who had long declared his determination not to commit matrimony for love or money, yielded to the charms of a little Tyrolese, in short petticoats. There too, fell Nimrod Sparrow, whose heart had never throbbed before, save at the sight of a covey of partridges, a horse that could trot sixteen miles an hour, or a dog at a dead point. On this occasion, Cupid bent his bow made of the arching eyebrow of Miss Looqueer, stringing it with a hair of her silken eye lashes, and shot a ray from her sparkling eye, that melted the stony heart of the mighty hunter, and three weeks after turned him into a hunter of ladies. There, too, was Colonel Jiggleton, a gallant son of Mars, translated into a votary of Venus, by the bad French of a little Parisian milliner; and there, though last not least, was the Honourable Garrulous Guzzleton, who spoke more speeches, and ate more canvass backs than any single member of the lower house, west of the Blue Ridge, struck dumb by the incessant chatter of a beautiful lady, dressed as the Goddess of Silence, with finger on her lip. But I will proceed no farther with this bill of mortality, lest it should make the reader melancholy.

Heartwell had taken with him to the ball, a young Italian count, whom he had known in Italy. Count G— was somewhat literary, a great adthrer of the ladies, and zealously musical. He was a man well read in books, and having seen all that was worth seeing in the old, had come to the new world, in search of something new. The count requested Heartwell to play the Diable Boiteaux for that night, and take him under his special protection. Accordingly they strolled about without joining in the dances, conversing and criticising as the case might be.

"Who is that lady?" asked the count, "I mean that rather pretty lady, eating a sandwich with such approbation?"

"That? O that's a Mrs. Smith."

"And the one on her left, who is making the most of her time by discussing an ice cream, while the opposite couple is going through the figure?"

"That is another Mrs. Smith."

"And the tall, fine looking woman on the left of the other, eating a jelly? Upon my word, the ladies cannot be accused of wasting their time!"

"O, that's another of the Mrs. Smiths."

"Why, good heavens! how many wives has that Mr. Smith?"

"They are the wives of different Mr. Smiths. Yonder is another."

"Good," cried the count, taking snuff, "I believe in my soul, your people have all one name, like the parrots."

The attention of the count was next attracted by a young lady of a singularly delicate person, and an air of fashion about her quite taking. "Come, Monsieur Diable, do your duty, and tell me who she is, and what she is

thinking about?"

"That young lady," said Heartwell, "belongs to an old and somewhat decayed family, which is still proud of what it once was. But for all that, she will marry the son of her grandfather's cobbler, who is very rich. The young man wants blood, the young lady money; both parties will be suited. She has just settled the matter in her own mind."

Here the soul of Heartwell flashed into his eyes, on seeing our old friend Sopus, who dressed in a superb Spanish suit, he had borrowed from his theatrical friend, was dancing with Julia Wingate with all his might, and to give him his due, exceedingly well. The young lady seemed delighted with her partner, and performed her part with infinite grace and vivacity, listening between whiles to the compliments of our roué, with great appearance of condescension. The truth is, she was a little piqued at the neglect of Heartwell, who had been in the room at least twenty minutes, without speaking to her. Now when young ladies are piqued, ten to one, they do exactly what they ought not to do. Julia flirted with Sopus, whom she despised, only to mortify the man she adadthred and respected beyond all others. Heartwell saw all this, and though he believed in his heart that Julia must in her heart despise the roué, yet he grew at once violently jealous. Such is man when he is in love, and his vanity and affections are unnaturally overheated. The count twitched his elbow, "You play Monsieur de Diable badly. Who is that lady with her mouthful, talking to the gentleman in blue whiskers?"

"That? O that is Mrs. Copper Smith, who does the honours of the city to all strangers of distinction, very much to the credit of good society." Heartwell was every moment getting more ill natured, as he looked at Sopus and Julia.

"Her husband," continued he, "is a plain, honest old man, such as no sensible person would dare to laugh at, except when he is playing the fish out of water, at a fancy ball, or giving a dinner to a foreign minister. He received a liberal education, that is at the expense of other people, and got rich by getting and saving. If you go to make a bargain with him, he will cavil for the ninth part of a hair, and then if you are a great man, he'll give you a dinner that costs a hundred pounds. In short, though he gets his money like a negro, he spends it like a gentleman. The family," continued Heartwell, looking like a savage at Sopus, "the family put themselves forward on all occasions; call on all strangers of note; impose themselves as the best company of the city; stuff them with good eating, and tire them to death with caricatures of fashionable frivolity. The consequence is that the really well bred people, who might feel inclined to be civil to strangers, shrink from them while beset by these obtrusive vulgarians, and thus strangers go away with an impression that there is no more refined and intelligent society in the city."

"Only a little spice of liberty and equality," said the count.

"I understand you," replied the other, "but there is no equality in manners; political privileges have nothing to do with drawing rooms. The end of social intercourse is pleasure and improvement. Now there can be neither one nor the other, where one half of a company is composed of ignorant vulgar, the other of refined and well educated persons. The first will feel too ill at ease to improve; the other will only become more vain by comparison."

"Heavens!" cried the count, "what a mouthful," as the pretty Mrs. Copper Smith discussed a huge pickled oyster. "But now I think of it, I am sure I've seen the lady eat before. I have it. They invited me last summer to what they called a French breakfast in the country, and nearly killed me with a fricassee of Guinea hens."

Heartwell laughed a very little at this; for just then Julia gave Sopus a tap with her fan. It was in fact a most equivocal laugh.

"But you say true," continued the count, "such people are highly useful and respectable in their proper sphere; but when they thrust themselves forward in fashionable society, and when they do they are almost always the most noisy and obtrusive, they throw ridicule on the whole city. You should serve them as we do in Italy. Treat them with such profound respect, and insuperable gravity, that they feel uncomfortable, and never come again. But come, show me now a specimen of what you call really well bred."

"Look round," said Heartwell, "make use of your free masonry."

The count looked round, and at length fixed on a young lady apparently quite plainly dressed, and who was quietly conversing with her brother.

"She does honour to your sagacity. Observe her. She is one of the best bred, accomplished young women about town. Neither spoiled nor likely to be. She is rich in her own right; she dances with a delightful and chastened grace; sings in the first style of expression; possesses a mind highly cultivated; reads better than any body I ever

heard; is endowed with the best principles, tastes, and habits; and yet nobody knows all this except her immediate family circle."

"But how? how comes it she is not surrounded by a hundred adthrers?"

"She is modest and retiring," answered Heartwell, with a bitter sneer; for Julia was still flirting with that "puppy, Sopus."

"Upon my word," said the other, "you do the young gentlemen of your city great n inveigI should suppose they would at least have found out the money."

"They are apt to have an instinct for that," observed Heartwell.

A lady now swept along dressed in a load of discordant and atrocious finery, the vulgar characteristic of the day, and was accosted by Heartwell with—

"My dear Mrs. Smith." "Another Mrs. Smith!" ejaculated the count, with uplifted hands.

"My dear Mrs. Smith, what a beautiful dress you have got!"

"Do you think so," answered she, her very feathers quivering with delight. "Do you know there are but two such in the world, this and another the Dutchess de B— wore at court last Christmas. It cost me—"

"Hush!" said Heartwell, solemnly.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the alarmed lady.

"Your bish—what do you call it, is hind part before," whispered he.

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Smith, and ran into the attiring room to examine into the matter.

"What did you frighten the lady for?" asked the count.

"O, I did'nt want to hear the history of that intolerable dress. I have heard it forty times, at least; and yet never the true one, for I'll swear 'tis an old dress the Dutchess de B— gave to one of her maids of hoinve; who gave it to one of her waiting maids, who sold it to a little milliner who was making up a cargo of second−hand finery for our market."

In strolling about the room, Heartwell chanced upon a young married lady, who had been brought up in the country, whom he found in tears, by the side of her husband. She was dressed as Euphrosyne.

"My dear Mrs. Gocarty," said Heartwell, "I hope you've heard no bad news from the country? What is the matter?"

"I want to go home to *ma*," cried the lady, again bursting into a torrent of tears.

There was no comforting a lady who came to a fancy ball to weep, and so they passed on.

"Your ladies must be very fond of home," observed the Italian.

"Very," answered Heartwell, just at the moment Julia gave her hand to Sopus for a third dance. "Very—one half of their time is spent at home in dressing, the other in showing off abroad."

"What more can be reasonably requhred," said the other.

"La!" cried Miss Macfaddle to Miss Maccubbin, "If here is'nt Fanny Fitzpoisson, dressed after all as fine as a fiddle—hem—I wonder where the money is to come from."

"A very considerate person," said the count, who had overheard her, "what is the name of this lady who looks so far into futurity?"

"One is called Miss Maccubbin, the other Miss Macfaddle, and she of the blue satin and feathers, Miss Fitzpoisson."

"What horrid names!" cried the count, "How can you expect any thing like genteel society with such names? If you could only add lord and lady, or honourable, it would be something. But Miss Macfaddle, and Mrs. Jenks, and Mrs. Hobbs,— ah! it wont do. You must ennoble these people or you will never arrive at high life, depend upon it. Now what do you think my title which at once elevates me into *ton*, comes from?"

"From a bridge, I should imagine."

"You are right; there is a very ancient and good for nothing bridge, in the Dutchy of Tuscany, which whoever owns is called Count of —, and I—I am Count of the Mouldering Bridge, at your service. But in truth," resumed he of the mouldering bridge, "it is inconceivable how much depends upon this. I have lately read a number of English novels, in the shape of tours, travels, recollections, memoirs, adventures, &c., all professing to give a picture of high life, as if high life was not every where and at all times nothing more than the association of well bred, well educated people, such as are to be found in all civilized countries. Be assured my friend, for I solemnly swear to it—that these books have no more of high life in them, than the Newgate Chronicle. Yet you honest

republicans, who so hate aristocracy, relish these Grub−street delineations, and believe them all genuine, merely because the actors and actresses are dubbed with titles by the authors. My lord and my lady may be as vulgar as they please, and though you ought to know better, you adore their high breeding. But," and a droll idea seemed to come across him—"But, suppose now we at one blow make all these Mrs. Smiths, and Mrs Jenks, and Misses Macfaddles and Fitzpoissons high ton? Hey!"

"As how," asked Heartwell.

"By ennobling every soul of them at a single dash, as the wise king of Spain did a whole province where they were cutting each others throats about nobility."

"With all my heart," said the other, "you may consider me as the fountain of honour on this occasion. Come, here now is the Right Honourable the Countess of Communipaw—"

"O, no, no! that wont do even for an English picture of high life. I can't admit such names into the rank of nobility."

"Well then, the Right Honourable the Countess of Mount Garret."

"Ah! that will do. Mount is high ton. What of her ladyship?"

"She is too good and respectable to be here, where she neither feels easy, nor is treated with the respect she merits. The countess is lately ennobled into the ranks of the fashionable world, and the good folks who happened to precede her a few years, or even months, without half her pretensions, think themselves quite genteel in laughing at her."

"True," said the count, "one of the last lessons vulgarity learns, is that there is nothing so vulgar as laughing at people. I know of no genuine good breeding and refinement, which does not essentially consist in a tender regard for the feelings of another, at least while that other is present. But who have we here?"

"This? O this is his grace Duke Humphrey, so called from his never eating dinner, or at least none of his friends could ever swear to such a phenomenon. I remember once calling on him in the country, after five hundred hospitable invitations. And what do you think? he left his wife to entertain me, while he went into another room to eat his dinner; and when he had done, came and kept me company while she took her turn. Just as I had my foot in the stirrup, he begged me to stay and dine; but I saw he had already dined, for the filthy creature had been in such a hurry he forgot to wipe his mouth."

The count shook his head—

"No, no; he wont do even for a duke. I can't admit him to the privileged order. What are his merits?"

"He is worth two or three millions."

"Two or three millions! Duke? he shall be a king; he can buy a crown for half the money, or build fifty bridges. I say he shall be a king."

"With all my heart. King Cole let it be then, for I see he has forgot to wash his hands."

"Here comes his queen I suppose," said the count, "for I see she too is coloured, but not exactly after the fashion of his majesty."

A lady now approached whose cheeks outvied the rose.

"Is'nt she beautiful?" asked Heartwell.

"Though I have been at Florence and Rome, I am no great connoiseur in paintings," said the count.

"Paintings! why her colour is as natural as that of the rose. No, no, count; whatever other follies and foibles our women may commit; whatever arts they may use to be adthred, they are not yet, thank heaven, so lost to decency as to treat their faces as we do an old brick wall, or a weather beaten out house; white wash, or stain it with red ochre."

"It may be so," said the other, coolly helping himself to a pinch of snuff. "I dare say it is not universal. I don't think I have seen more than a dozen or so, this evening."

"If I thought so I'd forswear matrimony," said Heartwell.

"You might do a worse thing. But look now;" pointing to Julia Wingate, who had danced, and flirted, and pouted herself into a most enchanting bloom, "you don't pretend to say that young lady is not painted?" The count had a little sly malice in this.

Heartwell, though he was angry with Julia, could not bear this imputation. He defended her with such heat that the count was convinced.

"I think I saw her blush just now at something her handsome partner said."

Heartwell was angrier than ever at this, and had a great mind to adtht that Julia painted.

"But why so hard upon face painting?" continued he, "ladies, aye, and gentlemen too, wear false hair, false teeth, false eyes, eyebrows, shapes and dimensions, and practice other innocent deceptions. For my part, I can pardon every thing false in a woman except the heart."

"Yes; but count answer me seriously, and upon your honour, would you like to kiss a lady, I mean your great grandmother or great aunt, whose face was painted with red and white paint? oil, verdigris, sugar of lead, faugh! I'd as soon salute a painter's pallet."

"Why upon my honour, though not seriously," said the other, laughing, "I would not give a pinch of snuff to kiss either my great grandmother or great aunt, painted or not painted; but for that Miss Wingate I think you call her, faith, I'd venture even at the risk of a little daubing." Here Heartwell bristled like a wild boar. "But seriously I will allow that there is something gross and revolting in the deception of face painting, because it is not only a deception, but a filthy deception. It indicates an overweening, insatiate desire for adthration, disreputable to a virtuous woman, and that more especially in a country where custom has not sanctioned the practice. It is one thing to follow a bad fashion; it is another to set it; and I confess, inured to it as I have been, I would never consent to unite my fate, or mix my being with a woman who had accustomed herself to the practice of cheating the worldigI should fear she would end in cheating me."

I will not swear that Heartwell heard all this long speech of the count. He was looking most of the time at Julia, who was waltzing with friend Sopus.

"There, there's another precious importation," cried he, with most edifying indignation, "I hate waltzing almost as much as face painting."

"O thou last of the Goths!" exclaimed the count, "Mr. Southey is mistaken certainly in giving that title to Don Roderick. Is it not a delightful, graceful, titillating, topsy turvy, top heavy, luxurious dance, and classical too; it puts one in mind of the Rape of Proserpine. That fellow there, has the whiskers of Pluto, and looks as if he would not be a whit too good to carry that pretty lady to perdition itself."

Heartwell boiled with rage and jealousy, but made no reply.

"Allons!" said the other, "proceed with your catalogue of nobility. Who is that good lady with the projecting teeth." Heartwell roused himself.

"O, that? you must go and do her homage, for she is your liege lady. That is the Dutchess of Tuscany. Go and kneel and kiss her hand, like a loyal subject. What, you have grown too much of a republican, hey!"

"Truly my knees are become a little stubborn," said the other, "but let me see if she is worthy of my homage. What is she good for?"

"Good for, marry? why she is the most economical, at the same time the most expensive lady in town. She buys the richest furniture that can be procured, and quiets her conscience by never using it. The looking glasses are all veiled; the carpets protected by green baizes, and the chairs have all cover−sluts on; there is no doubt they will last for ever, bating accidents of flood and fire."

A respectable old lady, with nothing distinguished in dress, except a fine diamond cross, now passed the two gentlemen.

"That," said Heartwell, "is a lady of one of the oldest families in the city. She can trace back, if not to William the Conqueror, at least to Ragman's Roll, for her great, great grandmother picked up many a rag in her day. However, she figured at the court of his majesty's little governor before the war, and once passed for the belle of a birth night ball. The old lady is talking at this present moment, about having once nearly been run over by a coach belonging to the son of her father's barber. It is a story she has told without mercy every day of her life, to every body that had time to listen, and without doubt it has contributed materially to her health and happiness, for the last twenty years. If you'd like to hear it, I'll introduce you."

"O no, by no means—I'll take your word for it," said the other. "But who come here arm in arm?"

This is the Right Honourable Miss Lilly Lovell, who is the greatest philanthropist in the city. She has a heart for all mankind except married men and confirmed old bachelors. Her companion is the Honourable Billy ullalove, a prosing coxcomb who is eternally talking sentiment, and raving about some fashionable beauty, although his heart is nothing but a piece of dry sponge. He is a general adorer."

"This puts me in mind of Goethe's famous novel, Wilhelm Meister, where the hero falls in love with every woman in the book except Dame Margery and the good Frau Melina; and where the ladies equally complaisant all

fall in love with him, with the exceptions aforesaid."

"By the way what think you of Goethe," said Heartwell, "they call him one of the only three men of genius the world has produced."

"They might as well say there never were but three men in the world with noses, because they happened to have longer noses than other people. But the truth is there is a great tickling match going on between Goethe and the English critics. Goethe is striving how much he can exalt Shakspeare, and they in turn are repaying him with hyperbolical praises."

"Then you don't think much of him?"

"I think a great deal of him—but there have been such men in Italy as Dante, Tasso, and a few others. Until Goethe produces something to equal them, I shall demur to their being shut out from this trio of exclusives. One thing is certain; Lord Byron, who has been equally overrated, has stolen—I mean borrowed without leave—his address to Greece, commencing with `Know ye the land,' from Goethe. It is a slavish parody of what after all is hardly worth parodying."

"Will you have any more of the court calendar?"

"No; you have given me quite as much of high life as the English fashionable novels. But stay; who is that lady yonder in the grand costume?"

"That is Mrs. Gold Smith, so called from her always wearing a gold chain that cost as she tells every body, a hundred guineas. Look my lord it comes."

The lady now approached.

"Who are *you* madam?" asked he.

"Lord, Mr. Heartwell don't you see! I am Queen Ann Bullen of Scotland. How do you like me?"

"Madam," said the other, "nobody can help liking you, but your costume is not correct. Your ruff is not high enough in the neck."

"Lord Mr. Heartwell," replied the lady, glancing at her snowy neck, et cetera,—"would you have me look like a witch?"

"Why not, madam, when you bewitch so many to−night," cried Heartwell, gallantly bowing. The lady again glanced at the waste of snow that lay before her, with an air of perfect approbation.

"But would you believe it," continued she, "my sister here and I, have both forgot who she is. It is quite provoking, when I made her repeat it so often first before we came."

"The young lady's loss of memory is particularly distressing," said Heartwell, gravely.

"O Hel, dear,"—cried the young lady clapping her hands, "that is it,—that is it,—I knew it was memorandum or memory."

The count whispered in Heartwell's ear—

"Do the young republican ladies swear?"

"What do you mean?" said the other.

"Why the goddess of Memory certainly slipt out an oath just now."

"O," said Heartwell, laughing, "her sister's name is Heliodora, and Hel is only an innocent abbreviation."

"What gentleman is that with you?" said queen Ann Bullen of Scotland.

"Count G—."

"You don't say so! Ask him to come and sup with us after the ball," and away she tript towards a lady whom she addressed with "My dear, do tell me if your kitchen chimney smokes; mine is so bad there is no such thing as living in it."

"Is supper almost ready?" said the count, "I begin to be tired of seeing people dressed in characters they neglect to personate. 'Tis a bore, as the English say, when they don't know what else to say."

"Certainly, almost as great a bore as some of your masquerades, where I have seen a personification of ætna belching fire, and a serpent thirty feet long, hissing like a flock of matronly geese, when their goslings are insulted. There will be no supper to night, I have just heard from good Queen Ann Bullen, who is capital authority."

"No, alas! what will the innumerable Mrs. Smiths say to that? Why they have not demolished above fifty pickled oysters, a dozen jellies, and a score of ice creams apieceigI pity them."

"O, by the way, her majesty desired me to ask you to supper to−night. Will you go?"

"No, no; no more of your fricasseed Guinea hens. But see, she beckons with her royal hand. Faith, it is a beautiful hand and arm. Good night, my lord Duke Humphrey."

"Good night, my lord Count of the Mouldering Bridge."

"One moment more," cried the count. "Who is the lady in pink, yonder."

"The most atrocious man−slayer in town."

"I thought so, for I observe not one of the young men leave her without sideling up to the nearest looking glass, adjusting their cravats, and contemplating themselves with particular complacency. A little this way as thou lovest me," continued he, drawing Heartwell towards a cotillion party. "Look at that genius. I think I can conscientiously make oath, that gentleman in the immovable chin, is one of the John Bulls as they call themselves, who have lately overrun Italy, and sacked Rome like another Alaric and his Goths. Instead, however, of subsisting by plunder as did that valiant hero, they gain a comfortable livelihood by writing books of romance under the disguise of travels; and abusing us Italians for being so immoral as not to talk English."

"He certainly is an Englishman," said Heartwell, "no mortal man of any other nation or age, could get through a cotillion without sense or motion."

"He dances like the stump of one of Orpheus' trees."

"Or rather like one of his rocks; he certainly belongs to the primeval family."

"He would make a capital corner stone for the wall of Thebes. And see, what a grace he has for a partner!"

"Yes," said Heartwell, "I have observed that if a man happens to be gloriously deficient in any one thing, he generally manages with adthrable adroitness, to make it as conspicuous as possible, by placing himself in direct contrast with some one who particularly excels. There! there! did you see that resurrection of a dead caper. I could almost swear he got one of his feet at least from the floor. It is now that I see the reason why Queen Elizabeth made Sir Christopher Hatton her Lord Chancellor, for his excellence in gestic lore, since a true born, and true bred Englishman, who can conquer the natural incapacity of his nation for dancing, must be equal to any thing. I don't wonder half so much at Sir Isaac Newton as I do at Sir Christopher, who I look upon as the greatest genius England ever produced."

CHAPTER X. LOVE'S PERPLEXITIES.

The only persons not pleased with the fancy ball, were Julia Wingate, who was out of humour with herself; Heartwell, who was out of humour with Julia; and Mrs. Smith, number nine, who was disappointed at there being no supper. All the rest were particularly pleased, and none more so than our hero, who went to bed perfectly satisfied that Julia Wingate was in love with him to distraction. He did not like her half as well as her mother, but his affairs were rather at a low ebb; Julia would certainly be a fortune one day or other, and being an only daughter, he could live in the house with the old people till the father chose to give them an establishment of their own. So he determined to marry Julia Wingate. Having come to this comfortable resolution, he fell asleep, and did not awake till twelve the next day.

Julia lay awake a long while that night, but she was not thinking of our hero. She was trying with all her might to be angry with Heartwell, for not speaking to her the whole evening. A certain instinct whispered to her, that this was owing entirely to her flirting with Sopus; but then her flirting with Sopus was as entirely owing to Heartwell's neglect; so after all it was his fault and not hers. But then again, what business had he to be angry at her flirtations, if he was not a little in love with her; and if he was in love, then he wanted a proper respect for her in believing for a moment that she could prefer such a man as Sopus to himself. At all events, until he declared himself, he had no right to take offence at her conduct, and therefore to be angry was a great piece of impertinence, for which he deserved punishment. Accordingly Julia resolved to be angry with Heartwell, and flirt with Sopus until the former made a downright declaration, or demonstrated his affection by growing very pale and melancholy. Having come to this determination, she lay awake restless and feverish the rest of the night.

Heartwell was a man of spirit, and such a man makes a most refractory lover, until he is fairly broke in. I advise the young ladies to beware of a young man of spirit and sense, for such generally make the most wayward, troublesome, peevish innamoratos in the world. Even love cannot degrade them into slaves before marriage, nor matrimony convert them into tyrants afterwards. I therefore again seriously advise young ladies of discretion, either to select a fool for a husband, or make a fool of him as soon as possible. Heartwell went home to his lodgings, where he sat two hours, making marks in the ashes with a poker. His thoughts crossed their tracks, as they say in the western country, a hundred times, and as often did he change his determination. To choose such a puppy as Sopus to play off against him; if he had only been a fine, first rate fellow, full of sense, spirit, and honour, why—why—confound it, he would have been satisfied. Here he told a great lie, for if Julia had selected such a one he would have been ten times more jealous than ever. But the greatest hypocrite in the world deceives himself oftener than he does others. His first resolution was to take a trip to Boston or Philadelphia. But he disliked travelling, particularly in winter. Besides, this would be leaving the field entirely to his rival. Then he determined to stay in town without going near her for a fortnight. But this was liable to the same objection; it was giving Sopus the advantage. Then he resolved to give her up entirely, visiting her occasionally merely to show his indifference. But in a little time, after making a few more marks in the ashes, his heart relented from this harsh decree. It was the first time she had ever served him so, and after showing a proper sense of the indignity, he thought upon the whole he would forgive her, in a week or so. He made a few more marks, and figured the name of Julia in large capitals in the ashes. "Julia!" what a sweet name, and what a sweet girl. Such a foot! It was all over with Heartwell. He determined to see her in the morning, and pardon her on the spot. After which he went to bed and had a very ill natured dream. He dreamed he told a young lady who appeared in the costume of Folly, that it was hardly necessary to put on a disguise to play the character in perfection.

The next morning he called to see Julia as early as fashion would permit, and was denied. "I suppose she is fatigued with last night's dissipation," thought Heartwell, and walked slowly down Broadway. Happening to turn his head, he saw our hero ringing at the door. Heartwell had not the least curiosity in the world, yet he could not help peeping, now and then, over his shoulder. Sopus was adthtted without hesitation, and what was worse than all, he must have seen Heartwell denied, for he gave him a most provoking, unbearable nod, as he entered the house. "By heavens!" said Heartwell to himself, "that's too bad. If I put up with this, may I dwindle into a led captain." He took a long walk on the Battery and met there an old acquaintance, who never passed any body without crying out "fine day," in a voice like a north−wester. "Very," replied Heartwell. "Not *very* either," said the

other, "its fine walking overhead, but bad under foot." "Very," quoth Heartwell.

"Rather sloppy."

"Rather."

"Very open winter."

Heartwell kept his mouth shut.

"Good morning, Mr. Heartwell."

"Good evening, Mr. White."

The man's name was Black.

"What the deuce is the matter with Heartwell. I believe the Devil is in him," thought Mr. Black. He was not much out in his calculation. An angry lover is as near being possessed by the evil one, as was the herd of swine.

Sopus was received by Julia with a smiling welcome, which many a man before him, has mistaken for something more. The truth is Julia was delighted with having turned Heartwell from the door, and delighted with our hero as the instrument of revenging herself on the man she really preferred to all others. This is the way with women. They don't mind how many innocent hearts they break, if they can only revenge themselves upon the man of their own heart. But they should be forgiven for this, because they sometimes wreck their own happiness, and break their own hearts, in pursuit of the same object.

Our hero was exalted with his reception, and several times came as near making a declaration, as a man could do, and escape. "I will open myself to her mother," thought he. "No, hang it, that wont do. The old lady mistook my declaration of love to her, for one to her daughter; who knows but she may make another blunder, and take this one to herself?" After spending about two hours, and tiring poor Julia almost to death, he departed, just as Heartwell who was going up Broadway, by accident was looking directly at the door. Sopus nodded to him again, and crossed over the street to join him. "Which way are you going?" said Heartwell. "Up the street," said the other. "I am going down," cried Heartwell, turning short about, and retracing his steps down Broadway. "A cut," quoth Sopus, "but I'll *cut* him out for this."

CHAPTER XI. MORE OF LOVE'S PERPLEXITIES.

Heartwell was engaged to a party that evening, where he was sure of meeting Julia. He wrote an apology and threw it into the fire. About a quarter of an hour after he wrote another, and lighted his candle with it. About ten minutes after, he wrote a third, which he sealed with a wafer instead of perfumed wax. It would not do, and he tore it to pieces in a great passion. At length, mustering his wrongs in battle array, the flirtation at the ball; the denial of himself and the adthssion of Sopus; his infernal long visit; his confounded familiar nod; and his intolerable air of success; he pronounced himself an injured, insulted man, and sent off his apology. Before the servant had got a hundred yards, he regretted this precipitation; but his fate was sealed, and by perfumed wax. It was too late.

Julia said to herself as she was dressing for the party, "I wonder if *he* will be there." Young ladies never mention the name of a certain person, except in their sleep. As she rode to the party, she revolved in her mind how she should behave towards Heartwell. Should she be dignified or familiar; pettish or amiable; natural or artificial; mystical or all simplicity. At last she settled it in her mind, that as Heartwell was not quite sufficiently punished, she would play off Sopus against him for that night only, and then forgive Heartwell. Heartwell was not there, but no doubt he would come; accordingly Julia smiled and flirted with our hero, every now and then eyeing the door as it opened. She looked over a port folio with our hero, and their heads almost touched. She suffered him to snatch a nosegay, intending this to be the last stab she would inflict on poor Heartwell. But yet he came not; and as it grew later and later, Julia said to herself, "*He* will not come to−night." From that moment she treated Sopus with a pettishness which he could not fathom, although he had finished his education abroad. She insisted upon having back her nosegay; and when he offered to hand her to the carriage, absolutely forced herself upon the Right Honourable Billy Fullalove, who thereupon fell ten times more deeply in love with the whole sex, than ever he was before. "A woman," quoth Sopus, in the bitterness of his wrath, "a woman is like a riddle and no riddle. She—". Here he was elbowed out of the house by an inundation of fashionable people, who seem in as grea a hurry to get home as they are to go abroad. As Julia rode home she resolved more resolutely than ever not to forgive Heartwell for not coming to the party, to afford her the satisfaction of making him miserable.

All this while the disconsolate Heartwell sat by the evening fire, looking intently at it, till his eyes smarted. He figured to himself the fair Julia, gliding through the intricacies of the crowd, hanging on the arm of that infernal Sopus, laughing, chatting, and flirting with the intolerable puppy. "Had she only given me a decent rival," and he deceived himself just as he did the night before. "Now," thought he, "she is dancing with Sopus. But how well she dances; how gracefully elegant, how much like a lady; and then her foot, her dear, pretty little, lady like foot, playing at bo−peep with Sopus' infernal French pumps. D—n Sopus!" But the little foot mollified Heartwell exceedingly, and he was very near forgiving Julia, when he again conjured up Julia's beautiful little satin shoes, as it were, exchanging civilities with the infernal French pumps of Sopus. This idea got the better of the other, and again he relapsed into wrath unappeasable.

"Ah, Julia! if you only knew—" "What?" cried a voice close at his elbow. "My dear Lord Count of the Mouldering Bridge, whence came you? and how did you get in so quietly?"

"Quietly! I almost knocked down the street door, and fell over three chairs and a table in finding my way to you. What is the reason you were not at Mrs. Saddleback's party to−night? I came to see if you were ill."

"I'm tired of parties, sick of fancy balls, and—"

"And meditate retiring from the world, to play hermit, and moralize on the inconstancy of woman. Hey, my Lord Duke Humphrey?"

"Is it a supper and ball?" asked Heartwell, who being exceedingly anxious on a certain point, began as far off as possible. "Is it a ball and supper?"

"To be sure, fat Bennett half asleep, and the fricasseed Guinea hen as hot as ætna."

"Was it a large party?"

"As usual. Your good folks here seem to think the more the merrier, and crowd us together like the scales of a fish."

"Any new faces?"

"Some few; nothing worth a song."

"Any old ones?"

"Why yes; by the bye, there was that fine girl, Miss, Miss Cowgate; no, Hellgate; no, Newgate; no, what a plague—I'll swear there is a gate in it."

"Wingate?" said Heartwell, his voice sinking into a whisper, and his heart beating louder than his tongue.

"Aye, Wingate; that's the name. Upon my soul, Heartwell, she is a fine girl. But 'tis a pity she is going to throw herself away on that half bred roué, Sopefat, or Soapsuds—what's his confounded name?"

"Sopus?" answered Heartwell, in a voice still weaker than before, and a heart sunk away nobody knows where. "Is it all settled?"

"Is it all settled," cried the gay count, mimicing him. "Yes, it is all settled as they say. She was very particular with him to−night, and either is fond of the blockhead, or wanted to make somebody she was fond of jealous, I don't know which. But come, return with me, we shall be in time for the Guinea hen, and you may laugh a little at Soapsuds, who walks on air, and snuffs gas. Will you go?"

"I'll be — if I do," cried Heartwell, in a great passion.

"O well, don't take fire. Good night. I shall go back and make interest to be asked to the wedding," and away went the count as merry as an old fashioned May morning in the month of June.

Poor Heartwell! he was getting worse and worse every moment. As the hours crept slowly and wearily on, he continued present in fancy at the ball, and saw Julia and Sopus flirting together. He saw them exchanging looks, and talking with their eyes—he saw him hand her into supper, sit by her side, crowded so close they almost grew together—he saw them touch their glasses, nay their very hands—he saw him help her to the fricasseed Guinea hen—and oh! horror, he saw her eat of it with an appetite most horrible! He could see no more; but he swore that night he would act the part of a friend to the family, and apprise the mother that Sopus was a spendthrift, a roué, a ruined man, and a great blockhead. "It is nothing to me, now," said he, "but 'tis a pity so fine a girl should be thrown away."

The next morning he again knocked at the door of Julia Wingate. He asked for the mother and was adthtted. The good lady with whom Heartwell was a great favourite, asked him where he had been so long, and was going to ring for Julia, but he stopt her.

"Madam," said he, "Madam, I have no business with Miss Wingate—I mean, I come as an old friend of the family—you know my grandfather and yours were once in business together—I come as an old friend—my mother and you were very intimate—as an old friend of the family, of whose hospitality I have so often partaken, in whose society I have enjoyed so many happy, happy hours— to talk to you about Miss Wingate—that is to say—to—to—warn—that is to say—to caution— to ask you madam—if if—ha—ha—hem—hum"— and Heartwell ran high and dry ashore.

"You ask so many questions that I hardly know how to answer them; but if you will put one at a time I will promise to satisfy you if I only comprehend," said the lady, smiling.

"Why then madam—I would ask—that is to say—I would inquire as a very old friend of the family—whether—whether—whether—Miss Wingate means to honour Mr. Sopus with her hand; because if she does—as an old—a very old friend of the family I feel bound"—

"Julia," interrupted Mrs. Wingate, "Julia, will you answer for yourself, and tell this very old gentleman whether you are going to marry Mr. Sopus?" and the old lady glided out just as the young one glided into the room. They both looked at first like two great fools; after a little while Julia could not for the soul of her help smiling; Heartwell smiled too, and asked her as soon as he could find breath to utter it, "Whether she really meant to marry Mr. Sopus, because if she did, his duty as an old friend—a very old friend—"

"Pray how old are you Mr. Heartwell," asked Julia, laughing.

No man was ever afraid of a woman laughing. Heartwell answered warmly—

"Old enough to adthre your beauty—cherish your virtues—and wise enough to know that the possession will make me happy beyond all happiness. Julia I adore you."

The young lady's face neck and bosom was of the hue of fire. She said not a word, for ladies should say nothing when looks can so well answer the purpose. There was a tear in her eye as she at length said, "What a fool I have been!"

"And so have I; I thought you were going to marry Mr. Sopus. Why did you pay him such attentions?"

"Why did you neglect me so?"

"I thought my attentions had become disagreeable."

"And I thought you hated me."

"Oh! Julia!"

"Oh! Heartwell!" replied Julia, as she—I'll not swear but she permitted him to fold his arms about her slender waist, and kiss her warm lips. Nay, it is my firm belief that she did. But I trust I am too discreet a person to disclose matters which are always communicated to us writers under the seal of secrecy, but which, with shame and sorrow I speak it, they take the first opportunity of blabbing to the whole world.

"O, Heartwell!" exclaimed Julia, in a glow.

"Dearest Julia, when—"

"Mr. Sopus," cried a servant.

"The Devil take Mr. Sopus," thought Heartwell.

Julia did not swear, but she wished him in Guinea, as Heartwell hastily took his leave, not as well pleased as he should have been.

Our hero was received by Julia with monosyllables; entertained with monosyllables; and disthssed with the shortest monosyllable in the English language. O! how Julia hated him for having made Heartwell miserable. Having the field all to himself, Sopus determined to sieze the opportunity.

"Adorable Miss Wingate, will you be mine?"

"NO!" said Julia, and quitted the room with the step of a queen.

Sopus was at a loss for a comparison that would do justice to the occasion. "A woman," quoth he, "is like—"

"Your glove, sir," said a servant, who had followed him. "You dropt it in the parlour."

"Faith, I wish she was like my glove," quoth Sopus, drawing it on. "But I'll insult Heartwell the first good opportunity." He never found a good opportunity.

CHAPTER XII. LESSONS FOR GROWN UP LADIES.

During the remainder of the season, our hero principally occupied himself with cultivating the acquaintance of married ladies, and young men of little experience and plenty of spending money. The former he tried to teach fashionable morals, and the latter fashionable manners; that is, he endeavoured to persuade the young men to make love, and the married ladies to encourage them. But he found great, nay, insuperable difficulties in overcoming the modesty of the young gentlemen, and the old fashioned notions of the matrons. "These yankees," quoth our hero, "are as hard to tame as tigers."

He resorted on one occasion to argument with a lady who cherished the most absurd notions of conjugal felicity, "and all that sort of thing," as the English say.

"My dear madam," said he one day to Mrs. Judge Bridlegoose, "a married woman of fashion abroad, has no more to do with her husband than you have here with the husbands of other women. She makes use of nothing belonging to him except his name and his money. The first is useful on certain occasions, the latter indispensable."

"Why what in the name of sense," cried Mrs. Judge Bridlegoose, "do the people marry for?"

"To do as they please."

I never did as I pleased since I was married, thought Mrs. Judge; the thing is not so unreasonable after all.

"Women are thought nothing of abroad until they are married," continued Sopus.

"And when they are married?" asked the lady.

"O, every body thinks and talks of them too. They are like foxes let out of a bag to be hunted."

"But I should not like to be hunted."

"No, my dear madam! why what did you marry for?"

"To get a husband."

Our hero laughed; it was impossible to help it. "And what is a husband good for, except to lend you his name, and give you his money?"

"Good for? why—why—" the lady was a little puzzled. "Why one wants a man about the house to take care of one, and to go to market."

"My dear madam, you put me in mind of a lady of this town, who took her husband with her to Paris. `My dear,' said her friend, who knew of how little use a husband was in Paris—`my dear, what possessed you to bring *him* with you?"'

"`I wanted some body to hold the basin for me when I was sea sick,' said the other."

Mrs. Judge Bridlegoose laughed, and was very near being satisfied that husbands were like fireplaces, very useful, but very unbecoming. However, our hero, though he partly satisfied her understanding, could not get the better of education and habit, the best preservatives of virtue.

But though he failed here, he succeeded in another important branch of civilization. He taught several young men to play at cards and dice, who by some strange thracle were ignorant of them before, and gained a comfortable livelihood by it. How much better than teaching French, Italian, and Spanish; or debasing the character of a roué by some useful occupation. In the month of May, Julia and Heartwell were married. "There is but one more misery I wish him," quoth Sopus, "may old Wingate live a hundred years and his wife fifty."

CHAPTER XIII. THE DISHING OF A ROUÉ.

The summer now came on, bringing in its train a thousand blessings: relieving the poor from the pinching cold of winter, and exchanging chilling frosts and howling blasts, for two of the best gifts of heaven, sunshine and sweet south winds. The town thinned apace, and every thing in the shape of a human being, I mean all the fashionable brokers, speculators, and people that make money genteelly, were either gone or going to the Springs, the mountains, the shore, or the grand tour. Our hero had a run of luck, that is, he had been well paid of late for finishing the education of certain young gentlemen of fashion. He determined on a trip to the Springs, for he had heard it was an excellent place for flirting and getting an appetite. But he had a secret and a stronger motive.

For some time past he had been in the habit of dining with an acquaintance at a fashionable Broadway House, frequented by travellers coming from the south to spend the summer. Here he met with a Mr. and Mrs. Sarsfield, who had come I believe from the western part of Virginia, and stopped a few weeks in the city, on their way to Saratoga. Mr. Sarsfield was a tall, upright figure, rather of a brown complexion, although his hair and eyes were of a light colour. He wore a white hat with a broad brim; a blue frock, not of the first cut, or finesh materials, and his hair was tied behind with a black ribbon. He had no more whiskers than the palm of my hand, and was otherwise exceedingly defective in fashionable indispensables. Yet with all this, a better taste and a keener eye, than that of our hero, would have distinctly recognized the air, the manner, and above all, the look of a well bred, well educated gentleman. There are none who make such fatal blunders, as those who judge a man by the standard of his dress. Sopus determined to give the tall gentleman with the long queue, a touch of his foreign education. "I've caught a quiz," thought he. It turned out he had caught a Tartar.

The tall gentleman, with the long queue and no whiskers, had a charming wife, much younger than himself, and to say the truth, much handsomer. Her complexion, though she was born under a southern sun, was extremely fair; her eyes of a most equivocal colour, whether black, hazle, or grey, I could never make out to my satisfaction; teeth white and even; lips, cheeks, &c. of nature's best handy work; and a figure "too short for a long praise, and too tall for a short one," it was the very thing. Her hair was brown and dazzling, and though I hardly expect to be credited by my fashionable readers, it curled naturally, a thousand times more gracefully than either Monsieur Manuel or Monsieur Sebastian could make it, with all their matchless "gramary." She was as lively as a singing bird in his native forest; as unsuspecting as Eve, when she first met the first man; and as innocent, as when she first listened to the song of the serpent. "A prize!" thought our roué; and forthwith he laid out upon the beautiful matron all the stock of his foreign importations.

The lady had never met with a creature of his species before. She laughed at him, and with him; she danced with him at several parties; she walked with him on the Battery by moonlight, and took his arm with as innocent a frankness as she would that of her grandfather. The tall gentleman with the long queue, had seen a little more of the world than his wife. He had actually been Chargé at a foreign court, and spent a winter in Paris. But he never spoke of it except it was necessary. He had his eye upon our hero, having seen enough of the world to fathom his intentions; but he knew his wife, and the only feeling he had on the subject, was of insulted honour, rather than suspicion or jealousy. The very idea that there is a being breathing on the face of the earth, who dares to dream of, much more to meditate, seducing the wife of our bosom, is intolerable to a man of spirit and honour.

Our hero took passage in the steam boat with the beautiful Virginia wife and her tall husband. He played the roué in the very first style; handed the lady up stairs and down stairs; was at her elbow from morning till night, and took up so much of her attention that two or three times she actually forgot her husband. "Is that pretty lady your wife?" asked an old lady, very significantly. "Heaven forbid!" quoth Sopus. In this way he travelled with them to the Springs, kindly taking upon himself all the trouble of entertaining and waiting upon the fair matron. All this while Mr. Sarsfield said nothing; for there is no task from which a proud man more shrinks, than that of indicating, either in word or act, that he disapproves another man's attentions to his wife. He knows that if matters are going wrong, it will only make them worse; and he scorns to become the Argus of what a woman ought herself to guard. Besides, he saw as clearly that his wife was innocent, as that the roué was intent on making her otherwise. He held his tongue; but it was the silence of the brewing tempest.

At the Springs, one of the principal occupations of people is to watch one another, and the principal

amusement to detail the result. Sopus continued his attentions without the inexperienced wife being in the remotest degree the wiser for his significant looks, and speaking sighs. But other people saw clearer. There was an old lady in spectacles who had spent a month or six weeks at the Springs, every summer since the discovery of America. Of course she knew a little of the world. One day she said to Mrs. Sarsfield, "What does that young man want that he is always following you about?" "I don't know," replied the other. "I do," said the old lady. Soon after, Sopus met Mrs. Sarsfield alone in the music room, and kissed her hand, in full view of the husband, who was standing unseen. M Sarsfield felt an almost irresistible impulse to kick Mr. Sopus on the spot. But checking himself, he sent his wife up stairs to get ready for a ride, and shutting the door of the music room, addressed our hero as follows, in a mild firm voice.

"Mr. Sopus, your attentions to my wife are becoming disagreeable to me."

"So long as they are not disagreeable to the lady, I presume there is no harm done," replied our hero, with a laugh, for he thought he had to de with a clod−hopper of the first pretensions.

Sarsfield's eyes flashed fire; but he restrained himself.

"Mr. Sopus, you must be aware that this is not a place where any thing like particular and constant attention can be paid to a married woman, without giving occasion to ill−natured remarks and suspicions, real or pretended. Mrs. Sarsfield is not aware of this; I therefore speak to you rather than her. I again take the freedom to observe, that your attentions to Mrs. Sarsfield are disagreeable to me."

"And I," said Sopus, pertly, "again observe that so long as they are not disagreeable to the lady, I shall continue my attentions."

Heaven and earth! what a shower of blows was just on the point of wetting the shoulders of our hero. But Mr. Sarsfield as I observed before, was a man of the world, and knew that were he to take any measure of this kind, it would set ten thousand tongues running like mill clappers. He accordingly restrained himself once more; and that very afternoon went with Mrs. Sarsfield over to Ballston. The very next morning Mr. Sopus was at Ballston renewing his devoirs. Sarsfield was out of all patience, and swore he would have satisfaction for this insolent perseverance. He took occasion upon pretence of some little impertinence of our hero which had no reference to the more weighty cause of complaint, to pass upon him a direct and palpable insult, such as no man pretending to the character of a gentleman, could overlook without being dishonoured. There are some men who possess that amiable philosophy, which putteth up with insult, not in the spirit of forgiveness, but from a natural insensibility to such trifles. Our hero was of this sect of philosophers, and accordingly suffered the insult of Mr. Sarsfield to pass unnoticed. The company instead of adthring this singular magnanimity, hereupon began to look askance, and to shun the society of the accomplished Mr Sopus, who soon saw himself in the enviable situation of a man alone in a crowd. One day at dinner, he asked a gentleman to take wine with him. The gentleman politely answered, "I never drink wine," and a moment after, drank a glass with Mr. Sarsfield.

Our hero saw that he must either call out the tall man with the long queue, and peril his life, or die to the fashionable world. He neither had an office, nor a comthssion in the militia, and could therefore plead no privilege. Accordingly he resolved on challenging Mr. Sarsfield, being pretty confident that a man without whiskers, and who wore a long queue tied with a black ribbon, could never be a man of courage. Under this consoling conviction he sent Mr. Sarsfield a challenge, which greatly to his surprise and mortification, was promptly accepted. They went over into Vermont, that being the nearest "debatable land."

"You don't mean to harm this calf?" asked Mr. Sarsfield's second.

"Not much; I shall only give him a lesson he will be the better for all his life."

The distance was paced, the preliminaries settled, and the word about being given, when just at the critical moment, the pistol of the gallant roue went off—it was a hair trigger—and inflicted a sore wound in the lower part of his leg. He fell; and his antagonist learning that our hero was satisfied fired his pistol in the air, at the same time politely expressing his regrets at the accident. "I shall be at your service at any time," said he, and thus ended this affair of honour.

Sopus was carried to a neighbouring village, and deposited in a hotel, where he remained nearly three months, and became not only very tired, but ran up a bill which he had not the means of paying. He had plenty of leisure to moralize, and accordingly came to the conclusion that the American husbands were a set of vulgar semi−barbarians. He tried to seduce the landlord into a little gambling, both as a means of passing his time, and providing for the payment of his bill. But mine host was a man of nice scruples. He speculated in lottery tickets,

but he was principled against all sorts of gambling.

His long stay at this place, and his long bill, fairly emptied his pockets, and left him in debt besides. He quitted the hotel a lame duck in both senses. He was lame of a leg, and out at the elbows. When he got to the city he forgot to send the scrupulous landlord his money as he had pledged himself to do. Mine host, impatient at the delay, had him arrested and put in prison, to the horror of good society, and the consternation of divers fashionable young roués, who felt a sort of instinctive dislike to such vulgar places as goals. Poor Sopus, not being in business, had not the enviable privilege of taking the benefit of the bankrupt law three or four times, without being at all the worse for it, either in reputation or estate.

An old uncle, a grocer in Pump−street, whose acquaintance our hero had cut from the moment he was transplanted to the Square, hearing of his situation came to see him, and such was the wonderful virtue of the specific adthnistered by the hand of honest adversity, that Sopus actually forgave the old man for being a grocer, and living in Pump−street.

"You shall go home, and live with me," said the good man.

"On one condition," replied our hero.

"What is that?"

"That you get the name of the street changed, and promise not to degrade me into your shop boy."

The old grocer promised, and subsequently made such pathetic representations to the corporation of that day, that they changed the name of Pump to that of Cistern−street, which it bears even at the present time. Sopus was in hopes that this genteel appellation would tempt all the beau monde of Broadway, to let their houses for taverns and ordinaries, and come and live in Cisternstreet. And so it will probably be in good time.

Our hero was now lame of a leg, like the Great Tamerlane, and lived with a retail grocer up in the Bowery. Had it only been a wholesale grocery, he might have been permitted to subscribe to the City Assembly. But the retail business was the bar shnister: and our hero fell from the height of fashionable renown, to be trodden under foot like the worms that hang from the elm trees in Broadway, now vaulting to and fro in gallant trim, and anon grovelling in the dust ingloriously. At present, instead of aspiring to instruct fashionable matrons in the cabalistics of foreign manners, and the young gentlemen in the canons of European perfectability, he contents himself with talking a little equivocally to the ladies who preside over the apple stalls, and cookey shops in Cheapside and Chatham Square, where he is still venerated as a roué razeed.

I met him the other day, hobbling along, with little remains of his ancient glories, except his whiskers, and inquired how he came to be in such a condition.

"I am a sufferer in the cause of `Public Improvement' and `Domestic Policy.'"

"What! you could not civilize us after all?"

"No; I would as soon attempt to civilize the Indians," replied The Roue.

THE DRUNKARD.

He that is drunken may his mother kill, Big with his sister. He hath lost the reins; Is outlaw'd of himself. All kind of ill Does with his liquor slide into his veins: The Drunkard forfeits man, and doth divest All worldly right, save what he claims as beast. George Herbert.

I have determined to employ the last miserable remnant of a life now about closing in infamy and shame, in bequeathing to the world an example, which I trust, may make some amends for the miseries I have heaped on every being with whom I have been nearly and dearly connected in this life. It is the only atonement I can offer to my fellow creatures, whose very nature I have disgraced by my crimes; to my Maker before whom I must shortly appear in the nakedness of beastly depravity.

I was born in one of the States south of the Potomac, and am the only son of an opulent family, claiming some little distinction from two or three generations of gentility. I will not mention its name; I have disgraced it enough, God knows, already. We lived in the country, in a populous neighbourhood, and here I remained at home, receiving from my parents, as well as my sisters who were all older than myself, those mistaken indulgences, which so often have a fatal influence over the destinies of only sons. I learned to think myself always in the right, because in all disputes or conflicts with my sisters, they were obliged to yield; fancied myself a man at fourteen, because I was allowed to have my own way; and a prodigy of genius, because I was altogether unaware of the extent of my ignorance. I do not recollect that at this time I felt any propensity to the vice, which has been fatal to myself and all those whom the ties of existence had gathered around me. I only know that I was allowed to mix occasionally, and indeed as often as I pleased, with those of the country people, whose examples, if they operated on me at all, could only do me harm. I went to all the frolics in the neighbourhood, good, bad, and indifferent, where the country lads to many things which though not perhaps unbecoming in persons of their class and habits, cannot be indulged in by persons of mine, for any length of time, without more or less injury to that delicacy of feeling, those proprieties of manner, and those nice, sensitive principles, which constitute the distinctions of a gentleman Young men destined to move in that sphere of life which places them above the necessity of employment, cannot be too careful of their company and amusements, since by associating with vulgar idlers, they almost invariably approximate to their level, adopt their manners, acquire a taste for their amusements, and only sink the lower, from the height of their descent. One of the lowest, the meanest, and most depraved of mankind, is the man of education, refinement, and accomplishments, transmuted into a low and dhssipated blackguard. The impulse which carries him over the barriers of habit, education, and example, which impels him to overleap the gulf between him and vulgar vice, cannot, without a thracle, stop short of perdition.

I was a little soiled in the white ermine of the soul, before I left home to finish my education at college, at the age of sixteen. I was a tall premature boy, for whom nature, as I verily believe, had done her part; for in comparing my perceptions, and the power of expressing them, with those of my fellow students, I found myself by no means deficient. The college was situated in the centre of a great city; and great cities, as many people believe, are the most dangerous places in the world for young men. It may be so; they have proved so to me. But I doubt the first seeds of my undoing were sown in the country. My family, connexions, and fortune, placed me in a situation to choose my place in society; a choice which has puzzled many a young man, and a wrong decision ruined many more. I was puzzled to death At one time I had thoughts of becoming a ladies' man and a dandy. Would to heaven I had! for it is better to be nothing than what I am. Having accidentally got credit for a college exercise, I narrowly missed becoming a scholar. I shall never cease to regret not having done so; for a man that lives among books, for the most part keeps innocent, if not improving company. His pursuits are quiet and guiltless; his pleasures arise from intellectual sources; his excitements are too gentle to allure him into the comthssion of crimes for their gratification; his object is fame, and his reward if successful, immortality.

But I was diverted from this pursuit, by hearing a very sensible, successful, unenlightened old gentleman, of whose daughter I was a sort of adthrer, lay it down as a maxim, that knowledge was an idle drone, and that every scribbler ended in being a beggar, and dying in a garret or jail. He could never be brought to believe in the miracle of three or four thousand guineas being given for a story book, or comprehend the phenomenon of an author becoming rich by his works. While I was thus vacillating between bad and good, I one day met with a country fellow, a sort of half and half squire, with whom I had occasionally associated before I left home. He informed me

that he had brought to town some capital game cocks, to fight a grand main on Christmas eve, which was fast approaching, and pressed me to go with him so earnestly, that at length I consented, as it was not against the college statutes, which only prohibited going to the theatre. I was partly prompted by curiosity, and partly by the smack of an old relish for such sports acquired in the country.

When the time came, I dressed myself as little like a gentleman as possible, not to disgrace the company and the occasion, and went with my patron to the place of blood. It was in a dungeon far under ground, at the extremity of a long, dark alley, running out from a street of infamous fame, and infamous name. On approaching it, nothing could be heard but the distant, half smothered crowing of cocks, defying each other from their bags, mingled with a confused hum, which deepened as we approached. At length we came to a half decayed door, at which my companion gave three distinct and well defined taps, at intervals of about ten or fifteen seconds. The door slowly opened, and we passed along a paved pathway about twenty or thirty yards, till we came to a flight of steps which we descended, and my guide again gave three taps, in the same manner, and with the same intervals as before. After a little delay, accompanied by a total cessation of the hum we had heard on approaching, the door was unlocked and unbolted with great deliberation, and we emerged from total darkness into an extensive apartment, illuminated with a hundred lights, diffusing the brilliancy of a ball room.

My companion was welcomed in the most cordial style, and with a choice selection of most affectionate curses, by a number of equivocal figures, that looked as if they might have once been gentlemen. His arrival was the signal for the comtencement of bloody and mortal strife. Bets began to be offered and accepted; the trimmers, the gaffers, the weighers, the pitters, and the judge, all comtenced the exercise of their high functions, and all was high and busy preparation. The gallant combatants, like heroes about to enter the lists, in presence and in honour of some beloved lady, smoothed their rich, varied plumes, crected their beautiful necks, flashed menace from their fiery eyes, and crowed the shrill defiance. They seemed to know and to glory in their destiny, and the moment they caught sight of each other, was the signal for a struggle to escape from the hands of the pitter, and begin the battle. A strange and singular instinct this, which prompts the animal to attack only his own species, and live in peace with all others!

While the preliminaries were going on, I had leisure to look around me. I had got into a curious circle. Here was a tall, raw−boned Dutchman from Staaten Island, dressed in homespun, and altogether so rusty in appearance, that I took him for a subaltern, who was some way or other employed about the place in a menial capacity−Great, therefore, was my surprise to hear him offer a bet of five hundred dollars, to a portly, well looking person, whose dress and deportment proclaimed the man of breeding, and whose open countenance gave pretty sure indication that he was destined to be the dupe of the sages of this Pandemonium. I could not help being moved with a kind feeling, the moment I caught his good natured eye, and fool as I was, almost determined to go and caution him against his associates. But I soon found that he was no novice in the sport, and learned from the familiar manner in which the lowest of the sporting crew addressed him, that he was domesticated here, and had in some measure sunk to the level of his company. I grew intimate with him in the course of my devotions at this infernal shrine, and found that with this strange attachment to this strange amusement, he was a man of excellent principles, kind feelings, and tender affections. It is as strange as it is true. In process of time, as might be expected, he was ruined by his good friends of the den. A fat butcher, with eyes like a ferret; a little oily tobacconist, they called Balty; and the sharp faced, raw−boned Staaten Islander, shared most of his spoils. What indeed surprised me, was to see the sums risked by fellows who seemed scarcely worth a suit of decent clothes. I believe, however, the truth was, they only risked when the odds were greatly in their favour. I know not how it is, but there are certain favoured beings of a baser stamp, with whom a gentleman stands no chance in betting, and who seem to know by intuition which fowl is to conquer, and which horse to win.

The master spirit of this Pandemonium, however, was a merry old gentleman, in the vigour of a green autumn, whose spirits animated the whole circle, and made the keenest betters laugh, even sometimes when they lost. He too bore about him distinctive marks of once at least having been used to better company, and higher amusements, and his example, together with that of the good natured looking gentleman I mentioned before, went a great way in reconciling me to a place, for which I at first felt no little abhorrence. It is my design to exhibit in all their disgusting features, and colouring, the scenes in which I became an actor; the gradations by which, step by step, I reached the goal of ruin, disgrace, and remorse. I mean to give them in all the strength of colouring of which I am capable; to present, in short, a picture which shall create unmingled disgust, in the mind of every

reader, who is not sunk as low as I have fallen. It is not my design to write a pleasing or interesting tale. It is necessary to my purpose, that I make myself and my story a beacon and a warning.

By degrees I came to relish the company and amusements of a cock−pit; to enjoy the furious conflicts and dying agonies of the gallant birds; the jests of the old gentleman upon their exphring struggles; the blood, the feathers; the curses of the losers, and the exultation of the winners. I became a bold better, and grew confidentially intimate with the ferret eyed butcher, the rawboned Staaten Islander, and little smooth faced Balty. They became my fast friends, and took every opportunity of cautioning me against the arts of each other. I fancied myself at last a knowing one, after being enlisted under the special mentorship of honest Balty, who always told me what cock to bet on, and as I long afterwards learned, always bet on his antagonist. I lost my money; I lost my rest; my character among my equals; my station in society; above all, I lost for ever all those delicious feelings, those innocent sources of pleasure, those aspiring hopes and anticipations, and that heaven born ambition, which animates youth to reach at things above, instead of stooping to things below them.

What would my poor father and mother have said and thought, had they seen me emerging at the dawn of day, from this obscure den, covered with feathers; haggard with want of rest, or red in the face with the liquor I had swallowed in the course of the night? But, thank heaven! they never saw me. They died without even suspecting my swift deterioration, or anticipating the disgrace I was to bring upon their name. It may be supposed that these courses incapacitated me for my college exercises. I began to descend, and at every examination approached nearer and nearer to the tail of my class. The better sort of lads drew off from my society; the professors cautioned, lectured, and threatened in vain; they could not touch the feelings of one who thought more of the approbation of his friend Balty, than of a diploma. From the foot of the second, I was degraded into the lowest class, from which I was at length expelled, for reiterated instances of negligence and impertinence.

It is impossible for me to say that this disgrace did not make me feel for a time. I was now approaching towards manhood, and there is I believe, a period in the life of the most dhssipated young men, in which they may be said to be balancing almost equally between regeneration and perdition. It is then that it would seem to depend on chance or fate, over which they have no apparent control, whether they are to retrieve their lost ground, and rise to the level to which nature and education seem to entitle them, or sink never to rise again. I have often thought, that had it fallen to my lot at this time, to meet with somebody I loved and respected, who would have taken me by the hand and reasoned with me kindly, I might possibly have been a far different man, from what I afterwards became. Perhaps I only seek to palliate my crimes, and soothe my harrassed, guilty soul, by this miserable subterfuge. Away with it then. I was a rational being intrusted by my Maker with the direction of my own conduct—my destiny was in my own hands, and I alone am accountable for my fate. No kind friend interposed; no one came to hold out a hand, and arrest me in the swift descent. Instead of such an one, came my friend Balty, who carried me to a grand main, where as usual I betted by his directions, and as usual lost almost every bet. But still Balty had the reputation of an honest good creature, and another friend of mine, an experienced gaffer and pitter, swore upon his soul, that Balty was the most unlucky man in the world, for though no man could compare with him in judgment, yet somehow or other he was always wrong.

Thus, I continued in my downhill course. But still I did not go so fast as might have been expected. I sometimes had the power to arrest my career—to stop short—yea, even sometimes to climb a little way up the hill again. But he who climbs a little way, and slides back again, sinks only the lower for his exertion. The mental effort if finally unsuccessful, ends too often in a complete moral insensibility. Why is it that the temptations to vice are at our feet every step we take, sensible to the eyes, the ears, the palate, and the touch, while the allurements to virtue are so often distant, if not invisible? Why—but the answer is at hand, and easy. It is that there may be some merit in being good; for were the incitements to one or the other equally palpable and powerful in their appeals to the senses, there would be no merit in being good. It is the difficulty, which causes virtue to be crowned with everlasting rewards.

Notwithstanding the life I led, I was not altogether debased. It is not all at once that the soul is stripped of its regalia. It is by little and little, that it is cast away; although to the world, it appears perhaps, that the wretched delinquent has made but one step to the consummation of his follies and crimes. I still preserved the exterior, and the manners of a gentleman, and in the day time at least, associated with men and women far better than myself. My habits had not so far changed me from what I was, that either my relatives or friends, had turned their backs upon me. I still cherished a liking for books, at times; read sometimes the whole of a rainy day; visited young

ladies occasionally, and was reckoned by their mammas not altogether unworthy of an invitation to a tea party. Above all, I had not actually committed any overt act, such as is, or ought to be followed by the loss of *caste*. I had, it is true, a habit of taking brandy and water, at times; but I felt no want of it as a stimulant, and the habit was by no means confirmed. In short, when I came of age, and took possession of a handsome estate, I might still, if I would, have taken the place in society, for which my fortune and connexions seemed to have destined me. But my evil genius, or rather my evil habits and passions were at length to have their final and complete triumph.

An idle young man, with no decided taste for some innocent or praiseworthy pursuit, with a fortune at his command, and in a large city which bristles with temptations, is placed in a situation of great peril. He has not only his own wayward heart to battle with, but he is almost invariably assailed by the seductions of others. There is a certain class of men in great cities, who manage to keep just within the pale of decent society, notwithstanding their habits, and modes of living, render them unworthy of the association. They generally are the dry and worthless branches of some respectable family, left with a patrimony just sufficient to raise them above the absolute necessity of useful employment, yet not enough to support their extravagances for any length of time. They flutter gaily for a summer, like the grasshoppers, and like them find themselves destitute when the autumn of life approaches. They begin by losing their money from inexperience, and end by preying upon the inexperience of others. They dress well, preserve a respectable exterior, and study the refinements of manners, to enable them the better to practice their deceptions. Of all men in the world the sharper has most occasion for good manners. They are generally unmarried, for wives and children are mere incumbrances to men who must seek their prey, now at a fashionable hotel, and anon at a fashionable watering place.

These men are always on the lookout for young heirs, with more money than wit or experience. They found me, and what was worse they found me prepared for their purposes. I joined, nothing loth, a club of these veteran whist players, which met almost every night, the principal members of which from long habit and experience, I verily believe, had reduced it to a matter of certainty, that in the course of an evening, or rather a night, they could win my money. They did not pack the cards, or shuffle unfairly, nor exchange winks with their partners, nor tread on each other's toes under the table; but they took advantage of those mysterious, unaccountable runs of ill luck, which so often beset a player; taunted my losses, undervalued my skill, stimulated me with drink to double my bets in the hopes of making up my losses; and in short, by those various arts so well known to experienced *gentlemen* players, contrived in the course of one single year, to strip me of all my ready money.

I then mortgaged my lands, preferring this method, by the advice of one of the most experienced members of the club. "It is better than selling," said he, "for it gives you the appearance of being rich, when you are not worth a groat. I have known men possess in this way, aye, and enjoy all the advantages of hundreds and thousands, who did not in reality own an acre." So I mortgaged my estate from time to time, and from time to time lost my money. In fine, I became poor, and one hot summer's day, it came into my mind to visit my sisters, who lived on a part of my father's estate in the country, in peace and innocence; doting on me as an only brother, the hope of the family, and totally unsuspicious of the career I was running. At this time, even at this time, if I knew myself, I still had about me the raw materials of a gentleman. I had never descended to any of the arts and finesses of a gambler; I had never forfeited my word with an equal, or my engagements with an inferior; I had not as yet thrown my gauntlet at the foot of the world and declared myself independent of the grand inquest of society; and though my habits were decidedly bad, they were not confirmed beyond the reach of vigorous and manly effort. I was neither depraved nor debased past all recovery, and notwithstanding my occasionally keen and bitter stings of conscience, I was not yet driven to drinking as a refuge from their pangs.

In this state I paid a visit to my sisters, who received me with an affectionate joy that went to my heart of hearts. They adthred me beyond any other human being, and they loved me still more. The sight of my early home, the kind flatteries of my sisters, and the sacred influence of quiet repose, of woods, waters, and meadows, birds, echoes, and all the full, combined harmony of nature, for a while awakened in my heart the rural feeling so nearly allied to virtue. I began by degrees to relish a stroll with my sisters along the little stream that skirted their grounds; to enjoy the moonlight, and the wandering glories overhead; and tried to take a pleasure in looking on, or partaking in the merry hay−makings of the season. What surprised me most of all, was the phenomenon of being able to sleep soundly at night, without sitting up three fourths of it; a thing I had not been able to do in town for more than three years past.

It is possible, had it pleased heaven to permit me to remain here undisturbed during the remainder of the

season, that I might have become a new man. But empty, unsatisfactory, and wearisome, as is the eternal repetition of the stimulants to dissipation, they are gifted with an accursed fascination. Even if they did not, as they most assuredly do, carry with them their own appropriate stings, their victim is bitterly punished in the incapacity ever to enjoy those gentle pleasures; those innocent domestic endearments, and that sweet undulating calm, which all united, constitute a contented and happy being. I confess I was sometimes partially benumbed for want of some little flow of excitement merely to set my sails flapping. Whether I should eventually have conquered the habits of dissipation, in the habits of ease and retirement, I shall never know. About a month after leaving the city, I received a letter from my particular friend, one of the principal members of the club, to whom, I owed a couple of thousands, which he always assured me I might take my own time to pay, dunning me for money in the most genteel manner possible. Necessity—a run of luck, &c. &c. &c.

I had not a tenth of the sum in the world, and to my shame be it told, it was the absolute impossibility of living any longer in town, that had driven me to visit my sisters in the country. My estate was already mortgaged for its full value, and this being a debt of honour, must be paid. From the moment of receiving this letter, the country lost its charms for me. Cool shades, quiet glens, green meadows, murmuring streams, warbling birds, chirping insects, and all the blessed looking, happy objects of nature, assort but ill with an unquiet, dissatisfied spirit. Noise, bustle, and a perpetual succession of confused and various objects, accord much better with the mood of a man at war with himself. My sisters soon noticed my depression, and with the querulous solicitude of female affection, wearied and worried me with enquiries. At first I was fretful, and continually brought tears into their mild blue eyes, by repulsing them, sometimes rudely, sometimes superciliously, always with an impatience their affection little merited. At length, one day, the fiend who is ever on the watch for the moment in which man may best be tempted to his ruin—one day, when I had just received another dunning letter from my friend, an idea came across me that at first made me shudder, as if a dagger of ice had been run through me. I was the sole executor of my father's estate, and the property of my sisters, had been left entirely under my control, since they became of age.

I mean to lay bare the inmost recesses of my polluted heart—to deny nothing—disguise nothing— extenuate nothing. But I hope to be credited, wretch as I am, this once, when I say that the first idea of appropriating a part of the property thus left with such confiding affection entirely in my power, came across me, I drove it away with all the indignation it deserved. But it came back again and again, always accompanied with new motives, and new palliatives, till by degrees it became familiar "Your mortgaged estates," it said, or seemed to say—"are rising in value, and you will be able to repay this small sum, long before it is known that you have used it. Your sisters have no occasion for the money, and as they probably will never marry, you will be their heir at last." At other times, it seemed to say as it grew every day bolder—"Even suppose you never pay the money—there is nothing more common than for brothers to borrow, mismanage, or waste their sisters' inheritance—you will have enough to keep you in countenance, if the worst come to the worst." Why should I detail step by step, inch by inch, hairs−breadth by hairs−breadth, the progress I made towards this infamous determination? I was driven to it at last, by a third letter threatening me with being denounced at the club, unless I promptly paid the debt to my friend. To escape the disgrace of an indiscretion, I committed a crime. The shame of meeting a set of men who had no claim upon my affection or gratitude, for a moment blinded me to the guilt of defrauding those who had both. Had I asked my sisters for the sum, they would have thrown that, and all they possessed into my lap. But the pride that stooped to defraud them, shrunk from the degradation of asking for what it could steal. Such too often is man, and such was I.

I bade my sisters farewell. They hung around, and kissed me, with tears of pure and innocent love, for their hearts seemed all concentrated upon me. They asked me to come again soon, and made me promise I would. I did not dare to look them in the face, nor could I respond to their tears and embraces, for the purpose I was upon, made their endearments intolerable. We have never met since. They have sought me in my misery and degradation; they have proffered me all that my villany had left them; they have sought me out in infamy; and entreated to share my cell. But I never could bear to meet their forgiveness, and fled from them, as from the wrath of heaven.

From the moment I robbed my sisters, and only from that moment, I felt myself degraded past all recovery, lost beyond redemption. I had suffered myself as it were, wilfully to be deceived into the comthssion of a crime, mean and despicable beyond all other meanness; but the moment it was past beyond the reach of recall, the

sophistry glared me in the face, and I saw my degradation at full length. I did not stop here, for who can say that he can stop, when he has placed himself one single step, on the slippery, down hill path of ath of. Anxious, feverishly anxious to replace the past robbery, I risked more—lost more—and robbed my sisters of more to pay the debt of honour. I did not lose—I have never lost, nor shall I ever—the capacity to feel the keenest remorse for my evil actions. Had I been able to steel my heart to the pangs of conscience, and to bear up, as some do, against the sense of hopeless degradation, I had not been what I am, nor, strange as may appear the paradox, should I have been half so bad, had I at first been a great deal worse.

Wherever I went, I bore about me this intolerable feeling of irretrievable disgrace, and to escape from it, I plunged deeper into the gulf. I could not bend or force my heart to a subthssion, an acquiescence in its shame, and to escape the horrible depressions of self−conviction. I sought new stimulants, in a more frequent indulgence in the use of wine. It answered for a little, a very little while; but the momentary sunshine would pass away, and leave only a deeper gloom. Still, I was not a sot; the habit had not yet fastened itself on me, nor did I carry on my face or person, those infallible indications which mark the victims of this beastly vice. I could at any time abstain, and so far, my destiny was in my power. By degrees, I made deeper and deeper encroachments on the fortunes of my sisters, and the period was fast approaching, when my shame must inevitably come to light. I was becoming reckless and desperate, when a lucky chance, as I then thought it, threw in my way a mode of retrieving my affairs, and preserving my reputation

I had considerable advantages of person, and a habit of keeping myself always neat, and fashionably dressed. Even when I spent my nights at the cock−pit, and came forth in the morning covered with feathers. I never failed to appear immediately after in the garb of a gentleman. I had also a natural and off−hand gallantry in my disposition, which made me acceptable to the most modest and wellbred females, whenever I chose to exert it, as I often did. As a proof that I was not altogether a brute, there never was a period of my life, up to the time I have now arrived at, in which I could not relish the society of virtuous, intelligent women and make myself agreeable to them.

Accident about this time threw me into the society of a young gentlewoman, of good family, and possessing a handsome fortune in her own right. Her person was attractive—almost beautiful, and her face shone bright in the lustre of a pair of intelligent black eyes, matched, or rather contrasted with a fine set of white teeth. Hitherto I had never thought of marrying. The life I had led, had in fact made me incapable of loving a virtuous woman as she deserves to be loved. Excesses had blunted all my finer feelings, and I contemplated every handsome female, with the eyes of a glutton, or an epicure. Let no woman who values her happiness, unite herself to a reformed debauchee, who has long past the age of unbridled youth. The heat of youthful blood, unrestrained by experience, may, and often does, precipitate a boy into the most dangerous excesses; but his transgressions are those of inexperience, not habit; and if he returns to the path of rectitude in time, he may still save something valuable from the tempest in which he has been tossed. But it is otherwise with him whom years of estrangement from the society of the worthy, and years of fellowship with the worthless, have disfranchised from all comtunion with the pure susceptibilities of woman, and rendered absolutely, and forever incapable of knowing or estimating her worth. Such a man may return to the performance of the ordinary duties of society, but he will have lost in his long wanderings, what he can never regain; the capacity to enjoy the innocent endearments of virtuous love, and the gentle attractions of the domestic fire−side. But the fondest lovers may be said to be strangers to each other before marriage. Perhaps it is best it should be so, since it is often as mischievous to know too much as too little.

Finding my society agreeable to this lady, who I shall call Amelia, the idea by degrees occurred to me that she would be an advantageous speculation, as we used to say at the club. Her person, as I said before, was attractive, but that did not much matter; and her fortune was liberal, which mattered a great deal. She was young, romantic, and somewhat buoyant in spirits. I played the hypocrite finely. We rode out together through the beautiful landscapes of a most beautiful country, and she greeted every murmuring brook, twittering bird, and rocky glen, with a vivacity of adthration, that would have called up a corresponding feeling in the heart of any one, but one like me, labouring under a sense of degradation, combined with the lethargy of worn out sensibilities. She had neither father or mother living; but she had friends, who, though ignorant of the extent of my fall, still knew enough of my habits to think me unworthy of her hand. But young women who are rich, and mistress of themselves, are, I believe, not apt to be controlled by friends in the choice of a husband; and believing, as Amelia did, that they wronged me, she was only the more determined to do me right. She consented to trust me with

herself, her happiness, her destiny in this world, I might almost say in the world to come, and we were married.

At the moment I was about to be put in possession of youth, beauty, and fortune, I was not happy, I could not disguise from myself that I was receiving a victim, not a bride, to my arms; that I had played the hypocrite and the villain, in disguising from her the state of my fortune, and affecting a character, now no longer mine. She strenuously insisted on having my sisters for bridemaids; but I resisted at first with feigned excuses, and at length, with an obstinate violence, which caused her to look at me with a keen scrutinizing glance, and heave a sigh, too true a signal of her future fate. I took her a tour during the summer; visited my estate, and heard her warmly, and seriously propose that we should settle down there, and spend the rest of our days, without sinking into the earth. We went to the springs, and I take some credit to myself, that for three weeks that we staid there, I neither flirted with other men's wives, nor sat up after four o'clock in the morning at whist. In short, I was the model of a good husband, and my wife the happiest of women; at least she said nothing to the contrary.

For some months after we returned to town for the winter, I led a prodigy of a life. I neither drank nor gamed; and the connexions of my wife began to give me credit for a thorough reformation. But, alas! where the fiend is within, the fiend will come out at last. About this time one of my sisters married, and it became necessary that her portion should be forthcoming. I had now a man to deal with, and farther deception became impossible. The crisis of my fate arrived. My generous, noble hearted wife, had peremptorily resisted all the cautions of her relatives to have her fortune settled on herself. No, she always replied, no, I trust him with my happiness, and my fortune shall go with it. It rested with me now, either to tell her candidly my situation, and throw myself on her generosity; or to make use of her fortune secretly to replace that of my sister's. That strange pride which clings even to guilt and degradation prompted me to the latter. To replace the money of which I had robbed my sister, I robbed my wife of that, which after events proved, she would have given me with all her heart.

Up to this period, I had loved Amelia as well as it was possible for me to love a delicate virtuous woman. Her affection, and the complete acquiescence to my wishes which she exhibited on all occasions, had won all that was left of a heart seared in the fires of mad voluptuousness. But from the moment I robbed, I hated her. With the injustice which I believe ever accompanies the perpetration of injuries, I considered my wife a spy, prying into my actions, and at every moment on the eve of discovering the deception I had practiced, the robbery I had committed. All confidence was now at an end, on my part; all pleasure in her society; all enjoyment in her arms. I began to estrange myself from home, and by degrees to drink drams, to keep up the courage of dastardly guilt, and make me sufficiently a brute, to meet her after my nightly orgies without sinking into the earth. Now it was that my downhill course became more rapid than ever. I fell in company with some of my old associates of the club; renewed my intimacy with Balty and the ferret eyed butcher; got half fuddled, was robbed and cheated every night, and returned to my home every morning, more of a beast than I left it in the evening.

To meet these perpetual losses, I made other drafts upon my wife's fortune, and to dull the sense of ath of, I drank deeper of brandy. Sometimes I rallied the remnant of the divinity that was within me, and abstained both from gambling and drinking for days and nights, sometimes weeks together; but again I was carried away by impulses and habits only the more impetuous for their momentary restraint. My wife behaved like an angel; she kept my secret, and neither betrayed me to her friends, nor uttered a reproach. She did not, it is true, know that I had robbed her of more than two thirds of her fortune; but she knew what was far more difficult to be borne, that I neglected her person, and dishonoured both her and myself by indulging in the lowest dissipation. Yet she bore all in silence. Had she been more of a woman, it had been better perhaps for me.

During this period we had two children, a boy and a girl. I could not bear to look at them, from the moment their little eyes began to know me. I had injured them as well as their mother, and bad as I was, I never could bear the looks of those I had wronged. To the virtuous and happy father, these little strangers, form those gentle links that bind him the closer to his home, and inspire new feelings of gratitude and goodness. But it was not so with me. I was rapidly becoming an outcast from the domestic circle; an alien from all that is good, and beautiful, and elegant. My heart was already one half rotten, the other half turned to stone; my tastes, my propensities, my habits were now all assuming the same hue of deep bottomless ath of, of arretrievable debasement. My friends, for I still had estimable friends, whom the virtues of my father and mother had gained me, now began to draw off one by one, to treat me with coolness, distant civility, neglect, and finally to pass me without notice. Few men that have their senses left them, can bear the contempt of their friends, and know that they have deserved it, without shrinking into their inmost soul, and cowering there. For me, I was always as proud as Lucifer. The more

degraded I felt, the more obstinate I bebecame, and when I could not disguise from myself that I merited the detestation of all the world, I only the more resolutely determined to brave that world, and become worse and worse, out of pure spite. Thus does the nature of man become perverted, until at last he comes to cherish a gloomy mistaken pride, in more than justifying the scorn and contempt of his honest associates. From getting intoxicated at night, I proceeded to getting intoxicated by day. As the sense of degradation, the consciousness of my approaching fall, my irretrievable, eternal ruin, pressed upon me only the more keenly, in the intervals of oblivion. I flew to the bottle, and drank oblivion again. Yet sometimes my watchful angel would interfere, and more than once have I madly dashed the glass to pieces on the hearth, in a paroxysm of momentary and desperate resolution. I would describe the dreadful chaos of my mind, while under the influence of the destroying bowl, that those who read my story may shrink with horror, from the terrible detail, and learn if possible, how hopeless, how fatal the attempt to quell the raging surges of guilt and remorse, by pouring hot inflammable spirits upon them. At first indeed the attempt may produce a tempory obscurity; a leaden numbness of intellect, through which objects appear confused and indistinct, and the sense of shame or guilt is not so keen. Sometimes it may bring about a deep yet unrefreshing sleep, from which the miserable drunkard awakes, only to enjoy the bitter contrast of a refreshed remorse preying on a weakened body. But by degrees, even these miserable solaces fade away, and drunkenness, instead of dulling the sense of guilt, or misery, only sharpens the pang, by giving a temporary life and vivacity to the mental perceptions. Their indistinctness is overbalanced by their increased vigour. The next step is still more deplorable, when habit at length renders the wretch almost callous to the influence of the poison, and excessive indulgence produces not oblivion, but phrenzy. Too truly will the remainder of my story exemplify that I speak from woful experience.

The depredations I had committed on the inheritance of my children, were now brought to light, by that inevitable train of events, which never fails, sooner or later, to bring the villain to his reckoning. Nearly at the same time, my estate was advertised by the sheriff, on a foreclosure of the mortgage. It was thus discovered that I was a beggar when I married, and that I had since become a scoundrel. Even my unbending pride, aided by the maddening bowl, could not stand this. I could not endure the sight of those, who from having once looked up to me, now shunned me with averted eyes, or gave me only glances of cool contempt. No man, however degraded in his own estimation, can bear the scorn of his equals; the very pickpocket aspires to an equality with his fellow pickpockets, and will quarrel for precedence, like a courtier.

One day I happened to meet an old acquaintance, in company with two or three gentlemen, in such a way that it was impossible for him to pretend not to see me, or for me to avoid him, without actually sneaking away. I accosted him, but he took no notice of me. "I believe you don't know me," said I. "O yes, I *do* know you," he replied, and turned on his heel. The emphasis he laid on this little word was adthrably expressive. I understood it, and so did the gentlemen present. My blood boiled, and the more, for knowing I deserved this treatment. I poured forth a deluge of atvectives, and provoked him at length so far to forget himself as to knock me down. That very hour I sent him a challenge, for I was not yet low enough to put up with a blow, and though I acknowledged to my own heart that I deserved the treatment I had received, still I burned for revenge. It was in vain that the friend to whom the gentleman applied to carry his answer, represented me as unworthy of his notice, a man without any reputation to lose, and to whom a blow could add no deeper disgrace. "I should have thought of all this before I gave the blow," he replied. "Having noticed him in the first instance, I have no right to say now, that he is beneath my notice. I must offer either apology or atonement. I cannot descend to beg his pardon, and there is but one other alternative."

"But he is a disgraced man."

"True, yet I had no right to add to his disgrace."

"He gave the first provocation."

"Aye, but if he was so far degraded, as to be unworthy of my anger, I had no business to be angry with him. I forgot he was beneath my notice when I gave the offence; I have no right now to say he is so, when he demands satisfaction. I know it is the morality of the day, to bandy reproaches, to offend public decency, to outrage a man's feelings in every possible way, and when called upon for atonement, to plead either scruples of conscience, or inferiority in the other party. Neither this species of piety, nor this morality satisfies me. I must meet this man."

Under the influence of these mixed principles of right and wrong, did this high spirited young man consent to meet me. My habitual excesses had so shattered my nervous system, that nothing but copious draughts could

steady my hand. I drank deep that morning, and though my vision was indistinct, my hand did not tremble. My second, one of my old club companions, who was an amateur of duelling—that is to say in the second, not in the first person, gave me many special directions how to hold my pistol, and when to fire. But I was stupified by the time we got to the ground, and every object swam before my eyes, as if floating on the waves. I scarcely heard the words, "one—two—three—fire!" I raised my pistol mechanically, and yet—strange and inscrutable dispensation!—my antagonist fell dead at the first fire. A mother lost her only son,—an amiable and virtuous woman an affectionate husband— and three children became orphans—for the wife survived the shock but a few months. Thus, as my worthy second assured me triumphantly— thus, and at this price, had I vindicated my honour. What honour? The honour of an unnatural brother, a brutal husband, an unfeeling father, a beastly sot!

For some time after this magnificent exploit, I was moody, and serious. I had a sort of atdistinct vision of blood, forever peering through the mists of intoxication, and my nights became horrible, whenever I ventured to go to bed otherwise than in a state of brutal insensibility. Even then the vision haunted my dreams, until I groaned in agony, and awaked in such indescribable horrors, that I used to get up at all times of the night, to resort to the bowl, to bring on another brief interval of oblivion. Thus it was that each new crime drove me to still greater excesses, and that every new excess only brought with it new punishment for my crimes. By degrees I came to loathe the city, to hate the face of man, and to cherish the wish of burying myself in the country, that I might drink my fill, and revel in beastly excesses, free from the prying eye of my fellow creatures, and beyond the reach of the restraints of society. The friends of my wife, gladly acceded to my wishes, and a farm was purchased, in a distant part of the country, where my family and myself were unknown, which we went to take possession of on a fine spring day. I remember it to this hour; for languid, worn out, decayed as was my frame, I still felt the bland influence of the fresh air, playing about my forehead, and refreshing my parched lungs, while the flowers, the verdure, the birds, and all the combined beauties of a genial sun, and a fair, far spreading landscape, once more awakened me, and I think for the last time, to feelings allied to my better days. Our new home, was a little white house, shaded by an immense weeping willow, that threw its wide declining tendrils, completely over the roof, like a vast umbrella. From the door, a little greensward sloped down to a stream, something between a river and a brook, that murmured its way through a long meadow, dotted with gigantic elms, button woods, and other vast children of our rich alluvions. It was a pretty scene for a good man to repose himself in, and seek his quiet way to heaven. But for me! Paradise had no charms for the great enemy of mankind, and rural scenes, and rural quiet, are only stimulatives to him who lives on artificial excitements. If there be the means of revelling in one single vicious indulgence, left within his reach, he will seize upon them with an avidity sharpened by the absence of all other temptations, and all other means of gratifying evil appetites.

For me, I was past all hope, I might say all possibility of being saved. Even if my moral sense had not been perverted, if my mind had not become irretrievably prostrated before the altar of debasement, my physical frame, now so long used to artificial stimulants, became almost inanimate without them. Once, certain symptoms of apoplexy, actually frightened me into a momentary reform; and at other times when the swelling of my legs gave indication of dropsy, I was alarmed into a temporary abstinence. But the reader would shudder, if I were capable of drawing a picture in colours sufficiently glaring, to exhibit the depression, the lassitude, the sinkings of the very soul, that shook my body; or the indescribable terrors that haunted me, sleeping and waking. For some time past I had totally lost my appetite. I had lived wholly on the stimulating bowl, and when that was abandoned for a few days, my appetite did not return. I absolutely sunk under the privation. Let no one therefore venture upon these excesses, in the flattering hope that he can ever retrieve himself. "He cannot," to use the words of a writer whom I could once relish, "He cannot if he would, is not more certain than he would not if he could." From these temporary abstinences, I returned like the dog to his vomit, with a renewed zest, and with a sort of apology for deeper excesses. But it is time to speak of my poor wife and children.

From time to time, during the progress of the scenes I have just been sketching, Amelia had been strongly urged by her friends to leave me. But she always mildly, yet peremptorily refused. "My lot," would she say, "was of my own choosing, and whatever it may be, I have made up my mind to bear it to the end." Even this devotion did not touch my heart, nor brute as I was, did I thank her for it. On the contrary—believe it ye virtuous husbands if ye can—I taunted her with her ridiculous attachment, and scarcely a day passed that I did not ask her with brutal barbarity why she did not go to her friends. I did not want her company, not I; nay, I wished to get rid of it and never see her face again. He who shall read this horrible tale, with the remnant of one spark of virtuous

feeling just expiring in his bosom, will not believe it. Yet it is true as that there is a Being above the stars, who for some unknown purpose permits such things as I am to live. I used to find a diabolical amusement in making her innocent heart shudder to hear me blaspheme; to see the tears come into her forgiving eyes, as I vociferated that I cared not how soon I killed myself with drinking; an assertion as false as it was blasphemous, for often and often have I bellowed with unmanly fears, when the fullness of my head and other symptoms, awaked the apprehension of apoplexy. I consider it one of my last duties to do full justice to this extraordinary woman, at the expense of heaping tenfold curses on my own head. I deserve them. It was my customary amusement to exert every means, to resort to every species of provocation, by way of experiment to see if it was possible to overcome her. I found fault with her domestic economy; reproached her with not keeping her children decent; with being a slut in her own person, though she was neatness itself; with being ugly, disagreeable, stupid, tiresome, a millstone about my neck, the bane of my life, and the cause of all my misery. And then I would conclude by cursing her; yes, reader, cursing her, the wife of my bosom, the mother of my children. Yet she bore it all, and what was for a long while inexplicable to me, bore it without losing that vivacity of temper, and flow of spirits which marked her happier days. Nay, her gaiety seemed wilder than ever, and to increase with my brutality. It was long before I discovered the reason. But I will not anticipate. Let not the reader suppose that even I, degraded and brutalized as I was, had not my intervals of shame and suffering during all this time. I sometimes, as if by enchantment, suddenly awakened to a full sense of what I was. Sometimes in the middle of the night, my punishment would come upon me. The embodied representatives of my guilt and crimes, would throng round my bed, and make me gnash my teeth, and roar in agony. At these times my resource was to get up, light a candle, and set down to the bottle, till the fumes of the poison again produced insensibility to every rational feeling or perception. Then would I defy Heaven, brag of my utter fearlessness of the present or the future, and play the reckless bully once more, while my heart was quaking to its core with guilty apprehensions.

It is scarcely to be supposed, that this mode of life, accompanied as it was by a total neglect of my farm, and a complete disregard to pecuniary affairs, should not in no long time produce the usual consequences. I indulged in the most foolish, wanton extravagances; purchased on credit, for I seldom had money, every thing I wanted, and every thing I did not want, of those who would trust me; abused them when they called for payment; defied them when they threatened to put me in jail; and when some of my neighbours bailed me out at the entreaties of my wife, took a trip out of the state in the proper time, and quietly left them responsible for the money. Even when she followed me with our children to prison, Amelia seemed in more than usual high spirits, and actually jested on the occasion. As for me, I was beyond the rough discipline of merited retribution. I had arrived at that stage of brutal depravity, in which every new disgrace furnishes only a new incentive to wickedness; and every stroke of the lash, only drives a man to run his race of ath of with swifter foot. The more I became satisfied that my case was past all cure, the worse I became; the more I suffered, the more determined I was to deserve my sufferings. Such is the perverseness of sin!

If there ever was a lost, hopelessly, irretrievably lost being in this world, it was myself. I was dunned for money I could not pay. I was shunned by my neighbours; my servants left me, as one it was a disgrace to serve; and even the sots of the neighbourhood disdained to drink with me, because, as they said, "a gentleman ought to be ashamed to make a beast of himself." Though I literally lived without food, I had become a bloated mass of physical inanition. My hands shook; my face was swelled and livid; my eyes exhibited the red, fiery rings that mark the victim of the bowl; and my legs were so swelled at times, as to prevent my walking, except with crutches. Then my mental tortures! But they are past all description. The reader will think this was bad enough. But as yet, he has seen nothing. The tragedy is yet to be exhibited.

My attention, during my temporary confinements to my chair, was drawn at times more particularly than usual, towards Amelia, who had borne with me throughout, with patience, nay indulgence, beyond all example. She acquiesced in all my unreasonable, nay, cruel requirements; she indulged me in every thing; she bore in meek resignation, all the refinements of vexation, the mad pranks of tyranny, my wayward, perverted, unmanly spirit, heaped upon her day and night. During the whole progress of this complicated oppression, it seemed to me that her powers of endurance and subthssion increased with the severity of my inflictions, and that the more I endeavoured to wrong and distract her, the brighter was the sparkling of her eyes, the more light and buoyant her vivacity. To see her light step, and hear her rattle away in the full effervescence of sprightly vivacity, one would have supposed she was the happiest of wives, and I the best of husband's.

But there is a certain state of endurance; a forced elevation of the spirits which cannot be sustained beyond its stated period, without shaking the intellectual fabric to its foundation. The perpetual tax upon the mind for high unnatural exertion, sooner or later, will beggar it at last, or drive it into excesses of some kind or other. It was so with my poor Amelia, who now at times, even to my blunted perceptions exhibited occasionally eccentricities, that brutified as I was, made me shudder. Her mind was sometimes evidently not mistress of itself, and her vivacity became at intervals, when she was strongly excited, so misplaced and ungovernable, as to indicate too evidently that the springs which regulated the fine machine, were deranged, or worn out by intense and perpetual exertion. I was too far gone now to rally, or retrace the path upwards; but I did pause, as this sad, and maddening truth flashed upon my mind at last. I would, if I could, have tried to be myself; to have been kind to her again, and if possible, to have soothed her into her former state of innocent and natural vivacity. But it was only liquor that gave me a diabolical energy in wickedness, and when free from its influence, I was altogether incapable of exertion. I tried the experiment, and its failure only sunk me deeper into despair and perdition. I could not retrace the past, or undo its fatal consequences; but I could still produce a temporary indistinctness of perception, which though not amounting to total forgetfulness, was still something to a wretch like me. The effort therefore, like all efforts made too late, only made me the more determined to persevere in the work of destruction, and accelerated the consummation that always awaits a career like mine.

My little children—I can mourn over them now, for I am compelled to be sober, and shall never be permitted to see them again. My poor children were beginning to feel the effects of that alienation of mind, which was now speedily approaching on their mother. They ran wild about the house and in the fields, ragged and filthy. They were old enough to see the degradation of one parent, and the inconsistencies of the other. At times, I encouraged them in all the wild, wayward caprices of undisciplined youth; taught them to blaspheme, like myself, and forced them to drink with me till they reeled about the room. At others, when the capricious fiend that ruled my actions, forced me into another species of excess, I would punish them in the most cruel manner, for the very faults I had previously forced them to commit, while my poor Amelia would dance about the room, and laugh, till the tears came into her eyes.

Will any body believe me? Yet it is true. I now took a malignant pleasure in tempting my wife to share with me in those excesses which had blasted my soul, and destroyed her reason, in a great degree. The innate delicacy of her sex, and the barriers of a refined education, had hitherto preserved her from that influence which is so often exercised by the husband over the wife, the wife over the husband, in cases similar to mine. Strange as it is, still experience proves its truth, those very examples which one might suppose, would become only the more disgusting by a repetition of their excesses, do actually in time reconcile us to their enormity. Use lessens the sense of disgust, and continued forgiveness and reconciliation, at length induces a compromise with vice, fraught with imminent danger to the innocent. To acquire a habit of forgiving crimes, is too often to make advances towards them ourselves. It is necessary to the security of virtue, that we should abhor vice. My own experience has taught me this.

Yet from the bottom of my soul, I believe my poor Amelia, had she been herself, notwithstanding her mistaken lenity, and mischievous indulgence of my excesses, would never, in her rational moments, have degraded herself by a participation in my orgies. At last however, and by imperceptible degrees, she fell from her high estate, and sunk—not indeed to my dead level of measureless brutality—but low enough to lose herself, and all she once had been. I will not describe the scenes which my home now presented, almost every day. Husband, wife, father, mother, children, all mad; now singing and laughing; now cursing and swearing like the inmates of a mad−house. But I will not particularize. Enough has been displayed, I hope, to disgust and deter, whosoever shall read my story, before he has become as lost as I am. Let me hasten to the catastrophe, that my moral may be complete.

From the period that my diabolical plot began to succeed, my poor Amelia, who had hitherto acquiesced, as I have more than once premised, in all my wishes, whims, and inflictions, began to exhibit symptoms of opposition. Shaken in her steady intellect, and stimulated by artificial excitement, she became obstinate, contentious, and occasionally keenly sarcastic in her reproaches. Accustomed as I had been to unresisting obedience, these strange novelties threw me sometimes almost into a phrenzy. Alas! why is it that obstinate, irreclaimable drunkards, are not treated as madmen, and shut up where they have neither the power of gratifying their taste, or the opportunity to commit crimes? Surely, if there be such a thing as madness in the world, it is exhibited by the malignant sot, with his passions stimulated into phrenzy by draughts of liquid fire. Such a one is not only mad, but wilfully mad,

not by the visitation of heaven, but his own deliberate acts. Yet the innocent, afflicted being, is confined, starved, and manacled, while the wretch who becomes the assassin of his own soul, is left at large, to disgrace his country, his nature, and his God, by wallowing from day to day, in beastliness and sin.

One day—it was an ominous day—the anniversary of our marriage—in a fit of savage hilarity, I swore I would celebrate it with more than usual splendour. I got up at twelve the preceding night, and intoxicated myself before sunrise, when I went to bed and slept myself partly sober again before dinner. At dinner I drank, and enticed my poor Amelia to follow my example, till the little reason left us began to stagger on its throne. I proposed a toast—"Our wedding day—and many happy returns of it." A sudden pang seemed to cross her mind, and produce a train of bitter recollections. "Was it not a happy day, Amelia," said I tauntingly. She burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands for a minute; then slowly removing them, she replied with a look of agony, that still haunts me day and night,—"Yes, it was a happy day—but—." The tone and look irritated my already infuriated spirit, burning as it was in liquid flames. "But what"—replied I—"Come, speak out—let us have no secrets on this happy day." "We have paid dearly for it"—she said— "You with the loss of fortune, fame, and goodness— I with a broken heart, and a shattered reason."

"And I alone am to blame for all this, I suppose?"

"No; I blame nothing but my own folly. I had my warnings, but they came too late, or rather as my conscience tells me, I shut my ears to them. Would I had died," added she, wringing her hands, "before that miserable day."

I laughed aloud. "Poor soul," cried I, "does it mean to say I deceived it. Pish, woman! did you ever flatter yourself your weak and silly sex was a match for men—men of the world—men of experience. Pshaw! a wife is a mere plaything— a—"

"A victim," sighed my poor wife. "But what can you charge me with?"

"Your fortune is gone," said I.

"Who was it wasted it for me?"

"Your beauty is turned to deformity; you have grown as ugly as the—."

"Who spoiled it by robbing me of rest by night, of happiness by day?"

"You are no longer the gay, sprightly, animated, witty thing that won my heart."

"Your heart," replied she, scornfully; "but who was it that robbed me of my gaiety; that worried my sickened soul by night and day; that has broken my heart, and turned my brain? Do you know the man, the monster I would say?" Her eyes now flashed fire as she continued, "Do you know the monster, I say? he who deceived my youth; wasted my fortune; destroyed my happiness; degraded the modesty of my sex and station; poured liquid fires down my throat and heaped coals of fire on the heads of my children? who rendered the past a recollection of horror, the present yet worse—the future—O my God!"

"*I*, whom you promised to love and obey all your life. Come, give me an example of obedience," cried I, pouring out a glass of filthy liquor, "come, one bumper more; I swear you shall drink one bumper more to this happy day—come!"

"I will not; I am already more than half a beast!"

"And half a fool," muttered I, rising and staggering to the other side of the table, where she was sitting, "I swear by h−ll, you shall drink it."

"I swear by Heaven I will not!"

Who shall answer for the actions of a man, mad with drink! Not himself, for he is a beast without a soul; not his Maker, for he has abandoned him. A struggle now ensued, during which I gradually became irritated into fury. The children clung affrighted about us, but I kicked them away. My poor Amelia at length struck the glass out of my hand; I became furious as a demon, and threw her from me with a diabolical force, against the corner of the fire−place. She fell, raised herself half up, gave her children one look and me another, and sunk down again. She was dead.

I am now the sober tenant of a mad−house. The jury that tried me, would not believe a man who acted such scenes as were proved upon me, could be in his senses. They acquitted me on the score of insanity. My relatives placed me here to pass the rest of my days, and recover my senses if I can. But I am not mad; the justice of heaven has ordained that I shall live while I live, in the full perception of my past wickedness. I know not what is become of my children, for no one will answer my inquiries—no one will tell me where they are, or whether they are dead or alive. All I can understand is, that I shall never see them more. My constant companion day and night, waking

or dreaming, is my murdered wife. Every moment of my life is spent in recalling to my mind, the history of that ill fated girl, and in summing up what I have to answer for to her, her friends and her offspring. Denied the indulgence of all sorts of stimulants, my strength is gone; my body shrunk and shrivelled almost to a skeleton, and my limbs quake with the least exertion. Guilt grins me in the face; ath of barks at my heels; scorn points her finger at me; disease is gnawing at my vitals; death already touches me with his icy fingers; and eternity waits to swallow me up. I am going to meet Amelia!

The man to whose charge I am committed, has furnished me with the means of fulfilling this my last task, and making the only atonement in my power, for what I have done. If there be any one who shall read this, to whom temptation may beckon afar off, at a distance which disguises its deformity, let him contemplate me as I entered on the stage of life; as I pursued my career forward; as I closed, or am about to close it for ever. Let him not cheat his soul; let him not for a moment believe, that it is impossible for him to become as bad, nay, worse than I have been. If we look only at the beginning and the end of a career of ath of and wickedness, the space appears a gulf which the delinquent has overleapt at a single bound. But if we examine into the particulars of his life and progress, we shall seldom fail to find that the interval has been passed, and the goal attained, step by step, by little and little, from good to bad, from bad to worse. The pride of human reason, may whisper in our ears that *we* can never become like the wretch whose career we have just been tracing. But as poor Ophelia says, "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be." It is only to begin as I began; to sow the same seeds, and be sure that in good time you will reap the same fruits; drink the same gall and bitterness here, the same fiery draught hereafter.

DYSPEPSY.

"O cookery! cookery! That kills more than weapons, guns, wars, or poisons, and would destroy all, but that physic helps to make away some. Anthony Brewer.

Ye who flatter yourselves that indolence and luxury, are compatible with the enjoyment of vigour of health, and hilarity of spirits, that the acquisition of the means of happiness, is to be happy, and that the habitual pampering of the senses, is not forever paid for by the depression of the immortal soul, listen to my story, and be wise.

I am the son of a reputable gentleman, who made a good figure in the Revolutionary War, and possessed a competent estate in one of the adjacent counties. His name will be found in the old *Committees of Safety*. He ranked as a Colonel, in the Continental Army, and acted as a Deputy Commissary General, in the year 1779. In this latter situation he committed the most enormous follies; for finding the good people, his neighbours, would not exchange their goods for money that was good for nothing—they were wiser than the present race notwithstanding the march of mind—he pledged his own responsibility for the supplies, without which, the army at Peeks Kill, would have suffered greatly. He was warmly thanked in letters from distinguished persons in the old congress, for people are apt to be grateful in time of danger; but when at the conclusion of the struggle, he presented his accounts, the danger being over, the accounting officers refused to allow a credit for the debts he had incurred on his own responsibility. My father returned home a ruined, and broken hearted man. His old neighbours pitied him, but they could not lose their money. They justly considered, that charity begins at home, and that there was no moral principle, obliging them to starve themselves and their children for the sake of other people. I do not blame them. They divided my father's property between them, and finding there was nothing left, they forgave him the rest of his debts. The contractors and commissaries of the day, with great appearance of reason, called him a fool, for ruining himself in a station where every other man managed to grow rich. The old farmers, his neighbours, some of whom are still alive, have often told me that he deserved well of his country; but his name has been smothered under the load of great, good, and patriotic people, that have since sprung up in these times that try men's *soles*.

My father might have petitioned congress, and died like poor Amy Dardin and her horse, before the members had finished making their speeches. But he was a cold, proud man, who often went without his dues, because he would not ask for them. He accordingly sat down with his little family around him, steeped in poverty; consoled himself with reading books, and studying the stars, and waited in gloomy inactivity for the time, when a great pocket book full of continental money, and a few thousand dollars in continental certificates, should become worth something. The continental money as every body knows, never recovered itself; the certificates were afterwards funded at their full value. But previous to this, my father had under the strong pressure of necessity, sold them for almost nothing, to a worthy friend of his, who afterwards turned out one of the most eloquent advocates of the Funding System. Heavens! how he did talk of the sufferings and privations of the patriots of the Revolution! He certainly owed them a good turn, for he got enough by them to build a palace, and purchase half the Genesee country.

At the period of our ruin, I was about ten years old, I think, and until that time, I had been brought up as the children of wealthy country gentlemen generally are. I had some of the feelings and a portion of the manners of a gentleman's son, which I hope I still retain, although, to say the truth, the latter part of my education was deplorable enough. My father, from the period in which he felt himself dishonoured by the rejection of his accounts, retired within himself, and seemed benumbed in heart and spirits. He passed his whole time in reading the few books that he could come at; and his temper became imperturbable, except at such times as he was disturbed, and forced to remove from his seat. He would then exhibit symptoms of internal discomposure, make for the nearest chair, set himself down and resume his studies. Half the time he would have forgot his dinner, had my mother not waked him from his reverie. To be sure, our dinner was hardly worth eating; but to the best of my recollection, I never enjoyed a better appetite, or had so little of the Dyspepsy. We were often on the very verge of want, and had it not been for the exertions of my excellent mother, who, thank God, is still living, and at least ten years younger than I am—aided by the good offices of a sister, well married in the city, we had sometimes

actually wanted the necessaries of life. It was not then so much the fashion for genteel people to go begging. But it is astonishing what the presiding genius of a sensible, prudent, industrious mother, can do; what thracles indeed she can achieve, in keeping herself, her husband, and her children, decent, at least. My mother did all this, and more; she sent me to school; and it is not the least of my sources of honest pride, that my education, such as it was, cost the public nothing. Women, notwithstanding what cynics may say, are born for something better than wasting time, and spending money; and I hereby apprise the reader, that if ever I am guilty of a sarcasm against woman, it is only when I am labouring under the horrors of Dyspepsy.

Till the age of sixteen, I never saw the city; to me it was the region of distant wonders, ineffable splendours, wise men, and beautiful women. I reverenced a New−Yorker, as I now do a person who has been to Paris or Rome; and I shall never forget my extreme adthration of a fine lady, the daughter of a little tailor, who lived near us. She was an apprentice to a milliner, and came up during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever, with three band boxes, and a pocket−handkerchief full of finery. The world of romance; the region of airy nothings; of creatures that come and go at will, before the youthful fancy, was now just opening before me in long perspective. I was without employment, for if my mother had a weakness, it was one which I verily believe belongs even to the female angels. She could not forget old times, nor bear the idea that her only son, should learn a trade, or slave in any useful occupation.

Deprived thus of the resources of active employment, I spent my time either in reading, or roaming at random and unpurposed, through the beautiful romantic scenes which surrounded our poor, yet pleasant abode. My mind was a complete contrast to my body—the latter was indolence itself; the former a perfect erratic vagrant. I was eternally thinking, and doing nothing. The least spark awakened in my mind visions of the future— for that was all to me—and lighted my path through long perspectives of shadowy happiness. Sometimes I was a soldier, winning my way to the highest heaven of military glory—sometimes a poet, the adthration of the fair; and sometimes I possessed what then seemed to me, the sure means of perfect happiness—ten thousand a year. For days and weeks, and months, and years, I hardly spoke an unnecessary word—I lived in a world of my own, and millions of thoughts, wishes, fears, and hopes; millions of impulses and impressions arose in my mind, and died away, without ever receiving a being through the medium of my tongue, or my pen.

The first born of the passions is love; and love is of earlier, as well as more vigorous growth, in solitude. I was always in love with some one; for love was indispensable to my visionary existence. It ended however, as it began, in abstract dreams, and amatory reveries. It is now my pride, to know that no woman was ever yet the wiser, for my preference. My affection never manifested itself in any other way, than by increasing shyness. I never voluntarily came near a young woman at any time; but when I was in love, I always ran away. I would as soon have met a spirit, as the object of my affections. I was moreover much given to jealousy, and pique; always persuading myself against truth and reason, that the love of which I was myself so conscious, must of necessity be understood by her, from whom I was at such pains to keep it a secret. The history of my amours, with imaginary mistresses, and mistresses that never imagined my love, is curious; I may one day give it to the world. But my present object is different. I will therefore only say, that I grew up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, a sheer, abstract man—a being of thought, rather than action; a dweller in a world of my own curious and ridiculous composition; living neither in the past or the present, but in the vast space before me. My companions were shadows of my own creation; my enjoyments were the production of these shadows. Yet, for all this, I became neither mad, nor an idiot. It seemed as if I was all this time preparing myself for realities; and that my sojournings in the world of fancy, imperceptibly initiated me into the material world. I cannot otherwise account for my early success in life, nor the mhracle of escaping its shoals and quick−sands.

At the age of seventeen or eighteen, I forget which, I was sent for by an uncle who had married my mother's sister, and who was a merchant of some note. At one step, I passed from the ideal to the material world. There is but one greater step, and that is from the material world, to the world of spirits. My uncle was an honest, liberal, cross, gouty old Irish gentleman, with plenty of relations in Ireland he would not acknowledge, though they proved that they sprung from the same family tree He was an inordinate tory; a member of the Belvidere Club, and a mighty fisheater at Becky's. When I first went to live with him, he was getting rather old and infirm. His hair was as white as snow; his face as rosy as the sun in a mist; his body robust to all appearance, and had it not been for his "d—d legs" as he was pleased to say, he would have been as good a man as he was twenty years ago. There is certainly a great change in the world, within the last half century, People lived at least as well as they do

now, and only got the gout—now they get Dyspepsy. Can any learned physician tell me the reason of this emigration of the old enemy, from the great toe to the stomach?

The old gentleman had a heart big enough to hold all the world, except the French, the Democrats, and the multiplicity of cousins, and second cousins, who claimed kindred there, and had *not* their claims allowed. He had in truth a most intolerable contempt for poor relations. I believe he would have served his wife's family the same way, but the truth is, my aunt was—but it is a great secret—she could make him do just as she pleased, for she was the best natured creature in the world, and none but a brute can resist a kindhearted woman. Being a relation, I was treated with a seat at the dinner−table. The old gentleman was reckoned one of the best livers in town, and here it was, I believe, that I laid the corner stone of my miseries. At home, there had been no temptation to gluttony—here there was a sad succession of allurements, such as human nature seldom can resist, even when experience has demonstrated their ill consequences, and Death sits shaking his dart, over every successive delicacy.

People talk of the mischiefs of drinking; invent remedies and preventives, and institute societies, as if eating was not ten times more pernicious. There are a hundred die of eating to one that dies of drinking. But gluttony is the vice of gentlemen, and gentlemanly vices require neither remedies, preventives, nor societies. It is not necessary to my purpose that I should make a book out of my apprenticeship, as Goethe has; nor am I writing the history of my uncle, else I might tell some fine stories of his life, actions, and end. His latter years were spent as usual, in paying the penalty of former indulgences, and a complication of disorders carried him off in a green old age. In three months from the time of his death, half the county of Kilkenny claimed kindred with him. There were so many different claimants, that nobody but the lawyers could settle the matter. After three or four years, a decision was finally had in favour of a young man, who on taking possession, had the mortification to discover that nothing was left. The law had become my uncle's heir. It is an excellent thing to have plenty of laws and courts of law; but then one can have too much of a good thing, and pay too much for it. Tournefort, in his travels to the east, says, "An Italian once told me at Constantinople, that we should be very happy in Europe, if we could appeal from our courts to the divan; `for,' added he, `one might go to Constantinople, and all over Turkey too if there were occasion, before one suit could be finally decided in Europe.' A Turk," continues M. Tournefort, "pleading before the parliament of Provence, against a merchant of Marseilles, who had led him a dance for many years from court to court, made a very merry reply to one of his friends, who desired to know the state of his affairs. `Why they are wonderfully altered,' says he: `when I first arrived here I had a roll of pistoles as long as my arm, and my pleadings were comprised in a single sheet; but at present I have a writing above six times as long as my arm, and my roll of pistoles is but half an inch.'" I wish the lawgivers, the judges, and more especially the lawyers, would recollect that time is money, and that to waste both the time and the money of suitors, is a double oppression. A man might better get the bastinado promptly though wrongfully sometimes, than wait seven years for his rights, as in some Christian countries.

The death of my uncle was a lucky affair for me, as by it I lost the mischievous allurements of his table, and was thrown upon my own resources for a livelihood. Hard days make soft nights; and I soon found that the necessity of exertion, and the occasional difficulties in procuring a dinner, soon reinstated me in the possession of the only inheritance I received from my father, a hale constitution. It was my good fortune, as the world would call it, to meet with a young man of capital, who wanted a partner skilled in the business my uncle had followed. We accordingly entered into partnership, and our business proved exceedingly profitable. In a few years, I had more money than I required for my wants, and with the necessity of exertion ceased the inclination. When a man has been toiling for years to get rich, and dreaming all the while that riches will add to his enjoyments, he must try and realize his dreams, after his exertions have been crowned with success. I had proposed to myself a life of ease and luxury, as the reward of all my labours. Accordingly, finding myself sufficiently wealthy, I retired from the firm as an active partner, continuing, however, my name to the connexion, and receiving a share of the profits, in return for the use of my capital.

I am now my own master, said I, as I shook the dust of the counting house from my feet. I can do as I please, and go where I please. Now a man that has but one thing to do, and one place to go to, can never be in the predicament of the animal between two bundles of hay; nor puzzled to death in the midst of conflicting temptations. At first, I thought of going to Europe; but before I could make up my mind, the packet had sailed, and before another was ready I had altered my mind. Next, I decided for the Springs; then for the Branch; then for

Schooley's mountain, and then, in succession, for every other "resort of beauty and fashion," in these United States. In conclusion, I went to none of them. I made but two excursions: one of the Fireplace, to catch trout, where I caught an ague; and the other to Sing Sing, to see the new State prison, where I missed the ague and caught a bilious fever. Thus the summer passed away, and I may say I did nothing but eat. That is an enjoyment, in which both ease and luxury are combined, and my indisposition had left behind a most voracious appetite. Towards the latter end of autumn, I began to feel, I can scarcely tell how. I slept all the evening, and lay awake all the night; or if I fell asleep, always dreamed I was suffocating between two feather beds. I was plagued worse than poor Pharaoh. I had aches of all sorts: stiff necks, pains in the shoulders, sides, back, loins, head, breast; in short, there never was a man so capriciously used by certain inexplicable, unaccountable infirmities as I was. I dare say I had often felt the same pains before, without thinking of them, because I was too busy to mind trifles; for it is a truth which my experience has since verified, that the most ordinary evils of life are intolerable, without the stimulus of some active pursuit, to draw us from their perpetual contemplation. What was very singular, I never lost my appetite all this time, but ate more plentifully than ever. Indeed eating was almost the only amusement I had, ever since I became a man of pleasure; and it was only while eating, that I lost the sense of those innumerable pains that tormented me at other times.

I went to a physician, who gave me directions as to the various modes of treatment in these cases. "You are dyspeptic," said he, "and you must either eat less, exercise more, take physic, or be sick." As to eating less, that was out of the question. What is the use of being rich, unless a man can eat as much as he likes; as to exercise, what is the use of being rich if a man can't be as lazy as he pleases. The alternative lay between being sick or taking physic, and I chose the latter. The physician shook his head and smiled, but it is not the doctor's business to discourage the taking of physic, and he prescribed accordingly. I took medicines, I ate more than ever, and what quite discouraged me, I grew worse and worse. I sent for the doctor again. "You have tried physic in vain; suppose you try exercise on horseback," said he.

I bought a horse, cantered away every morning like a hero, and ate more than ever; for what was the use of exercise except to give one impunity in eating? I never worked half so hard when I was an apprentice, and not worth a groat, as I did now I was a gentleman of ease and luxury. It was necessary, the doctor said, that the horse should be a hard trotter; and accordingly I bought one that trotted so hard, that he actually broke the paving stones in Broadway, and struck fire at every step. O, reader! gentle reader, if thou art of Christian bowels, pity me! I was dislocated in every joint, and sometimes envied St. Barnabas his gridiron. But I will confess that the remedy proved not a little efficacious, and it is my firm opinion that had I persevered, I should have been cured in time, had I not taken up a mistaken notion, that a man who exercised a great deal, might safely eat a great deal. Accordingly, I ate by the mile, and every mile I rode furnished an apology for a farther indulgence of appetite. The exercise and the eating being thus balanced, I remained just where I was before.

I sent for the physician again. "You have tried medicine and exercise, suppose you try a regimen. Continue the exercise; eat somewhat less; confine yourself to plain food, plainly dressed; abstain from rich sauces, all sorts of spices, pastes, confectionaries, and puddings, particularly plumb puddings, and generally every kind of luxury, and drink only a glass or two of wine." "Why, zounds! doctor, I might as well be a poor man at once! Why what is the use of being rich, if I can't eat and drink, and do just as I like? Besides, I am particularly fond of sauces, spices, and plumb puddings."

"Why so you may do as you like," replied he, smiling. "You have your choice between Dyspepsy and all these good things."

The doctor left me to take my choice, and after great and manifold doubts, resolutions and retractions, I decided on trying the effects of this most nauseating remedy. I practised the most rigid self−denial; tasted a little of this, a very little of that, a morsel of the other, and ate moderately of every thing on the table; cheating myself occasionally by tasting slyly a bit of confectionary, or a slice of plumb pudding. Now and then, indeed when I felt better than usual, I indulged more freely, as indeed I had a right to do; for what is the use of starving at one time, except to enable oneself to indulge at another? The physician came one day to dine with me at my boarding house, the most famous eating place in the whole city, and the most capital establishment for Dyspepsy. He came, he said, on purpose to see how I followed his prescription. I was extremely abstinent that day, only eating a mouthful of every thing, now and then. The doctor, I observed played a glorious knife and fork, and seemed particularly fond of rich sauces, spices, paste, and plumb pudding.

"Well, doctor," said I, after the rest of the company had retired, "am not I a here—a perfect anchorite?"

"My dear sir," said he, "I took the trouble to count every mouthful. You have eaten twice as much as an ordinary labourer, and tasted of every thing on the table."

"But only tasted, doctor; while you—you— gave me a most edifying example. Faith, you displayed a most bitter antipathy to pies, custards, rich sauces, and most especially plumb pudding."

"My dear Ambler," said the doctor, "you are to follow my prescriptions, not my example. But by the way, that was delightful wine, that last bottle—Bingham, or Marston, hey?"

I took the hint, and sent for another bottle, which we discussed equally between us, glass for glass. I felt so well, I sent for another, and we discussed that too.

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, who by this time saw double, "my dear friend, mind don't forget my prescription; no sauces, no spices, no paste, no plumb pudding, and above all, no wine. Adieu. I am going to a consultation."

That night I suffered martyrdom; night−mare, dreams, and visions of horror. A grinning villain came, and seizing me by the toe, exclaimed, "I am Gout, I come to avenge the innocent calves who have suffered in forced meat balls, and mock turtle, for your gratification." Another blear eyed, sneering rogue, gave me a box on the ear, that stung through every nerve, crying out, "I am Catarrh, come to take satisfaction for the wine you drank yesterday;" while a third, more hideous than the other two, a miserable, cadaverous, longfaced fiend, came up, touching me into a thousand various pains, and crying in a hollow, desparing voice, "I am Dyspepsy, come to punish you for the gluttony of yesterday" I awoke next morning in all the horrors of indigestion and acidity, which lasted several days, during which time I made divers excellent resolutions, forswearing wine, particularly old wine, most devoutly.

This time however, I had one consolation. The doctor and not I was to blame. It was he that led me into excesses for which I was now paying the penalty. I felt quite indignant. "I'll let him know," said I, "that I am my own master, and not to be forced to drink against my inclination." So I discharged the doctor who set me such a bad example, and called in three more, being pretty well assured that I should now hear all sides of the question. Professional men seldom or ever agree perfectly in opinion, because that would indicate that neither has an opinion of his own. They retired into my dressing−room, forgetting to shut the door. Doctors in consultation should always make sure to shut the door.

"He wants excitement," said Doctor Calomel, a thunderbolt of science, "there is—that is to say, the bile has got the better of the blood, and the phlegm has overpowered the atrabile—they are struggling like fury for the upper hand. We must give him a dose of calomel."

"Not at all," quoth Doctor Jalap, whose great excellence consisted in the number of capital letters he carried at the tail of his name, insomuch that he was called the Professor of A. B. C, "not at all—the salt, sulphur, and mercury which Paracelsus affirms constitute the matter of all animal bodies, are in a state of disorganization. We must therefore give him two doses of calomel." What a piece of work is man!—thought I—"salt, sulphur, and mercury!"

"The body being an hydraulic engine," quoth Doctor Rhubarb, who valued himself on his theory, "the body being an hydraulic engine, our remedies must be founded on the laws of magnitude, and motion; we must therefore give him three doses of calomel in succession; the first to increase the magnitude of the stomach, the others, to cause motion."

"Pish," quoth Doctor Calomel, "what nonsense is this, about salt, sulphur, and mercury: Paracelsus was a fool."

"'Sdeath," cried Doctor Jalap, he always swore by his old friend; "'sdeath! sir, if you come to that sir, what nonsense is this, about bile, and phlegm, and atrabile; and you sir," turning to Doctor Rhubarb, "with your hydraulic machine; you might as well call a man a forcing pump at once. Hippocrates was a great blockhead, and knew nothing of chymistry; and so was Meade, Borelli, and the rest of the hydraulic machines."

The debate was getting hot, when Dr. Jalap, who was a man of great skill and experience in his profession, interposed the olive branch.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "nothing weakens the influence of the profession, and destroys the confidence of the public in medicine, so much as the opposite opinions of physicians. Where is the use of quarrelling about the disease, when we all agree in the remedy?"

So they ordered the calomel.

But it would not do, though I continued my system of abstinence, and only barely tasted a little of every thing; at the same time compromising matters with my conscience, by drinking twelve half glasses of wine, instead of six whole ones. The doctors on the whole, did me more harm than good. Their different opinions had conjured up a hundred chimeras in my fancy, and inflicted on me a host of new complaints I never felt before. Sometimes the conflicts of the bile and the phlegm, turned every thing topsy−turvy; anon the salt, sulphur, and mercury fell together by the ears; and lastly, the hydraulic machine got terribly out of order. It was no joke then, though now I can look back upon these horrors, as on a sea of ills, that I have safely passed over. My spirits began to sink; for I considered that I had now tried all remedies, and that my case was hopeless. The fear of death, swelled into a gigantic and disproportioned magnitude of evil, came upon me. I never heard of a person dying of a disease, let it be what it would, that I did not make that the bugbear of my imagination, and feel all the symptoms appropriate to it. Thus I had by turns, all the diseases under the sun; sometimes separately, sometimes all together. The sound of a church bell, conjured up the most gloomy associations, and the sight of a church yard withered every feeling of hilarity in my bosom. In short, there were moments of my life, when I could fully comprehend the paradox of a human being seeking death, as a relief from its perpetual apprehension, as the bird flies into the maw of the serpent, from the mere fascination of terror.

It is one of the most melancholy features of the disease, under which I laboured, that it creates a most disproportioned apprehension of death; a vague and horrible exaggeration, if possible ten times worse than the reality. In most other disorders the pain of the body supercedes that of the mind; in this, the mind predominates over the body, and the sense of apprehension of the future, swallows up the present entirely. This was the case with me; and often have I welcomed an acute fit of rheumatism, or cholic, as a present cure for anticipated evils. I had another enemy to contend with, and that was the want of sympathy. People laughed at my complaints, when they saw me eat my meals with so good an appetite; for the world seldom gives a man credit for ailing any thing, when he can eat his allowance; nor is it easy to persuade the vulgar, that there is such a disease as appetite. Besides, a man who is always complaining, and never seeming to grow worse, is enough to tire the patience of Job, much more of such friends as Job and most afflicted people are blessed with. My mind was in a perpetual state of fluctuation. One day I threw all my phials, and boxes, and doses into the street, determined to take no more physic; and the next perhaps, sent for some more, and renewed my potions. I had lost by this time all confidence in physicians, but still continued to believe in physic.

For a while, white mustard seed was a treasure to me, and such was my firm reliance on its wonderful virtues, that I actually indulged myself in a few extra glasses, and a few extra luxuries on the credit of its prospective operation. I read all the guides to health, and all the lectures of Doctor Abenethy. In short I took every means but the only proper ones, to effect a cure. I proportioned my eating and other indulgencies, to my faith in the workings of my favourite panacea. When I took a dose of physic, I considered myself as fairly entitled to take a small liberty the day after; and when I rode or walked farther than usual, I made the old wine, and the sauces, and plumb pudding pay for it. It was thus that I managed to keep myself in a perfect equilibrium, and like another Penelope, undid in the afternoon the work of the morning. I found after all, nothing did me so much good as laughing; but alas! what was there for me to laugh at in this world!

The summer of my second year of ease and luxury, I was advised to go to the Springs, where all the doctors send those patients who get out of patience at not being cured in a reasonable time. Here I found several companions in affliction, and was mightily comforted to learn that some of them had been in their present state almost a score of years, without ever dying at all. We talked over our infirmities, and I found there was a wonderful family resemblance in them all, for not one of us could give a tolerable account of his symptoms. One was bilious, another rheumatic, a third was nervous, and a fourth was all these put together.

"Why don't you exercise in the open air?" said I, to this last martyr, one day.

"I catch cold, and that brings on my rheumatism."

"In the house then?"

"It makes me nervous."

"Why don't you sit still?"

"It makes me bilious."

I thank my stars, thought I, here is a man to grow happy upon; he is worse off than myself. He became my favourite companion; and no one can tell how much better I felt in his society.

We formed a select coterie, and managed to sit next each other at meals, where we discussed the subject of digestion. We were all blessed with excellent appetites, and particularly fond of the things that did not agree with us.

"Really, Mr. Butterfield, you are eating the very worst thing on the table."

"I know it, my dear sir, but I am so fond of it."

"My good friend Mr. Creamwell, how can you taste that hot bread?"

"My dear sir, don't you see I only eat the crust."

"Let me advise you not to try that green corn, Mr. Ambler. It is the worst thing in the world for dyspeptic people."

"I know it, my dear Abstract, but I always take good care to chew, before I swallow it."

Thus we went on, discussing and eating, and I particularly noticed that every one ate what he preferred, because the fact was, he was so particularly fond of that particular dish, he could not help indulging in it sometimes. However, we talked a great deal on the subject of diet, and not a man of us but believed himself a pattern of abstinence. I continued my custom of riding every fair day, and occasionally met a fat lady fagging along on a little fat pony, with a fat servant behind her. One day when it was excessively hot, I could not help asking her how she could think of riding out in the broiling sun.

"O, sir, I've got the dyspepsy."

I happened to see her at dinner that day, and did not wonder at it.

I passed my time rather pleasantly here with my companions in misfortune. We exchanged notes; compared our infirmities, and gave a full and true history of their rise, progress, and present state, always leaving out the eating. By degrees I became versed in the history of each. One was a literary man, and a poet. He set out in life, with the necessity of economy and exertion, and practiced a laborious profession for some years, when by great good fortune, he made a lucky speculation, that enabled him to lead a life of ease and luxury. He devoted himself to the muses, and gained enough of reputation, as he said, to make him indifferent to a thing which he perceived came and went by chance or fashion. However, he did not make this discovery until after several of his works had been condemned to oblivion. Not having the stimulative of necessity, and without the habit of being busy about nothing, than which none can be more essential to a life of ease and luxury, he gradually sunk into indifference and lassitude. He finally took to eating, and for want of some other object, came at last to consider his dinner as the most important affair of life. By degrees, he lost his spirits and health, and came to the Springs to recover them.

"I ought to be happy," said he, "for I have an ample sufficiency of money, and as for fame, I look to posterity for that."

The next person of our coterie, was a man who in like manner had begun the world, a hardy, yet honest adventurer. By dint of unwearied perseverance and the exertion of his excellent faculties, he had risen, step by step, on the ladder of the world, until at the age of fifty, he was in possession of a fair estate, and an unsullied name. But he was sorely disappointed to find that what he had been all his life seeking, was in fact a shadow. This is the common error of sanguine tempers; they first exaggerate the object of their pursuit, and then quarrel with it because it does not realize their expectations. "I have all I ever proposed to myself in pursuing the means of happiness," said he, "and for aught I can remember, I was happier in what I sought, than in what I found. I will retire from these vain pursuits and pass the rest of my life in ease and luxury." Accordingly he settled himself down, and having nothing else to think of in the morning, his time hung heavy on him till dinner. Of consequence, he began to long for dinner time; and of course, dinner became an object of great consequence. It was an era, in the four and twenty hours, and you may rely on it, gentle reader, it was properly solemnized. There are no people that eat so much as the idle. The savage, basking in the sun all day with his pipe, eats thrice as much, when he can get it, as the industrious labourer. The necessary consequences of high feeding, connected with inaction of body and mind, made their appearance in good time, and my friend was pronounced dyspeptic. Having in the course of three years consulted twenty−five doctors; taken a half bushel of white mustard; fifty kegs of Jamison's Dyspepsy crackers, and swallowed six hundred doses of various kinds in vain, (for he still continued to have a glorious appetite, he at last came to the Springs, where I had the happiness to meet him.

"I am indifferent to the world," said he, after finishing the sketch, "I am indifferent to the world and all it contains."

"Then why do you take such pains to live?"

"I don't know," said he, with a melancholy smile, "I sometimes think Providence implanted in our hearts the fear of death, in order to enable us to endure the ills of life, without fleeing to the grave for a refuge."

Another of my new friends was brought up to politics, a profession rather overstocked at present. I will not enter into particulars, but merely state, that after scuffling at meetings; declaiming at polls; clinging to the skirts of great men; fagging at their errands; doing for them what they were ashamed of doing for themselves; and sacrificing all private, social, and domestic duties to his party principles, he at length attained an honourable public station, which being permanent, he flattered himself would secure him an independency for life. He accordingly discontinued his active exertions, and confined himself to the laborious idleness and desperate monotony of his office, which although it did not furnish employment, enforced the necessity of constant attendance. He grew lazy, idle and luxurious. The morning was too long for his occupations, and the usual consequence ensued; he waited for his dinner, and made his dinner pay for it. In this way he continued, increasing in riches and complainings of his health; passing through the various stages of Dyspepsy, from the doctor to the horse; from the horse to the white mustard, the blue pills, and Dr. Abenethy; to every thing, in short, but the right one. A sudden summerset of party, in which all his friends turned their coats but himself, brought him in jeopardy of office. They all insisted he had deserted his party, when the fact was, his party had deserted him, as he solemnly assured me. Be this as it may, as his appointment was for life, and they could not get rid of the incumbent, they got at him in another way; they abolished the office, a cunning invention of modern politicians. Having nothing to keep him in town, he came to the Springs to nurse his Dyspepsy, and rail at the ingratitude of republics.

There is but one more of the party to be mentioned. He was the gentleman of all work, and whose diseases were so provokingly contrasted, that what was good for one, was bad for the other. Being one day interrogated on the subject, he began:—

"I was born in the lap of—" here he yawned pathetically, "and I shall die in the arms of—" here he gave another great yawn, "but really gentlemen, I feel so nervous, and bilious, and rheumatic this morning—I am sure the wind is easterly—pray excuse me—some other time." So saying, he yawned once more, and went to see which way the wind blew.

My readers, if they are such readers as alone I address myself to, in looking back on the progress of whatever wisdom and experience, time and opportunity may have bestowed on them, will have observed that a particular branch of knowledge, or a special conviction of the understanding, will often baffle our pursuit for a long while. We grope in the dark—we lose ourselves—and lose sight of the object of our pursuit—yet still we are gaining upon it unknown and imperceptibly to ourselves. The light is hidden, though just at hand, and finally, all at once bursts upon us, illuminates the mind, and brings with it the full, perfect perception. Thus was it with me. I had read all the most approved books, to come at the mystery of a man being always sick, and always hungry; and I had taken all the steps, save one, which they recommended, either as cures or palliatives. I was still in the dark, but I was approaching the light. The history of my complaining friends, at once put me upon the right path. I saw in them what I could not see in myself.

On comparing their auto−biographies—odious, clumsy word!—I could not but perceive a family likeness in all. They had commenced the world with active ardent pursuits before them, and were all too busy as well as too poor in their youth, to become gluttons; and again they had each, without exception, attained at mid age, the means of enjoying a life of luxury and ease. They had arrived at stations, in which they could enjoy both, without the necessity of exertion, either of body or mind, and they did enjoy them. But they wanted something still—they wanted a hobby−horse, a stimulant of some kind or other, sufficiently ardent to carry their minds along without dragging on the ground, and wearing them out with the labour of nothingness. They were in the situation of a pair of fat pampered horses, belonging to a friend of mine, a great mathematician, who though he kept a carriage, never rode in it. Of course they got plump, clumsy, and Dyspeptic; and never were used without either falling lame, or tumbling on their knees. My friend cast about for a remedy, and at length hit upon one worthy of a philosopher. He invented a machine, which being fastened to the axle tree of his carriage, made an excellent corn−mill, and sent his horses out every day to take an airing, and grind their own corn. The friction of the machine, created a wholesome necessity for exertion in the horses, which in a little time, became perfectly serviceable, active, and sprightly. My companions in misery, only wanted to be under the necessity of grinding

their own corn, and like the horses of my friend, the mathematician, to combine the pleasure of eating, with the labour of earning a meal.

Next to this necessity for exertion, is a hobby; a pursuit of some kind or other, something to awake the sleeping mind, if it be only to get up and play puss in a corner. I know a worthy gentleman, who has kept off ennui and its twin sister, Dyspepsy, by a habit of going every day round all the docks, counting the vessels, and reading the names on the stern. He came nigh being drowned the other day, in leaning over the edge of a wharf, to find out the name of a beautiful new ship. Another distances the foul fiend, which is as lazy as a pampered house dog, by walking up one street and down another, examining all the new houses that are building, counting the number of rooms, closets, and pantries, and noting divers other particulars. He can describe the marble mantel−pieces of every new house in town. But in my opinion, the wisest of all my friends, was a wealthy idler, who was fast sinking into the embraces of the besetting fiend of the age. He all at once bethought himself of altering his dinner hour, and afterwards went about telling it to all his friends. Let not the dingy moralists, who send out their decrees for the acquisition of happiness, from the depths of darkness, and know no more of the world than a ground mole, turn up their noses at these my especial friends. Did they know what they ought to know, before they set themselves up as teachers; did they only know that when men have made their fortunes by industry and economy, when they have paid their debt to society in useful and honourable pursuits, there comes a time when the bow must be unstrung, when amusements, or at least light occupations become indispensable, and trifles assume the importance, because they exercise the influence of weighty circumstances on our happiness. It is then that he who can find out an innocent mode of living, and innocent sources of amusement, which interfere with no one's happiness, and contribute to his own; which keep his mind from preying on itself, and his body healthy, is better entitled to the honours of philosophy than inexperienced people are aware.

What would have been the effect of the new light which had thus broke in upon me, whether habit would have yielded to conviction, or whether as is generally the case with old offenders, I should have continued to act against my better reason, I know not. Happily, as I now know, I was not left to decide for myself; fortune took the affair in her own hands. I one morning received a letter apprising me of the failure of our house, and the probable ruin it would bring upon myself. That very day I set out for the city, with a vigour and activity beyond all praise, and proceeded directly on without stopping by the way, or once thinking of my digestion.

"Adieu," said the poet, as I took leave of him, "never trust to the present age, but look to posterity for your reward."

"Farewell," said the despiser of this world, "take care of your health, and never eat sausages."

"Good bye," said the politician, "beware of the ingratitude of republics."

"Day−day, Mr. Ambler," said the nervous gentleman, "can you tell me which way the wind blows? I wish you all hap—" here he was beset by a yawn which lasted till I was in my carriage, and on the way to the city.

Arriving in town, I plunged into a sea of troubles. The younger partner of our house being in a hurry to grow rich, had encouraged a habit of speculating, which unfortunately for us all, produced a pernicious habit of gambling in schemes of vast magnitude. Having thrown doublets two or three times in succession, he did not, like a wise calculator, conclude that his luck must be nearly exhausted, and retire from the game with his winnings. He doubled again, and lost all. I will not fatigue my readers with the details of a bankruptcy of this kind. It will be sufficient to say, that I took the business directly in hand; nearly deranged my head in arranging my affairs, and by dint of extraordinary industry, and I will say extraordinary integrity, managed to do what only three men before me in similar circumstances, had ever done in this city, since the landing of Hendrick Hudson. I paid the debts of the firm to the last farthing, leaving myself nothing but a good name, a good conscience, and a large farm in the very centre of the Highlands. I worked every day in the business like a hero, and took no care what I should eat or what I should drink. My mind was fully occupied, and I was perpetually running about, or examining into my affairs at the counting house.

I went to pay off my last and greatest debt, to my last creditor, a hard featured, hard working, gigantic Scotsman, who had the reputation of being a most inflexible dealer. When all was settled he said,

"Mr. Ambler, of course you mean to begin business again. Remember that my credit, aye, sir, my purse is at your service. You have gained my confidence."

"I thank you, Mr. Hardup," replied I, "warmly, sincerely; for I know you are sincere in your offers. But I mean to retire into the country with what I have saved from the wreck of my fortune. I am tired of business, and too

poor to be idle. I have a farm in the mountains, which, I thank God, is mine; for my creditors are all paid. You, sir, are the last."

"Very well, very well," replied Mr. Hardup, stumping about as was his custom, "but is your farm stocked, and all that?"

I was obliged to answer in the negative. It was almost in a state of nature. Mr. Hardup said nothing more, and I bade him farewell with a feeling of indignation at his idle inquiries. The next day I received the following note, enclosing a check for a sum which I shall not mention:—

"Sir—You must have something to stock your farm. Pay the enclosed when you are able. I shall come and see you one of these days, when you are settled. Send me neither receipt nor thanks for the money. There is more where that came from You have gained my confidence, I repeat again; and no man ever gained, without I hope being the better for it, sooner or later. "Your friend and servant,

"Alexander Hardup."

"P. S. Get up early in the morning, see to matters yourself; and never buy any thing dear except a good name. A. H."

A worthy man was this Mr. Hardup; and I shall never, while I live, again judge of any body by the expression of the face, or the common report of the world.

It was in the spring of the year 1818, that I bade adieu to the city, and went to take possession of my farm, where I arrived, just when the sun was gilding the mountain tops with his retreating rays, as he sunk behind the equally high hills on the opposite side of the river. The scene indeed was beautiful to look at, but by no means encouraging to a man who was going to set down here, and labour for a livelihood. I was received by an old man and his wife, who had occupied my farm a long time, at a very moderate rent, which they never paid. The aspect of the house was melancholy. Broken windows, broken chairs, and a broken table. But there was plenty of fresh air, and I slept that night on a straw bed, and studied astronomy through the holes in the roof. The dead silence too that reigned in this lonely retreat, contrasted with the ceaseless racket of the town, to which I had been so long accustomed, had a mournful effect on my spirits, and disposed my mind to gloomy thoughts of the future. The fatigue of my journey, however, at last overpowered me, and I fell asleep with the certainty of waking next morning with some terrible malady, arising from my exposed situation. It is a singular fact, that I slept that night more sweetly than I had done, ever since I determined upon the enjoyment of a life of luxury and ease; and what is equally singular, I waked early in the morning, without either a sore throat, a swelled face, or a rheumatic headache. I am certain of this, for I felt my throat, shook my head to hear if it cracked, and looked in a bit of a glass to see if my face retained its true proportions. I confess, I was rather disappointed. "But never mind," thought I, "I shall certainly pay for it to−morrow."

The morrow came, however, and I was again disappointed. I was sure it would come the next day. But wonderful as it may seem, I thought I felt better than when I had slept in a feather bed, and a close room, warmed with anthracite coal. I began to be encouraged, and by degrees became reconciled to the enormity of sleeping on a straw bed, in a room where the air was playing about in zephyrs, without catching cold. My reader, if he chance to be in the enjoyment of ease and luxury, will shrink with horror from my dinners, which consisted of a piece of salt pork and potatoes for the first course, and some bread and butter, or bread and milk for the dessert. At first, I was certain the pork would produce indigestion; but I suppose as there was nothing particularly inviting in it, I did not eat enough to do me any harm, for I certainly felt as light as a feather after my meals, and instead of dozing away an hour in a chair, was ready for exercise at a minute's warning.

The old couple welcomed me to my "nice place," and were exceedingly eloquent in praise of my nice, comfortable house, the nice pork, the bread and butter, and the milk all equally "nice." By degrees I began to be infected with their unaffected content, and sometimes actually caught myself enjoying the scanty comforts before me. I did not reason on the matter, and cudgel myself into an unwilling submission to necessity: but I benefitted by the example of the honest old couple, without reasoning at all about it. Reason and precept, are a sort of pedagogues, that at best, but bring about a grumbling acquiescence; but example comes in the shape of a gentle guide, himself pursuing the right way, and not commanding us to follow, but beckoning us on with smiles.

I confess, when I looked around on my domain, I despaired of ever bringing it into order, beauty, or

productiveness. I knew not the magic of labour and perseverance; nor did I dream that the fields around me which seemed only fruitful in rocks and stones, could ever be made to wave in golden grain, or green meadows. The only spot of all my extensive estate that seemed susceptible of improvement, was about twenty acres that lay directly before my door, between two shelving rocky mountains, and through which ran a little brook of clear spring water. But even this was so sprinkled with rocks which had rolled down from the neighbouring hills, that it was sufficiently discouraging to a man who had for several years worn spatterdashes, because he shrunk from pulling on his boots. I spent a month nearly, in pondering on what I should first undertake, and ended in despairing to undertake any thing.

One day I was leaning over the bars, at the entrance to my house, when a tall raw−boned figure, with hardly an ounce of flesh to his complement, came riding along, on a horse as hardy and rawboned as himself. He stopt at the bars, and bade me good morning. In justice to myself, I must say, that though proud enough in all conscience, I am not one of those churls, who because they have a better coat to their backs, which by the way, often belongs to the tailor, think themselves entitled to receive the honest salute of an honest man, with coldness or contempt. Beshrew me, such arrant blockheads, they call this vulgar insolence, when in fact, it is the impulse of nature whispering to the inmost man, that there is nothing in outward circumstances, or the difference of wealth or dress, which places one being so high above another, that he must not speak to him, when they happen to meet or be thrown together. Even when I was enjoying a life of luxury and ease, and possessed of great wealth, it was a pleasure to me to talk with these honest fellows in linsey woolsey; and I will here bear this testimony, that I have gained from them, more practical knowledge, heard more plain good sense, and caught more valuable hints for the government and enjoyment of life, than I ever did from all the philosophers I ever conversed with, or all the books I ever read.

"Good morning, good morning," said the tall man on the tall horse, and "good morning, good morning," replied I, repating my salutation twice, not to be outdone in courtesy.

"I believe you don't know me," said he, after a short pause, which short as it was, proved the longest he ever afterwards made in his conversations with me. "I believe you don't know me; my name is Lightly, and I am your next neighbour over the mountain yonder."

"And my name is Ambler," said I, "and I am heartily glad to have you for a neighbour. Won't you alight?"

"Why I don't care if I do; it was partly my business to come and have a talk with you."

Mr. Lightly accordingly dismounted, and fastening his horse under a tree, to protect him from the sun, which was waxing hot, followed me into the house. After taking something, he looked about, first at one mountain, then at another, and at length began, "A rough country this you've got into, Mr. Ambler."

"Very," replied I, "so rough that I am afraid I shall never make any part of it smooth."

"No?" said Mr. Lightly, "why not?"

"Look at the trees."

"You must cut them down."

"Look at the rocks."

"You must grub them up, they'll make excellent stone walls."

"Doubtless, if I had the people who piled Ossa on Pelion, to assist me." Mr. Lightly had never read the history of the great rebellion of the Giants, and rather stared at me. "But," added I, "do you really think I can make any thing out of these mountains?"

"Do I?" said he, "only come over and see me to−morrow, and I will give you proof of it; but no, now I think of it, not to−morrow, the day after. I am going to walk to Poughkeepsie to−morrow, and sha'nt be back till sundown."

"Poughkeepsie!" cried I, "and back again in one day: why'tis sixty miles; you mean you'll be back the day after to−morrow evening."

"No I don't: I mean to−morrow evening, God willing; but my days are much longer than yours."

"I should think so: you mean to make the sun stand still, like Joshua."

"No I don't, though my name is Joshua. I mean to be up at the first crowing of an old cock, that never sleeps after three in the morning, in summer."

"But you've got a horse, why don't you ride?"

"O, that would take me two days; and I can't well spare the time. I never ride when I'm in a hurry."

So saying, Mr. Lightly, after taking my promise to come over the day after to−morrow, took his departure, leaving me to ponder on the vast improbability of a man walking to Poughkeepsie, and back again in one day. If he does, thought I, I shall begin to believe in the seven league boots.

The next morning but one, accordingly, my old man guided me by a winding path, to the summit of the mountain, and pointing to a comfortable looking house, surrounded by a large barn, and other out houses, standing in the midst of green meadows and cultivated fields, told me that was the place to which I was going. As I paused awhile to contemplate the little rural landscape, I could not help wishing that it had pleased Providence to cast my lot where the rocks were so scarce, and the meadows so green. Lightly saw me at the top of the hill, and making some half a dozen long strides with his long legs, met me more than half way up the mountain side.

"Good morning, good morning," said he, repeating it twice, for I soon found he was very fond of talking, and often repeated the same thing to keep himself going.

I returned his salutation, adding, "I see you have got back."

"O yes; but not quite so soon as I calculated. I went about four miles out of my way, to bring home my old woman's yarn from the manufactory, and it was almost dark before I got home."

During this brief dialogue, he had shot ahead of me two or three times. "You are no great walker, I see," said Mr. Lightly.

"Why, no; I don't think I could walk sixtyeight miles a day, in the month of June, without being a little tired."

"There's nothing like trying," said he.

"I don't think I shall try," thought I.

My new friend, Mr. Lightly, kept me with him all day, showing me what he had done in the course of eight or ten years, and describing his farm, as it was when he first purchased it, for little or nothing. We came to a beautiful meadow, which I could not help admiring, and wishing I had such a one on my farm,

"You have a much finer one," said Lightly.

"Where? I never saw it."

"Directly before your door."

"That! why it is paved with rocks."

"Well, and so was this."

"What has become of them all?"

"There they are," pointing to the wall which surrounded the meadow.

The wall seemed a work of the Cyclops, or the builders of the pyramids, for it was literally rocks piled on rocks, "as if by magic spell." I inquired how he got these rocks one upon the other, as I did not see any machinery.

"We had no machines but such as these," holding out his hard, bony hands, and baring part of his arms, that were nothing but twisted sinews.

"But you did not dig these rocks out of the ground, and pile them up here yourself, surely?"

"No, no; not quite that either. I have six boys, who assisted me. You shall see them; they will be home from work presently."

"Fine boys' work! faith I should like to see them."

"Yonder they come," said Mr. Lightly.

I followed the direction of his eye, and beheld coming down the hill, afar off, what I took for six giants, striding onward with intent to devour us at one meal. As they advanced towards me, my apprehensions subsided, for I saw in their open countenances, and clear blue eyes, indubitable tokens of harmlessness and good nature. I never saw such men before; and here in the mountains, out of the sphere of those artificial distinctions, which level in some measure, all physical disparities, I could not help feeling a sort of qualm of inferiority. In the crowded city, and amid the conflicts of civilized society, the mind predominates; but here my business was to cut down trees, and remove rocks, and the man best qualified for these, was the great man for my money. After seeing these "boys," I did not so much wonder at the miracles they had achieved. The whole farm, in fact, exhibited proofs of the wonders which may be wrought by a few strong arms, animated and impelled by as many stout hearts.

"You see what we have done," said Lightly, "why can't you do the same?"

"My good sir, I am neither a giant myself, nor have I any sons that are giants."

"Well, well," said he, I will tell you what was partly my reason—what was partly my reason, for asking you

over to see me. My youngest boy—step out, Ahasuerus—my youngest boy is just married, and as our hive is pretty full, it is necessary that he should swarm out with his wife, who is a good hearty, industrious girl, that will be excellent help for your old woman. You can't get on at first, without some hard work, and you will not be able to work yourself for some time very hard; you will want such a boy as mine, to break the way a little smooth for you."

I caught at the proposal instantly; we were not long coming to terms, and in three days the new married couple, the boy and the girl, were established at my house.

"She don't know any thing about housekeeping, " said my old woman.

"You shall teach her," said I, and she went about her work perfectly content."

"He is a mere boy," quoth my old man, "what can he know of farming."

"He will learn it of you," said I, and the old man felt as proud as a peacock.

My Polyphemus with two eyes, set to work without delay, under the direction of my old man, who talked a great deal, and did nothing; and who, after having given his opinion was content to follow that of the other. I was busy, too, looking on; running about, doing little or nothing; but taking an interest, and sympathizing with the lusty labours of the young giant, Ahasuerus, to such a degree that I have often actually fallen into a violent perspiration, at seeing him prying up a large stone. Thus I got a great deal of the benefit of hard work, without actually fatiguing myself. By degrees, I cam to work a little myself; and when I did not work, I gave my advice, and saw the others work. One day—it was the crisis of my life—one day Ahasuerus and the old man were attempting to raise a rock out of the ground by means of a lever, but their weight was not sufficient. They tried several times but in vain; whereat the spirit came upon me, and seizing the far end of the lever, I hung upon it with all my might, kicking most manfully all the while. The rock yielded to our united exertions, and rolled out of the ground. It was my victory.

"We should not have got it out without you," said Ahasuerus.

"It was all your doing," quoth the old man.

But, to tell the honest truth, I quaked in the midst of my triumph, lest this unheard of exertion might have injured a blood vessel, or strained some of the vital parts. That night I thought, some how or other, I felt rather faintish and languid. But it may be I was only a little sleepy; for I fell asleep in five minutes, and did not wake till sunrise. It was some time before I could persuade myself I was quite well; but being unable fairly to detect any thing to the contrary, I arose and walked forth into the freshness of the morning, and my spirit laughed in concert with the sprightly insects and chirping birds.

After this I became bolder and bolder, until finally animated by the example of the great Ahasuerus, I one day laid hold of a rock, and rolled it fairly out of its bed. I was astonished at this feat; I had no idea that I could make the least exertion, without suffering for it severely in some way or other. I never could do it before, and what is the reason I can do it now, thought I; I certainly used to feel very faint, on occasion of sometimes drawing a hard cork out of a bottle. My new monitor, experience, whispered me, that this was nothing but apprehension, which when it becomes a habit, and gains a certain mastery over the mind, produces a sensation allied to faintness. It embarrasses the pulsation, and that occasions a feeling of swooning. The mental, causes the physical sensation. I was never so happy in my whole life, as when I received this lesson of experience. I was no longer afraid of dying off hand, of the exertion of drawing a cork.

Thus we went on during the summer. The salt pork relished wonderfully; the bread and milk became a delicious dessert; and the rocks daily vanished from the meadow, like magic. The autumn now approached, and I bethought to myself how I should get through the winter, with so many broken panes, and so many sky lights in the roof of my house. There was neither carpenter nor glazier in ten miles; and I was at a loss what to do. I spoke to Ahasuerus the Great, about it. "If you will get me a few shingles and nails, and some glass and putty, I will do it myself," said he. "If you can do it, so can I," said I; for I began to be a little jealous of Ahasuerus. Accordingly, I procured the materials, and mounting on the roof, went to work zealously. It was a devil of a business; but I got through at last. It did not look very well, to be sure; but it kept out the rain, the snow, and the keen air. Encouraged at my unaccountable ingenuity as a carpenter, I commenced glazier, and broke six panes of glass off hand. With the seventh, however, I succeeded; and well it was that I did so, for I had determined this should be the last, and its failure would have forever satisfied me, that none but a man who had learned the trade of a glazier, could put in pane of glass. As it was, I passed from the extreme of depression and vexation, to that of

exaltation and vanity.

"How easy it is to get on in this world, and with what small means, we may attain to all the necessary comforts of life!" cried I; "men make themselves slaves to ward off evils that are imaginary; and sweat through a life of toil, to become at last dependent on others, for what they can do just as well themselves. What is the use of plaguing myself with these eternal labours; I will be idle and happy."

"Remember the poet at Saratoga."

"Remember the philosopher."

"Remember the politician."

"Remember the man of nerves," whispered memory in my ear, "and remember thyself—remember Dyspepsy." I fled from my conclusion as fast as I could run, and worked that day harder than ever.

Winter came, and having a vast forest of wood; some of which was decaying, and the remainder had reached its full maturity, I determined to have it cut down and sold to pay my debt to my old Scotsman. With the assistance of one or two others, Ahasuerus performed wonders in the woods, as he had done among the rocks. I forget how many cords they sent to market, but it produced enough to pay my old friend, and then I stood upon the proudest eminence an unambitious man can attain; I owed no man a penny, and I could live without running in debt. This is a great and solid happiness, not sufficiently appreciated at this time. People that know no better, are apt to think that winter in the country, is one long series of dead uniformity; and that there is no enjoyment away from the fire−side. But they are widely mistaken; nature every where presents a succession of varieties, and those of winter are not the least beautiful. The short days of December and January, are perhaps the most gloomy; but have this advantage, that they are short, and followed by good long nights, in which it is a luxury, to nestle in a warm bed, hear the wind whistle, or the light fleeces of snow patting against the windows, and fall asleep thinking how much better off we are, than millions of our fellow−creatures. When the earth lies barren, the herbage destroyed, and the forests, stript of their leafy honours, stand bare to the winds, even then nature is not altogether desolate in these lonely mountains. The homely brown of the woods, is dotted here and there by clusters of evergreens, that appear only the more beautiful from the barrenness that surrounds them; and even the gravity of the old grey beard rocks, is often enlivened with spots of green moss, that relieve their sober aspect. There is music too in the wintry solitudes: for in the pure clear air, every sound is musical. The lowing of the cattle, the barking of the dog and the squirrel, the drumming of the partridge, the echoes of the fowler's gun, the woodman's axe, whose strokes are by and bye followed by the loud crash of the falling tree, all breaking in succession, and sometimes mingling in chorus on the beautiful and buoyant air, bear with them a lonely, yet touching charm, which to a contented mind, in a healthy frame, affords the means of real substantial enjoyment.

Anon nature puts on her robe of spotless white, the true livery of youth, beauty, and innocence; and then what an intense, ineffable lustre invests her all around, and every where. The impurities, the blemishes, and the deformities of the earth, are all hidden under the snowy veil; the roughness becomes smooth and glassy; the stagnant pools, exhaling in summer disease and death, are robbed of their poisons; the bogs all invisible, and the very swamps salubrious. All is clear, pure, unsullied, and still; the pale image of innocent beauty clothed for a while in the trappings of the tomb. All is soothing, but nothing lively: all grave and solemn, yet nothing melancholy. But the night is, if possible, still more holy and beautiful, when the brightness of the moon−beams sporting on the glittering surface of the snow, creates a sort of female day, softer, and more soothing, yet almost equally bright. Not an insect chirps or buzzes in the ear; there is nothing of life stirring in nature's veins; her pulses are still. A thousand glittering stars, invisible at other times, come forth, as if to view the scene stretched out below them, or watch with sparkling eyes, the course of their bright queen, athwart the heavens.

Then come the lengthening days, which at first steal on imperceptibly, with steps noiseless and slow, silently unlocking the chains of winter, and setting nature free so easily, that we do not hear the turning of the key. At first the trickling of the waters from the roof, and the falling of the icicles, apprize us of the advance of the sun, to resume his glowing sceptre. Anon the little sunny southern exposures begin to spot the vast white winding sheet with brown; and here and there, though very rarely, along the margin of some living spring, the tender grass begins to peep forth. Every day the empire of the sun extends by slow degrees. The brooks begin again to murmur and glisten, marking their courses by the increased verdure of the grass, and willows, on their margins; and by imperceptible degrees, the few brown leaves that clung all winter to the sapless branches, are pushed from their hold by the swelling buds, and fall whispering to the earth, to mingle with her crumbling atoms. It is thus, with all

the works of nature and with man. The young buds push off the old dry leaves; the very rocks are mutable; all feel the universal law of change, and man the most of all.

I did not spend my winter idly, but went out every day to see my wood cutters. In order to give some interest to my walks, I purchased a gun, procured a brace of fox hounds, and in time became a mighty hunter, before the Lord. No man of sentiment has ever heard the "deepmouthed hound," as the poet, with singular felicity calls him, saluting the clear frosty morning, with sonorous and far sounding challenges, without feeling its inspiration, in the silence of the mountains. I found their society, and that of my gun, delightful, though truth obliges me to confess, that I seldom got any thing but exercise and a keen appetite in my sporting rambles. Almost the first extensive excursion I made, being intent in following the hounds, I unluckily fell through the ice into a small pond, which the melting of the first snows had formed in a little valley. I got completely wet from head to foot; and I was some miles from home. The whole way, I suffered the horrible anticipation of diseases without number; rheumatism, consumption, catarrh, sore throat, inflammation of the chest, and a hundred others. In short, I gave myself up for gone; and was in such a hurry to get home and settle my affairs, that I arrived there in a perfect glow. I lost no time in changing my dress, and it being now evening, went directly to bed, expecting next morning to find myself as stiff as a poker. At first, I fell into a profuse perspiration, and then into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning. I can hardly believe it myself, at this moment; I awoke as well as ever I was in my life, and never felt any ill effects from my accident. After this, I defied the whole college of physicians, nay, all the colleges put together. I considered myself another Achilles, invulnerable even at the heel, and now cared no more for the weather than a grizzly bear, or a seeker of the north west passage.

Thus passed my first winter. In the spring I paid my debt to Hardup with the product of my wood. In the summer he came to see me. "I would not come before, for fear you would think it was to dun you," said he. He has repeated his visit every summer, for the last seven years, and assures me every time, that were he not Hardup, he would be Ambler. It would be tedious, neither is it necessary to the moral of my story, to detail the progress I made, and the wonders achieved by Ahasuerus, from the period in which I first took possession of my estate, to that in which I am now writing. Great as they were, they bear no comparison with those I have undergone. My farm is now a little Eden, among the high hills, whose rugged aspects only add richness and beauty to the cultivated fields. I have saved enough to add two wings to my old house, and to put it in good repair, besides building a barn and other out−houses. Every year I execute some little improvements, just to keep up the excitement of novelty, and prevent me from thinking too much about myself. Every fair day in spring, summer, and autumn, it is my custom to climb a part of the mountain, which overlooks my little domain, and affords a full view of its green or golden enclosures.

It lays at the head of a long narrow vale, skirted on either side, by rough, rocky, steep mountains, clothed with vast forests of every growth. My house is on a little round knoll, just on the edge of the meadow I spoke of at my first arrival here, and which now has not a single stone above its surface. The clear spring brook which meanders through it, and is full of trout, forms the head of a little river, which gathering, as it proceeds onward, the tribute of the hills, waxes larger as it goes, and appears, at different points far down the valley, coursing its bright way to the Hudson. On either side of the valley, among rocks and woods, is sometimes seen a cultivated field or two, with a house, and a few cattle; but, with this exception, there is a perfect and beautiful contrast between the bosom and the sides of the valley. The former is all softness, verdure and fertility, the latter all stately forests, or naked sublimity. In a clear day, and a north west wind, I can see the junction of the little stream, of which, as being the proprietor of its parent spring, I consider myself the father, with the majestic Hudson. I wish the reader, that is if he is a clever man, or what is still better, a clever and pretty lady, would come and see my farm next summer.

I have paid but one visit to the city, and that was to my old friend Hardup, who is become very fond of me ever since he conferred a benefit. While I was one day strolling along the Battery, I exchanged one of those glances, which bespeak a doubtful recognition, with a portly, rosy cheeked man, I was sure I had seen before. On these occasions, I generally make the first advances.

"I think I have seen you before sir," said I, "but really I can't tell exactly where."

"I am in the same predicament," replied he, smiling; "your face is familiar, though I can't recall your name."

"My name is Ambler."

"Good heavens! is it possible," and though glad to see me, he seemed quite astonished; "my name is Abstract!" I almost fell backwards over one of the benches; it was my friend, the man of nerves, as hale and hearty, as if he

never had any nerves in his life.

"I'll not believe it," said I, "why what has happened to you?"

"O I'm married," he replied, "and have enough to do besides attending to my nerves; but you— you are metamorphosed too; what has come over you? are *you* too, married?"

"NO: I'm a bachelor still," said I, "so you see there are two opposite ways, to the same thing."

Having exchanged our addresses, we parted the best friends in the world.

"You had better get a wife," cried he.

"I mean to," I replied, "as soon as I can afford the revenues of a city, to keep her in pin−money."

"Pooh! if you can't keep her in pin−money, you can keep her in order," answered he of the nerves, and strutted away, with the air of a man who was either master at home, or so dexterously led captive, as not to suspect it.

I begin to grow weary of talking about myself; and as I have observed, that listeners and readers, generally get tired before speakers and authors, will here conclude my story. Its moral is completed, and I hope cannot be mistaken. I committed to paper the result of my experience, not for the purpose of ridiculing the infirmities of my fellow creatures, or laughing at the miseries of human life. I wished, if possible, to persuade them that a large portion of the cares of this world, from which we are so anxious to escape, are nothing more than blessings in disguise, and thus to diminish that inordinate love of riches, which is founded on the silly presumption that they are the sources of all happiness. It is under the dominion of this mistaken idea, that money becomes indeed the root of all evil, by being sought with an insatiable appetite, that swallows up all our feelings of brotherhood, and causes men to prey upon each other like the wild beasts of the forest; nay, more—for even their instinct teaches them to spare their own species. Were mankind aware of the total inability of wealth to confer content, or to make case and leisure delightful, they would perchance seek it with less avidity, and fewer sacrifices of that integrity, which is a far more essential ingredient in human happiness, than the gold for which it is so often sacrificed. My history may also afford a useful example to those whose situations entail on them the necessity of labour and economy, by teaching them the impossibility of reconciling a life of luxury and ease, with the enjoyment of jocund spirits, lusty health, and rational happiness.

"But what has become of your DYSPEPSY all this time?" the reader will ask.

Faith, I had forgot that entirely!

OLD TIMES IN THE NEW WORLD.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EDITOR.

It appears from a note, in the hand writing of our author, that the following Tale was principally compiled from an old Manuscript Drama, the spelling and style of which were of the age of King James the first. The note also states that it was never printed nor played, having been rejected by the manager of the "Red Bull Theatre," in London, to whom the author transmitted a copy. In revenge he turned Puritan, and published a satire upon the theatres, entitled, "*The School of Abuse; or a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth*." Our author says the manuscript was given him by an officer of Lee's Legion, a descendant of one of the first settlers of James Town, with whom he became intimate about the close of the Revolutionary War. I thought it best to advise the reader of these facts, which account for some peculiarities of style, as well as the highly dramatic cast of the story. "Who loves to live at home, yet looke abroad, And know both passen and unpassen road, The prime plantation of an unknown shore, The men, the manners, fruitfullnesse and store, Read but this little book, and then confesse The lesse thou lik'st and lov'st, thou liv'st the lesse. Commend this story, by a loyall man, Or else *come−mend* it, reader if you can. Thomas Macarnesse, *To his worthy friend and countryman*, Captaine John Smith.

CHAPTER I.

I commend me right worshipfully to my worthy countrymen, and most especially to my lovely country−women, hoping that not one of them hath forgotten the famous old times of gallantry and adventure, when the sprightly springalls of the old world, stimulated by the example, and aided by the purse of the great Sir Walter Raleigh, (whose memory God long preserve,) turned their eyes to the glowing west, and placed their hopes in a new hemisphere. The history of an honourable ancestry, is at all times a precious, and delightful contemplation; and what ancestry can be more honourable than ours? Brave and gallant spirits, resolved to mend their fortunes, at the risk of their lives; and pious, unconquerable pilgrims, clothed in the armour of faith, which no weapon can pierce, seeking in the wilderness, among savage pagans that free exercise of opinion which was not only denied them, but punished with stripes and imprisonment in civilized countries, among Christians. Assuredly those who have read of the perils encountered and overcome by these daring soldiers of fortune, and these invincible followers of the faith, can never become in all the vicissitudes of life, from youth to age, from the cradle to the grave, indifferent to their memory and their actions. If any one whose heart is too hard, and his understanding too obtuse to feel the force of such impressions, should perchance take up this my story, let him lay it down again forthwith. It is not for him, for, as one of our writers has truly observed,—"Nothing now remains of James Town, the cradle of the new world, but a few simple ruins; a few tomb stones, marking the spot where was interred, somebody—we know not whom, for the name has become illegible. But the spot is well known; and every century, while like a river, it carries millions of light wonders to the ocean of oblivion, will only render it the more interesting and illustrious. It is closely connected with the first links of a great chain of causes and effects, that have already changed the destiny of the *new*, and will probably change that of the *old* world. He therefore, who cannot feel the inspiration of such spots as James Town, and Plymouth Rock, need not take the pains to go to Rome or Athens, for he may rest assured that the fine and subtile spirit which lives, and moves, and hath its being in the past and the future alone, is not an inmate of his mind."

It chanced one bright spring morning, in the year 1611, that a young gentleman of the name of Percie was seen reclining against an old live oak tree that spread its broad arms over the borders of the famous Powhatan, now called James River. The hour was about sunrise, and the scene exceedingly fair. The river spread into a wide basin, several miles across, over which, glided from time to time, flocks of those aquatic birds, that love to skim the surface of the salt water. On the left was a grove of stately trees of primeval growth, encumbered with vines and wild flowers; and on the right a little village, of rather rude huts, enclosed with a stockade, and defended by some poorly constructed fortifications. The whole had an appearance of rural beauty that contrasted strongly with the absence of that life and noise, which is characteristic of the crowded habitations of men, of a blithe summer morning. Not a single female, or child was to be seen; nor any domestic animals, save a few half−starved melancholy curs, rawboned and moody, prowling about with hungry avidity, or lying gaping in the morning sun, or whining in their sleep, as if their dreams were troubled.

Percie, Robert Percie—that was his name— stood leaning against the tree, contemplating the birds as they flitted down the river to the ocean, not far distant. His thoughts accompanied them in their flight towards England, and he communed with his heart in something like the following soliloquy.

"How swift they fly! They seem in haste to visit the far distant, sea−girt Isle, from whence love and hate have banished me. My imagination outsoars them in their swift flights, and bears me to where the happy hopes of my youth, sunned into life a thousand blooming flowers, since overcast and withered by the clouds of manhood. Would I were there! No; would a thousand worlds, unknown erewhile, like this which I inhabit— a thousand untracked seas, whose virgin bosoms, never daring keel wounded with its swift passage, rolled between me and my native country. Distance, like time, is kinsman to oblivion."

He then turned his face towards an old greyheaded man, sitting at a little distance, and dressed like the better sort of followers of cavaliers in those days, and exclaimed, "Gilbert!"

"Master, here am I," quoth Gilbert, "and yet in strictness of sound logic, such as is learned at Oxford, here am I not; unless your philosophy can convict me that a man can be where that which constitutes his being is not."

"What, still dealing in quips, Gilbert," replied the other, with a languid, indulgent smile, which indicated that

the old man had earned by past fidelity, a privilege of being familiar.

"In good truth, sir," said the greybeard, "I have, within the last half hour, emigrated to a certain, snug little paradise in the North Country, of which I would draw your honour such a picture!"

"'Tis better not, Gilbert. I know it well. We must forget these things, if possible," said the other, with a deep sigh. "The past must be as nothing, the future every thing to you, and most of all to me. The old world must give place to the new. From this time forward, we must look right forward, nor think of the past but as a lesson for the time to come."

"But must I never talk of home, dear master?"

"No, not even think of it."

"And may I not sit on a bench of a summer day like this, under the clambering vines—that is to say, if I am not shortly starved to death—and talk to myself of old times, old friends, christmas frolics, and foaming nut−brown ale?"

"'Twill only make you the sadder," replied the other.

"And if it does, 'fore heaven. I'd rather cry over such matters, than laugh at the best jest, or merry tale, that ever was, or will be broached in this new world, which, the fiend take Columbus for finding out, say I."

"And so say not I, good Gilbert. Already the poor and wretched, those who have no home, or to whom their home is misery, begin to look this way with longing eyes, as to a place of refuge, or oblivion. The world is in want of a sanctuary, where kingly pride and priestly rule, may no longer create beggars and bigots. I see it coming, Gilbert."

"Three score and ten can't live on distant hopes, my master. They are the next year's harvest, or rather the next year's ships, to us poor, perishing adventurers. Before either arrives, we shall be gone hence, unless the savages make friends, and come in with a supply."

"Well, well; so you don't talk to me of these old times, I am content."

"I accept your terms, my dear young master. I'll to the bank yonder, where there is a fine echo, and there we'll discourse of days of yore. Talk of the Percies; your old, honoured father; your good brother Harry—a plague take him though for a— and she, the most beauteous of all beauties, the Rose of Beverly. Hey! master of mine!"

"Silence! old croaking raven!" cried Percie, making a motion as if to collar the old man. "Thou hast named three names, each dearer than the other; each more cruel, than famine, plague, and pestilence, all combined. Had I three hearts, they would have broke them all. In the name of God, leave me, or leave off prating."

"My honoured master, forgive me!"

"Go to the woods, old Gilbert, and howl there; or let me go. There is not a beast that roams these irksome solitudes, but has some tie of nature, some dear affection, some attachment to blood, or place. I may learn of them, perhaps some new affections. Those I had are broken, and cannot knit again."

"I knew nothing of this, my dear master. You may remember I was absent, a prisoner to the Borderers, when you left home. When I returned, I heard you had gone the Virginia voyage, and followed as fast as I could, without knowing why you left home."

"I remember, so you did," replied the other, affectionately. "Forgive me, good Gilbert. So true a friend deserves to know all. Hear, but never speak. While you were absent, the curse of younger brotherhood, which is to be beggared in fortune, and despised in love, fell upon me. The father I revered, spoiled me of my inheritance to enrich my elder brother, who tempted her to whom I was betrothed, whom I loved as my own immortal soul, whom I had twined to my heart of hearts, and who had grown to be part of my being—tempted her by his riches and my poverty, to forsake her beggar for a wealthy heir."

"The unnatural brother!" exclaimed old Gilbert, furiously.

"That brother! you know, Gilbert, he had played with me through boyhood; studied, travelled, warred with me in youth; was my companion, my friend, my confidant. He knew all, and he betrayed me, Judas like, with kissing. I saved his life when he was drowning, and he plunged me in the waters of bitterness."

"No more, no more, dear master," rejoined the other, "now that I know your griefs, I will never talk of home again."

"Nay," replied Percie, "now the ice is broke you shall know all, that hereafter eternal silence may be between us. Outraged in every feeling of nature and humanity; all the early ties of my youth broken to atoms; my affection for my father changed to a sense of his injustice; my early love for my brother, turned into a feeling of violated

friendship and betrayed confidence; my devotion for Rose curdled into despair, horror, madness and jealousy—I sought this new world, and you followed me, old Gilbert. I shall never see my native country more. But see! our president, Captain Smith is coming this way, apparently in contention with Master Vere and Master Harrington. Leave me, and let your lips be like the sepulchre."

Footnotes

[1] A person of that name was a contemporary of Smith. He was of the Northumberland family, and acted as President of the settlement on one occasion.
Ed.

CHAPTER II.

The group which now entered on the scene, was composed of Smith, then acting, as he always did in times of peril or suffering, as president of the little colony of James Town; Master Arthur Vere, Master George Harrington, Master Hardin, and Master Hyacinth Lavender; each of whom I shall specially introduce to the reader.

Smith, of whose name and actions, it is a disgrace for any American to be ignorant, was a person of fine, manly figure and proportions, erect in his port, and of a commanding look. His eyes were of a greyish hue, and of a most piercing lustre; his hair cut short, and curling thickly about the ears; his beard and mustaches very full, and suffered to grow long, as was still the fashion of the times. Though at this period he had scarcely reached the age of thirty, he had already encountered a series of romantic adventures, in almost every quarter of the globe, and his face, eminently manly and prepossessing as it was, wore the impression of suffering and care. His forehead bore the wrinkles of thought and anxiety; and between his eyes were two deep, upright lines, indicative of a mind troubled with frequent perplexities. His complexion was darkened by exposure to vicissitudes and hardships; but upon the whole, he still bore about him a charm of person and manner, that quelled the minds of one sex, and wakened the affections of the other. Of his daring courage, unconquerable perseverance, and adventurous spirit; of his extraordinary qualities and acquirements, no one can judge, who has not followed him through the various events of a life of danger, trial and vicissitude. Suffice it to say, that in an age, than which there never was one more fruitful in extraordinary men, he stands eminently conspicuous.

Of the other members of the group, Vere and Harrington were younger brothers of younger branches of noble houses. Gentlemen of the inns of court, which at that time contained more young fellows of wit and pleasure, than all London beside. They were accustomed to give masques; to enact plays before the sovereign; and some of the best writers, as well as best actors of the day, were originally of the inns of court. They were indeed a set of lusty gallants, who treated the city husbands with great contempt, and their wives with great courtesy.

Master Hardin was a preacher of the gospel; one of those zealous, hardy and invincible spirits, to whom impossibilities are as nothing; whose faith is as a rock; whose ardour for the interests and growth of religion never tires under hardships or difficulties, and who are ready at any time, to carry the gospel into the very jaws of death. He had accompanied one of the earliest companies of adventurers to Virginia, and proved himself on all occasions, ready to suffer in the cause of heaven, or to make any sacrifices for the welfare of his fellow creatures.

Master Lavender was a complete specimen of the fashionable dandy of that age, save that he was now somewhat rusticated—a spruce, neat, apish, nimble, fantastic, conceited gallant, with hollow eyes, sharp visage, dark complexion and meagre face. He was devoted to toys; worshipped satin doublets, and adored a white hand in a perfumed glove. He could never resist fine clothes and jewelry; and all his estate, which indeed was only that of a younger brother, was spent in velvet, satin, trinkets, and new fashions. He ruined his tailor, mercer, and jeweller; but then he comforted the first by swearing he had the patience of a burnt heretic; the second, that his faith was sufficient to save all Fleet−street, and the Strand; and the third, that his repentance would pay all his scores at church, if no where else. He was withal not destitute of wit, having kept company with the templars, and had more valour than discretion; for at that time no man without courage could associate with gentlemen. Master Lavender had come to the new world, some two years before the present period, with a competent array of finery and trinkets. The trinkets he had from time to time pawned to a little tailor, for repairing his costume; and the finery was now in the last stage of a rapid dissolution. With the exception of a pair of perfumed gloves, he exhibited the perfect wreck of a beau, insomuch that his old enemy, Mr. Justice Knapp, with whom he had many a sharp contest of wit, was wont to say, that his velvet jacket had made three voyages round the world; that his cloak had belonged to Marco Polo, when he visited the emperor of China and the Great Khan; and that had his dimity breeches been mortal, they would have perished long before the flood.

Such was the company that now intruded somewhat tumultuously on the sorrows of Percie. As they advanced they seemed in a state of hot contention, and from time to time placed their hands on the swords, which in those dangerous times, it was customary for the adventurers to wear on all occasions. To explain this apparent hostility it is necessary that we go a little way backwards.

The colony which is the scene of our story, was settled in the first instance, by a company of daring spirits,

many of them connected with families of distinction at home. High tempered, and somewhat disinclined to discipline, they constituted the best possible materials for defence and warfare; but when it came to labouring, which the exigencies of the colony at almost all times, made indispensable to its very existence, they were apt to be exceedingly refractory and indignant. Placing a precarious dependence in the friendship of the savages, and the supplies from England, they were too prone to idleness, and unthrift, and it required all the ascendency of such a spirit as that of Smith, to maintain any tolerable degree of subordination. Among the devices invented by him for cooling the courage of these high blooded gallants, was one which in general, was found exceedingly effectual. This was to tie the delinquent's right arm to the branch of a tree, and pour cold water down the sleeve until the culprit signified his submission.

At the period in which our story commences, the colony was in a state almost bordering on absolute famine. Every thing being in common, and the products of the labour and enterprise of all being deposited in a large store, constituted a common stock, under the special guardianship of the president and his council, who sometimes abused their trust, and wasted the precious deposit. Such an event had not long since taken place, and the colony indignant at this mal−administration, deposed their president, and chose Smith in his place. As usual, he exposed himself to all sorts of dangers, exerted all his energy and activity to remedy the desperate state of affairs, and set the example of labour, economy, and endurance. But all did not avail. The savages, offended by the unjust exactions of the late president, retired to a distance, refusing to hold communion with the strangers, or hid their corn under ground, and preserved a sullen silence. To complete their misfortunes, the rats got into their store house, and consumed a small quantity of grain, which was all that was left of what Smith had collected in a voyage up the Potomac.

From this time they had no bread, but a miserable substitute made of the flesh of dried sturgeons, which fish, together with the little game they could procure in the woods, constituted almost the whole of their food. Still it would seem that they preserved their good spirits, and the same daring hardihood that precipitated them on the new world, sustained them through all their dangers and sufferings. They sometimes grumbled, sometimes rebelled against the authority of Smith, and sometimes resolved to go home. But in general, it would seem, that the very hardships they endured, the privations they laboured under, had produced what may be called the philosophy of necessity, which is neither more nor less than a sort of desperate carelessness, which makes a jest of the present, and defies the morrow. They passed like the swift lightning from one extreme to the other, and the pressure of hunger, as in the case of children, was lightened by merry jests, or playful pastimes. Desperation sometimes produces a strange hilarity; and necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the source of great actions, which are almost always performed by poor adventurers, the fruits of whose genius and hardihood, are generally reaped by the rich drones of this vast hive.

Such was the crisis of affairs in the little cradle of the new world, which in truth was never a sleeping place for the children or their parents, when the refusal of the refractory cavaliers to work, produced the scene which followed, and which we shall endeavour to exhibit to the reader.

"For shame, for shame!" cried Smith, as they approached to where Percie was standing, "these unmanly complaints, these eternal bickerings, will ruin the noblest project of the age. Within is famine and disaffection; without, the bloody, bold, and cunning savages, watching for the miserable leavings of famine. Shame, shame I say, gentlemen; the word is work or starve."

"Not I, by Jupiter," cried Master Vere.

"Nor I, by Mars," quoth Master Harrington.

"Nor I, by these lily hands," whispered Master Hyacinth Lavender.

"We shall see, gentlemen," cried Smith, "the time is come when that authority which necessity creates and justifies, shall be exerted, let what will follow. Your extravagance has consumed our food; your idle example has corrupted my people; and now when famine and danger stare us in the face, you refuse to lend a helping hand, because, forsooth! the distant kinsmen of nobility! You know me sirs, and on the faith of man, this day shall see you labouring with the meanest. By heaven I will force you to work, and punish you if you rail."

"Few words to that bargain, most valiant Captain," quoth Master Vere, "you say the rats have eaten up the corn. These rats are yourself and your minions. You say the savages are watching to destroy us: your prudence has provided against this, by securing a refuge for yourself at least, with your copper−coloured Siren of the woods: your gentle Indian maid, your—"

"Ungenerous, and illiberal slander," cried Smith, warmly, "when have I ever shrunk from any hardships or sufferings, that you—or you—or you—the best and bravest of you all have borne? when did I refuse to eat what you have eaten, or fast when others fasted? I have shared labours, dangers, watchings, heat, cold and famine, with the meanest of my people. Is it,—is it not so?"

"'Tis true, and I'll avouch it," exclaimed Percie.

"Doubtless," quoth Master Harrington, "you led us wantonly into dangers, and took all the credit of escape to yourself; and you consumed our corn, to save us from starving by inches."

"'Tis true, as this back and stomach of mine can witness," lisped Master Lavender.

"Unworthy imputation!" rejoined Captain Smith, "but enough of this. Now mark me, *gentlemen*, for men, it seems ye are not. Since hunger itself has no power to force you to exertion, I protest by Him that made me, you shall not only labour for your own support, but for that of those poor souls who are sick, and perishing with want. They shall not starve while we have hands to help them."

"What! become the slaves of base mechanics?" exclaimed Vere and Harrington.

"Aye sirs: and he that gathers not a supply, or performs a task equal to myself, shall as sure as he lives, be sent over the river, to taste the sweets of idleness, among the savages. Bring hither the implements," added Smith, calling to some labourers at a short distance, who came with axes, shovels, and other instruments of labour.

"Lookee ye, Captain Smith," said Vere, "only point me out a mode in which my sword may be employed in any useful labour, and I am your man; but an axe, I disdain; a spade I abhor. If you have any fighting to do, send for me; till then, adieu most noble Captain."

He was proceeding to quit the spot, when Smith placed himself before him, and offered the choice of an axe or a shovel.

"By the bright Jupiter, my natal star," exclaimed Vere, "before I turn my blade into a ploughshare, I'll try conclusions with your toasting iron. What! shall the seed of nobles become the bondsmen of the scum of England? Sweat for them!"

"Sweat! O vulgar sprig of nobility!" lisped Master Lavender.

"Softly, softly, high−born sir," rejoined Smith, in a sarcastic tone: "what, I pray you, is your noble blood to me, or those poor souls whose substance you have devoured? Will your long pedigrees confound these Indian warriors, or quell the anger of savage murderers? Prithee high−born sirs, call up your noble lineage, and bid them speak to these wild warriors to come and bring us corn, for christian charity to their dry bones. Beseech them to bring their mantles of state, to shield us from coming winters' cold; their coronets of pearl, to barter here for food; their proud escutcheons, to ward off the Indian arrows. They'll come I warrant you. Work, work, I say. The basket−maker is the king in this new world. The implements—take them gentlemen, the axe or the spade, the gallows or the wilds; come, here are our weapons."

"And here is mine."

"And mine," cried Harrington and Vere, drawing, "the only one a gentleman ever uses."

"And mine," quoth Master Lavender, "if it will only come forth; for by St. George and his dragon, it hath not shown its point as a snail doth its horns in broad day, since last I drew it on a sheriff's officer in merry London. Come forth my trusty and rusty toaster," continued he, tugging at his sword. "No! well to him that is without arms, neutrality is policy. Now will I stand on one side and count the slain, as a boy notches the game on a stick. Sa—sa—that's it gallants!"

"Well, since it is coming to blows, I must beat up for recruits," exclaimed Smith, his bright grey eyes beginning to strike fire. "Who stands for the new world?"

"I for one," quoth Robert Percie, while the labourers all ranged themselves by the side of Smith.

"By St. Ragamuffin, the patron of rent doublets," surmised Master Lavender, "but our president hath a noble competency of backers; two bundles of rags, a skeleton, and a greasy leathern jacket! I should like to have a tournament with that same greasy knight. But," tugging at his sword, "it will not be, the rusty fates forbid it."

"Stand aside, good varlets," said Captain Smith, "I'll not take odds in a good cause. Percie and I can match these braggarts. Now sirs, are ye desperate, wil't work or fight."

"Not a stroke but of the sword," replied Vere, "Come on, rascal Rabble and all."

The two parties were now about to engage in mortal fight, when the good old Hardin passed between them, and they paused for a moment.

"Stay," cried he, "in the name of the living God!" addressing himself to Vere and his party, "Unthinking swaggerers, what brought you here? Did you think to play the drones in this new hive— to revel as in the filth of London stews at home— to swagger up and down the streets, putting ladies to the blush by peering under their bonnets— to bouse it at taverns, brothels, and such like hells, and pay no other reckoning but daily lengthening scores, chalked up as chronicles of time murdered, health wasted, wealth consumed, and honour ruined?"

"In good faith," quoth Lavender, "this cropear must have been a sad reveller in his time—a most swaggering swipester to know of all this naughtiness. If I thought he meant any reflection on me, I'd fillip him."

"Merciful heaven!" resumed old Hardin, "what good will fighting do? will you make these fields fruitful with corn, by sprinkling them with blood, and blast this new world as Cain did the old, with a brother's murder? And suppose you get the better, what then, sir."

"A homeward voyage, and freedom from famine," answered Vere.

"Have you ships for the voyage?" rejoined Hardin, "provisions, mariners? or will you put to sea on a plank, live upon air, sail by the witches chart, or dabble for damnation in the black books of wizzard spells which the friar of Linne consulted, and by that means found the new world, but lost his soul?"

"Now who'd have thought there had been a peascod of discretion in this crop−ear'd puritan?" quoth Lavender to Master Vere. "I begin to wax remorseful, and would most assuredly back the president, were it not for this vulgar chopping and digging. Perish all worlds, old and new, ere such prodigious degradation."

"Pish!" replied Vere; listen to the oracle of the nose.

"You are silent," resumed Hardin. "Is it conviction or obstinacy? I do beseech you comrades, by the faith you profess; by the hopes you cherish; by the charity we owe to all mankind, not to blight this noble project in the bud. Think—"

"'Slife, Master Hardin," interrupted Harrington, "keep your breath old man; you've little to spare, if one may judge by your peevish little voice."

"I am glad of it," rejoined the other. "I rejoice that I am old and must soon go to my Father. I would not wish to live to see these filthy broils renewed day by day. But once more, before it is too late, let me beseech you to reflect on what a glorious harvest of future hopes will be blighted by these dissensions. Think, my noble comrades, that the time will come when this howling wilderness will be peopled by your free and happy offspring—"

"That's altogether likely," quoth Master Lavender,— "there are but two women in the colony, and they poor souls are in the jaws of famine. Madam Arabella Fenton is the worst half of a shadow; and little Anne Burras looks like a ghost in a consumption."

"Think," resumed Hardin, "if you only persevere until the ship arrive, what a glorious world this will become hereafter. I am no prophet, but I see beyond the mists that bound my few remaining days, a noble prospect. A little while, and this wild region of the west, will become the refuge and abode of millions of happy beings, the asylum of virtuous poverty, the sanctuary of men's consciences, the hope of the oppressed, the fear of the oppressor. Then the howlings of rude savages shall give place to songs of joy, and hymns of sweet thanksgivings. Then this man (pointing to Smith) will be revered in his immortal memory, as one of the founders of a new and noble empire; you as his faithful friends, the sharers of his toils and future honours. What say you friends," added he, earnestly; seeing Vere and Harrington consulting with each other.

"Stand aside, good prophet," cried Vere, at length, "or take the chances."

"Then may the good cause prosper, and might be on the side of right;" cried the good old man, as slowly he passed on one side to wait the issue.

The parties then advanced towards each other, and a most keen and skillful encounter began. All four were excellent at the sword, and for a time both skill and fortune seemed equal. Vere, who stood opposed to Smith, was one of the most lusty gallants of the day, and had in his youth taken lessons of a prize−fighter of note in London. He held his ground manfully before the president; but there was not a man of that day, who could encounter him without rueing it. Active and vigorous, with a quick eye, a steady hand, sure foot, and dauntless heart, neither Christian, Turk, nor savage ever got the better of him in fair fight. He dealt nobly with Vere, whom he admired for his gallant spirit; parried his blows, and restrained his own; worried and wearied him out, and at length with a triumphant flourish of his weapon, caused that of Vere to fly into the air, and caught it with his left hand. This was an age of punning and rhyming, as well as gallantry; and Vere, who was scratched in two or three places, gaily

exclaimed, when he found himself disarmed— "The day is yours, the conquer'd must obey, And those who can't do better, must say yea."

"I am at your mercy, sir. Give me the axe, I'll call it a battle−axe, and then it will be gentlemanly recreation. Give me the axe."

"Aye," cried Smith, "and the sword too. I am not afraid to trust you again, Arthur Vere."

"On my honour, you shall never again have occasion to distrust me. I am yours to command. You have won me in fair fight, and so I may prosper here and elsewhere, if I do not approve myself your true servant."

Nearly at the moment in which Smith jerked the sword out of Vere's hand, Percie had closed with his antagonist, and tript up his heels. He fell, having previously received a wound in the shoulder, and the prayer of the preacher Hardin prevailed, for the good cause triumphed.

"Now will I play the Goddess of Victory, and go over to the strongest side," quoth Master Lavender, as he joined Smith's party with great seeming alacrity.

CHAPTER III.

The party then one and all, went to work with axe and spade, and soon the adjacent wood resounded with the strokes of lusty labourers and soft handed cavaliers. Master Lavender attached himself to Smith, being resolved to recommend himself by a huge day's work. He drew on his white, perfumed gloves, and addressed himself to the president, as follows:—

"Look ye, Captain Smith, though I despise every thing useful, as unbecoming a man of fashion and figure, yet being partly convinced by the sound logic of the worthy Master Hardin, that it is no irretrievable dishonour to work when one can't help it, I hereby avow my compliance."

"Well said, and well resolved, Master Lavender," replied the other.

"But by this hand," rejoined Lavender, "I will have it clearly understood that it is not thy valour but his discretion, that hath laid prostrate my opposition, even as I mean, by the might of this good arm, to lay prostrate yon high tree."

He then began to chop with great vigour; but presently laid down his axe, pulled off his glove, and looking at his hand, exclaimed—

"'Fore heaven, a blister! Hear, or rather see this, ye bucks and bloods of merry London! ye loungers at the play; ye smokers of the best Virginia; ye tavern lovers of the first quality, Lavender's hands are blistered! and blistered be his tongue, if he doth not from this time henceforth and forever, consign wood cutting to Pluto, Proserpine, Ops, Mops, Chops, and all the rest of them."

"Come, come," said Smith, "more work and less swearing. You know the law, Master Lavender."

Lavender then proceeded to chop a few more strokes, and threw down the axe, exclaiming—

"'Sblood! Captain Smith, I'll not strike another blow, if thou hangest me incontinently on this high tree, which I disdain to cut down, split me!"

"Why then the law must have its course," replied the other. "Layton! come hither with Burras."

"I care not," exclaimed Lavender, "let law do its worst, and gospel too; I swear by mine ancestors, I won't work, and I will swear, 'slid!"

The two men now came up. "Take this refractory gentleman to Justice Knapp, and desire his worship to inflict the penalty of hard swearing and idleness."

As they led him off, towards the seat of justice, Master Lavender communed with himself in this wise: "Now do I begin to smell cold water, a thing I have abhorred, like unto a mad dog, ever since I came to years of discretion. It is the very antipodes to warming, generous wine, that liquid whetstone of the dull spirits. Peasant," turning to Layton, "beware of me; I shall foam at the mouth, and bite desperately, at the first pollution of this execrable beverage. Lead on, plebeian base."

We will now carry the reader to the seat of justice, where sat, in all the dignity of magistracy, Mr. Justice Knapp, who having been appointed to administer the laws, by the express authority of the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers in London, considered himself almost independent of the president and council of James Town. His worship was a man of moderate height, and great breadth of beam, with a waggish mouth, little mischievous, twinkling eyes; and, if the truth must be told, had little of the gravity, and less of the honesty becoming a judge. If a jest or a pun came across him in the middle of a most weighty cause, he was sure to give it utterance, and it was the general opinion, that he felt a hundred times more pleasure in making the jury laugh, than in convincing their understandings. Since the scarcity which had afflicted the company, he was the only fat man in James Town; and while every body else was waxing pale and lean, his worship continued to wear his usual florid complexion, while he increased in bulk every day. Whether he lived, like some provident animals, on his superfluity of fat, we cannot say; but the general opinion was, that Master Justice had some secret hoard, which supplied his wants, and kept up his rotundity. When reproached with this unseemly jollity of person, he was accustomed to pass it off by warning the people against a lean justice. "When you see me growing thin," quoth he, "beware of me; for, by'r lady, if I once get fairly an hungered, I'll hang you all; without the least remorse. Only feed me well, and I am as harmless as a scarecrow in a corn field."

In hot weather, the Justice was accustomed to administer the laws in the open air, as he said, in imitation of the

patriarchs, whom he held in great honour. His favourite seat, which he called the Woolsack, was the stump of a vast sycamore, which had been cut down to make room for the city, and which in the morning and middle of the day, was protected from the sun by the neighbouring forest trees. He had taken his place, the morning in which Master Lavender was apprehended in the manner aforesaid, and was communing with himself, something to the following effect:—

"Now shall the commonalty behold the melancholy of the magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office. I'll reform the new world, and make it an example to the old. The lord chancellor shall call me brother, and the king uncle. There shall be no drinking, but to my profit; and no laws broken, but with my consent. If a suitor thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will thrust it into my pocket, and quiet my conscience by doing justice thereafter, upon some poor rogue, with a good cause and no money. The world shall now see your true personification of justice. In one hand, I'll hold the scales to weigh bribes; and in the other, will I brandish the fiery sword, to drive away all beggarly suitors who have the impudence to appear before me with empty pockets. And that I may properly imitate the impartiality of justice, I will incontinently shut both eyes and ears, to all tedious arguments—by falling asleep.— Simon!"

"Please your honour, I'm proximate," replied Simon, coming out of the adjoining building. Simon—but it is unnecessary to be minute in describing him. He was one of those odd, rusty, indefatigable creatures, that we so often see about the skirts of the law, who do a vast deal of drudgery, for little or nothing, in the hope of one day, by dint of the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, and about as much wisdom as Solomon threw away on a single proverb, being entitled to exact fees, and tack Esquire to their names.

"Simon," quoth the Justice, "are there any culprits, forthcoming? I must make an example of some one soon, or by'r lady, the commonalty will lose all respect for mine office. Answer me, Simon; thou hast permission to speak when justice is silent."

"None that I wot of, your worship," quoth Simon.

"None? why 'sfoot! I may as well throw away the true scales of justice, and take to the false weights of the grocers for a livelihood. My fees wont maintain a camel in the desert. By my faith, Simon, if these villains wont break the old laws, we must make new ones to entrap them. It would be villainous, were justice to starve here in this new world, when there is so much employment for her in the old. When criminals are scarce, we must multiply the statutes, as the fowler limes more twigs in case of necessity."

"Just so, your worship. But now I think of it, your worship will have business soon. There is a man charged with shooting an Indian, and they threaten war, unless he is given up."

"Hath the villain advanced thee any weighty arguments, whereby justice may become blind to his enormities?"

"None, your worship; he is a poor blacksmith, and dealeth not in the precious metals."

"Then his doom is fixed. Poverty is proof presumptive. If he is honest, he might be trusted for the amount of a bribe; or if industrious, he might earn one. He shall be given up an he were lame Vulcan himself. But who have we here? Marry! this is not Dole, the blacksmith."

One of the town constables now entered, hauling in a worthy, called Tankard, who cannot be said to have belonged to any profession, or to have had any special business on hand, save that of tippling. When asked what he did for a living, his reply was, that he lived upon his means; and if interrogated as to his residence, he would answer, that he slept at the sign of the Moon and Seven Stars. The constable presented him as having been caught drinking, against the statute, and upon being demanded by the justice, where, replied, at the Bottle Spouting Beer.

"What! tippling, and not at my bar," quoth the justice, aside. "Bring the culprit to the bar of justice. Caitiff! how durst thou drink at the Bottle Spouting Beer?"

"Please your royal majesty," replied Tankard, "I drank of the Bottle Spouting Beer, because they had no glasses; and I drank the beer, because— because there was nothing stronger to be had for love or money. Please your royal justiceship, I was overtaken with liquor."

"As how, insolent varlet?"

"The liquor ran down my throat and overtook me."

"It did, did it? Then hear the fiat of justice, which never fails to overtake those who are overtaken after thy fashion. Thou shalt be taken from the place where thou art, to the place from whence thou camest, and from thence to the river side, there to be ducked, ducked, ducked, till you are sober, sober, sober, and may the Lord have mercy upon the fishes, for thy nose will go near to parboil them. Away with him Master Constable. Ah! here

comes Master Dole, and Master Newcut, the tailor, against whom I have an old grudge, for spoiling my doublet. 'Fore heaven, but this Dole is an old offender. I can tell by his phiznomy. The pillory, the stocks, and the whipping post, to say nothing of the gallows, are imprinted in it, even to the third and fourth edition improved. Who is this monster of iniquity? if justice were not blind, I'd swear it was Dole, the blacksmith."

"Please your worship," quoth Simon, "this is he accused of shooting a savage! They demand him to be given up to condign punishment."

"Hast any thing to say, culprit, to blind the law, and stop the ears of justice?"

"Please your worship," quoth Dole.

"Be quiet, Dole," interrupted his worship. "Thou art condemned upon the confession of thy countenance. I have been twice under sheriff, and know villainy by instinct. I have taken a confession of guilt before now, from such a face, *verbatim,* and never missed a syllable."

"But please your honour," cried Dole, "I acted in self offence. I am as innocent as your worship."

"Silence, culprit, none of your odious comparisons," rejoined the Justice, "if thou art innocent, then thy face bearest false witness against thee, and that's flat perjury. If thou art honest, then thy countenance is an arrant cheat, and that's just the same thing. It's all over with thee, Dole. But having made up my mind as to thy guilt, I am willing to hear what thou hast to say for thyself, Master Dolefull."

"Please your worship," said Dole, "I've a proposal to make, for the good of the colony."

"I am placable, what is't marry?"

"Here now is Master Newcut, the tailor," rejoined Dole, "as innocent a man as myself, except in the way of his profession. The colony can't do without a blacksmith, and has no use for a tailor. Now I would humbly propose in all christian charity, as these savages are not very particular, that you would worshipfully consider the propriety of selecting Master Newcut for this honour."

"Well argued, Dole," cried the Justice, "and with astonishing discretion. We can do without a tailor, and we can't do without a blacksmith. Besides, your tailor being but the fractional part of a man, it will be defrauding the copper−coloured villains of a good portion of their revenge."

"But your worship, I never killed so much as the ninth part of a man in all my born days," cried Newcut.

"Be quiet tailor!" rejoined Master Knapp, "thou diest for the good of thy country; or if thou livest, will be all thy life a perfect gentleman, for these copper−coloured caitiffs, wear no doublets. Shalt have a statue, with a needle for a sword, a thimble for a helmet, and a goose for thy plume."

"But please your worship," cried the alarmed tailor,—

"Stitch up his mouth if he utters the ninth part of a murmur," interrupted the worthy magistrate, "away culprit!"

Poor Newcut was accordingly taken away, but for the honour of the colony, it is necessary to premise here, that Captain Smith, on hearing a statement of the affair, arrested the course of justice, and ordered that neither the tailor nor the blacksmith should be given up.

Scarcely was this most exemplary decision pronounced, when Layton and Burras arrived with Master Lavender in custody. "Ah! Master Lavender, as I live," quoth the Justice, mentally, "If I don't tickle him for his scurvy jests upon my doublet, which that rascal tailor, murdered by stitches an inch apart, I'm no true justice. Why how now, delicate Master Lavender?"

"And how now, fat justice Knapp," replied Lavender, "does the law keep thee still in that jolly rotundity even in the midst of plague, pestilence, and starvation. If it doth, may the catchpole catch my undutiful guardians, for not bringing me up to the trade of a Justice."

"All's one for that," quoth Knapp, "bringing a man up *to* justice, is only a substitute for bringing him up *for* one."

"O villanous dull jest, worthy a dull, round, plump Justice, the very inspiration of small beer," rejoined the other. "Dost live by sucking thy paws, Justice, thou art so plump and round?"

"Plump and round! 'Fore heaven, if I am fat, 'tis past all ancient miracles, and must be the blessed fruits of a good conscience. May I never eat nor smell roast beef again, if I have tasted any thing better than bread made of dried sturgeon, since the rats committed trespass on our store house."

"Right, old Minos," rejoined Master Lavender, "for Minus thou art in discretion, to say nothing of honesty. And yet, on reflection, thou art not right. Thy bread should have been made of dried sharks' flesh, and then according to the immutable principles of justice, one shark might have preyed upon another."

"Respect the majesty of justice," cried Knapp, who felt a little sore at this thrust, "respect the majesty of justice, or the majesty of justice will have no respect for thee. What is his crime, Master Layton?"

To which Layton replied, "Hard swearing, for which the president recommends the application of cold water."

"Say no more," exclaimed Master Justice, with great alacrity, "he hath bayed me in mine own proper territory; I'll cool his courage i'faith. Simon, administer."

Thus instructed, Master Simon, assisted by the constable, brought a large pitcher of cold water, and proceeded to tie the right arm of Lavender, to the bough of a tree, in an angle sufficient to give the water an easy descent towards the shoulder, which done, they were proceeding to the ceremony of libation, when Master Lavender suddenly exclaimed—

"Stay a moment. Simon, art thou a tanner?"

"A tanner," quoth Simon, indignantly, "no verily, a dealer in parchment, not leather. His worship's *vade mecum*, that prompts his judgment, refines his discretion, and writes his commitments. To sum up all, a limb of the law."

"Well then, Cousin Simon," quoth the other, "if thou art a limb of the law, I beseech thee in Christian bowels, to suffer thyself to be tied to this limb of a tree in my place. 'Twill be limb to limb, and by virtue of this ablution, thou wilt doubtless become in good time, a thrifty sapling of jurisprudence. What sayest, cousin, is there not a congruity in this?"

"Servant, Master Lavender," rejoined Simon, I decline hearing any farther argument on the matter."

"Dost thou!" cried the irritated beau, "thou pander to the dull wits of a knavish justice; thou hanger on at the quarter sessions; thou inciter of old termagants, to fathom the bottomless pit of the law; father of strife, son of a dried sheepskin, and cousin german to the pillory, away! thou piece of musty parchment."

"What!" asked Mr. Justice, who had been a little lethargic for a few moments, "what says the culprit, is he refractory, Simon?"

"He reproves the majesty of justice in the person of her representative, one degree removed," answered Simon.

"Tie him up then incontinently; the beau to the bough, and sprinkle this unchristian railer. I dare say it will be the first time he ever underwent the ceremony."

"Moderate, moderate, most precipitate Justice," exclaimed Lavender, pulling off his coat, "spare my coat, 'tis of the first London cut, at least it was so, I wont say how long ago; and made by a most orthodox tailor, whose measures were all cut from a parchment folio of St. George of Cappadocia. It standeth in no special need of sprinkling. There it lies, and eke my glove, which latter I do throw down in utter defiance of the president, the justice, the clerk, the constable, and all those wicked followers of the law, who entrap those whom the law followeth."

Without more ado, they tied up his arm and proceeded to pour the cold water into his sleeve, during the which while, he exclaimed from time to time—

"Pour away thou ugly water−god, thou unseemly Triton of the pitcher; and now since I have been thus polluted by the saucy fingers of the law, and dishonoured by wicked libations of cold water—O—h—h! who would have thought the rascally liquid was so cold—let my wrath be without bounds. Pour I say, while I take a few pitchers of swearing. May bribes and presents fail thee, thou half starved justice. May'st thou be speedily detected in taking a double fee for cheating both suitors, thou double faced Justice. May the serpents crawl out of thy hollow seat of justice, and bite thy solid seat of honour." Here the justice looked into the stump a little alarmed. "Thou unjust Justice. And to sum up all, may'st thou live a thousand years on dried sturgeon, and dream every night of the flesh pots of Egypt; thou bowelless magistrate."

"What a remorseless villain!" exclaimed Justice Knapp. "Give him another pitcher for the sake of the flesh pots of Egypt. The unfeeling monster has awakened the sleeping tiger within me."

"Abstain, illustrious Minos," quoth Master Lavender. "Having sufficiently vented my indignation, I am now quite cool, and hereby declare myself compunctious, sorely repenting, not in sackcloth and ashes, but villanous cold water."

Justice Knapp hereupon declared the law was satisfied, and dismissed the culprit with a monition to be sure he did not catch cold.

CHAPTER IV.

For some time previous to the occurrence of the matters just related, the savages had evinced towards our little colony, various symptoms of dissatisfaction. They refused to bring in their grain to exchange for merchandise, and now seldom if ever came into the town. The necessities of the colony, had obliged Smith to scour the neighbouring country, and seize their corn wherever it could be found; and his old friend Powhatan, had sent him a bundle of arrows tied with the skin of a rattlesnake. To this significant message, Smith made as significant a reply, by sending back the skin filled with powder and ball.

All of a sudden, however, the savages renewed their friendly relations with our adventurers. They thronged about James Town as usual, and, indeed in greater numbers, proffered their good offices with great apparent sincerity, and would have brought their usual supplies of corn, but that their harvest had failed, and they were almost in as great distress as their white neighbours. There was among the savages who ranged the woods between James and York rivers, a tall, handsome chief, about twenty−five years of age, called Namatanow; remarkable for his courage and success in war, but excessively fond of finery, as indeed all the savages were. He could not resist glass beads, and would have sold an empire for a red cloak, or a couple of yards of gold lace. He generally came to James Town, dressed in a suit of buckskin, fitting tight to his limbs, and showing his fine proportions to the greatest advantage; a pair of silver bracelets, received as a present from Governor Newport; and a high coronet of feathers upon his head. For this reason the English nicknamed him Jack o' the Feather. But with all his passion for finery, Jack o' the Feather was deep, designing, artful, and vindictive. He had long been exceedingly anxious to procure some of the weapons of the white men, but it had always been the policy of Smith to keep them out of the hands of the savages, knowing that the possession of these, and the art of using them, would give to the Indians the means of certain destruction to the colony. The first recorded instance of treason, in this new world, is the case of certain Dutchmen, who had come over to the colony with the early adventurers, and who about this time deserted to the Indians, carrying their guns, swords, and ammunition with them. From one of these, Jack o' the Feather procured a broad sword, and learned the art of using it. It was the acquisition of these traitors and their weapons, that probably emboldened Jack and his confidants to execute a plan for surprising the town, and massacreing the people, which they had long had in contemplation.

With this object in view, they all at once, as we before premised, returned to their old habits of intercourse, and appeared more friendly than before. Pretending to feel great anxiety about the situation of the colony, they inquired particularly into the quantity of provisions, the arms, ammunition, and means of defence; and they took every mode of ascertaining the strength of the men, by challenging them to wrestling matches and other trials of manhood. But the master stroke of policy, was played off by Jack o' the Feather, who pretended to have serious thoughts of becoming a Christian. He declared himself greatly dissatisfied with his own faith; requested to be instructed in that of the white men, and came every day into the town to receive the ghostly instructions of Master Hardin, who took the most unwearied pains to enlighten him. There was a strange mixture of spiritual and temporal views among the incentives which prompted the early adventurers to this new world. Their zeal for converting the savages, was almost equal to their avidity for the acquisition of gold; and beyond all question, much of the ill treatment the aborigines received, proceeded from a holy and religious horror of Paganism. In those days the humane and charitable doctrine of toleration, was considered an abomination, and those who came hither to escape intolerancy, became in their turn intolerant. The idea of converting so brave a chief as Jack o' the Feather, was so peculiarly gratifying, that even Smith himself relaxed in that sleepless caution with which a knowledge of the profound dissimulation which marks the savage character had inspired him. Master Hardin laboured with all the zeal of a sincere believer, and Jack o' the Feather, daily became more convinced of the truth of his doctrine. In the meantime, he gained opportunities of acquiring a complete knowledge of the wants, weakness, and disaffection of the colony, by the aid of which he was enabled to concert with the other neighbouring chiefs, a plan for the total destruction of the infant settlement. This was now fast ripening to a consummation. The wants of the colony, and the difficulty of supplying them became every day greater; and the people, instead of labouring to ward them off in future by planting for the ensuing year, spent a good portion of their time in finding fault with their rulers, talking about their privations, or in sitting on a little eminence nigh by,

which commanded a view of the Chesapeake and its capes, anxiously watching for the ships, which Smith, to quiet their murmurings, had assured them were on their way from England with supplies of men and provisions.

A party of these worthies, who in sober truth, had special reason for grumbling, on the morning of the day on which the savages had arranged to consummate the massacre, precisely at noon, when the people were at dinner, were seated on the little knoll, looking anxiously towards the bay for a sail. It was not then as now, when the whole expanse of this noble water, is sprinkled day and night with white sails, flitting to and fro, from the gallant war−ship, with her cloud of snowy canvass, to the little fishing smack appearing like a white speck on the waters. All was solitary; nothing moved but the world of waters heaving as with the breath of life; and nothing seemed active, but the seabirds, which could at times be dimly distinguished winging their course far down the river. The group consisted of one Jeffrey Shortridge, a schoolmaster; Sicklemore, a farmer; Curll, a barber; O`Reilly, an Irish gentleman; and our old acquaintance, Newcut, who had escaped paying the penalty of Justice Knapp's most politic decision. O`Reilly was smoking a long Indian pipe; the rest were idly lounging on the ground, leaning on their elbows. O`Reilly first broke the silence.

"His majesty, King James of England—a murrain take him for the wisest fool in all Christendom— maintains that this same tobacco is a most filthy abomination. Now to my mind, Master Sicklemore, were it not for this same blessed invention of smoking, which takes away one's appetite, when there's nothing else to eat, and so makes eating unnecessary, by the powers of Moll Kelly, I should think this new world did little credit to any improvement in world making. Hey, Master Sicklemore," at the same time puffing a whiff in his face.

"A plague take your tobacco," quoth Sicklemore, "if we had planted corn instead, we should have something else to eat now, besides dried sturgeon."

"There it is now, there it is," rejoined O`Reilly, "The true difference between my countrymen and yours, is that your Englishman is always thinking of eating, and your Irishman of drinking. Botheration, farmer take a puff now to stay your stomach, till these same slow sailing ships heave in sight. 'Twill put you in good humour, and that were a miracle in a hungry Englishman."

"Nay, nay, I want none of thy smoke," said Sicklemore, "I've a notion it wont fill the belly, so e'en keep it to thyself."

"You wont? well just as you like; there's not as much good fellowship in you, as there is between a priest and a parson."

"I'm thinking you'd better be doing something, Master O`Reilly, to help along the colony. You'll have cold water upon your resolution ere it be long," said the farmer.

"Faith, so it don't go down my throat, I care not," replied O`Reilly; "but look ye, Master Sicklemore, I did not come here to work; I'd enough of that in my own country, so there was no occasion to come three thousand miles to look for it. Without vanity now, farmer, I look upon myself to be the only real gentleman in the colony, not excepting these same sprigs of nobility the president hatchelled yesterday. The only man, honey, that came here with liberal views."

"Pray Master O`Reilly," asked Newcut, "what d'ye mean by liberal views?"

"A matrimonial speculation, my dear," replied he.

The rest of the company hereupon set up a long laugh, which neither put the good natured Hibernian out of temper, nor out of countenance.

"Aye," cried he, "a matrimonial speculation, burn ye. I came in search of some copper coloured heiress, with an estate to her back as big as all Ireland."

"Did you speed, Master O`Reilly," asked Newcut.

"No, by St. Patrick!" cried he, laughing, "I made up to some half a score of them as they came here to show off their finery, but all my English was thrown away on them, the little rogues. I might as well have made love to a dumb fish, or deaf adder, or a copper−head, as these copper coloured creatures, God bless 'em!"

"How so?" quoth the tailor, the most inquisitive man in the whole colony.

"Why they did'nt comprehend either words, looks, or winkings, the only three languages I know of. I made a glorious declaration to the heiress of Pamunkey; but she mistook the language of love for that of hunger, and instead of her sweet self, offered me a piece of raw bear's meat."

"Only an Indian bull," cried Newcut, "but I hope you were not discouraged?"

"Dis—dis—discouraged! what's that? There's no such word in Irish, Master Newcut. It must be Indian.

Discouraged, no no; I've been treated with bear's meat, by three princesses royal, since then. I believe I might have carried off one, if little Nathan, the puritan, he that scolds the bonny birds for chirping on Sundays, had not got the better of her with his psalmody."

"Ah! let these slyboots alone for the women," cried Newcut, "but why did'nt you call him out, and fight for her like gentlemen?"

"Faith, I did. I invited him to settle the preliminaries; but he sent me word, though he did'nt much mind giving a civil offence, it ran against his conscience to make satisfaction."

"Mighty satisfactory," observed the other, "I hope you proceeded no farther in the affair."

"No, no, faith!" answered Master O`Reilly, "I never meddle with people's consciences. I've seen enough of that in my own country, which I only love the better for having been treated like a dog there. Conscience, Master Newcut, is naturally a peaceable thing enough, till you point your finger at it, and then 'twill fly in your face like a great mastiff. But now I've given you my autobiography, as master Jeffrey Shortridge calls the like, I should wish to know what brought *you* here, my masters, one and all. Come, you Master Newcut?"

"I came to make coats for the aboriginals."

"The devil you did? That now was rather an aboriginal idea though, Master Newcut. If an Irishman had made such a Judyism! I hope you had plenty of business."

"Business! saving a satin doublet for Master Lavender, which he turned on my hands, as antediluvian; and a cloak for Justice Knapp, which he refused to pay for, I've not done a stitch, but in the way of regenerating these rags."

"Lamentable! lamentable!" exclaimed O`Reilly.

"But that's not the worst of it," continued the other, "I came within a single stitch of being sent to make a bonfire for the savages, in the place of Master Dole, had not the president reprieved me. They say we shall be attacked one of these days, on that account."

"Let 'em come!" cried O`Reilly, snapping his fingers. "By the powers, but I'll carry off an heiress in the scuffle, or do for a king, and take possession of his dominions by right of discovery. But Master Sicklemore, may I crave to know what brought you here. Could not the roast beef of Old England keep you at home?"

"Marry, I came to teach the salvages our English improvements in farming."

"You did'nt now? I hope they took your intentions kindly!"

"Kindly, I don't know what you call kindly, not I. We caught one and set him to work with a spade, with the which after a few trials, he did knock me soundly on the pate, and then ran away into the woods whooping like a devil incarnate."

"A promising beginning," rejoined O`Reilly. "May I now take the liberty of inquiring, Master Jeffrey Shortridge, what might have moved your scholarship to these parts?"

Master Jeffrey, who had all this while been poring over his book, without joining in the conversation, now pulled off his specks, and shutting the volume, very deliberately replied—"I came to teach the wild indians tame learning, to wit: reading, writing, the mysteries of science, philosophy, and metaphysics."

"By St. Patrick, the teacher of the whole universe, but this is the most feasible project of all! Did they show a reasonable aptitude for these same mysteries?"

"Verily nay," quoth Master Jeffrey.

"You don't say so?" replied the other.

"They did demur to A, B, C—they became exceedingly restive at a, b—ab; impatient at monosyllables; and when they came to join them together, performed a disjunctive conjunction, and scampered away incontinently, like Master Sicklemore's agricultural pupil."

"Bad news for learning and philosophy," cried O'Reilly; "thus to be left alone howling in the wilderness. Take a fool's advice now, Master Jeffrey; go home to England and teach the grown up gentry a little learning and politeness. Faith, there's nobody wants them more for all their bragging. You Master Curll, what makes you here?"

"I came to shave the aboriginals," quoth Curll; but the villains are born without beards, on purpose to destroy my vocation, I believe."

"The rogues! it was rather ill natured though," rejoined O'Reilly.

"I was always served just so," quoth Curll; "an I had been a hatter, people would have been born without heads

on purpose to spite me."

"What an ill natured world this is," said the other. "But there's no use in being melancholy, that ever I heard of. Suppose I sing you a song now, though faith 'twill be with a heavy heart, for all mine are about home; and whenever the thought of my country comes over me, my eyes turn into wet quakers, and weep under their broad lids; but I'll try: I lighted my pipe this morning with a piece of an old ballad, and have had a singing in my head ever since. "There was never a land like my own for sweet lasses; There was never a land like my own for full glasses; Search all the world o'er, you'll not find to my thinking, A land like old Ireland for love, wine and drinking." "There's never a rose, but that if it could speak, Would beg for the bright tint that mantles their cheek; And there's never a bottle, but that if it could think— I mean speak—would invite every stranger to drink."

"But what a villain I am," cried he, suddenly checking himself, "to be wasting my time here, when I promised that pale, half perished angel, Mistress Arabella Fenton, and that ghost of a beauty, Anne Burras, to try and catch them some fish, or shoot a bird for them this morning. So good bye, if there's a fish in the river, by St. Anthony, I'll have him." Master O'Reilly then went on his way towards the river side, and the rest dispersed to their several avocations.

CHAPTER V.

Mistress Arabella Fenton, to whom the gallant O'Reilly alluded at the close of our last chapter, was the wife of Master George Fenton, one of the Governor's council, for the colony of James Town. He was a gentleman of good family, and moderate fortune, who from conscientious motives, had left England with his wife and son, to settle in the new world. Courageous, pious, and well principled, he was held in great estimation by Smith, Percie, and others of the principal persons of the settlement; and besides was much beloved by the common people. Mistress Fenton was the younger daughter of an English noble, who having become a member of the puritan congregation, sacrificed his aristocratic feelings to his religion, and permitted the lady to marry Master Fenton. When the persecutions came on in England, this excellent woman made no scruple of sacrificing the privileges and luxuries of wealth and high birth; and with her little son, a boy, then about five years old, embarked without a murmur or a tear, in the vessel destined to bear them to the untrod wilderness of the west. Arabella was a woman of rare endowments of person, mind, and education. Gifted with all the accomplishments of that age, she possessed withal, a pious frame of mind, which, instead of interfering with her worldly duties, and domestic ties, only made her the more inflexible in performing the one, and abiding by the other. She was steadfast in faith; and next to her maker, her heart cherished her husband and her boy. Piety and love were so happily mingled in her disposition, that the one might be said to borrow of the other, and to partake in its essence. They were the two moving principles of her existence, and it would be difficult to say which most contributed to the sacrifice she had made, her faith or her love. The little homely cottage of Fenton, was a favourite resort of the better sort of colonists; it was there, and only there, at that period, that in all this wide continent they could enjoy the society that gives a charm to the desert, and more than any other means contributes to humanize mankind. It was here that Smith came to relax from his labours and anxieties; that Percie resorted to charm down for a while the fiend that haunted him every where else; and that the gay and sprightly Vere, and the quaint Master Lavender, were full often to be found, the one playing antics with the little boy, the other complimenting Anne Burras, the humble, yet well bred friend and companion of Mistress Fenton. Hardship, anxiety, and for some time past, unwholesome food, had robbed Arabella of the roses she brought with her to the new world. Yet the expression, the eye, the voice, the manner, all that constitutes the never−dying charm of woman, still remained entire and perfect. In the midst of famine, danger, and necessity, she never complained, but ever had a smile for her husband, when he came home from his daily toils, or his excursions into the forest in search of game, tired, unsuccessful, and almost despairing.

On this eventful morning, Fenton had been out with his gun in search of game, but returned without success, it having been for some time past the policy of the savages, to destroy or frighten it away, in order that the hapless colonists might be the more reduced, and the more easily murdered. Arabella was sitting at her work, with Anne Burras, while the little boy was languidly endeavouring to amuse himself about the room.

"Mother," at length he said, "I'm very hungry; give me some breakfast, wont you?"

"Anne," said the mother, in a voice trembling under the effort to be gay, "Anne, give him a nice piece of your bread." Anne accordingly brought him a piece of dried sturgeon's meat, the only substitute for bread the poor colonists had used for some days past. The lad tasted it, then threw it away, exclaiming—

"I dont like it mother, it's fishy. Give me some better, and I'll be a good boy."

"We have no better, child," answered the mother, her eyes dimming with tears.

"Then give me some milk, mother."

"Nor milk, dear son. The cows have all been carried away by the Indians."

"Then I'll borrow father's gun, and shoot them," cried the little fellow; and pleased with the idea, began strutting about the room with a broomstick on his shoulder. "But I'm *so* hungry."

"O gracious power, where art thou!" sighed the poor mother. "Your father has no better bread than this, nor your mother, nor poor Anne. Eat it to please your mother."

"Well, I'll try, but it's very bad," replied the boy, and retiring to a corner, he sat down and ate his miserable pittance with determined appetite. At this moment Fenton came in, almost exhausted with fatigue, and placing his gun upon the customary resting place of deer's horn, kissed his wife's forehead, and asked for little Hal.

"There he is," replied Arabella, pointing to the boy. Fenton looked at him and his heart melted. He sat down

sadly by her side, while she, parting his matted hair and putting her hand to his forehead, said, with a voice thrilling with anxiety and love—

"You seem quite wearied out. What sport have you had?"

"None," he replied. "The very woods and waters conspire against us I believe. The birds are alarmed at our scare−crow figures, and the fishes would not come if St. Anthony preached to them."

"Then we must fast to−day?"

"Yes, and to−morrow, and to−morrow, and tomorrow, till the ships arrive, or we go hence forever."

"Are you hungry," father? exclaimed the little boy, overhearing this. "Here, take my bread—I don't want any more," added he, sadly.

"My generous boy," cried Fenton, taking him in his arms and kissing him. "Even just like his mother, ever unmindful of herself for others."

"Am I good boy, father?" exclaimed the little fellow.

"Take him out to play a little while, Anne; but don't go far into the wood—the Indians may frighten him."

"Have you brought nothing with you?" asked Arabella, after Anne had departed with the child.

"Nothing. Is there nothing left of yesterday?"

"But this poor crust. I'm sorry I have nothing better to welcome you with, than this," said the wife, giving him a modest matron's kiss.

"O Arabella!" groaned Fenton, as he leant his head upon her shoulder.

"Cheer up, dear husband; He that feeds the sparrow, will I trust remember those who have trusted in him. While I have you and our boy, I want for nothing. Cheer up!"

"I do not think of myself, but you," cried he, "you who left a father's stately halls, a paradise of plenty, a dear home filled with friends, to come hither to this howling wilderness of wants, to meet danger, famine and death. It makes my very soul sweat drops of agony."

"Did not I come with you?" replied she, tenderly.

"You," continued Fenton, "whom delicacies nurtured, rank allured, and beauty decked in all the bright regalia of sparkling eyes, and lips that lived and breathed in odours. You! O Arabella, what could have tempted you to these terrible deserts?"

"My faith in heaven—my love for you."

"My noble Arabella!" cried Fenton, "but alas! even thy virtues make me sad now. It breaks my heart to think how worthy you are of a better fate, and almost makes me curse the hour that made me happy."

"And makes me bless it," rejoined Arabella, fervently kissing him. "Ah! Fenton, you have yet to learn, that the twin stars of a woman are her faith and her love. If she is a true dame, such as I hope will be the mothers of the generations of this new world, for either of these will she willingly sacrifice her home, and her customary social comforts, so she can enjoy her own true faith, her own true love. Here, in the midst of want, surrounded by dangers, menaced with death; here in this lonely wild, the love I cherish, I can gratify; the faith I cling to, I can exercise. The Being I serve, the husband I am proud of, are both with me here. What do I want more?"

Fenton gazed on her with looks of love and gratitude. And when he saw her pale face, her cold, delicate hand, through which the blue veins meandered, like streaks of sky, amid a waste of light fleecy clouds, and marked the languor of her eyes, once the colour of gladness, his heart was almost ready to break. She understood his look, and her cheeks lighted up for a moment with a passing blush.

"See!" cried he, "the rose is coming back again."

"'Tis the colour of gladness," answered she, modestly.

At this moment, Anne Burras came running in, almost breathless, with the child in her arms, crying, "the Indians! the Indians!"

"What of them?" asked Fenton, hastily.

"The Indians are upon us! I was at the woodside, and saw them skulking behind the trees. One of them pointed his arrow at us, but—"

Fenton hastily took down his gun, and turning with solemnity to his wife, said, "Then I am called from you, Arabella. There's not a moment to lose. Part like a heroine that trusts in God!"

"I do, I do," cried she clinging to him, "but I remember I am a wife and a mother." The alarm bell now rung violently.

"Hark! the signal!"

"Well, well, go and do your duty," said Arabella, almost choking.

"Farewell! said Fenton, embracing her. "In love, and marriage; in prosperity and adversity; in weal and woe; in sickness and in sorrow; first and last, the best of daughters, wives and mothers, bless thee, God bless thee!"

He was proceeding quickly towards the door, when the little boy cried out—

"Father! father! take me with you; I can fight the Indians bravely."

Fenton looked at him with dim eyes, and shook his head—

"Then give me a kiss, for good bye." He took him in his arms, kissed him, and delivering him to the mother, ran out of the house. The almost broken hearted mother pressed the child to her bosom in agony, and retired to supplicate the Being she worshipped, for the safe return of the husband she loved.

CHAPTER VI.

Now all was confusion and uproar in the village of James Town; for now the Indians finding themselves discovered by the accident of Anne Burras having walked farther into the wood than was usual at this time of the day, when the colonists were commonly all at dinner, surrounded the place with the signal of the terrible war whoop. It was a scene of sad dismay to many; but each man of the bold spirits that inhabited the place, nerved his waning strength and wasted spirits, to meet the tugging of the perilous moment. They came forth like shadows of men to fight what they believed was their last fight; yet still the daring spirit revelled in their sunken eyes, and the same reckless uncalculating gallantry, which precipitated them on the new world, supported them now while they jested with the perils around them. There is something gloriously inspiring in the approach of battle.

In the midst of this turmoil and uproar, were seen Master Justice Knapp, and Master Hyacinth Lavender, advancing to the barriers, one armed with a vast broad sword, the other with an enormous club, in lieu of the rusty weapon which as before premised, had grown fast to the iron scabbard, so that the steel and the iron were become one and indivisible.

Though the justice affirmed to the last day of his life, that he was valiantly seeking the enemy, yet it appears upon the record, that he was going exactly the wrong way for consummating his purpose. He was making all convenient haste towards the centre of the town, instead of the outward defences, when he was encountered by Master Lavender, who addressed him as follows:—

"Now Justice, if thou hast the valour of a bumble bee, give these copper coloured villains one sting ere thou goest the way of all flesh; if it be only for an example to the rising generation. Toe the mark like a man."

"Look ye, Master Lavender," quoth the Justice; "if my vocation were to keep the peace here, instead of encouraging fighting by my example, thou shouldst see me enact prodigies of unheard of valour, marry."

"Aye, and unseen too," quoth Lavender. "Thy, valour in the field, is like thy discretion on the bench, invisible. Couldst thou reverse the argument, and display the same valour in the field, thou dost on the bench, and the same discretion on the bench thou dost in the field, marry, thou wouldst be a most heroical Justice, and a most justice like hero. Eh! Justice," continued he as the dismal war whoop twanged on the ear from a distance, "how dost like that quaver? On my conscience, I do believe thou tremblest."

"I was born in time of a great ague, and have been much given to shaking ever since;" quoth the Justice.

"Ah! that was a saucy trick of fate," rejoined Lavender. "Hadst thou been born in a great fever, thou mightest peradventure have been valiant. The world hath lost a most invincible champion thereby."

"Harkee, Master Lavender," replied Knapp, "if thou wilt do me the good office to cover me from harm with thy body in the coming battle, I will requite thee hereafter, by a dispensation for all future offences against law or gospel. I will on my honour."

"Cover thee with my body," quoth the other; "an I were sawed into deal boards, that would be impossible. "But I'll promise if thy valour should chance to effervesce too rampantly, to allay it with thy invaluable specific of cold water."

"Good, if I don't sprinkle thee for this, say I've lost my memory, and am an ungrateful villain."

"Why,"—here Master Lavender indulged in a great laugh, "why justice hast been robbing Guy of Warwick of his toaster? 'Twas a shrewd omission not to take his porridge pot for an helmet. But come, let us exchange armour; thou shalt be the valiant Hercules with his club, and I the invincible Guy. I see thou dost not mean to fight; thy sneakers are up already."

"I not fight!" replied the Justice. "'Sfoot! I have maintained a bridge, and driven a score before me at a time, when I was young."

"Aye," quoth the other; "non−combatants, quaker bullocks without horns. If they had been swine, thou hadst never stood the encounter of their bristles, I'll be sworn."

"Why thou smooth chinn'd Catamite," exclaimed Knapp; "thou profane seeker of milliners' shops, whose entire knowledge consists in the newest fashions, wouldst have me turn coward, and wantonly run into danger, that I may escape death?"

"Pish! lend me thy weapon. Mine is safe in the scabbard, you know; or I had long since made an example of

thee—'tis buried in the rust of ages."

"I'll not lend thee an inch of it, even though it were in thy half starved weasand. What though I did not mean to seek danger, danger may seek me, and then this valiant weapon may defend me, by frightening the enemy away."

"Well," rejoined Master Lavender, "since thy valour is likely to prove altogether defensive, and thou wilt not lend me thy sword, I will make thee my shield, and advance under cover of thy rotundity to battle."

"What! convert me into a moving breastwork!" quoth Knapp.

"Marry, yea;" answered the other. "Move on thou huge folio of obsolete statutes in wormeaten vellum, that art sheer bullet proof. Trip, trip thou volume of unrighteous decisions! By this light thou goest. Why I do believe thou hast tied up thy valour as the man did his legs, for fear they might run him into danger. Come, `roll on thou fair orb;' revolve thee, thou huge father Earth. O! for the lever of the learned heathen Greek."

"Away! thou sun burnt, smoke dried caterpillar, knave thou;" cried the Justice, as Master Lavender pushed him out, at the moment the whooping of the savages announced that they were advancing in the direction pursued by Lavender.

While this scene was passing, Smith, Percie, Vere, Harrington, and other stout spirits of the colony, were marshalled in another quarter, consulting on the best mode of repelling the assailants, But little time was left for this, and but few words were wasted on the occasion. It was the opinion of Smith, that instead of waiting for the savages, in their poor entrenchments, it was better to sally out boldly, and thus take them by surprise.

"Hand to hand, foot to foot, and breast to breast, say I," cried the gallant Vere; "if we fall, amen; 'twill only be cheating famine. We have no wives or children to fall into the hands of these bloodhounds, when we are gone. They shall be welcome to all I leave behind."

"True, Arthur Vere," replied Smith; "but we have motives equally strong to preserve ourselves. A siege will starve us; a battle may give us victory and food; a dinner or a grave. Are we all agreed?"

"All, all;" cried the others.

"Come on, then, fellow soldiers, follow me;" cried Smith, as he dashed out upon the savages now thronging onward, and attempting the little stockade that surrounded the town.

A scene of bloody contention now ensued; a contest such as old Homer describes, hand to hand, and man to man. As the struggle continued to wax hotter and hotter, the whoops of the Indians gradually ceased, and nothing was heard but blows, and pantings, and groans of the dying. The savages were five to one; but the skill, the coolness, the superior weapons of the white men, balanced the superiority of numbers; and the fight continued for some time apparently equal. But we decline administering to the blood thirsty propensities of this polite and refined age, which can scarcely relish a work either of fact or fancy, unless it is plentifully sprinkled with human gore. We delight not in carnage, even on paper, and cannot find in our hearts to put scores of christian people to death in cold blood, even with the point of our pen. It is doubtless from having become so familiar with such murderous legends, that the most tender hearted young ladies who would not kill a fly, or even a cockroach, do not scruple to commit half a dozen murders of an evening, upon the bodies of young gentlemen, as innocent as a pair of white kid gloves. Suffice it therefore to say, that the valour of Smith and his party at length triumphed. Jack o' the Feather fell by the hand of that dauntless adventurer, and the savages discouraged by his loss, retreated into their impenetrable woods again.

But much as we dislike to administer to the carnivorous propensities of our fair readers, we cannot in conscience pass over an exploit of Master Lavender, which deserves to be transmitted to the latest posterity. We left that valorous dandy, propelling Justice Knapp to the scene of battle, as he verily believed, and as the reader will doubtless remember, unless he hath peradventure fallen asleep, for want of that zest which gives such irresistible attraction to the modern romance, to wit: blood and murder.

The progress of Master Lavender, as might be expected, was somewhat slow, as the Justice proved refractory, and backslided from time to time. At length they gained the outward defences of the town, as it happened, precisely on the side opposite that where the battle raged most fiercely. This was a trick of fate; for as we before observed, Master Lavender lacked not that courage which was common to the age.

"Push on Justice," exclaimed Lavender, as they emerged into the open space between the town and adjoining wood. "'Fore heaven, if thou wert a Lord Chancellor, or a suit in chancery, thou couldst not get on more deliberately. I might as well have turned snail, and gone to battle with my house on my back. Push on, I say; the glory will be all reaped before we come."

"Let them reap and welcome. I decline such harvesting."

"'Sdeath! the battle will be over before we come."

"So much the better; the latter end of a feast is preferable to the beginning of a fray. 'Tis a maxim in law."

"Dost see the enemy, Justice?"

"As thick as hops, marry."

"Which way?"

"Yonder, to the left."

"Then wheel thy rotundity that way. Zounds! why thou art as long in making thy evolutions as mother Earth."

As these worthies approached the confines of the wood, a savage darted out upon them, which the Justice perceiving, very adroitly turned round behind Lavender, and climbed a tree hard by, with a degree of activity little to be expected in one of his make. The Indian in the mean time cautiously approached, scrutinizing the enemy closely, and on seeing he was only armed with a club, advanced boldly to battle, while Master Lavender communed with himself as follows:—

"Now my trusty sapling be true as steel, and thou shalt have ballads made on thee like the swords of the rascally errant Knights. If I fall, on my life I'll lay all the blame on thee. I wash my hands of it. Come on thou painted he Jezebel."

A furious combat now ensued, which ended at length to the immortal renown of Master Lavender, who had practised at quarter staff, at the White Conduit House, in merry London. After a good deal of manoeuvring, and vast feats of activity in making and avoiding blows, the Christian Knight at length succeeded in planting his cudgel with such sound emphasis and good discretion upon the bald pate of the Pagan, that had not his scull been of extraordinary thickness, it had certainly split like a ripe pumpkin. As it was, he fell and lay as if dead.

"Hah! boy," quoth the victor, "there's North Country for you. Now will I carry my captive to the President, who shall ask pardon for the infliction of cold water. But first will I plant this trusty scion in some rich bottom, where it shall grow lustily, and furnish cudgels for the commonwealth. Woe to the first man I meet who hath ever looked askance at me, for he has not long to live. I do pronounce him a most unhappy shadow. And as for that trusty poltron, Justice Knapp, him will I speak into a carcass incontinently. Now for my trophy."

Turning round as he finished his soliloquy, Master Lavender discovered, to his great confusion, that the Indian had taken the opportunity to get up and run away.

"Eh," quoth the disappointed champion, "as I am a true man and invincible, the counterfeit copper−washed man hath made himself invisible—absconded— evaporated, broke his parole and defrauded me of my immortal fame. O! fate, fate! If that caitiff, Justice Knapp, had only staid to bear witness to my exploits, it had been something. But now no soul will believe me though I swear to it. Yet I will swear, and that lustily too."

He was proceeding in the direction where the confusion of the fight seemed by the noise to be the greatest, when he heard a cough as if from one of the trees at a little distance.

"Another prize!" quoth he. "If I don't cudgel this one into an utter incapacity to run away, I am the last edition of a fool."

Peering about cautiously, he at length discovered the veritable apparition of Master Justice Knapp, gazing ruefully from his lofty perch.

"What!" cried he, laughing, "is it you, my trusty companion in arms? Now will I bring down this strange bird and have it stuffed entire for a new species. Justice! why Justice Knapp, I say, art so proud of getting up in the world thou'lt not speak to an old acquaintance. Why, marry, Justice, deliver thy responses—hoot a little, or I'll murder you for a dumb owl."

"Master Lavender," quoth the Justice, "an thou hast the bowels of a silkworm, help me to get down. I did climb this tree, being sorely smitten with the sight of a most beautiful cudgel, with the which I did resolve to back thee valiantly. The tree, if it could speak, would swear to it."

"Why thou false rogue," cried the other, "hast forgot thy immeasurable toaster?"

"What," rejoined Knapp, "wouldst have me take odds against an enemy, by matching my sword against his club? Thou knowest nothing of the laws of errantry, Master Lavender. But come now, my dear friend, help me down, will you?"

"I help thee down? I'll see thee set up to be shot at for sixpence, first. Let thyself go. I'll warrant thy natural alacrity in sinking will bring thee to the ground in good time without my assistance."

"You wont? Then 'fore Heaven I'll tickle thee, thou accidental champion. I will not only withhold my testimony to thy valour, but swear I saw thee running away from a poppoose, armed with a turkey feather. I will."

"Lookee, Justice—wilt swear, if I help thee down, thou sawest me smite a savage sorely to the earth?"

"Two dozen. I'll not stick at trifles, an thou'lt help me speedily."

"Descend then, thou old bald pated magpie, while I catch thee as a boy does an over−ripe apple, lest it should burst in falling. Dart from thy sphere, most majestic orb; but beware of coming head foremost, good ursa−major, or thou'lt arrive wrong side outwards."

"Have done with thy scurvy jests—a joke out of place is as bad as a limb out of joint. I will essay me; stand ready, and catch me if I fall."

"Come on then—there now, take care of thy footing, Justice! By this hand, if I had'nt chanced to read that fear lent a man wings, I'd have sworn the fiend helped this fellow up the tree. Softly, softly, Justice; remember thou art the depository of my immortal fame. So, so, there now, here's my back; if it sustain thy enormities of flesh and wickedness, I will beard that fellow, Atlas, to his teeth. Now Justice."

Master Lavender hereupon bent down upon all fours, to receive his burthen, while the Justice, whether by accident or design, letting himself go, lighted on his back, and almost crushed him five fathoms deep into the sand. Master Lavender, jumping up with some difficulty, exclaimed—

"If I did'nt think some overgrown, stall−fed world had tumbled on my back, instead of my being on the back of the world, may I never wear a satin doublet more. The monster hath crushed me."

"O! O! ah! ah! oh!" exclaimed the Justice.

"Why how now," quoth the other, "art hurt, Justice?"

"Mortally—the king's touch cant save me. Thy weight hath made excellent paste of my bones."

"O! father Abraham! what an ungrateful villain to accuse me, whose every bone can bear witness against thee. But come, arise. I swear by all the fat saints of the calendar, if I did not require an eye witness to my exploit, I would turn thee on thy back like a turtle, and leave thy fat to melt like butter before the sun. But thou'lt swear lustily, Justice?"

"Like a true man—shalt be in the chronicles," quoth the Justice, and thereupon the two departed for the quarter where the battle had raged most violently, but where the quiet which had succeeded, indicated the defeat of the assailants.

CHAPTER VII.

During the progress of those events we have been sketching, Mistress Arabella Fenton remained in the situation we left her, in a state of intense anxiety, only mitigated by her reliance on heaven, and her habit of submission to its will. She heard the distant yells of the savages, mixed with the uproar of the battle, and if ever pious prayers ascended to heaven, it was now, when she petitioned for the safety of her husband, her child, and place of refuge in the lonely regions of the west. While thus employed in offering up her orisons, a party of two Indians, which had penetrated into the town, in a direction opposite to that where the great struggle was passing, suddenly burst into the room, where Arabella was, with Anne Burras and the child, and seizing the latter, bore him away, shrieking and struggling, in their arms.

The hapless mother, wasteed with hardship, suffering and want, made one effort to follow, and sunk on the floor without sense or motion. The faithful Anne Burras, animated by gratitude to the mother, and affection for the boy, followed the savages, calling loudly for help. But no help came; every man in the colony, capable of resistance or assault, was now fighting on the opposite side, and the quarter inhabited by Master Fenton was as a desert. The savages carried off the boy, spite of his struggles, and Anne followed, regardless of their threatening gestures. They were too fearful of pursuit to stop and murder her; and she continued to pursue them, crying for help, and for mercy, until they had proceeded a considerable distance into the forest, when, considering themselves safe from immediate pursuit, they stopped, and gave her time to come up. Determined not to forsake the boy, the faithful handmaid made them comprehend by signs, that she would go with them without resistance, if they would permit her. After a moment's consultation, they gave her to understand they consented, and bidding her follow, they proceeded deeper into the forest. As they went on, Anne, whenever she could do it unperceived, broke off the little tender branches of the bushes, and strewed them by the way, so that if an opportunity of escape occurred, they might serve as a guide through the forest home again. In this manner they proceeded through tangled woods, and twilight solitudes, sometimes carrying the boy, and sometimes making him walk, until, becoming themselves tired, and believing they might do it with safety, they sat themselves down, and in a short time one fell asleep, while the other remained watching.

In the meanwhile, Fenton, who with the rest had pursued the retreating savages, till they were lost in the pathless forests, returned in haste to his home. As he approached, his heart palpitated with eager hopes; but when he saw neither wife, nor boy, nor handmaid, watching from the windows for his return, while the open door remained unoccupied, a presentiment of evil crossed his mind, and smote his hopes to the earth. On entering the little parlour, where sat his wife, "Joy! joy, my Arabella," he exclaimed, "our fold is safe again."

She paused, and looked wofully at him for a moment, then replied—

"Yes, but the little cosset lamb is stolen."

"What mean you, dearest wife?" said he; "you seem wild and sad withal. Yet 'tis no wonder; gaunt hunger fastens on the brain at last. Poor Arabella!"

"It is not that," said she; "we've had a feast to−day. They killed our little pet lamb."

"What can she mean?" thought Fenton; "her mind is wandering. Spare me sweet Heaven this last calamity."

"You think my senses are wandering, I know you do;" cried she, wringing her hands—"no, no! my heart is breaking, but my brain is free. But wilful, selfish mother that I am! Listen, dear husband—but I cannot tell it—look round, do you not miss something?" She covered her face with her hands, while Fenton looked wildly round the room, and at length catching the horrid idea, exclaimed—

"Merciful God!—our boy—where is he?"

"Bleeding beneath the butcher's knife. But," rallying herself, and speaking with great effort— "while you were gone, two savages broke into our house, and carried off our boy. Poor Anne followed them—but I could not; I was dreaming on the floor."

Fenton covered his face for a moment, and wept.

"How long ago was this?"

"Not long—at least I think it could not have been long before you came."

"Then perhaps they may be overtaken;" cried he, again seizing his gun.

"Nay, nay," cried Arabella, earnestly; "my heart is rent in twain already. The half is gone— leave me the other half." Then after a pause and a struggle—"Do not follow them, 'twill only be another victim."

"I were no father, then. No moment must be lost. Weep not my Arabella; we shall see our boy again."

"I shall go to him; but he will never come to me."

Fenton now loaded his gun, and was sallying forth in full speed, when he was met at the threshold by Percie, Vere, and Layton, the former of whom had come to congratulate Mistress Fenton on the victory; and the latter to see Anne Burras, to whom he was affianced.

"Why how now Fenton," cried Vere, gaily; "you run as if in pursuit of an enemy. But where's little Hal, my old playmate; I came to kiss the rogue, and wish his mother joy."

"I can't stop to talk," cried Fenton; "life and death are in this moment."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Vere.

"Will you let him go alone, good Percie, and gallant Vere; and you Layton?" asked Arabella; "will you let a father seek his lost child— alas! his only one, in the wilderness, alone? Our little Hal is lost—stolen away by the savages."

"What! our favourite," cried Percie; "the first little male christian that ever opened his eyes upon this new world. He shan't go alone, by Heaven; I for one will follow him to the world's end."

"And I lead!" cried Vere. "Poor fellow! Away gentlemen! Madam, I will bring you back that boy, if the earth bears him alive."

"May Heaven reward you! Good Layton, *you* will go—poor Anne is with him."

Layton bowed his head, but could not speak. "Go now," added she, "while I can bear it—go, and God be with you."

"Come, come away," cried Fenton; each moment is a jewel."

Mistress Fenton sunk to the floor on her knees, and sought her never failing refuge, while the rest hurried away into the woods.

CHAPTER VIII.

The reader will now peradventure condescend to follow us down to the riverside, where sat under the shade, not of their laurels, but a wide spreading elm, Master O'Reilly, Jeffrey Shortridge, and Newcut, the tailor, discussing various indifferent matters.

"Tim Newcut," quoth O'Reilly, "resolve me one question, will ye? Tell me what we have been fighting for, a little bit ago?"

"My name's not Tim, Master O'Reilly," quoth the other.

"Is that the way to answer a civil question? I say it is, Tim being the short for Timble; answer me, then, Tim Newcut, what have we Judys been fighting for?"

"Why, our lives and fortunes to be sure."

"And we gained what we fought for?"

"To be sure we did."

"By St. Patrick, the pink of the calendar, I deny it, unless you, Master Jeffrey, will prove by your logic that a man can live without eating, till he's used to it. It's now good four and twenty hours since I devoured my last paraty of the batch I intended to bestow as a benefaction on dear old Ireland."

"And I have devoured my parchment measure. They say I'm but the ninth part of a man. I wish they'd prove it; for then belike my appetite might dwindle in proportion."

"Faith Tim, dried sheepskin is but a bad substitute for fresh mutton. But here now is Master Jeffrey, the philosopher, who I dare say, makes out to live as most of your great scholars do now−a−days, upon other people's learning. What say you, you old church mouse?"

"Verily, Master O'Reilly," quoth Jeffrey, "I am fain to chew the cud of understanding, for lack of something more savoury. Last night I took a piscatory eclogue for supper; but it was so dry it almost choked me."

"Gads me! I don't wonder at it. Commend me to dried sturgeon in preference. I never myself liked that sort of feasting, ever since I took a surfeit of learning at school. O for a sea gull, or a Mother Carey's chicken, with just so much as skin to its bones. Tim, keep a sharp look out for these light fingered gentry."

"There's nothing to be seen but the *white caps*."

"Master Jeffrey," quoth O'Reilly, "have you never a fat book−worm in training now? Or a work on the delightful mysteries of pies and puddings? I should like to borrow a leaf out of it for supper, just to stay my stomach."

"No:" replied Master Jeffrey; "but now I think of it, I've a book of fasts."

"Burn ye, dont we fast without book? But come, if we stand here prating all the afternoon, ten to one we go without supper. Let's to the woods. If I meet an owl as old as my great grandmother, I'll not spare a hair of his head."

"The contemplative practice of fishing, suits better with the abstraction of philosophy. I will essay the waters;" quoth Master Jeffrey.

"Do so, Master Jeffrey; we'll try both the earth, the air, and the waters; aye faith, and the fire too, for a salamander. If you should chance to hook a whale, call out lustily, and we'll come and help fish him up."

"Mind your phraseology, Master O'Reilly; a whale is no more a fish, than the mother that bore you."

"And she was no mermaid, I'll swear for it. But no fish! 'Slid, what manner of man may it be, then. Is it flesh or fowl?"

"Marry, neither."

"Then it must be a great vegetable;" cried Newcut.

"Only an overgrown insect, Tim; a fish louse of magnitude. But expound Master Jeffrey, what is it?"

"The first step in science, is to tell what a thing is not, the next to tell what it is. That a whale is no fish is palpable; but what it really is, hath not yet been decided."

"By St. Patrick, but that is rather hard upon the poor fish—I mean the poor creature. It is making a sort of a sea mulatto of him, who is thrust out of the company of white people, and is too proud to keep company with black. It's lucky he has got plenty of fish—I mean whales, to keep him in countenance. But come away, Tim; for unless

Master Jeffrey can teach me to doubt whether I am half starved or not, there's no use in philosophy at present. Before we go, Master Jeffrey, I do beseech thee to tell me what this same whale actually is?"

"Hem—it is—it is—very like a fish," quoth Jeffrey.

"Thank you, Master Jeffrey. O Tim! Tim, if you could only look down my throat and see what a parcel of hungry devils are at work there!"

I'll not trust myself too near, Master O'Reilly," quoth Newcut.

"Faith, you'd better not. There's a great— what d'ye call it—a great vacuum, Master Jeffrey, that would swallow up a dozen systems of philosophy, and be never the wiser. O Kit Columbus, what possessed you to go out of your way looking for new worlds, when the old one was bad enough in all conscience."

O'Reilly and Newcut then departed for the woods; and Master Jeffrey essayed the waters, where he soon fell into a doubt, whence he relapsed into a reverie, and from thence into a nap, from which he was at length aroused, by a fish jirking his pole out of his hand, whereat Master Jeffrey, was not a little troubled.

CHAPTER IX.

The repulse of the savages had relieved the little colony from immediate danger, but left it in the same starving condition as before. The Indians carried with them no provisions, and could leave none behind. Smith, whose noble spirit was always at work for the benefit of his fellow−sufferers, had ever since the battle been revolving in his mind a plan for making a distant excursion towards the head of Chesapeake Bay, with a view of bartering with the savages for their corn. Harrington, Vere, and others of his friends, endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose; but he was not a man to yield when he had resolved; and was now concerting with Harrington, a plan for departing the night but one ensuing, that the savages might not know, and take advantage, of his absence, and that of so many persons as he must necessarily take with him. They had just finished making their dispositions, when they were interrupted by the intrusion of Justice Knapp, and Master Lavender; the latter of whom, as they approached, whispered the other—

"Now, Justice, let thy gratitude shine forth like a light from afar. Exalt my valour exceedingly."

"Mum. Say no more, Master Lavender. I'll blazon. Thy deeds shall be pictured, sculptured, and engraven in brass and marble—they shall."

"Why, Justice," cried Harrington, as they came forward, "hast risen from the dead? We thought you lost."

"Not lost—only mislaid a little—up a high tree—hey, Justice?" quoth Lavender, aside to him.

"In truth, Master Harrington," replied the Justice, "I was in great danger of being tomahawked by the villains. But I gave them their bitters, I warrant you. I was down—

"*Up* you mean," quoth Lavender.

"'Slid! if thou art not silent about the tree, I'll pledge mine office to the President, I saw thee fleeing from thine own shadow, when it was invisible to every body else—I will."

"And so, Justice," said Smith, "you were at odds with them?"

"There was a whole tribe upon me; but I ought to mention that they were dead— somebody did me the kindness to kill them for me, before I could convert them into mince meat."

"'Fore heaven," quoth Lavender, aside, "there's some grace in this fellow, yet! An he had not let somebody else kill these savages for him, his account of my valour had been deemed incredible. Now, Justice, edge in a word or two about my exploits."

"Away!" cried Knapp, "thou braggadocio— thou suborner of true men, to tell false lies—thou air bubble, in azure satin doublet—thou that hast not the valour of a lady's little finger, that shrinks from the prick of a needle, though ensconced in silver thimble. Get thee behind me, Satan!"

"Why how now Justice, in wrath?" said Smith.

"Aye, marry, sir—and with reason. Is not the sin of ingratitude deadly? This craven coster monger, did desert me in the thickest of the fight; in the very teeth of danger."

"Is it possible? Why, Master Lavender!"

"That ever I should have trusted this false knave!" said Lavender to himself. "Justice, thou liest like an almanac maker."

"Lie in thy teeth! thou apocryphal beau. As I am a despiser of cowards, this ungrateful offspring of a tailor and a silkworm, after I had saved his life three times: once from the fury of an enraged poppoose, armed with a huge piece of a cornstalk; secondly, from the nails of a warlike squaw heroine; and thirdly, from a holly bush, that seized him by the cloak—this ungrateful poltron, I say, after all this, deserted me in my sore extremity, and climbed up a high tree for safety."

"Shame, shame, Master Lavender," cried the others.

"Villain!" quoth Lavender, apart to the Justice, "see if I don't baste thee in thine own gravy, for this."

"I defy thee, coward. I've not fat enough left me to administer to thy diabolical malice."

"What says he, Justice?" asked Harrington.

"He privately offers to bribe me to silence, with his best satin doublet."

"O! for shame," cried Harrington, "offer to bribe a justice! But is all this actually true?"

"True! were it not sheer idolatry, I'd kneel down and swear to it."

"But how did you discover the bird in his roost," asked Smith, willing to forget or beguile his heavy cares for a moment, with the squabbles of our two heroes.

"Why," quoth the Justice, "being hungry, he did essay himself to rob the nest of a valiant turtle dove, that chanced there; when the she turtle, the he one being absent, seeing him about to suck her eggs, flew at him, and he did cry out for help most lustily. Beholding this, my heart smote me, notwithstanding his demerits, and I drove the assailant away."

"Justice! thou diest. This night shalt thou sup with Pluto," cried Lavender.

"A fig for Pluto! So I get any supper tonight, I care not for my company."

"Gentlemen," cried Lavender, "as there is truth in man, or honour among thieves, he hath belied me. I did encounter a lusty savage, and quell him with the aid of a stout cudgel only. It was he that climbed the tree."

"Thou liest, traitor," roared the Justice; but seeing Master Lavender making at him, added, "and I've a great mind to tell thee so, marry. But I will return thee good for evil, and excuse thy want of courage on the score of thy valour having been cooled by that same cold water, which is a sore queller of manhood. I forgive him sirs, and having now vindicated mine honour, here offer him my hand in token thereof."

But the enraged Master Lavender rejected this offer of amity indignantly, and departed with looks of deadly hostility to the valourous Justice.

CHAPTER X.

Turn we now to Master O`Reilly, who with a felicity characteristic of his country, had lost sight of Newcut, who as we have seen, accompanied him into the wood in search of game. He wandered about hallooing, and as usual, involving his steps still deeper in the perplexities of the forest. At length, having satisfied himself by a course of logic, that either he had lost Newcut, or Newcut had lost him and that when a man did not know which way to go, he had better stand still and consider, he took his pipe, which he always carried at his button hole, and struck a light. Then placing his gun against a tree, he sat down at its foot, and began quietly to smoke, communing with himself at the same time, as follows:—

"This is your true teacher of philosophy. But Master Phelim O`Reilly, bad luck to you;—I fear you made a great Irish blunder, in coming out to this same unfinished world. You got a lame leg in walking down cellar in the ship, only for miscounting the steps, and have been shut up in the thing there they call a town, till this blessed day, when the first use your legs make of you, is to lose you, like the dear little Babes in the Wood. Faith, I begin to be solitary; and talking to nobody, is unsatisfactory. I'll try what virtue there is in singing."

He then began humming one of the airs of his country, when he was startled into silence, by a rustling among a neighbouring tuft of thick bushes and vines. Turning his eyes in that direction, he perceived something which he conceived to be a savage crawling on all fours, with a view to surprise him.

"Eh!" cried he, "who have we here? On my conscience, my music beats that of the heathen Greek—it makes a two legged animal walk on four legs. He seems a quadruped savage, dressed in furs, and must be a person of distinction. They say these Indians are born without beards, but this genius has enough for all his tribe."

During this soliloquy, the creature, no other than a bear—an animal, which Master O`Reilly, having been confined ever since his arrival by his lameness, had never happened to see before—gradually approached. The bear was equally a stranger to the white man, having lately arrived in those parts, and being neither hungry nor amorous, approached rather in curiosity than hostility.

"Arrah, honey, now, no nearer if you please, till we come to a parley," cried O`Reilly, presenting his piece. "Have at you, if you say the word," taking aim at the unconscious animal. "No, hang it, never shall I have it to say of myself, that I took advantage of an unarmed man. I'll do the honours of the place—I'll show him what breeding is."

Saying this, he approached the animal, and offered to shake hands.

"Your servant, Master What d'ye Call'um; I hope you and the family are well." Here the bear growled, not liking the demonstration of the hand. "Faith, the gentleman don't seem inclined to be sociable. May be he would like to smoke the pipe first, in token of peace, as is the fashion here."

So saying, he offered Sir Bruin the pipe, who, as if to signify his gratitude, raised himself up, and gave Master O`Reilly a hug.

"O by the powers, he's loving enough, now!" cried O`Reilly. "He's almost hugged the breath out of me. But he seems to take a fancy to my pipe, and 'twould be ill manners not to offer him another puff."

So saying, he put his lighted pipe to Sir Bruin's muzzle, who, taking it somewhat in dudgeon, gave him a great box on the ear with his fore paw.

"Is that your manners, you spalpeen! If you're for that kind of fun, just let me bury the calmut as you gentry say, and we'll soon see which is the best man of the two. I'll take measure of you for a black eye, you whiskered divil."

He then put up his pipe carefully in his button hole, and to show that he bore no malice, offered the bear his tobacco box, for which courtesy he received a cuff that nearly knocked him down.

"Now by the glory of the stars!" exclaimed Master O`Reilly, "that's more than sweet milk could bear, without turning sour. Have at ye, my beauty."

O`Reilly then run into his antagonist with all the characteristic gallantry of his country, and was received with a hug that made him pant like a fish out of water. Finding the odds were against him, he cleared himself with no small difficulty from the embraces of Sir Bruin, and seizing his gun, belaboured him with the butt end so lustily, that in a little time he fell to the ground, yielding the victory and his life at the same time.

Just at this moment Newcut made his appearance, and inquired if he had found any game.

"Game enough," replied he. "I've done for a game Indian, Tim, that did'nt properly distinguish between a hug and a box on the ear."

"An Indian?"

"Aye, a person of distinction, dressed in furs. I never saw a fellow that knew so little of his own inclinations, or understood bad manners in such perfection. But I've given him a lesson will last him all the days of his life. See! here he is."

On seeing what it was, Newcut burst into a loud laugh. "Why, Master O`Reilly, are you so ignorant of mankind, as not to know that this is one Sir Bruin, well known in these parts?"

"What! one of King James' batch of new knights?"

"Why, is it possible you never saw a bear before?"

"Never, except in a book: you know this is the first excursion I have made into this world of big trees. Is he good to eat?"

"Excellent, especially for hungry people, that can get nothing else."

"Then by the powers, Tim, we'll feast the whole colony. Saving your great knight, Sir Loin, there's not one in all Christendom I'd rather have fallen in with, than this same Sir Bruin. Lend a hand, Tim."

O`Reilly proceeded, with the assistance of Newcut, to lift the bear upon his shoulder, and was turning on his way home, when he heard a distant halloo, followed by the report of a gun.

"There's somebody making signals of distress, Tim."

"Only the Indians whooping," answered the other. "Let us be off as fast as we can."

O`Reilly rejected this proposal, declaring that to him it sounded like a cry for help from some countryman. He desired Newcut to stay and take care of his knight errant, while he went to see what was the matter. To this Newcut refused his consent, proposing that he should make for the town, and give the alarm. O`Reilly swore that not one of his own countrymen ever made such a blunder as running away from people in distress; and bidding him do as he pleased, dashed into the forest, fired his gun on hearing a second cry and another gun fired, declaring he could stand it no longer. Newcut, after weighing the pros and cons for a moment, determined on accompanying him, rather than stay where he was, or find his way home alone.

CHAPTER XI.

While these events were passing, the disconsolate Arabella remained in a state of dreadful suspense, that shook her reason. The good old Hardin came to see and comfort her.

"No tidings of them yet?" asked she anxiously, as he entered.

"It is not time; days may pass before we hear from them."

"They'll never come again; child, husband, and poor Anne; all that loved me will be murdered."

"Hope for the best, dear lady," said Hardin; "you have trusted heaven often, and never in vain; trust it now."

"I do! I do! but O Hardin, while I am thus distracted with hopes and fears, I cannot think of heaven as I ought to do. If it were only certain— what I dare not think of—I would be resigned and die. But now I cannot think of the future. The present has me all."

"The grave is an inn, where all the race of mankind, sooner or later take up their last night's lodging," quoth Hardin. "Mothers have lost their children, wives their husbands, and lived afterwards to thank the power that gave and took away."

"So I have heard," said she; "but I can never reach such perfection. I tell you Hardin, they loved them not, or they had other ties to cling to, and knit their heart strings whole again. But I have none but these, and when they are gone, I stand a wilderness more lonely and desolate than that which surrounds us here."

"But remember I beseech thee, dearest lady," said the old man; "thy husband and thy child were as the babes, and husbands of thousands of wives and mothers that lost them and yet survived for many years of content and usefulness. They are no better than others that have died."

"Not better," cried the mother, rising into a passion of grief, "I say they were a hundred thousand times—millions of times. Did other husbands love me as he did? Did other children first receive a soul in this poor house of clay? Good, but unfeeling Hardin! did other husbands twine me in their arms, and court my smiles, and what was a thousand times dearer, kiss the scalding tears that misery wrung from me in times of sore distress? Did other children ever call *me* mother, and nestle on my beating heart, and feed and laugh in wanton fullness till they fell asleep. Did they—O did they ever look like him, and talk, and laugh, and weep, and kiss like him, and love me as he did?"

"Think of the just made perfect," replied Hardin, whose heart belied the very consolations he was offering; "they bear their sufferings as does the silent air, which suffers the ball that is winged with death to cleave its bosom; yet heals again in a moment, and bears no scar to show that it was ever wounded."

"Ah!—talk—talk—talk," replied she, scarcely knowing what she said; "I hear you talk as if my happiness were to grow out of my misery, like the flowers that sometimes spring from new made graves.—Hark! I thought I heard a child's voice calling!"

Hardin walked hastily to the door, and returned—

"'Tis nothing, all is silent."

"Silent!" said the poor wandering mother. "Yes, silence and darkness are the two sister fiends that shoot their arrows most surely when no one sees them. Hardin, do you think the birds will cover *my* poor babe with leaves?"

"My heart bleeds for you," answered Hardin, with tears in his eyes. "O that I could tell you to hope; but I can only preach of resignation."

"Well, well, said she; "my time is short, that is a comfort yet. The little that famine has spared, grief will make quick work with. But what are we doing here, wasting our time, when murder is going on. Let's to the woods—O no—no—I shall see their mangled bodies there! But let us go somewhere; I can't stay here to lose the sight of what I used to see. Good Hardin, take me to the river side that I may look my last look towards my native England."

"I will; but madam, there is another land where none are native, yet where all must go. Think of that land, dear lady."

"D'ye hold it a sin to think of our distant home and absent friends, when we are dying? to take one parting look at the green earth we are about to leave, and the blue heavens where we are going? I hope it cannot be a sin to think of distant or lost friends, and die blessing them. Come, come, or else I will go alone."

"My office is to sooth, not irritate. Come then, even where you will poor soul!" quoth Hardin, as he led her out of the hut towards the river side.

CHAPTER XII.

On leaving the village of James Town, Fenton and his party buried themselves in the forest, and proceeded to search for the lost child. Without guides, or pathway, or mark of any kind to direct them, they wandered at random, they knew not whither, till it became evident that without the aid of chance or providence, their search would be vain. At length they arrived, at a little open spot, where long time ago, the lightning had shattered a vast pine, which falling to the ground, had left a space for the sun to waken into luxuriance a little green sward, that invited them to rest. Here accordingly they sat down for the purpose.

"Hush!" cried Fenton, after a few minutes had passed over—"hush! I hear something."

"'Tis only the squirrel barking," answered Percie.

"Hush! again! cried Vere, laying his ear close to the grass; "there's something alive not far off. 'Tis in a direction towards the right. Follow, and don't breathe above once in an age. These red men can hear the grass grow. But what's here?" cried he, as stooping down he picked up a little broken branch, and looking farther discovered others.

"I have it, I have it," said Layton. "How ingeniously the poor girl has contrived to give a clue, in case she should be followed."

"Well done, Anne Burras!" said Vere; "she's a brave girl, and he that wont risk his life for her, let him die the death of a bachelor, hey, Layton!"

"Now sirs," quoth Percie, "be ready, aye, and steady too. They can't be far off; the branches are as fresh as ever. Listen! there were but two you say?"

"But two," answered Fenton; "so Arabella told me."

"Then two of us will reserve our fire on the chance of the others missing, should we fall in with them. Vere and I will try our hands first, and if we fail, you and Layton will try and do better."

"Excuse me, Percie," replied Fenton. "A father's arm can best guard the life of his child. I do not doubt your skill; but there are others you may chance to hit."

"Thy hand will tremble, Fenton," said the other.

"No, you shall see me aim as steady and as true as the old Swiss Father."

"And I," said Layton, "claim the privilege of drawing the first trigger for Anne Burras."

"You'll not aim at her heart, Master Layton," said Vere, smiling.

"It is but just. The father's and the lover's privilege shall never be disputed by me," said Percie.

"Nor me," rejoined Vere. "Now let us follow the broken branches, and my life we find them."

After this conversation, which passed in low whispers, the party, guided by the broken branches, which they found strewed at intervals, proceeded slowly through a labyrinth, which led them into the thickest and wildest recesses of the forest, that covered the whole peninsula, between James and York rivers. Fortune, or rather the good foresight of Anne Burras, at length brought them to a little basin, sunk a few feet into the ground, at the bottom of which bubbled a clear spring, almost the only one in that sandy region. Here Fenton, who led the van, approaching with the silent caution of a cat, discovered his little lost sheep. The Indians had kindled a fire to cook a piece of venison, and sat quietly smoking their long pipes. Anne Burras was sitting disconsolate, leaning her cheek on her hand, while the child was amusing himself with picking berries. When he wandered too far, the Indians would bring him back, threatening him with their tomahawks. Ever and anon, Fenton could hear his boy complain of being tired and hungry, while Anne soothed him with the hope she felt not herself, that he would see his father and mother soon. "Do you think so?" he at length exclaimed, "well, then I will go to sleep like a good boy. But, indeed, I'm so hungry, Anne, that I could bite a piece out of your cheek and eat it." He then quietly laid his head in her lap, but soon declaring himself too hungry to sleep, continued to skip about and gather berries.

The moment Fenton made the discovery, he motioned to the rest of the party, who silently as the grave, disposed themselves at short distances around the little glen, unobserved by the savages, although once or twice the rustling of the bushes, which it was impossible to prevent, alarmed them, and caused them to look keenly towards the spot. Fenton and Layton now gained a position whence they could fire upon the savages; but just as they were taking aim, the boy passed suddenly between them and the Indians. Fenton shuddered and dropped the

muzzle of his piece. Again he raised his deadly rifle, and again just at the actual moment, the boy glided between the savages and death. The agitation of Fenton became uncontrollable, and his aim grew unsteady.

"Why the d—l don't you fire," said the impatient Vere, in a whisper so loud that the Indians started upon their feet and grasped their tomahawks. At that moment, Fenton and the other pulled their triggers. The Indians gave a yell of death; one of them fell stone dead; the other bounded into the forest, and was not pursued. Anne Burras fell back in a swoon, and the boy, throwing himself upon her, wept and screamed with all his might.

"All's safe, thank God," cried Fenton, seeing that Anne had only fainted. "Why Harry, my boy, my dear boy, don't you know me?"

"Yes, dear father, but I'm so frightened; and see poor Anne; you've killed her, you bad man," turning to Layton. "Wake up Anne, here's your sweetheart come to marry you."

By this time the poor girl opened her eyes, and seeing Layton, held out her hand to him. He raised her up tenderly, and pressed her to his heart unperceived, while she, unheard by all but him, whispered—"Dear Layton, you have won me, and you shall wear me."

"Ah! I thought I could bring you to life," exclaimed the boy, archly.

"What! my honest little playmate safe and sound," cried Vere. "Kiss me you rogue, for old acquaintance sake."

"I will; but had'nt you better kiss Anne?"

"I am an older acquaintance than he," said Percie; "come hither."

"Aye, but you can't play blind man's buff half as well. But my mother says you are not happy, and so I'll love you."

"Dear boy," answered Percie, "had any harm come to thee, I should have been still more unhappy."

"Come, let us lose no time," cried Fenton. "Our guns may have alarmed some straggling party of the Indians, for I dare say the woods are not yet clear of them. And there is one anxiously waiting for us at home, who shall thank you all. I cannot. Come, we have only to pursue the path we came."

So saying, they bent their course as speedily as might be to the village. But whether from want of proper attention, or some other cause, they missed their way, and remained wandering they knew not whither, till the sun waned low in the west, and the twilight of the woods began to deepen apace. In this perplexity they fired the guns, which were heard and answered by O`Reilly. Proceeding in the direction as nearly as they could judge, they made their way through the intricacies of the forest, until again having entirely lost all clue with which to thread the labyrinth, they sat down, tired, and almost despairing. After resting a little while, the boy, with the natural restlessness and vivacity of youth, began running about, among the trees, and on one occasion having made a more distant circuit than usual, was seen through a little vista of the wood by Master O`Reilly, who with Newcut, was standing leaning against a tree in almost equal perplexity with the other party.

"Tim, Tim, whisht!" quoth O`Reilly, in a suppressed voice; "by the powers, I saw a fairy capering in the wood yonder! Whisht, did'nt you see it—there—there!"

"Where?"

"Yonder, don't you see the pretty little robin−run−away?"

"Pooh, pooh," said the other; "there are no fairies in this new world. They've not come over yet."

"Be quiet, Tim; hav'nt I seen thousands of them dancing by moonlight in my own country? By the powers I could swear I had seen this same little fellow capering in the old church yard of Ballyshallygruddery."

"An odd place to cut capers in," quoth the other.

During this whispering dialogue, the child in playing about, at length came to the tree behind which O`Reilly and the other had ensconsed themselves, and was seized by the former.

"Ah hah! my little merry spirit of flesh and blood, have I caught you? What, you must run away, and lose yourself in the wood, must you? By my mother's soul it makes my heart water, to think how glad Mistress Fenton will be to see you again."

During this speech, the child not recognizing the voice of O`Reilly, screamed and called for help, which of course brought his father and the others to his rescue, and a mutual recognition took place.

"What! honest Phelim, is it you, hunting shadows of game in the forest; for there's nothing of substance left," exclaimed the gay Vere.

"I was brought here by a special providence, I think," answered the other. "I've killed a knight errant, and found this little darling. But now I think on it, I've lost my way—have any of you found it?"

Vere in looking about here, at length found one or two of the branches plucked off by Anne Burras, and exclaimed—

"Huzza, huzza! I've found it, I've found it! I know where we are now. By my soul, Mistress Anne, I've a great mind to write a sonnet to your discretion."

"Why not to my beauty sir? I'll promise to forgive you, if you don't say a word about discretion."

"Nay, I'm resolved, it shall be discretion. 'Twill be something new, since never damsel was sung before for discretion, either because you are the first that ever displayed any, or—"

"Or that you are the first poet that ever had the sense to find it out; that is what you were going to say."

"Harkee, Mistress Anne," quoth Vere, "could'nt a man persuade you now to desert an old sweetheart for a new?"

"No, no," cried the damsel, shaking her head; "there's my allegiance. I'll never fight under any other colours, but those of ensign Layton."

"Ah, well a day!" replied Vere; "I must incontinently solace myself with villanous rhymes."

During this merry talk, the party had advanced onwards, guided by the broken branches, and at length safely emerged into the open space which surrounded the village.

CHAPTER XIII.

The sun was now hovering with his broad jolly red face, a little way above the clear horizon to the westward, when Mistress Arabella Fenton sat on the bank of the broad river, lamenting in the silence of a broken heart, the absence, and probable fate of her husband and child. The good Hardin essayed to console her with bright thoughts of the future, but she would not be comforted. Time and occupation are the only remedies for grief like hers; for though religion may teach us resignation, it cannot teach us to forget.

"Does the fresh breeze revive you?" said the good Hardin.

She took no notice, but continued looking earnestly towards the distant ocean.

"I am a lonely woman now, without a husband or a child," at length she said. "I could wish before I die, to visit England, and my father's house once more; and pray for the peace of the departed souls of my good forefathers. My husband and my boy! they have no graves; their bones will lie and bleach in the wild woods; yet they are happier than I."

"Then why lament them?" asked Hardin.

"O do not bait me with such reasonings," cried she, impatiently. "Do you think that when we shed our bitter tears over the dead that were dear to us, it is for them? No, no! it is for ourselves and our bereavements that we mourn, not for the dead. I had rather have my husband and my child with me here, in the midst of all the woes that compass me round, than know that they were rejoicing among the stars, in speechless happiness, and I not with them. Such is my woman's heart. But come hither Hardin," cried she, after a pause, and looking earnestly. "If my eyes do not deceive me, there is a little speck of white yonder far down the river."

"Where madam?" asked Hardin, eagerly.

"Yonder, in that direction."

"A sea−gull, or a white wave perhaps," said he.

"See! another speck, and now they grow larger! It is, it must be the ships! Watch, watch good Hardin."

"Sure, there *is* something," cried he. "Gracious power, may it be so!"

They now attentively watched the specks, which gradually expanded larger and larger as they approached, and at length could plainly distinguish two vessels, ploughing their way with a light southerly breeze.

My prayers are heard," cried Hardin. "It is, it is the ships; now we shall be happy again."

"Happy!" replied she, reproachfully; "my child and husband cannot share these rejoicings; the physician comes when the patient is buried."

Shouts were now heard in the village, mingled with exclamations of "They've come—they've come!"

"Are not they ashamed to rejoice," cried Arabella, "when I am broken hearted? I cannot bear it; let me go to the woods where I shall hear nothing but whoops and howlings—I'll not stay here to be trampled on!"

Again the shouts and exclamations rent the silence of the twilight air, coming nearer and nearer.

"Impious men!" exclaimed she, distractedly. "I will not stay here to be laughed at;" and was rushing wildly towards the adjoining wood, when she was met by Fenton, who caught her in his arms, where she remained for a while insensible. Fenton took off her hat, parted her brown hair from her pale white forehead, and kissed it. At length her colour came again, and when the boy cried "wake up mother; you don't seem glad to see us," she revived, and passing from the embraces of the one, to those of the other, wept upon their bosoms. "And you too, poor Anne," said she; "I knew that you would bring him home again, or never come home yourself. I thought the shouts I heard were for the ships we saw just now."

"What ships?" cried Vere.

"Two," answered Hardin, "bearing hitherward. We saw them a minute ago." And see! there they are again, coming round the point."

"But that the sight is too good to believe," cried Vere, "I should think I saw two ships. It must be the flying Dutchman and his consort. Will any of you good people convince me I'm not dreaming? 'Tis plain as the sun," added he, after looking again. "They're ships, true heart of oak ships. Huzza! huzza! do'st weep for joy, Percie; for I suppose it would go against your conscience to commit the sin of laughing?"

"I rejoice," replied the other, "for the sake of these suffering people; but for myself, these ships can bring

nothing that I care for. The land whence they come, the ocean they have ploughed, bears nothing that I ever wish to see."

"Every one to his notion," cried Vere, gaily. "Thank fortune, I was born in the day time; the sun is my tutelary, and I scorn the snivelling, weeping stars. If there should chance to be such a person as one Sir Loin, an old acquaintance I've not seen for some time, and the only knight our scurvy King James ever made, that was worth the spurs—if I don't receive him with open arms, call me a crop−ear. Hey, Master Justice," addressing Justice Knapp, who had just made his appearance, with Master Lavender, in hot discussion, as usual.

"Master Lavender, be dumb," quoth the Justice. "For all thy threats, I see thou art enamoured of my company."

"Lookee, Justice," replied the other, "though I despise thy cowardice, and have no respect for thy discretion, yet, inasmuch as valour shines by contrast, I do give mine a gloss by rubbing it against the dirt of thy demerits."

"A fig for thy scurvy conclusions! 'Sfoot! art just like a button of cheese paring on a satin doublet, deriving all thy consequence with the commonalty from the company thou keepest. But is it gospel, Master Vere, two ships."

"As true as if it were gospel, Justice."

"Then will I signalize my gratitude by a donation to the poor," cried he, rummaging his pocket and bringing forth a periwinkle. "Mr. Periwinkle, I bestow thee in charity on Master Lavender here, that when he hath eaten thee out of house and home, he may ensconce himself in thine armour, and shelter his inordinate ferocity in time of danger."

"Keep it thyself, thou empty twiggin−bottle, with a huge rotundity, and not a drop of spirit. I see clearly I shall be obliged to offer thee up to the infernal gods."

"Here, now," quoth the Justice, continuing to empty his pockets. "Here is a black leathern strap, which I did reserve for the last extremity—"

"To hang thyself," cried the other, "I hope. He did steal this of a poor cobbler. He has the itch of a baboon for thieving, and would rob any man of his good name, though he hath not the grace to convert it to his own use afterwards."

"To hang myself?" said Knapp—"No, marry— to beat thee into some remote probability of valour, so that in good time, with the aid of cold water, thou mayest be brought to look thy tailor in the face, even though armed with a long bill."

"Thou clucking old hen hussey—but I'll beat thee into dust for this."

"Gad−a−mercy! then shall I flee before the wind as fast as thou art wont to flee before the enemy."

"Why, Justice," cried Vere, "you are victualled for a six months' cruise—a voyage round the world with Sir Francis."

"Foresight, Master Vere. I learnt it of the squirrel, who fills his maw with nuts for a time of scarcity."

"Learnt it of a squirrel, forsooth!" cried Lavender. "Why he inherited the love of other men's goods from his ancestors. Sixteen generations of them died of the quinsy. The disease ran in the family."

"But see!" exclaimed Vere, as the ships once more emerged from behind the projections of the river—"now they round to—now they furl their sails—now they hoist out the boat—and now— huzza! I see a *rara avis*, a woman let down the sides! Take notice, my masters, I bespeak her in lawful wedlock, be she old, ugly, witch, maid, widow, or widow bewitched. Avaunt, Master Lavender—I do fear thy embroidered satin doublet."

"Above all," quoth Knapp, "beware of his inordinate and sinful valour. Why he hath the courage of ten hen patridges. But, marry, here they come sure enough, and a woman with them; a wonder in *this world* , whether she can keep a secret or not."

A boat was now seen to put off from the ships, and make for the shore. Its passengers were received with shaking of hands, and shouts of welcome greetings. There were no strangers here. They had met in a new world, and all felt like brothers. Among those who came ashore in the boat, was a veiled lady, who was assisted to land by an old white haired man, who seemed somewhat between a servant and a friend. On landing, she looked around with great apparent earnestness, as if seeking some one she knew in the crowd, but who was not there, as it would seem, for she pressed her hand to her bosom, and turning away her head, leaned as if for support, on the old man. By degrees, the crowd dispersed towards the town, leaving the lady and her attendant alone, each one being apparently too much taken up with others, to observe them. I cannot excuse this want of gallantry, especially where ladies were so scarce, but so it was.

During the foregoing scene, Percie, who sickened at every thing that reminded him of England, remained

aloof, quietly, yet sorrowfully, contemplating the warm welcomes given and received. His heart swelled with a sense of loneliness, and desolation—the more sad and heavy, from his inability to share in the warm feelings that animated all around him. At length his attentio was attracted by the stranger lady, who seemed to be weeping sorely, for ever and anon, she put her handkerchief under her veil, as if to wipe away her tears. The sight of a woman and a stranger weeping, and seeming to know no one, excited his sympathy; he approached her and offered his services. The lady seemed greatly agitated, but made no answer, while the old man, uttering an exclamation of joyful surprise, retired to a little distance, and remained silent also.

"Is there any one you wish to see?" continued Percie—"any one that you hoped to meet, and are disappointed? Name him, and I will guide you to him, if he is here."

The lady remained silent, while her agitation shook her whole frame. What can this mean, thought Percie. Perhaps she has come here to meet some one, who is dead. "Tell me, madam, who is it you seek? Mine is not an idle curiosity, believe me."

"One Robert Percie, of the North, erewhile," answered she, at length, in a hurried and trembling voice, that, to say the truth, was not quite so soft as became a fair lady.

"Robert Percie!" echoed he. "But you are, I fear, sporting with my busy prying. Indeed, madam, though rude, I meant it kindly. I am Robert Percie."

"Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "I am not in a jesting mood. I am in search of him I said— I come from one, who bade me tell you that once you swore you loved her—one whom you left alone to struggle with a guardian's power, a lover's stratagems—one whom you suspected most wrongfully— deserted without cause—and left almost broken hearted. She sends this ring in token of my message."

Percie took the ring—it was one he had exchanged with Rose Beverley, on the day they were affianced. It wakened a thousand bitter pangs.

"Beware—beware, madam, whoever you are— unless you wish to make me mad again, and drive me to some other world, more distant and wild than this. Suspect her wrongfully! O convince me of that! But, pshaw! Is'nt she now, at this very moment, revelling in the spoils of a poor younger brother's happiness, and laughing over the story of his wrongs, in the incestuous claspings of an elder one? Is she not married? That's enough for me."

"She is not married!" answered the lady, firmly.

"What!" cried Percie—"What!—has the spoiler revelled in her charms, and then left her, sated with them, ere the wedding day? Not married? But now I remember. Our father's funeral, as I have just now learned, has scarce gone by, and the forms of decency must be observed, even where corruption harbours all her scorpions. She's waiting, I suppose, till the mourning is put off, and in the interval, whiles away the tedious year of sorrow, with proud anticipations."

"Alas! not she," answered the veiled lady. "She is a wanderer from her home, seeking one, whose heart is turned to stone, who stands as her accuser and her judge, condemns her unheard, and tortures before he murders her. One who was at first blind to her real worth, and is now deaf to her vindication."

"On thy soul, is this true?" cried Percie, trembling with uncontrollable hopes and fears. "O trifle not, lady, with me. I have been mad once, and may be so again. Yet this ring! I gave it her one night, when the soul's harmony, sweet silence reigned; and then she swore, by all those everlasting sentinels of heaven, she would be as true as they. I cannot think she *could* have broke such vows, and wilfully."

"She did not break them," replied the lady. "Answer me, Robert Percie—as there is truth in man, or justice in heaven for liars—did you leave her because you doubted her affection, or had outlived your own?"

"Look at me, lady," rejoined Percie "Do I seem like a man whose heart is whole, or happy? What think you was it that banished me from England? What chased me from my home, to seek the desert of the world, for such it is to those whose hearts are widowed like mine. Look at this blighted trunk, and then tell me if I forsook, or was forsaken. Have you no letter?" asked he, eagerly.

"None," replied the lady; "but she sent her picture, with a command that if I found you true, to beg you would wear it for her sake."

"O give it me at once! you cannot doubt."

"You will hardly know it now," said she; "the colours of the master have so faded."

Saying this, she unveiled her face, and disclosed to the astonished and enraptured Percie, the pale, faded, yet lovely face of his early love.

Deeming it highly indecorous in a writer, to disclose in words, those actions which delicacy shrinks from exhibiting before the world; and holding it to be taking a great liberty with even one's own heroine to show her off in the embraces of any body, but her husband; I shall draw a veil over the transports which followed this discovery. Suffice it to say, that all that love, tempered with modest maidenhood, could offer without blame, was received and returned without presumption or indelicacy.

"A thousand and a thousand times welcome! my beloved Rose," at length Percie exclaimed. "But tell me all the past, and how you found your way hither alone."

"I did not come alone, I had a beau; but I hope you'll not be jealous," said Rose, with one of her wonted smiles.

"Jealous! O no, never again. But I am a little curious; who was it Rose."

"Old Kenrick."

"Old Kenrick! why Gilbert will grow young again when he hears this. He shall be welcome to my palace."

"True, where is your palace? The evening is setting in, and—but now I think of it—till—till—" Here she stopped, and the long absent colours returned to her cheek, spreading it with vermillion.

"Till what," inquired Percie.

"Till I can build a palace for myself. In the meantime I must seek some female protector, if there be any one that will receive a run away damsel."

"Well," answered Percie, "since my humble dwelling is beneath you, I am sure the kind Mistress Arabella Fenton will receive you as a sister, till we can build you a palace."

"Come, then, I'll trust myself with you once more," answered Rose, gaily. "You'll not run away from me again, will you?" Then looking in his face tenderly, she continued—"You look pale and thin; and if the truth must be told, a little rusty and old fashioned; and yet I should have known you any where. The instinct of a woman's love puts all your boasted reason to shame. Did not you suspect me a little?"

"Once or twice," said Percie, "an idea came across me, that I had heard that voice before. Yet in truth you croaked so naturally, that I was effectually deceived. But come, the dews are falling; lean on my arm; this new born happiness has taken away all my manhood."

Mistress Fenton received her fair visiter with a kindness, a richness of welcome, which set an example that has ever since been followed by the descendants of the early adventurers in Virginia, insomuch that travellers there, often commit an anti−quixotic blunder, in mistaking castles for inns, instead of inns for castles.

The arrival of the ships brought such an accession of strength and food to the poor colonists, that from this time they flourished free from all apprehension of famine or the Indians. A few weeks saw the union of Percie and Rose, of Layton and Anne Burras, whose repective, and respectable descendants still flourish in the possession of a liberal competency. Both Percie and Fenton became, in process of time, members of the council; and Mistress Arabella lived to see her sons and daughters grow up, healthful, virtuous, and happy. The gallant Vere, only remained a bachelor, until he could save a hogshead of tobacco, with which he endowed a little damsel from Eastcheape, who came out to seek her fortune in one of the subsequent arrivals. Justice Knapp, tired at length of being an idle magistrate, became an industrious publican, whereby he fulfilled his destiny beyond doubt. Master Hyacinth Lavender, not long after the period in which our story comes to an end, departed for England, to take possession of a competent estate, which came to him by the death an elder brother.

"Would I were the keeper of an ordinary, near the theatres," said Knapp, as he bade him farewell; "I should infallibly receive a conveyance of thy estate in tavern bills."

"I would thou wert," quoth the other; "for then could I cudgel thee daily in part payment of my dinner. Adieu, publican."

"Farewell, sinner!" and thus they parted forever. THE END.