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VOL. XVI.

TALES OF
A VOYAGER TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN,
Second Series.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TALES OF A VOYAGER.

SECOND SERIES.
TALES OF A VOYAGER.

THE VOYAGE.

Amidst those waste and desolate regions of the globe, which, like unfinished portions of the creation, exhibit the rude materials of Nature's mighty architecture heaped up in wild disorder; where the rough elements, yet untaught to know their places, are seen confounded and scattered among each other—the sea, piled into solid mountains, mingling its white pinnacles with the dark summits of the land—the earth, buried beneath cumbrous loads of frozen water, blending its dreary shores, undistinguished by any boundaries, with the bleak deserts of the ocean; where light and darkness are
yet undivided, and where warmth, the world's Promethean soul, unwillingly gives life to the un- fashioned matter;—amidst these realms, which seem as if the great Author of the universe had abandoned them ere yet their foundations were completed, and while all the superstructure, the ornament and perfection of his design was unde veloped, man, daring the stern dangers which forbid his presence, delights to search into the secrets of his Maker, and strives to unfold the mysteries of his labours.

But while, at distant intervals, one solitary bark is seen braving the perils of a Polar voyage to increase the intellectual riches of mankind, every year beholds a fleet of vessels wandering through the intricate mazes of an ice-clad ocean, and defying storms and shipwrecks, in quest of baser wealth; and though a portion of the fearless beings who crowd these fragile fabrics is annually devoted to destruction, their loss excites no murmur; as if a sacrifice were deemed necessary to propitiate the anger of some deity who guards the Arctic circle.

Yet among six thousand reckless mortals who sought the stupendous barriers of the Northern Pole at the same period with myself, how few obtained the gratification of their wishes! How few returned rich in the spoils for which they
offered the venture of their lives! How few now feel the slightest pleasure in looking back upon the time they spent amid wild and splendid solitudes, where barrenness is beautiful, and where the want of all that makes other countries lovely displays new charms in nature!

To me, however, who joined the adventurous host through motives which few of them thought worthy of the toil I endured, the recollection of that labour is grateful and refreshing, and the remembrance of the scenes through which I strayed still affords me recreation which all the gold expended on the Greenland fleet, united to all the proceeds of its expedition, could not procure.

But while the mind at will can renew on its own tablets the images once depicted there by fancy, or by the senses, how difficult is the attempt to transfer to the imagination of another those pictures which appear with all the vividness of reality on its own! Like the morning tale of the dreamer, who, having spent the night in visionary grandeur, awakes and vainly endeavours to describe the magnificence of his reveries; how inadequate is the narrative of the traveller to convey the reminiscences of sublime and beautiful objects, which dwell in the recesses of his memory like distant lights and shadows among rocks and woodland scenery, richly and softly blending themselves with
his own ideas, yet inimitable by the verbal colouring with which he strives to represent them to his friends! Nevertheless, although I cannot hope to excite by words the same conceptions of the splendour and gorgeousness of an Arctic landscape, which the reality would produce, I shall endeavour to furnish a slight sketch of the crystal realm which formed itself around the ship in which I sailed, with all the loveliness, though with little of the gentleness, of a fairy creation; and if the imagination of the reader can fill up my outline with brilliant imagery, such as might be afforded by a land of marble strewn with diamonds, and illuminated with dark blue and emerald tints, deepening in profuse variety within its alabaster caverns, he will obtain a glimpse, however faint, of those regions where Nature loves to mock at all her other works, and, with the mimic fantasy of a child, builds frail resemblances of her solid labours.

The situation of the Leviathan, after she had remained several days invested with the icy fetters that surrounded her, as I have described in the preceding volume, was near the centre of a long plain, which extended round a deep bight or bay, opening to the ocean in a south-easterly direction. This plain, which was the aggregate of ten thousand various fragments brought together by the agency of the wind, and frozen into one compact body,
constituted a new flaw; and, until its surface was concealed by snow, it presented to the sight an assemblage of projections, cavities, and inequalities of every description. Beyond it, to the west, an ancient floe, a vast island of ice, supposed to be a portion of the immense body of frozen water which covers the Arctic Sea throughout the winter, was perceived raising its thick-ribbed side above the lowland level, and forming an extensive steppe between it and still more distant regions. The nearest extremity of this highland, distant from us about three miles, composed the eastern horn of the bay, within whose shores we lay imprisoned; and where the two bodies of ice had come in contact, a long range of fragments had been forced up on end by excessive pressure, and remained projecting into the air. This chain of elevations, or "stream of hummocky peaks," as the Greenland vocabulary terms such high formations, stretched far inland, marking the juncture of the old and new made floes, till it terminated in a tall naked shaft, shooting obliquely upwards in solitary grandeur. Stretching from the base of this lofty column, a wide expanse of level country carried the eye far westward, over innumerable pools of bright blue water and channels of running streams, which wandered from basin to basin, till they precipitated their currents into the sea through apertures in the floes.
or over its indented margin. It is upon fields of ice of long duration that these reservoirs and rivulets are chiefly seen; and never till the advance of summer has dissolved the snows which fall during the winter season. But besides its thickness and its excavated surface, this ancient and extensive region, which had annexed itself to the new flaw, and composed the greater portion of the 'country' before us, bore other signs of age. On several places, along its edges, were beheld dark brown spots, which, upon closer inspection, were found to be occasioned by the loose adherence of crumbled earth and gravel; proofs that the mass of ice had passed in contact with the shores of Greenland or Spitzbergen, or had been forced down by violent commotions to the bottom of the ocean, from whence it had brought up a portion of the ooze. This district also offered more equal and firm footing to the traveller than a younger flaw; the repeated thawing and freezing of its snowy covering having both rendered it more hard, and freed it from the minor inequalities, which occasion a newly constructed field to be always distressing, and often perilous, to the pedestrian. Afar off, beyond this realm of lakes and rivulets, a long irregular line of massive icy ruins was discernible, lying confusedly together, as if a gigantic wall had been thrown down by an earthquake; and among these frag-
ments the ocean was perceived, occupying wide, shapeless spaces, and affording those 'holes of water' in which whales love to lie and sleep in imaginary security; and further still might be descried from the mast-head a continuation of low ridges, shallow vallies, wide plains, and lofty eminences, till the eye ceased to distinguish the relative positions of the objects before it, and they appeared collected into a long range of fantastic elevations, near the horizon, resembling a mighty marble battlement, divided by towers, and surmounted by the tall steeples and turrets of the city it surrounded; and when the sun descended towards these imaginary buildings, the dazzling splendour which it threw around them was more like the effect of enchantment than of reality.

But I refrain from apostrophizing these scenes of natural magic, where cloudless skies and water clothed with alabaster, where jewelled pinnacles and crystal grots, combine with the phantasmagorial powers of multiplied refraction to amaze and delight the beholder. The reader must, and will excuse me, if I abstain from repeating descriptions already given by others, as well as by myself, and from re-echoing the rapturous exclamations of my companions. Let him, if he can, imagine the thousand nameless effects of light and shade, of proximity and distance, of motion and rest, all
striking upon the senses at once, in combination with objects the most magnificent and strange; let him close his eyes in slumber, and dream over again the creations of his waking fancy, expanding and exaggerating them with the wild licence of a vision; and when, startled by the seeming extravagance of the gorgeous apparition, he bursts the bonds of sleep, let him imagine he has enjoyed a momentary glimpse of Greenland.

And now, quitting the sublime mysteries of Arctic scenery, let us endeavour to partake of those enjoyments which require less capacity of imagination, and more susceptibility of the ordinary pleasures of existence. There are some persons who affect to revel in intellectual bliss, conducted to their refined souls through the medium of lofty words and pompous arrangements of expression. To them, combinations of grandiloquent phrases and rhythmic sentences, pitched to the highest key of the rhetorical gamut, are indispensable in literary composition. They deign not to be pleased with any work, however true its descriptions, or just its observations, unless it pour forth its high wrought paragraphs, like swollen clouds rolling along the stormy heavens, or shoot its glittering lines athwart their vision, as the Boreal Aurora lances her coruscations through the skies! My brain, thank Heaven! is less fantastically com-
pounded, and possesses little of this hyperbolic predilection. Unless 'the diapason end in man,' or some other intelligible thing, which hath the likeness of a being on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, or in some way within the sphere of human comprehension, it has little accordance with my feelings. Willing, therefore, to leave this infinite space of imaginary delectation to such as are fitted by their hyper-poetical organization to soar through its empyreal regions, I withdraw myself to the neighbourhood of the Leviathan, with whose environs I became so familiar, that, when the revolutions of the elements broke up the scenes that used to greet my sight from day to day with their gay variety of ice and ocean, I regretted their destruction, as if I had witnessed a favourite building ruined by the ruthless 'improvements' of some modern reformer of the picturesque.

Before this dissolution takes place, however, I shall oblige the reader with some of the tediousness with which most of my companions declared themselves grievously afflicted; and, in proof of the weary state of life to which they were reduced, I must bring forward the fact, that, no sooner had a heavy fall of snow become hardened by partially thawing, and again congealing, than all the men unoccupied by the charge of watching the ship, poured forth upon the floe with bats and balls,
and other instruments of sport, and commenced games at cricket and nine-pins with juvenile activity.

When the Greenland vessels quit the sea, and enter among the ice, the starboard and larboard watches, into which the crew was divided upon sailing out of port, are changed for three others—the Captain's—the mate's—and the spectioneer's or chief harpooner's—an arrangement which allows freedom from labour to every man for sixteen hours out of twenty-four, unless some unusual occurrence demands the exertions of all hands. Scarcely half this period is consumed in sleep, and the remainder is devoted to amusement, not forgetting the occasional duties of replenishing the stomach, and refitting worn-out apparel, and other similar attentions to the welfare of the internal and external man; and to this circumstance I beg to attract the notice of such cavillers as may think fit to doubt the origin of my tales, because they cannot conceive how the narrators found time to deliver them amid the dangers of the Arctic Ocean.

While my shipmates sought amusement in athletic exercises, I did not let slip the opportunity afforded me by our stationary situation in the midst of ice, to become acquainted with the face and produce of a country of such singular conformation, and it became my daily practice to sally forth upon the flaw, gun in
hand, and accompanied by William and other associates, in quest of game and knowledge. These excursions procured me many specimens of Greenland birds, in high perfection, and enabled me to form a collection of their skins, which I prepared for preservation when I returned on board; and if it will be of any service to future voyagers, I must mention, that the skins of birds, as well as of other animals, may be kept unstuffed till after they arrive in England, with very little disadvantage to their capability of being 'set up' in all their pristine beauty. Indeed, under circumstances such as environ a passenger at sea, this mode of bringing home the spoils of the feathered tribe, is preferable to stuffing them completely as soon as they are taken; since the want of room, the rolling and pitching of the vessel, dampness, and other casualties of a voyage, contribute to deface, and often utterly to destroy the full blown labours of the ornithologist. A deal box, lined with lead foil, similar to that which covers the interior of a tea-chest, is the best repository for a traveller's museum; and when the skins are perfectly dried, after having been washed internally with a solution of corrosive sublimate, they may be stowed compactly between layers of soft tow or cotton, interspersed with fragments of camphor, and be kept sound and safe from accidents. Another accom-
paniment to a zealous naturalist should be a small barrel, or keg, partly filled with spirits, and fitted with a large orifice, through which to introduce entire those objects of his care that can be saved in no other manner; and in these days, when comparative anatomy, especially of the skeletons of animals, is a favourite study, he will do well to pack the bodies of rare and dubious species in another keg with salt, a process which demands little trouble or attention, as the bones alone will be required. For this purpose, in fact, I have known the relics of animals, after the flesh was roughly cut away, headed up in a cask without any antiseptic addition; while I have seen others brought from warm climates in honey, for which I thought treacle would have been an economical substitute. Recurring to birds, I would advise the collector, who intends to preserve their skins unstuffed in the manner above mentioned, both to fix in the eyes as soon as he has cleaned the skull and powdered it with flour of sulphur, and to insert the wires of the legs and wings, since the shrinking of the eyelids, and the drying of the extremities, render these necessary processes difficult and imperfect after the lapse of time.

It would afford the reader nothing new or entertaining to tell him that I shot larus rissa, larus crepidatus, colymbus grylle, or alca arctica, during
my expeditions; but I can assure him, that the quantity of game collected daily, as well by me as by other fowlers, was a matter of some importance to the crew of the Leviathan—an assertion he will better understand, when he learns that our privations were not limited to the loss of the freedom of the seas; and if he be one of those happy mortals whose pockets are never without a charm powerful over the fat of the land, he will shrink at the idea conveyed by the words 'short allowance.' Short allowance is, indeed, a phrase of shrinking import; but the reality of which it is a symbol, is far more ungrateful to the feelings. On this subject, I am sensible I ought to speak with caution, as I cannot help knowing that I am a prejudiced witness. I shall, therefore, confine myself to facts, leaving comments to others, whose happier education may not have imbued their minds with an antipathy to abstinence.

The appearances of our besetting were of that doleful cast which makes a prudent Greenlandman consider how his stomach may stand affected by the event; and as it seemed too probable that our imprisonment might last some time, an order for retrenchment in the department of the galley, or kitchen, was issued by Captain Shafton, and an allowance of only two-thirds of their former supply of provisions was served out to every mess, accom-
panied with a consolatory promise, that if the ship continued beset at the end of a week, still further reduction would be made in the quantity of eatables distributed for diurnal consumption. It is not my wish to make those observations which an intelligent public can easily suggest to itself. I need not, therefore, remark, that the blueness of the Greenland sea began about this time to be reflected from the visages of our mariners. This tint was also perceptible among the members of the cabinet; for it should be known, that short allowance is not restricted to the inferior orders of the crew, though it was proposed that I should be exempted from its operation, on the plea of my being an invalid; but I must gratify my vanity, and relate how I set a good example to all hands by refusing the indulgence. My conscience, in fact, would hardly have countenanced the excuse, had I availed myself of the title by which I had been shipped, to enjoy the privileges belonging to it; for my invalidated condition had changed manifestly to a state bordering on perfect health, and my powers of exertion, whether at the table or the oar, were little inferior to those of an able-bodied bargeman of the most worshipful of all the worshipful companies of London. I had grown plump (and, of course, handsome); my limbs no longer looked like the sticks which serve to keep extended the apparel of
a scarecrow; I sported a pair of cheeks, where before I had exhibited two sombre gulphs, commanded by lofty promontories; my eyes had advanced at least an inch from the bottom of the orbits into which they had retreated; and, instead of grinning horribly a ghastly smile, which made my mirth the source of alarm to others, I could now laugh like a new lord mayor on that day consecrated to men within armour, and to armour without men.

It has pleased those philosophers who dislike to have an effect presented to their consideration without a cause duly assigned and certified, to ascribe my fragile health to a consumptive habit, and, having afflicted me with a ‘pulmonary’ disease, they proceed to pity me most pathetically. With many thanks for this their honorary gift, and its accompanying commiserations, I have also to thank God I am not ‘tisical,’ nor in any way subject to hereditary maladies, excepting rambling, unless my great toe shall assert its right to the heirship of certain furious paroxysms of gout, now enjoyed by my honoured father, but from which I beg him to cut me off with a single twinge, whenever he shall think fit to make bequests of his personal estate; and, having thus charitably hung out a light over one shoal in the sea of troubles on which the literary barks of my commentators have most lament-
ably grounded, I must leave them still to their doubt-
ful navigation, and again take up the subject of
reflection, a matter of vital importance to men at all
times, and especially when fixed in a situation
where they are required to manage it with for-
bearance.

As the first week of our mortification, being the
second of our committal to the custody of the ice,
wore away, the cerulean tinge of our features grew
deeper and more deep. Murmurs there were none,
for all parties were agreed on the necessity of pro-
viding against the awful possibility of remaining
shut up in the floe throughout the winter; but the
keenness of appetite, sharpened by the bracing air
of an Arctic latitude, produced a sympathetic effect
on the wits of the crew, which communicated itself
to their countenances; and thus, while our minds
acquired much acumen in the discussion of the
chances that menaced our ultimate safety, our
looks grew eager, and indicative of increasing
powers of penetration. By this additional discern-
ment we began to perceive, that food might be
found in other places than the hold and store-room
of the Leviathan, and the contempt with which a
mallewuku had been formerly regarded, was every
day changing into that placid encouragement which
we shew towards those domestic animals we
design for our tables. To come to the point, (an
attainment agreeable to few persons, whether the point be that of a discourse or of a bayonet) the sailors first of all discovered that the birds which frequented the neighbourhood of our vessel were eatable, when prepared according to the rules of gastronomy. It had always been known that the loom or foolish guillemot, and the roach or little awk, were acceptable visitors at a repast; but the first was by no means abundant in our vicinity, and the last had not yet quitted its nursery on the land to lead forth its millions upon the perilous deep. In their absence, however, it became an occasional matter of demonstration, that kittiwakes, boat-swains' terns, and tarrocks, could afford enjoyment to the inward man, however outward humanity had before spurned the idea of feasting upon non-legitimate articles of food; and, at length, it grew into a daily practice, to commission one man from each mess to supply the dinner with these irregular luxuries.

There are, doubtless, among my readers some of those kindly natured souls who love good eating, and comfortable ways of living, shocked at the idea of our wanting fresh provisions in due season. I hear them piteously exclaim, "Poor sailors! horrible was your fate to suffer the pinching throes of hunger, and the bitter nips and frumps of polar blasts, sustained by no meats but foul outlandish
birds, and cherished with no cookery but the rude misdirected scorching of ill-managed fire, or the unsavoury soddening of snow water!" Little are these worthy philanthropists aware, that the kitchen of a Greenland ship sends forth steams as zesty as the laboratory of a London hotel.

At this time, especially when various denizens of the North were taxed to supply the demands of the defrauded stomach, and sundry devices were practised to make one pound of beef afford the same quantity of aliment as two were wont to produce, I acquired an insight into 'sea-pies,' and learnt the mystery of 'lobskous.' The sea-pie is a compound of flesh, fowl, and vegetables, incased in a crust of dough, (or as seamen will have it, 'duff') and baked or boiled till it produces a rich stew, delightful to the nostrils, and doubly delicious to the craving appetite. A large square saucepan, made on purpose for this preparation, is lined with paste, and the interior filled with layers of beef, ham, tongue, birds of every kind, potatoes, onions, salt and spices. Between these strata, a lower and middle deck of duff are laid, to extend the surface of the mealy component, and absorb the exuding juices, and, over all, an upper deck closes the capacious hold, a sufficient quantity of water having been previously introduced, as well to prevent the burning of the
other materials, as to furnish plenty of gravy. A lid shuts down the whole, fire is applied beneath, and after a while the gentle chuckle of each contented morsel is heard united in harmonious bubbling, while sweet sighs escape the lips of the saucepan, and spread ambrosial odours through the ship. Revolving hours (how many I cannot specify) bring the well done compound to the table, and then—Oh! spirit of Kitchiner!—but I spare my exclamations, that the dinner may not grow cold while I am pronouncing its eulogy. Our crew was divided into three messes, the captain's, the harpooner's, and the boatsteerer's; and at this period of scarcity a sea-pie to each party, procured by the exertions of the sportsmen, afforded almost sufficient savory food to satisfy all hands. Nothing was wasted, the whole contents of the saucepan became edible, each various meat blending its qualities with those of its neighbour, and rendering it equally welcome to the palate, while those essences which in ordinary boiling are diffused throughout the water and lost, were here treasured up in the form of rich soup, teeming with a host of flavours.

What is 'lobskous,' or 'lobscourse'? What its barbarous etymon may be, I know not, but its materials are the same with those of the sea-pie, excepting the 'duff,' and adding more water. All the solids are minced up minutely together,
and the whole stewed for a length of time sufficient to produce a dense fluid, thickly charged with alluvial deposits.

Hitherto no restrictions had been laid upon the biscuits, and the barges or bread-baskets of each mess still made their voyages to the bread-locker three times a day; but the distribution of dried tusk and cod, and the allowance of pea-soup and barley-broth were discontinued. In the cabin slices of hung beef and other piquant morsels no longer invited us to supper; and the appearance of Jock's cakes at breakfast was interdicted. Drams were served out no more, and the price of English 'bacca' rose fifty per cent. in the first week, and doubled its advance in the second.

In the meantime sea swallows, kittiwakes, and boatswains grew scarce and wary from finding their visits to the ships announced by the firing of guns, in a manner that left some of their number dead upon the field. Resenting this excess of courtesy, at length they absented themselves altogether from the vicinity of our marine encampment; and the sharpshooters, whose duty it was to take their turns upon the floe to supply the messes, were compelled to make distant exertions to procure sufficient game. Proposals were made to haul the jolly-boat over the ice to the sea, to enable some hands to get within shot of the birds which refused to
approach us; but as the breaking up of a field is as sudden as its combination, prudence forbade the risk.

A more saddening theme of regret, however, than the absence of the feathered tribes pressed heavily on the hearts of my shipmates. It cannot be doubted that abstinence was to them a matter of some moment; but fasting from the capture of whales was an awful suspension of their faculties which outweighed all other interdictions, and the deepening gloom which gathered on every brow reminded me of the cloudy obscurity round Brassa Head, which betokens rain and troubled weather. It is true I neither expected to see tears drop from the lowering eyes of my fellow prisoners, nor to hear their overcharged hearts burst out in vocal uproar, but brooding storms of grief and impatience threw dark shadows and vivid lights across their faces, which betrayed the workings of the tempestuous spirit; and many a "big damn" and fiery execration rolled and flashed behind the curtain of the soul like thunder and lofty lightning discharged above the clouds.

I have composed the preceding mighty sentence to shew that however calmly our vessel remained beset with ice, her crew were beset with feelings little consonant to her situation, feelings which almost overcame their philosophy, and broke forth in those esta-
blished forms of eruption sanctioned by long usage and general consent. It is customary with several savage nations on occasions of great grief, to offer some valuable parts of themselves as sacrifices to their idols. The piety of the lower classes of the English is not, however, excelled by these unenlightened barbarians, nothing being more common than the condemnation of eyes and limbs to perpetual fire, by true Britons, desirous of propitiating the anger of Fortune; but whether this, like the May-day festivities I have mentioned in a preceding volume, be a remain of pagan superstition, I leave to the consideration of the curious. The pious inclinations of our creed, however, at length operated in a manner which gave me great cause for wishing its fervour less powerful in the hearts of the elect. It has been observed that a young seal became my guest, after receiving, or fancying itself to have received, the contents of a fowling piece in its body. This animal, by a little attention and coaxing, grew placid enough to eat and grunt, a degree of good humour not frequently exhibited by a captive phoca. It fed with a good appetite upon raw flesh and fat, upon 'grout,' or boiled oatmeal, and upon bergoo, or oatmeal stirred with hot water to the consistence of hasty pudding, and it took great delight in swallowing lumps of ice and pellets of snow, by way of dessert. When brought out
of its kennel to be washed, it shewed all possible inclination to return to its former state of freedom, and snapped at any one who offered to interrupt its hasty career towards the sea. But when the deck was covered with snow, it exhibited the joy of a horse let loose into a field; it snorted and pranced about to the best of its ability, and rolled upon its back, and extended its limbs, to increase the genial impressions of its couch, with that serene gratification of look expressed by a fat sow made happy by a bed of mud. At other times, scratching its head and back was a sure way to win its approbation, and it demonstrated its pleasure at the attention, by accommodating its position to the hand, and expanding its hide to facilitate the operation, while its flippers moved mechanically, as if to assist in the performance. All persons, however, were not equally well received, even as flatterers and back-scratchers; a fact which seemed to shew that poor 'Bonze' possessed some powers of discrimination; for, although the most harmless and interesting of seals, he had a great number of enemies among the crew.

I, of course, only considered my seal as a plaything, or at best as an object of natural history, whose habits I could study at my leisure in his native climate; but our sailors speedily elevated him into a dark and mysterious character. Accord-
ing to them, he had brought bad luck upon the vessel since his sojourn among us. The whole of our perils with the contending ice, the catastrophe of being beset, and the long duration of this painful state of inactivity, were attributed to him, and many threats were uttered against him, and speedy execution of these sentences daily promised, unless prompt deliverance from our frozen thraldom interposed to preserve him from his fate. Although I am naturally one of the most gentle and obliging of human beings, I cannot say I was disposed to resign the property of my capture into the hands of persons influenced by feelings so repugnant to common sense as the delusions of luck, and I felt, moreover, bound to shew my contempt of such impressions, lest by yielding I might serve to encourage belief in them. Accordingly, I resolutely opposed the sacrifice of 'Bonze' to the unknown god of the mariners; and having found him wandering at large upon deck, without the assistance of hands to unlatch his door, I thought it better, by means of a grating of iron hoop, to put his escape out of the power of such singular chances, than to make his security a 'cabinet question.' Indeed, I doubted greatly that the weight of official authority would have subdued the workings of superstition among the sailors; and as they are well aware that much indulgence is shewn them
by their superiors when this frailty is concerned, they would have been less scrupulous in violating orders to restrain their inclinations. This tacit encouragement of the most disgraceful of mental aberrations is to be lamented, as it opposes the intellectual improvement of mankind by fostering its prejudices; but it is difficult to adopt modes of interference with the private feelings of the lower class, which lead to any ultimate advantage. Although the superstitions of sailors are more evident to landsmen than similar errors among the ignorant on shore, I do not wish to charge mariners with possessing a greater share of these degrading sentiments than their terrestrial brethren. The close observer will detect in every class of society innumerable instances of superstition, modified infinitely by the education and habits of individuals, and generally veiled behind specious appearances, which at first conceal the real impulse of the action on which he exercises his speculation; but he will find in seamen only a more open display of the same feelings which he perceives couched under fictitious motives in other persons.

My seal being barricadoed past the hope of fortuitous escape, even with the unseen assistance of a zealous hand, it was resolved to have recourse to a charm usually practised for procuring ‘falls,’ when whales are scarce or shy, but now intended
to obtain our liberation as a necessary preliminary to its fulfilling its peculiar office. This, it is true, was attempting to put a trick upon Beelzebub, or whatever other potentate holds the reins of 'luck' in his hand, and some of the sailors disputed its efficacy; but the prosecution of the measure being carried by a large majority after supper, it was forthwith completed to the satisfaction of all the consenting parties. The spell consisted in thrusting pins into the heart of a small animal, such as a gull or a mallemuck, and afterwards throwing it, thus transfixed, into the fire, there to remain till it was consumed. The reader will be disposed to doubt my sincerity, when I tell him that this ridiculous mummery was actually performed 'betwixt decks' by part of our crew, including some of the harpooners, with the earnestness of real belief in its influence; yet he may rely upon the truth of the anecdote, and give me credit when I inform him, that this is but one of the numerous superstitions I noticed during my voyage. Another of these magic agencies in the capture of whales, ought to have been mentioned when the spanning of harpoons was described, as it formed part of the ceremonies used during that preparation for the fishery. This is the insertion of various pieces of ribbon between the strands of the foreganger, or rope, immediately connected with the harpoon, which are supposed to
confer luck on the instrument thus adorned. Small silver coins are sometimes appended to the ribbons to increase their power, but when the garters of the fair, presented by their own hands to the amorous whalefisher, can be affixed by the favoured lover to his line, the hopes attached to his boat are still more auspicious, and he wields his weapon with confidence proportioned to its augmented merits. Besides these plain matter-of-fact ways of insuring success, there are, in the hierology of luck, many circumstances of an intricate character, which might puzzle a sanhedrim of Rabbins even to state, without being called upon to explain the mysteries involved in their intricate doctrines. Thus, to kill animals of all descriptions appears to be free from danger and in some cases lucky, but to keep one alive on board a ship is highly prejudicial to the interests of the voyage; and though your Arctic philosophers have not yet acquired information of the manner in which this result is produced, yet they will quote numerous instances of its occurrence, and call upon you to subscribe to their conclusions, with all the solemnity of theologians winding up their arguments.

It may appear paradoxical to speak of the warmth of the atmosphere in the superlative degree, while I am describing the lamentations of our crew at being frozen up in the midst of ice;
yet I am unable to avoid the contradictory appearances of my statements without infringing the rules of veracity, to which, as a voyage narrator, I am bound. For the last seventy or eighty hours the weather had been extremely hot, and this day, the 18th of June, was still more sultry. During the morning I made a long excursion with my usual companion, and some visitors from the neighbouring ships, over the field in quest of amusement and game; for I thought it incumbent on me to contribute my exertions towards filling sea-pies, since I assisted very efficiently in disposing of their contents. A little advance soon convinced me that summer asserts her powers as triumphantly in Greenland as in climes more celebrated for her sovereignty. We took our course at first along the flaw edge, to enjoy the varied prospects in the vicinity of the sea, and to obtain more chances of shooting birds than were afforded by an 'inland' ramble. The water was like glass, clear and smooth, and reflecting the heavens, and the images of a thousand elevations and grotesque variations of the marble shore. Not a breeze played over its brilliant surface, nor did a wave ripple beneath the hollow margin of the floe. We could perceive medusæ trailing their scarlet fibrils deep within the transparent element, while the tongues or jutting bases of the ice were seen extending out from the
main body in magnificent expansions, 'full fathom five' below the spectator. The awful depth to which the sight can penetrate, by the assistance of these irregular projections, is a source of the sublime to be found only in these regions of grandeur and peculiar beauty. Under a bright clear sky, the alabaster whiteness of the tongues reflects the light, though buried far beneath the surface of the water, and the visual faculty seems to acquire power as it descends from shelf to shelf, and from point to point, into the profound abyss of the ocean. A stupendous cliff appears reversed, and hanging in dusky air, while the eye glides down its craggy sides, and investigates its obscure recesses. At length it reaches a spot faintly perceptible through the deepening fluid, and remains for a time fixed in wondering contemplation; but, as it gazes intently on the distant object, an indistinct speck attracts its notice, plunged still deeper in the vast chasms of liquid gloom over which the beholder floats, and the mind becomes wrapped in feelings inexpressible by words.

This view of icy precipices, and chrysal grottoes, amid the depths of the sea, though correct to some extent, is greatly increased by the irregularly refractive and reflective qualities of the medium through which it is seen. In addition to the steep basement of the floe, sunk deeply beneath the sur-
face, and spread out into broad shelves and fantastic buttresses, the images of the upper edge, and the impending hummocks of the floating mass, are mingled with the vision, while all beyond appears a wide chasm of ethereal blue, chequered with fleecy clouds, the counterpart of the heavens above. Abstracting his mind from his real situation, and gazing at the scene before him, the spectator, while hanging over the edge of a floe, may fancy himself at times floating beyond the verge of the earth, and looking down into the unfathomable wastes of space. Observing more closely, he perceives white crags of ice projecting out beneath him, and can faintly trace their connexion to the fabric on which he rests, while yet they seem to form part of the fictitious prospect of sky and clouds over which he seems suspended. But when he places his face almost in contact with the water, and excludes the mirrored picture from his sight, he beholds nothing but the sparry side of the floe sinking into the blue obscurity of the ocean, till only its most prominent reefs are visible, like mighty ruined columns and shattered pyramids, half hidden among the ooze.

It is difficult to decide upon the distance from the surface at which the massive coralloid structures are situated, the extreme purity of the element causing the eye to miscalculate egregiously, and often upon plunging a boat-hook into the water,
with the imagined certainty of striking against a
tongue, one finds it almost as far from the point of
one's staff, as it had previously appeared to be from
the face of the water.

When the sea is but faintly coloured, its tints
are most evident while flowing over the projections
of the flaw, and the beauty of a sapphirine liquid,
foiled by a sheet of snowy ice, is transcendant.
Green tinted water affords a sight less pleasing; but
a splendid medusa, sailing slowly above the marble
rock, glitters like a brilliant jewel composed of
a thousand gems. As we continued our progress
along the floe, the heat of the sun, reflected from
its surface, became oppressive. Forgetful of my
former condition, I first threw off my coat, and
next flung open my vest, to admit the refreshing
atmosphere to my bosom. I felt as thirsty as if I
were toiling along a dusty road, copious perspiration
bedewed my limbs, my back seemed to burn
in the noontide rays, and I looked around on the
wild realm of ice, and the wide expanse of water, half
doubting that I was in the latitude of Spitzber-
gen. My companions were equally fatigued with
myself by the warmth; but as we had resolved
to double the eastern cape, which bounded our
bay, we persisted in our journey, braving drought
and exhaustion, and inviting each other to take
deep draughts from the numerous streamlets that poured their lucid currents along the flaw.

One of the principal features of an island of ice, during the summer season, is its variety of lakes and rivulets; and the sun having now, for the space of several days and nights, shone without the interposition of one cloud, the number and extent of the pools that diversified the regions round the Leviathan had considerably increased; while the water-courses leading from them were multiplied in proportion. Along the base of the ridge of hummocks, which I have before described, a torrent of large size flowed rapidly, formed by the union of several streamlets, which, shooting over the abrupt edge of the ancient floe, came tumbling down upon the newer field, along whose junction with its elevated neighbour they gathered their broken waters into one hasty current, foaming and hurrying onward, through arched cavities and narrow channels, with a murmur almost rural. In its course it filled a superficial hollow, caused by the fall of a crystal pinnacle across its path, then burst in a single sheet over the prostrate barrier, and with increased velocity, hastened to precipitate itself into the sea. This brook, which would scarcely have attracted the notice of ramblers in other countries, was an object of admiration to our
party, but not on account of its volume. Its charms lay in the novelty of its banks, and the translucent purity of its waters. Its bed—its borders—the valley through which it ran—and the hills whose feet it washed—were all of ice—unsullied, sparkling ice. The lights which glanced along its streaming surface, or danced among its bickering eddies, were brilliant as the brightest diamonds, and the soft shades that reposed within its recesses were more azure than the unclouded sky. We seated ourselves by its margin, and apostrophized its beauties, enlarging particularly on the singular contrasts it presented to every characteristic of streamlets in other lands; but I will not fatigue my reader with the repetition of the praises in which we indulged, nor the comparisons which we drew. Each mentioned his favourite river, in his native country, and grew animated in his discourse of home. It was delightful to me to observe how the minds of my friends associated home with the recollection of happy walks by the sides of rivulets. I, too, could remember when the day spent on the banks of a lovely stream was crowned by the merry return towards home, the gay laugh, the witty conceits, the pleasant allusions of the young, and the cheerful faces, the sober joy, and the scarcely repressed hilarity of the elder folk. The array of the tea-table, and the smiling countenance of the
self-applauding housekeeper, conscious of the attentions she had bestowed on the comforts of the fireside, arose upon my recollection, and I felt that the wanderer into foreign regions might leave enjoyments behind him with which no gorgeous sights, nor unexpected visions could compete.

Still, neither my own reflections nor those of my companions were depressing. We cherished hopes of again renewing the pleasant friendships interrupted by our northern excursion, and of strolling once more through the fertile meadows of old England. We would then describe the admiring audiences, the wonders we had beheld in arctic deserts, and amid dreary isles of ice, and ask our favourites if they had thought of us while absent, as we had remembered them.

Perhaps not the least surprising picture we might draw of Greenland scenery would be a sketch of five Englishmen, and a native of Holland, reclining on the glassy banks of a floe stream, to rest themselves after the fatigues of a sultry walk across a field of ice. Such, in truth, was our situation; and, to avoid the direct influence of the sun, we had placed ourselves beneath the shadow of a huge broad slab, projecting into the air from the course of the water, which whirled and bubbled round its base; while some of us drank of the limpid current, and others held pieces of frozen
snow in our mouths, to quench our thirsts and cool our fervid palates.

Eastward and southward of our retreat, extending in a curve from the sea towards the centre of the lowlands, as I have already hinted, a long range of heavy fragments of ice was seen, imitating in many parts, against which the snow had accumulated, the sloping forms of rounded pyramids, and composing a miniature chain of Alps, the highest peak of which might be elevated fifty feet above the level of the sea. Passes and narrow gorges, between these mimic mountains, appeared at intervals, and in some places tall isolated columns and unconnected masses stood apart from the rest in lonely majesty. The rivulet flowed on the side, up which the drift had moulded its wheeling wreaths into a thousand gracefully fantastic forms; on the other no snow had collected, and no streamlet gathered bright tributes from countless dripping pearls; but its grandeur and its decorations were no way inferior to those of the opposite declivity. The naked crags, rough as they had been torn from their parent beds, were here seen piled up in splendid ruin. In some spots, vast blocks rested horizontally upon upright shafts; in others, ponderous beams were stretched across wide fissures, several of them in appearance being scarcely connected at one end, and others barely in
contact at either extremity with any supporter, threatening at every instant to fall into the rifts below. Masses of various sizes were heaped upon each other in profusion, partly with an approach towards regularity, but mostly in the wildest disorder.

At the termination of this chain of peaks, a little apart from its less lofty brethren, stood a magnificent shaft of ice, projecting obliquely into the air, far above every other elevation. To this eminence the sailors had given the appellation of the 'Burgomaster's look-out,' from there frequently being a gull of that noble species perched upon it; and the shrill, slow, melancholy scream of this bird was peculiarly congenial to the desolation around. From the spot on which I reclined, the Burgomaster's look-out lifting its craggy spire above the neighbouring heights, formed a grand and picturesque object, and I was busily engaged in sketching it into a general view of the Alps, as we usually called one stream of hummocky peaks, (for long residence in one station had procured from our crews various denominations to the surrounding features of the floe,) and was listening all the while very attentively to a history of himself and his family, in all its branches, which one of our company was relating, when, as I cast my eye forward to receive a fresh impression of a distant outline, it
was startled with the vision of a huge bear, walking leisurely out through a gorge in the mountains. This passage was distant about sixty yards from the bank of snow on which we were refreshing ourselves, and the appearance of a ferocious monster, so near our little party, unable as men in great numbers are to cope with a bear on ice, gave me a qualm about the region of the heart, which I immediately announced by an appropriate exclamation. But I had scarcely directed the eyes of my associates towards the source of my uneasiness, before two half grown cubs came bouncing out through the pass, like a brace of playful puppies frisking through a hedge, and making a leap over the brook, and a short wheel round upon the plain in front of it, they drew themselves up, to sniff and stare at the strange intruders into their native land. The mother, for we took it for granted that the old bear was the dam of the younger ones, in the mean time continued to exercise her judgment upon the scene before her in a very suspicious manner, stretching out her snout towards us, as if to inquire more particularly into our characters, or rather as if she wished to ascertain the nature of Mynheer Duytkin's tobacco. Not knowing to what decision, on her part, this olfactory investigation might lead, we were perfectly undecided how to behave ourselves, dreading that, if we moved, the
lady might take our most respectful actions in the light of an affront, yet anxious to put ourselves in a better posture of defence or flight than we occupied. But flight, which we should have preferred, even upon compulsion, appeared to us a dangerous step, conscious as we were, that Madam Brownie could take two strides while we took one; and defence, with three birding pieces and one tobacco pipe, all the fire arms we possessed, seemed equally hazardous. In this dilemma we sat dubious on the snow, looking perhaps of the same complexion with our couch, and certainly feeling too much of its chilly influence; but, while we were considering how we might best effect our retreat, uttering all the while whispered resolutions to stand the contest manfully, and groaning at the horrible uncertainty of our guns going off when required, since three or four snaps before the priming takes fire is an ordinary occurrence in a Greenland atmosphere, the old bear, satisfied or dissatisfied with our appearance, (‘tis well she was no conjuror,) put her head about to the N. E., spread all paws, and walked deliberately off the way she came, followed by her whelps, who appeared to take infinite delight in another frisk over the brook: and leaving us, in admiration at our own prudence, more than ever convinced that discretion is the better part of valour.
Having thus valorously routed the enemy, we were not disinclined to crow over our conquest; and somewhat curious to ascertain how Lady Bruin thought fit to dispose of herself, conceiving it possible that she might have formed a design to circumvent us by clambering over the hummocks in our rear, and attacking us, as she might hope, unawares. With these ideas in our heads, we judged it best to take up a commanding position ourselves, and proceeded to ascend amongst the fissures of a craggy peak that rose above the general elevation of the range, deeming it unlikely that she would choose that spot for her own passage of the Alps, should the fire-and-vinegar-looking heroine have decided upon playing Hannibal to our Scipio and Sempronius. We might have excited the compassion even of a she bear, had she seen how we staggered and slid away from our attempt, as the unfriendly ice gave way beneath our grasp, or refused stability to our feet, willing enough to facilitate our descent to the bottom, whence we came, but opposing a thousand slippery tricks to our progress towards the top, whither we wished to go. When at length one of our party had gained the summit of his desires, he perceived the bear quietly marching away, nearly in a straight line from her last starting point, or, to speak more precisely, (as some critics are wonderfully enraged
if I do not give the exact situation and bearing, both positive and relative, to all objects, however trivial, of which I make mention,) holding on her course north-east and by east half east, by the compass, distant from our watch tower, due north, about three furlongs and a half, and from the Leviathan one league six furlongs and five fathoms, more or less, or there or thereabouts, as Francis Moore, physician and astrologer, is bacon-savingly wont to observe, when somewhat doubtful of his own accuracy. The bear being thus situated, under weigh, while we were riding at anchor or a cockhorse (I hope it matters not which) upon a hummocky peak, we thought it proper to improve the occasion by giving three cheers, hoping that our outcry might add impulse to the movements of our foe. We were not wholly disappointed; the bear, startled by the unexpected shouts, bolted forward with increased velocity. Her speed, however, lasted but for a few seconds; remembering her cubs, she stopped suddenly, and looked round for them to where they loitered behind her, gambolling together like kittens. Seeing her halt, we ceased our triumphal pæan, not wishing to provoke her to return and rob us of the glory of our victory, by putting us to the rout; but when the frolicsome whelps, who seemed to understand from their mother's stopping, that she expected them to join
her, made haste to obey her silent commands, the
dam resumed her flight, arresting it from time to
time to allow her young ones to come up with her:
for like all children, whether biped or quadruped,
and perhaps I might add polyped, they appeared
to delight in lagging behind their parent, to give
themselves an opportunity to scamper after her in
a sort of playful race.

This harmless and happy gaiety of beings
which are regarded among the most ferocious of
beasts of prey, displayed, too, amid scenes and in a
portion of the world the names of which are
synonymous with desolation and lifelessness, was
peculiarly gratifying to me, who love to see the
habits of Nature's wildest offspring exhibited in all
the freedom of their native realms, unmodified
either by captivity or by the want of those peculiar
associations which give increased animation to the
faculties of every living being. How different ap-
peared these bears, running at large upon fields of
ice, and rejoicing in the full exercise of their
vigorous limbs, to the drooping and restless prison-
ers that drag out a wretched existence in a mena-
gerie! Since my return to England, I have looked
in vain for a fair specimen of an Arctic bear among
the various collections of wild beasts exhibited to
public view; and I have been disappointed, I
would almost say hurt, to see miserable, squalid
objects, confined in narrow cells, and exhausted with the warmth of climates unsuitable with their frames, bearing the name of Greenland bears, while little of their original character remained.

While I was engaged in reflecting upon the similarity that exists, at times, between the most savage and the most innocent of the productions of Nature—for it would have been difficult to have decided, from their gambols, whether the young brownies before us were bears or lambs—a discussion arose among my companions upon the pre-eminent affection of Arctic animals for their young, and the writings of several voyagers were quoted to substantiate the assertions of the champions in favour of this parental fondness. Passing the various other opinions delivered on this question, I shall only mention one that was advocated by the mate of the D——, and which appeared to me more plausible than the rest.

"I believe," said Mr. Wilton, "you will find in all animals of the same species differences in this matter of affection for their young, similar to those we notice in parents of a race that we are accustomed to call the lords of the creation; that is, you will observe one beast, a bear for example, ready to sacrifice its life for its cub, while another bear will abandon its offspring, without hesitation, to preserve its own existence."
"Why, yes, Mr. Wilton," said I, judging it time I should take part in the debate, "I see no reason why we should allow invariable properties to the minds of brutes, when we know that, in individuals, the human mind is diversified in every degree and combination of the qualities belonging to the whole family of mankind. In fact, every man who has kept dogs or horses must be aware, that two animals of the same breed differ as much in their tempers and affections as two children of the same parent."

"But surely there is one affection," said another of our party, "which is constant throughout all animated nature—that is, the tenderness of a parent for its offspring; a feeling invariable, from the most perfect being that breathes, to the very reptile that swallows up its young to preserve them from danger."

"I cannot assent to that doctrine," said Mr. Wilton; "for, even among those most perfect of living creatures to whom you and I belong, we observe parental barbarity carried to a length that makes us shudder."

"You allude to infanticide, I see," cried the other party, hastily; "but even that horrible crime originates in intense affection for the victim, which the parent foreknows must suffer extreme misery if it lives to endure the bitter lot of poverty and shame to which it is born."
“No, no; I do not allude to that fearful manner of getting rid of a burthen,” said Mr. Wilton, with a look that shewed he also did not assent to his opponent’s belief in the motive assigned by some good natured people for its practice. “I was thinking,” continued he, “of an old friend, whose parents were strong examples of indifference, and I may say hatred, towards their own child. But Providence seemed to act the part of guardian in his favour; and, notwithstanding the oppression and privation to which he was subjected, he became fortunate, apparently from the very causes which threatened his destruction.”

“You raise my curiosity to know more of this friend of yours, Mr. Wilton,” said I, “and, perhaps, as we have some time to spare, and a comfortable warm birth upon this iceberg—not to insinuate that it is secure from such barefaced intrusions as just now disposed us to doubt our own courage—and seeing, as we all may, that Dr. Duytkin is preparing his tube for an hour’s sitting, if we may judge by the quantity of tobacco he is cramming into the bowl—I say, Sir, considering all these things, to which you may add that I have before my eyes nothing more to sketch, you may as well give us a particular account of your friend’s parentage and education, and as much of his life and conversation as you shall think proper to bestow upon us.”
"Upon my word, a reasonable petition, gentlemen," cried the mate of the D——, laughing as he looked round upon our party; "here we are to sit perched upon a peak of ice, like a flock of idle snow-gulls, instead of beating up for game for to-morrow's sea-pies, according to our instructions."

"We'll put it to the vote," exclaimed I, "whether you shall move till we have heard your justification of the charges you have made against your friend's parents."

"I'll abide by the majority of voices," said Mr. Wilton, "for I am sure no one but you would wish to be annoyed by my dulness."

"Ayes or Noes?" cried I, immediately, holding up my hand as a signal, and the elevation of all hands decided in favour of the narrative.

This point being decided, we proceeded to put ourselves in attitudes of repose, more commodious than those we had at first assumed on gaining the summit of the eminence, and being now less anxious to avoid the rays of the sun than when fatigued with a long march beneath its burning influence, we disposed ourselves upon the broadest part of our mountain, in positions that enabled us to enjoy as much warmth and as wide a view as we could desire.

While these preliminary adjustments are arranging in the mind of my reader, in imaginary imitation
of those which really took place on this occasion, I shall preface my repetition of the mate’s story, with a declaration that, according to a resolution formerly stated, I have substituted other names for the genuine appellations of persons whose private affairs are mentioned in the course of these volumes; deeming it both just and prudent to conceal trifles which could afford the public no legitimate source of amusement, but which might cause some vexation to the parties whose memoirs are comprised in my tales.

Now this said substitution of fictitious for real names, this standing godfather to so many heroes and heroines, not to mention inferior personages, in so short a space of time, however honourable it may be to the sponsor, is an office extremely expensive, inasmuch as it exhausts the stock of names most familiar to his fancy or his recollection. The reader, besides, naturally expects to find the cognomen thus imposed a sort of enigma, the explanation of which is to furnish him with a description of the character or person of the party so disguised; and to do justice to the kindness of the inventors of cognomens in general, they seldom endow their subjects with any appellations, the solutions of which might tend to overwork the brain of the ingenious searcher into the mysteries of riddles. Nevertheless, these verbal hieroglyphs, however
compounded, are certainly most laudable emblems, because they afford the discerning student an insight into the qualifications of the hero or cut-throat of the tale, in a manner at once brief, comprehensive and satisfactory, and furnish a method of conveying in a few syllables an abridgment of information that might, with very little trouble, or no trouble at all, be expanded through many pages.

I am sorry, for the honour of the times in which we live, and for the glory of my native land, that neither my contemporaries, nor my countrymen, (men who have projected, and continue to project, so many inventions to abridge manual labour, that, in time, nothing will be left for human beings to perform,) cannot claim the merit of discovering this abbreviating nomenclature; since, not to stain my paper with the mention of heathenish or benighted authorities, we find that Don Quixote, or the Cid Hamet Benengeli for him, concocted, according to the principles I have stated, the name of his most worshipful and starveling steed; and, between ourselves, friend reader, Rosinante is not the only beast for whom authors have taken this trouble.

With respect, however, to modern cognomens, I must observe, that they divide themselves naturally into two kinds. One I have already described, as being enigmatical — perhaps I should rather have called it prismatical, for a name belonging to this family offers to the eye of the reader the same ana-
lytical view of the qualities of its bearer as a prism presents of the component parts of light, displaying the virtues or vices of the nominee in syllabic order, side by side, as the red, orange, yellow, and other rays, are beheld disposed in juxta position through a triangular bar of glass; and, I may add, that, like these rays, the syllables of a factitious cognomen possess each a greater or less power of illumination and reflection, some scarcely affording a glimmer of brightness, others reflecting pretty severely on the character of the owner. The advantage resulting from this typification of souls and bodies is immense. Thus, your pedagogue being designated as Dr. Bangbotham, and his usher as Mr. Macflail, or Mr. Batter stern, at once give notice of tragical passages, destined to occur in the posterior parts of the work into which they are introduced; while Mrs. Twangjangle, Miss Everbabble, or Lady Flourishflounce, bring their possessors before the sight of the reader as corporeally as ever they existed. And thus, again, the foundation of a catastrophe which is not to take place till the last chapter may be laid in the very title-page of a well concocted history, for the bare mention of such a hero as Hastie O'Bludgeon, Esq., or Count Schlauterman, imperceptibly creates a sanguinary longing in the mind of the reader, which nothing can allay but copious effusion of blood towards the termination of the story.
Cognomens belonging to the second family of appellatives, cannot claim either the enigmatical or prismatical qualities of the first genus, since OEdipus himself would be puzzled to find any meaning in them; and, though often applied to very light characters, they exhibit none of the tints or colours of their dispositions. Thus the Clerimonts and Florimels, and other species of this race, though amazingly altisonant and mellifluous, can boast of no exact meaning or reference to the persons they serve to designate, excepting that which is allowed them by the courtesy of the reader. But these names, if unintelligible to the stern lexicographer, are possessed of attributes excelling all the formal significancies of Grammar-bred denominations, and, like the flowers an Oriental lover sends his mistress, are not only sweet and beautiful in themselves, but represent still sweeter and most beautiful creations of the imagination, tacitly agreed upon between that ardent suitor the author and that capricious mistress the public.

There is, however, another species of this genus, which is ungifted with any quality except that most appropriate one of pointing out a certain individual to whom it is attached, or if it really does contain any virtues besides this external and palpable property, they are so occult that the most learned etymologist is unable to discover them. This species indeed, is a sort of verbal *caput mor-


tuum, which no philological skill can decompose or analyze, and so suitable do I deem it for my purpose, that from its vast stores I chiefly purpose to draw the names of the narrators of my tales, as well as of the heroes and heroines who form their leading characters, reserving the other families of cognomens for the subordinate persons who fill up the ranks of minor actors. I am induced to do this, not only because I doubt my powers of synthesis, or compounding appellations out of various and dissonant words, but because my narrators were men of flesh and blood, and men of warm hearts and friendly dispositions into the bargain; and I should feel that I was making an ungrateful return for the pleasure they afforded me, if I bestowed upon them nicknames constructed from my observations on their peculiarities either mental or corporeal. Considering all these reasons, therefore, in connexion with my aversion to blanks and bare initials, I shall designate the relator of the following story as Mr. Wilton, and to his narrative I shall affix the title of—Bernard Hyde.
I was born at a small sea-port on the coast of one of the northern counties, where my father, who was master of a trading vessel, usually resided when on shore. He was a careful and prudent man (for a sailor), and had saved a little money, which, together with the portion he had received with my mother, he had invested in houses; for about that time the mania of machinery and large farms was beginning to shew itself, and the middling and lower classes, being driven off the land, were obliged to seek an existence in towns, so that houses in sea-ports, where employment might possibly be obtained, began to multiply and increase in value accordingly. This I take to be the true reason for the extraordinary augmentation of many of our towns,
which has been so frequently commented upon but so seldom explained.

My father was a sober and domestic character, and one of those happy and worthy beings who, by placidity of temper, regularity of habits, and moderate ambition, reach that fortunate medium which Defoe so strongly and so wisely recommends. Our house was the abode of order, and comfortable arrangement, and good humour, because my parents considered their methodical habits as the means and not the end of happiness, so that they knew how to lay them aside when causes of superior interest demanded the alteration. If there was any person or thing that broke through the uniformity of their customs it was myself and my toys. I was in some degree a spoiled child, yet the indulgence I experienced consisted rather in being treated and instructed to behave like one above my years, than in being allowed to follow the bent of my own inclinations, or to sink into childish follies or extravagancies, which, although trivial in themselves, generally commence that career which terminates in the destruction of the man.

From my infancy I was the companion of my parents, and I assisted alike at all their councils and all their tranquil amusements; and, in consequence both of a strong memory and of my attention being as individually bestowed upon them as theirs was upon me, I could, were it necessary,
relate every event which rippled the calm current of their lives and fortunes. The first, and one of the very few events of my life which I shall intrude upon your notice (for I am not going to detail my own history), was my being sent to school to one of those accommodating elderly matrons who are to be found everywhere, and especially in country towns, who teach children their letters, and sell them alphabets in gingerbread, a method of acquiring learning peculiarly to their taste; but this event did not in any way divide me from my family. My father, when in port, was out all day upon business, and at night, when he came home, I never failed to be introduced with a clean face and a clean pincloth to the tea-table, and I was always allowed to remain in the parlour till it was time for me to go to bed.

"My dear," said my mother, on one of these evenings when my father returned from the quay, where he had been superintending the lading of his vessel, "my dear, here has been a gentleman to look at the empty house."

"Has there?" answered my father, "and what does he say to it?"

"He thinks it will suit him," replied my mother; "and he will be here at eight o'clock, to talk with you about it."

"Who is he?" inquired my father; "a townsman or a stranger?"
"A stranger from London," said my mother.

"He says he is appointed to the place of ——, (naming a government appointment in the town, vacant since the death of the last possessor, who had been a friend of my father's) and that he would have taken the house off the widow's hands, as it is now too large for her, poor thing, when she has nothing but her pension to support her; but that it is much too small for his family."

"Well," said my father, "that looks good-natured and considerate, however," and so forth, for I need not repeat the conversation that naturally ensued on such an occasion.

About half an hour after the time my mother had mentioned, a gentleman knocked at our door; and sent in his name and business, as Mr. Hyde, come to speak about a house, and Mr. Hyde, of course, was instantly admitted. He was a person rather above the middle height, and of rather more than the medium circumference; of a clear and healthy complexion, though his face was somewhat marked by the small pox, with a hazel eye, white teeth, and an expression of careless, listless good nature on his features, apparently arising more from constitutional incapacity to feel an injury or an insult than from any other cause.

His dress was that of a gentleman, though it seemed to partake of the insipid character of his countenance. It consisted of a snuff-coloured coat
and grey breeches, white cotton stockings, and shoes most solemnly blackened, for there was very little polish upon them, and clasped with mighty buckles of steel, the breadth of whose frames was somewhat relieved by their surfaces being diversified or cut into facets. In describing this figure, I must not forget to tell you that the apex of his head was crowned with a flaxen wig, and that he held in one hand a thickish cane of ground rattan, and in the other a portentous beaver, partaking a little of the shape of those worn by the dignified clergy; but which still became very well a man holding an official situation, and past the age when dress engages most especially the attention. In his manners there appeared a great portion of indolence, and something of the solemnity of a coxcomb willing to hide a shallow understanding, leavened with a large share of the self-importance of a man who had risen much above his expectations, and infinitely above his merits. Yet, on the whole, he seemed one of those persons with whom, as the world goes—above all in Yorkshire—we feel inclined to treat, because we do not imagine them to possess activity enough to overreach us, or, as our enemies would say, because we think them so simple that we may overreach them.

Such was Mr. Hyde, who, after the usual preliminaries, entered upon the business that had brought him to our house, in a manner that jus-
ified the character I have given of him: that is, he read a number of queries, all very proper to be answered, from a sheet of paper on which he wrote the replies in pencil; yet, notwithstanding the expedition that this mode seemed to indicate, he took nearly two hours to make a very few inquiries, interweaving the whole with a variety of questions, anecdotes, jests, and puns, very foreign to the purpose, and rather badly chosen in a perfect stranger. My father, finding him stay so long, asked him to eat a morsel with us, to which he willingly consented, and, after supper, he paid his devotions with great gravity to my mother's case bottle of brandy, nor did he retire till late at night, after having hired the house, and paid the first quarter's rent in advance, out of a purse well filled with guineas—coins which were then beginning to disappear from circulation.

"Pray, my dear," said my mother to my father, as soon as our visiter was gone, "what does Mr. Hyde mean by a philosophical eye? He says that to a philosophical eye our town is as good as any other, and that he likes it equally well."

"He means the eye of a philosopher, which, of course, must be set in the head of a philosopher," said my father, who was not very deeply read in such matters, and glad to get off with a short and pithy reply.

"Oh! then he meant to say that he was a phi-
Ipsopher/' cried my mother, as if she had unriddled a profound mystery. "And then, my dear, he talked about a philosophical taste, and he seemed, from his conversation, to be a good judge of brandy, which, I presume, must be a philosophical taste too. Mr. Auldboron, the cunning man, that the girls used to go to to learn their fortunes when I was a young woman, called himself a philosopher, and a philo—philo—martha, to boot. He was very fond of brandy, by this token, that you might often see him reeling half tipsy about the streets, surrounded by a parcel of loose women he had been treating; but perhaps he was a greater philosopher than Mr. Hyde."

"Why, my dear," answered my father, utterly unable to decide upon the relative merits of the two candidates for philosophical pre-eminence—"why, my dear, you know that our mathematical society complimented Mr. Segment as a philosopher, for having covered fifty sheets of foolscap with the solution of a question proposed by that society for its annual prize—namely: how long would an earth-worm be boring its way to the antipodes, supposing he could bore through garden mould at the rate of 6,160 inches per day, through blue clay at the rate of 3,197 inches per day, through chalk at the rate of 13,679 inches per diem, through coal at the rate of—and so on, for I forget the exact sums and supposing the earth to be composed of
concentric circles of vegetable mould, blue clay, chalk, coal, &c. &c. the proportions of which are presumed in the question, and supposing further that, when he had got 5,000 miles on his journey, he was to meet a volcano, which obliged him to strike off at an angle of 52 degrees, through granite for the distance of two hundred miles three furlongs—I forget how many poles, rods, yards, feet, inches, and barleycorns—through gneiss for—let me see——"

My father had been well instructed in navigation, and fancied himself a profound mathematician—my mother was no mathematician, but she loved to have her inquiries answered as well as if she were one. Accordingly, without suffering my father to change the conversation, as he seemed inclined, she said, "Yes, my dear, but Mr. Segment likes a drop of brandy as well as Mr. Hyde or Mr. Auldboron either. I am sure that night he slept here, when he and you sat up so late to dissolve some difficult proposition or other, that he could not go home, he must have been taken ill after he went to bed, if one may judge—but hark, my dear, there is twelve chiming from St. Mary's steeple—we had better go to bed ourselves;" and to bed they accordingly went, adjourning this philosophical debate till they could find better data on which to argue.

In the course of the following day, Mr. Hyde
again called upon us. He came to ask my mother's advice concerning furnishing the house he had taken, and her recommendation to honest and respectable tradesmen; and my mother, who was a kind-hearted and domestic woman, lent him her aid most willingly, "because," as she observed to my father, "it would be a shocking thing for Mrs. Hyde and all the six little Hydes to come from London to a strange place, and into a house the furniture and comforts of which depended upon the activity of the philosophic Mr. Hyde. She was sure they would neither find a chair to sit upon nor a bed to lie upon." So, between a desire to ensure the comforts of the lady and her six children, and a wish to prove her own promptitude and good taste, and perhaps a little ambition to exhibit her consequence in the eyes of her neighbours, she entirely took the labour of choosing chairs and tables, not to mention beds and kitchen furniture, off the hands of the philosopher.

At length came the great and long expected day, when Mrs. Hyde was to arrive, and take possession of the house on which my mother had bestowed so much attention, and accordingly she alighted from the stage at her own door, together with her six children and a nursery-maid. My mother had, by Mr. Hyde's direction, previously engaged a cook and housemaid; the kettle was boiling, and the tea-table set out; and my mother
in readiness to welcome her. Mrs. Hyde was delighted with all this attention, and wonderfully profuse in her expressions of gratitude, and in the space of a very few minutes Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Wilton became as dear friends as if they had—or rather as if they had not—known each other for seven years, for very few female friendships have strength enough to last out such an interminable period. Of course Mrs. Hyde was very much fatigued, and Miss Hyde, who was about fifteen, was very much exhausted, while the other misses and masters, and the nursery-maid, were all very tired or sleepy in consequence of their long journey—nevertheless, my mother could not help observing, that Mrs. Hyde was a woman of low manners, and that Miss Hyde's hands were not altogether so white and delicate as became the hands of a young lady, who declared herself exhausted by travelling from London in a stage coach. My mother likewise fancied she saw that the family had lately emerged from circumstances very different from those in which they now appeared. Mrs. Hyde and her eldest daughter could not conceal the pleasure they felt, in seeing themselves possessed of a large and well furnished house, and the younger children made some of those unlucky observations which children will make when they ought to be silent, as if they had reserved all their powers of memory and observation, till the only occasion
when they should not display them. Still, there was nothing in all this—middle-aged ladies might not have exactly the most polished manners—misses of fifteen might be a little troubled with affectation—and the infant family of a clerk might have been accustomed to some privations; and yet they might all be very worthy and amiable characters. But there was one circumstance that my mother, although determined to make every allowance in favour of her new friend, could not exactly sanction. This was the conduct pursued towards one of the children, a sturdy urchin, towards whom she felt a particular good-will, because he was about my age, and because she fancied he in some degree resembled me. This child, Mrs. Hyde had dragged carelessly out of the coach and thrust down upon a sofa as soon as she entered the house, ordering it to sit there quietly, while she and my mother, together with all the other children, went to examine their new habitation; and, by way of imprinting this command on its memory, Mrs. Hyde had further accommodated it with a smart slap on the face, the pain of which infliction she probably calculated would last till she returned, and keep the cause why it had been administered fresh in the mind of the patient; as some forgetful persons—myself for instance—tie rings of thread tightly round their fingers, in order that they may recollect something which would
elude their memory, but for the pain occasioned by the ligature. Apparently, the boy had not understood the full extent of his mother's commands, or the slap had been bestowed in vain; for, when the party returned, he had left the sofa and had crept to the window—no very great act of disobedience in the opinion of my mother, but Mrs. Hyde thought differently. "Bernard, you little villain, you!" cried she, "didn't I order you to sit still?—Take him to bed, Mary; he shan't have no tea to-night—away with him! He shan't eat no more till he learns how to do as I bids him."

The unlucky culprit, as you may well suppose, murmured a little against this starving regimen for acquiring the virtue of obedience, but his mother enforced her precept by another blow, and he was following the nursery-maid upon compulsion, when my mother interposed in his behalf, and Mrs. Hyde, after listening for some time to her representations of the danger and impropriety of sending children supperless to bed, allowed him to return, though she declared she did so more out of deference to my mother's wishes than from compassion to the child. This unfortunate brat had to undergo several more indignities during the short time he was allowed to remain, and, indeed, it is probable he would still have gone without food, if my mother had not taken upon herself the task of helping him.
“Pray, Ma’am,” cried Mrs. Hyde, “is there any school for children nigh here, where I can send that obstinate little Bernard? Would you believe me, Ma’am, I have endeavoured to teach him his letters, but I never could make him learn no how—he is quite incorrigible!”

My mother, of course, recommended Mrs. Greatay, the female professor of literature, whose lectures I was then attending, and little Bernard, who had ensconced himself by her side, murmured something in approbation of going any where out of his mother’s way.

“An ungrateful wretch!” cried Mrs. Hyde; “after all the pains I have been at with him—flogging him, Mrs. Wilton, till I was actually ready to sink. He is now eager to get away from me. Take him to bed, Mary, he shan’t stay here no longer.”

“There lives within the very flame of love
A sort of wick or snuff that doth abate it,”

and this boy, Bernard, was the wick or snuff that was to abate the flame of friendship that for at least ten minutes had burnt so brightly between Mesdames Hyde and Wilton. This said flame, however, although it began to waver a little, still seemed as brilliant as at first; for my mother, though a witness to the ill-treatment bestowed on the child, could not believe it was occasioned by
hard heartedness or malice prepense; nay, such was the simplicity of the good woman, that, during the ardour of her early friendship for Mrs. Hyde, she even persuaded herself that the blows she lavished on her son were proofs of her affection for him—as she knew that many persons of an irritable disposition are in the habit of venting their ill-humours on some particular object, which is generally a favourite with them in their calmer moods, and she fancied that Bernard held this enviable office in the household of Mrs. Hyde.

"You know, my dear," observed she, when endeavouring to convince herself of the truth of this opinion, by proving it to my father—"you know, my dear, there is Mr. Wrathsley, who is as fond of his wife as man can be of woman, and yet, if any thing goes wrong in his business, he comes home and scolds her, though she could have nothing to do with it—but then, you see, as soon as his passion is over, what presents he makes her! And so there is Captain Scoursey—why how angry I have known him with his wife, when he has received unpleasant news from the Admiralty; yet, perhaps, he only disliked the orders that put him into such furies because they obliged him to leave the very wife he was scolding!"

"Yes," replied my father, "but then you allow that these persons are vexed on some particular account, and that, when they have given vent to their anger,
they are anxious to make amends to the person who, according to your theory, serves as a conductor to carry off the passion with which they are charged; but Mrs. Hyde seems to have had no unusual cause for anger, and to have treated her child with perpetual cruelty. I cannot say I see any excuse for her conduct as you represent it. But what said Mr. Hyde to all this?"

"Why—he said nothing," answered my mother; "and in fact he did not seem to see that the child was worse treated than the others. Indeed, between ourselves, my dear, I rather think Mrs. Hyde is mistress at home. But perhaps Mr. Hyde is above thinking of such matters, for he said to night, that parents and children, philosophically considered, have no relation to each other."

It is not my intention to inflict upon you a journal of the acts and deeds of Mrs. Hyde, or to detail the philosophical opinions of her husband, and the notes and commentaries of my mother thereupon. My narrative of the life of Bernard Hyde is now about to commence, and my mother, my father, and myself, will appear but very subordinate actors in the story.

A day or two after the arrival of our new tenants, Bernard Hyde was sent, as his mother had threatened, to the school, or assembly of children so called, conducted by Mrs. Greatay, and certainly a more dispirited and terrified infant never appeared
even in that realm of pure and unmixed tyranny. He bore every mark of having been despised and neglected from his infancy, and was, indeed, the very personification of the idea imagined by some of the speculators of the seventeenth century, of what a human being would be, supposing it had been placed just after its birth in a desert island, and had grown to be a child without the aid or attention of nurse or mother. He was as wild and fearful as a bird which had been, from the earliest period of its remembrance, accustomed to be driven and chased by every mischievous and ill-disposed idler, and, like it, he was utterly incapable of judging between those who looked upon him with pleasure and those who merely considered him as an object to torment and destroy; and as that bird, when caught, would seek to break away with equal terror from the hand that brought it food, and from that stretched out to kill it, so Bernard was alike uninfluenced both by kindness and illnature. He was terrified at his mistress, because she resembled his mother, who never spoke but to chide him, and who never lifted her hand but to chastise him, and he dreaded his schoolfellows, because his brothers and sisters, children of the same age, were perpetually in the habit of exercising every act of petty tyranny over him. By degrees, the sympathy that always exists among infants reduced or obliterated these terrors, and he became in some measure like the
rest of us in manner, though there always remained a certain terror upon his imagination, which nothing could destroy. There was, indeed, one circumstance that served perpetually to call to his remembrance the difference between his condition and the better fortune of the other children. The poorest of them (and you may suppose that Mrs. Greatay's gymnasium was not very exclusive, as it admitted all who could pay the small sum of three-pence per week) were cleanly and neatly dressed, if their clothes were of the coarsest texture and of the clumsiest fashion; but poor Bernard was sent, or rather driven, to school with unwashed face and uncombed hair, and with clothes not only in rags but so tattered and begrimed with filth that he looked very much like a miniature copy of Edgar in his Persian attire.

Children have more feeling and discrimination than is usually attributed to them by superficial observers; and Bernard, though still a child, felt his degradation very bitterly, especially when taunted with his wretchedness by the other pupils; yet the only happy hours he passed were those he spent at school. At home he was the object of his mother's undivided hatred, and of the scorn and insult of his brothers and sisters, who copied her example. No means that could be found to injure or ill-treat him were left unpractised; all his little wishes were crossed, his amusements forbidden, his
meals scanted, and the very servants soon found that the only method by which they could retain their places, and acquire the favour of their mistress, was to ill-treat him, and to indulge his brothers; and I need not tell you, that they did not fail to employ a method at once so agreeable to their dispositions and so easy of performance. In truth, and I would not say so if I did not believe it to be the truth, every artifice, short of actual assassination, was resorted to to destroy poor Bernard.

"You, gentlemen," continued Mr. Wilton, addressing William and me, "who have been brought up by affectionate parents, and among friendly relations, may doubt that a mother could entertain such deadly hatred against a harmless child, who could not possibly have offended her; but, if you had had time to look far into the world, you might have seen instances which, if not quite so glaring as that I am detailing, would at least have served to convince you that such a case might have existed. I have known two others in some degree similar—that is, in which mothers took an unfounded dislike to their offspring, and omitted no opportunity of displaying their hatred. Perhaps you may feel astonished that the father of my young friend could suffer his child to be the subject of such infernal usage; but he was a weak-minded and cowardly wretch, who dared not resist
the most trifling wish expressed by his wife, much less oppose her where she openly declared or exhibited her determination—a fool who attempted to disguise his want of principle or resolution under the threadbare cloak of philosophical apathy; and who, if he could but conceal his spiritless compliance with her humours behind some paltry jest, scarcely equal to those that are dragged into the service of an electioneering candidate, plumed himself as much upon it as if he had been at least a second Diogenes. He was, in fact, the most contemptible poltroon that ever parodied a philosopher—perpetually prating about abstract virtue and rectitude, and yet affecting to be blind to the most flagrant breach of justice, because he dared not allow that he saw it;—constantly prosing about moderation, yet always muddled with liquor—denying the existence of a Deity, and yet more superstitious than a country serving wench. But, notwithstanding his philosophy, and his jests, and his pretended equanimity, it was evident that his mind was depressed by some overwhelming feeling, and some species of terror that perpetually preyed upon it. He seemed constantly uneasy and fearful of evil, though of what kind no one could imagine, and innumerable were the causes assigned for his uneasiness by the inquisitive of Spraybeach. There was, indeed, something mysterious about both Hyde and his wife, that encouraged suspicion.
They had come from London, they said, yet they appeared to have no friends or correspondents there, nor, indeed, any where else, for they never mentioned the name of any person with whom they had been acquainted. The situation which Hyde had obtained was one of considerable rank and importance, and one to which it was not likely an unknown or ignorant man would be appointed; yet, from his want of knowledge of the ordinary duties of his office, it was evident that he had not risen to it by seniority or merit, and, in fact, that he had never served the crown in that department before. Yet he was not ignorant of business in general, and he seemed to possess, in particular, more knowledge on some branches of the law than is usually acquired by persons who do not study them professionally. His manners and habits, too, although somewhat superficial, were those of a man who had been brought up to business, and who had moved, if not in refined at least in respectable society; and if his silence as to his former connexions excited wonder, no person imagined that he concealed them lest they should disgrace him.

My father, a man of excellent sense, to whom my mother regularly reported all the conjectures of her female friends on this subject, accounted for the uneasiness which it was evident Hyde endured, by supposing that he had gained by dint
of interest a situation which he felt incapable of filling; and that fear lest his want of knowledge and capacity should be discovered, and that he should lose his place in consequence, rendered him perpetually unhappy. But when Hyde had been in office a year or two, he was completely master of his duties in all their detail; of course he could no longer feel alarmed lest he should appear ignorant, and still his uneasiness rather increased than diminished. Then, again, my father supposed that he might be deeply in debt in some other part of England, and that the fear of being discovered by his creditors was always before his eyes; and this solution of the mystery afforded a good or at least an unanswerable reason why he did not say from whence he came. This idea of my father's became the general opinion of the optimates of our port, while the interest excited by Mr. Hyde and his family subsisted, a term of no very great duration; for when the first ardour of curiosity excited by novelty had gone off, they became as it were amalgamated with the other inhabitants, and that attention which had at first been fixed upon them became diverted to other and newer sources of inquiry. Yet, at distant intervals, curiosity would revive, and people would again wonder who Mr. Hyde could be, and why he kept all his friends and connexions so profoundly secret; but curiosity without a few facts
or surmises, well or ill founded, to combine and illustrate, is a short-lived passion, and soon expires for want of materials on which to exert itself. Nothing, indeed, so soon damps the ardour of inquiry as absolute silence; novelty and discovery are the food on which it exists, and the reward and object of all its labours, and if these cannot be obtained, it dies (if I may use such an expression) of utter starvation.

The friendship between my mother and Mrs. Hyde, which had flamed out so brilliantly at first, like certain material fires that blaze fiercely when first kindled, soon burnt itself down to very lukewarm and lifeless embers. My mother, like a tender-hearted matron, had undertaken the defence of little Bernard, and while Mrs. Hyde felt the want of her introduction and assistance, she seemed to pay some regard to her representations; but as soon as she had become acquainted with Colonel A—'s lady, and Commodore B—'s lady, and Captain C—'s lady—why then Mrs. Hyde declared, that she thought my mother, if she had nothing else to do, would be better employed in attending to the comforts of my father's cabin boys, than in meddling with the regulations of her family—and this observation being repeated to my mother by some common friend, of course with all proper additions and improvements, naturally gave rise to a coolness on her part, which Mrs. Hyde
was not sorry to observe, as it in some degree freed her from a censor at whose remarks she could not but feel displeased, because she knew the justice of them. For the honour of my mother, however, I must tell you, that she absolutely refused to take an affront from Mrs. Hyde. She knew that while she continued to visit at her house she still afforded some protection to the unhappy Bernard, and that, although her influence had ceased, and his mother would no longer diminish her ill usage of him through regard to her, she still dared not exert her malevolence to the utmost, lest she should publish it too loudly; and, in order to befriend this poor boy, she brooked most resolutely the cold looks and the civil insults she experienced from his parents, for Hyde himself was so much under the control of his wife, that he always made her behaviour the model of his conduct.

I need not tell you that in all these miscellaneous observations I have not paid much regard to the chronology of my tale, and that they were not all collected during the time I remained at Mrs. Greatay's academy. I was removed from thence to the school of Mr. Segment, of whose talents for the mathematics and drinking brandy I have already made honourable mention, and there I found the elder brothers of my friend Bernard, by whom also I was quickly followed to this amphitheatre of promiscuous learning: Our master be-
lieved himself, and expected every body else to believe him, deeply read in the mysteries of geometry and algebra, and I do actually think he understood and could teach Moore's navigation as well as any person within the circumference of half a quarter of a mile round his dwelling. His remaining qualifications were like those of many other mathematicians I have known; he was a selfish, sensual brute, grossly ignorant of every thing that could not be reduced to measure and tale, yet convinced that he alone was capable of forming a just opinion of any subject, however difficult.

One description of knowledge, indeed, I must allow, he possessed in an eminent degree. He always knew whose table best pleased his luxurious or rather gluttonous palate; and there was no meanness, however disgraceful, of which he would not be guilty in order to ingratiate himself with any person whose larder was copiously supplied. Mrs. Hyde, who possessed a wonderful talent for bending and combining the inclinations of every one towards the persecution of her son, quickly availed herself of his greedy propensity. Our master became a favourite guest at her house, and he repaid the obligation by punishing little Bernard, for he soon discovered that the most certain way to secure the continuance of the mother's invitations was to torment the son. Bernard, in fact, became the whipping boy of the school. He was
beaten for his own faults, and beaten for those of others— that is, when Segment did condescend to assign any reason for his inhumanity—but generally he was beaten for no reason at all, and I always observed that, whenever Mr. Segment administered his castigation with peculiar severity, he was invited to dine with Mrs. Hyde on the following Sunday.

Notwithstanding all this barbarous usage, Bernard not only lived but throve apace, and at ten years of age he was one of the stoutest and not one of the most ignorant boys in the school. At the same time he was one of the most ragged and neglected wretches I ever beheld, and the alternate object of pity and derision to his fellow pupils. Raggedness and chastisement, however, were not the only mortifications he had to endure. He never was allowed to sit at table with his brothers and sisters, nor even with the servants. He was obliged to wait for his meals till every other individual in the house was satisfied, and frequently even the scraps were denied him; so that had it not been for the kindness of my mother, and some few other tender-hearted persons, he would frequently have passed days without food, and perhaps have died of sheer want of aliment; and, indeed, he at length became so sensible of the difference between his own home and the houses of those who befriended him, that he absented himself from his parents for days together. For
this he was again certain to be beaten, but he looked upon beating and ill-treatment as so entwined with his existence, that he seemed to regard them as inflictions he could no more avoid than he could cold or hunger.

A case of parental cruelty so marked and open, of course did not escape the attention of the benevolent, or the observation of the dealers in scandal, of Spraybeach. But both benevolence and scandal are but negative qualities, when they are opposed by a firm or obstinate resistance. Some good-natured persons, indeed, undertook to talk to Mrs. Hyde on her extraordinary behaviour to her son; but when they found that their admonitions took no effect, and that if they were absolutely determined to see the boy righted, they must actually take some trouble, and perhaps go to some expense about him, they withdrew, talking largely of retributive justice, and the torments of an evil conscience, and politely intimating that they foresaw Mrs. Hyde was lost for all eternity; yet qualifying their own want of resolution or perseverance, by saying that they did not like to interfere between a mother and her son, otherwise than by giving a word of advice, and by adding that, perhaps, after all, the boy might have many vices which only a mother could discover. "Mrs. Hyde said he was incorrigible, and perhaps he might be one of those incorrigible children whom
nothing but severity could reclaim." Some few, indeed, carried their complaints to the father of my luckless friend, but he too had his reasons for not interfering in defence of his child. In truth, he dared not oppose the fury of his wife, but he concealed his pusillanimity under pretended ignorance that he was required to interpose his authority. "He did not know that Bernard was worse treated than his brothers," he said. "Mrs. Hyde was the best judge of the method of managing her children. He was too much occupied all day with the duties of his office, to pay very close attention to his household affairs. Mrs. Hyde was rather hasty in her temper, and perhaps did *hide* the children a little too often, but it was all meant for their good, ha! ha! ha!" and with this witty reply he usually bade farewell to these troublesome applicants, who, of course, went away fancying that they had done all that could be expected of them, and that they deserved to be applauded to the skies, for their christian charity towards a helpless youth, whether their endeavours to serve him had been successful or unavailing.

As for the gossips, but little was to be expected from them. They contented themselves with casting up their eyes, speaking in a whining tone, and exhibiting all the symptoms of a fit of sensibility, when they were talking to each other of Mrs. Hyde's "unparalleled barbarity;" but they
neither refused to sip Mrs. Hyde's tea, nor to win her money at cards, and were, in fact, her exceeding good friends whenever they met her, and though it is probable that each, in turn, might tell her that some absent friend had spoken illiberally of her, none, as far as I could learn, thought proper to accuse her of misconduct to her face, unless, indeed, it was when they had been unsuccessful in playing with her—and then she always attributed what they said to the malevolence of losers.

But, notwithstanding the failure of these attempts of the charitable and the uncharitable—for, certes, no one will suspect a scandal bearer of love towards her neighbour—that Providence which watches with such peculiar circumspection over the welfare of children raised up an ally to my young friend, who, supplying by boldness what he wanted in respectability, managed for a time to overawe the violence of his mother, and perhaps to quicken the apathy of his father, and at any rate to enliven the last two years he spent at school.

There dwelt in our town a smuggler named Tubbs, a resolute and daring fellow, who carried on his lawless commerce with a degree of effrontery that astonished all who witnessed it, and what caused more astonishment than any thing else, was, that, although the streets swarmed with persons employed to put down smugglers, no one thought of "putting down" Mr. Tubbs. The occasion of
this singular omission of duty, of course, I cannot tell. Tubbs was, indeed, a desperate and determined man, but it is not to be supposed that officers who could call in the whole police of the town, or even the military in the garrison, need be frightened by one man, however fierce and bloody-minded. I have already told you, that Hyde was a spirit-drinker, now Tubbs sold better spirits than any person in Spraybeach, and, what was equally to the purpose, he sold his superexcellent liquor at a lower price than the ordinary shopkeepers demanded for their villainous compounds, which they dignified by the mighty name of brandy; and the consequence of all this was, that Mr. Hyde, not having the fear of the Exchequer before his eyes, bought brandy of Mr. Tubbs, while Mrs. Hyde, knowing or caring still less than her husband about that awful tribunal, dealt largely with him for French kid gloves, French laces, and five hundred other things, which she deemed as absolutely requisite for the adornment of her outward woman as he did spirituous liquors for the delectation of his inward man. But while they were congratulating themselves on eluding the duties on these things, and fancying that they conducted their negociations with the smuggler so secretly as to render discovery impossible, they forgot that they were putting themselves in the power of a low and desperate man, who might at any time bring them to destruction by informing
against them; for if encouraging illicit traffic is punished severely in ordinary individuals, it was probable that the utmost vengeance of the law would be let loose upon Hyde, who, as a servant of the government, ought to suppress rather than support it. It is true, it was improbable that Tubbs would destroy his own business, by betraying his customers, and, indeed, he did not so; but he acted in such a way as to let them know he had them in his power, and in a short time it was evident that both the philosophic husband and the imperious wife were completely under the control of a lawless smuggler. Tubbs, however, used his influence with great moderation, or rather, like sundry other influential persons, who have risen to power by successful intrigue during political convulsions, he made use of his authority to compose and allay the contending passions of those he controlled. He became the protector of my friend Bernard, and if his representations could not induce Mrs. Hyde to treat him with the affection of a parent, they at least obliged her to behave to him with something less than the malignity of a fiend.

The necessities of a boy are few; in fact, they may be reduced to food and clothing, and these were quickly furnished to Bernard, through the exertions of his extraordinary protector. Tubbs had, indeed, his own method of causing his wishes to be complied with. If he fancied Bernard wanted clothes,
he went to a tailor, ordered a suit, and desired him to send the bill in to Mr. Hyde, and if he found that Bernard was deprived of necessary food, he went to his father's pantry and helped him; and such was the terror felt by both the parents, lest he should betray that they purchased contraband goods of him, which might have involved not only the ordinary fine but also the loss of the office by which they were supported, that neither dared oppose this singular interference with their authority.

Poor Segment, too, notwithstanding all his long acquaintance with canes and ferulas, and his long habits of despotic command, was cowed in an instant by the sight of Tubbs's cudgel, and by a hint, conveyed in a very peremptory style, that, unless he exercised his flogging inclinations with more moderation, he might perhaps be called upon to shew whether he could bear as well as inflict a beating. In fact, Tubbs undertook the instruction as well as the guardianship of my young friend. At some period of his life he had been a sailor, and he had collected, from the stalls of Chatham and Portsmouth, a choice assembly of lives of desperate buccaneers, renowned admirals, victorious generals, terrible highwaymen, and other worthies, who had acquired celebrity from feats of valour by sea and land, together with sundry relations of disastrous shipwrecks, horrible murders, and terrible appa-
ritions. All these literary treasures he communicated to Bernard, observing, that they were much more amusing than school-books, and my friend, who probably entertained the same opinion, spent much more time in perusing them than he did in the study of Simpson's Euclid, although our master was wont to declare that it would be a benefit to the community, if all other works, except this identical edition of the old geometer, were torn up for thread-papers. He had, indeed, a most thorough hatred for all works of imagination, while Bernard, as if in contempt of his maxims, took delight in nothing else; and, as he no longer was in terror of the rod or the ferula, he began to identify himself with the adventurers whose lives he perused, and to fancy himself quite a hero. So ardent did his thirst for this species of knowledge become, that, when he had exhausted the stock of his friend, he even had the audacity to read the novels his sister was wont to procure from the circulating library, to the utter horror of his mother, who declared that he was neglecting his education for trash, though, as if to shew how little she cared for his advancement in useful knowledge, she took no pains to direct his studies in a proper course; and thus, as Bernard felt no inclination to attend the lessons of Mr. Segment, she suffered him to pass weeks or months together in rambling on the shore, or climbing the rocks in
the vicinity of the town, nor did he ever visit his school unless compelled to do so by his self-constituted director.

These were indeed halcyon days for my young friend; but, as all days of happiness pass away and leave no trace behind them, it is not to be expected that I should have any thing memorable to relate of the felicity of a schoolboy. I shall, therefore, pass over two years of his life, at the end of which time Tubbs went away, and another smuggler arose in his place, who knew not Bernard; and, indeed, both Mr. Hyde and his wife had been too much terrified at the late regulator of their family to be desirous of cultivating any acquaintance with his successor. Both Tubbs and the happiness of Bernard departed together. He was again starved and dressed in his brothers' left-off apparel, and Mr. Diophantes Segment again flourished his cane over his unprotected back; and, in fact, it seemed as if all his tormentors were determined to let loose upon him at once all the hatred and malice they had been obliged to hoard up within their own bosoms for so many months. But Bernard was no longer the submissive and helpless being he had been before. He had learnt, in that interval, that starvation and flogging formed no inevitable part of human existence, and were not necessary evils from which it was impossible to escape, and he resisted accordingly. He helped
himself to food when he perceived that his mother would not help him, and he wrested Mr. Segment's cane out of his hands—now sadly debilitated by sensual indulgence—and though he was quelled by the interference of some of the other pupils, yet his master had brain enough left to see, that a few more such victories would be his utter ruin, as they would shew his scholars that by himself he was no longer able to preserve order in his own dominions—for a school, like other despotic governments, is solely kept together by the imagined superiority of the tyrant. In fine, as Mrs. Hyde found she could not govern her son, either by her own powers or those of her trusty delegate and subdevil, Segment, she resolved to get rid of him, and in pursuance of this resolve, she sent him up to London, where she bound him apprentice in the city, to a laborious handicraft—for the only object of this unhappy woman seems to have been to degrade her son to the lowest extremity of wretchedness, and this inclination appeared most extraordinary when compared with her behaviour towards her other children, whom she had indulged to excess in their infancy, and for whose establishment in the world she was exerting herself to the utmost.

In London, Bernard might have been as happy as hard work, low society, and the want of decent clothes and pocket-money, would allow, but even thither the hostility of his mother pursued him.
She discovered that he was somewhat a favourite with the foreman of the manufactory, and, accordingly, she framed a letter to his master, wherein, after an affected display of maternal feeling, accompanied with infinite lamentation that her son's bad qualities had obliged her to send him to learn a trade in a town where she could not have an opportunity of seeing him, she requested that no indulgence might be shown him, and that he might be watched with the most ceaseless vigilance, because he was truly incorrigible.

Bernard's master was a man who had made a fortune by a strict attention to little things, but he had not a single extended or liberal idea. He was, however, fond of his own children, and as he knew that nothing except most glaring misconduct on their parts would induce him to expose them to the rigour of strangers, so he concluded that a woman so full of motherly affection as Mrs. Hyde evidently must be, would never have cautioned him against her son unless he had been guilty of some extraordinary crime. "Yet what crime could a boy of fourteen have committed?—he had heard of children who were born, as it appeared, thieves—no doubt Bernard was of a similar disposition, and had been sent away from his native town that he might not disgrace his family!"—Such were the reflections of Bernard's master, whose conceptions were so wrought up with money that his thoughts
seemed bent upon only two subjects—the means by which it was to be obtained, and the accidents by which it might be lost.—Now it appeared to him a very palpable conclusion, that if Bernard was the 'incorrigible' thief he imagined, he would certainly plunder him; and, without stopping to inquire whether his suspicions were correct, he began to take his measures accordingly; that is, he charged his foreman and most confidential workmen in the manufactory to keep their eyes constantly on the incorrigible apprentice, and, besides, he contrived to employ him as little within doors as possible, making use of him to go on errands, and to attend to his horse, instead of suffering him to acquire his business. This extraordinary conduct on the part of the master, of course produced a corresponding change in the behaviour of those to whom he had communicated his suspicion. They imagined he spoke from better authority than his own unfounded comments on Mrs. Hyde's epistle, and they began to avoid and to neglect Bernard as sedulously as they before had favoured him; and the cause of this alteration soon becoming known, he was universally insulted and scouted by all the other journeymen and apprentices. In fact, miserable as he had been at home, he now perceived that there were miseries in the world still greater than those he had endured; for, among the rude and uncultivated workmen in a factory,
he could meet, now his credit was blasted, nothing but the most goading insolence, and as he had not a single acquaintance in London he could not enjoy the sympathy which his persecutions had raised him at the town in which he had been brought up. An unfortunate accident, which happened about this time, served to confirm his master in his prejudices, and to give some colour to the brutality of his companions. His love of reading still continued as strong as before, and one day, discovering a novel in some room to which he had access, he removed it to his bed-chamber, intending to read it at night, and replace it on the following morning. The whole of the family were at that time at Margate, and not expected back for a week, but the unhappy fate of my luckless friend brought his master back the very day on which he had removed the book. Its absence was immediately discovered, for, indeed, it had been left out as a trap, and Bernard was immediately interrogated concerning it. He readily acknowledged where he had placed it, and what he had intended to do with it, but his assertions were disregarded, and considered only as the artful defence of an experienced thief, determined to assume the candour of innocence; the vilest intentions were imputed to him, and he was upbraided as if he had been guilty of crimes of the blackest dye.

By degrees, Bernard found himself an object
of terror and hatred to every one; watched without intermission, lest he should commit a crime towards which he had not the least inclination, and degraded and punished as if he had already been convicted. His spirit gave way under a series of injuries he could neither avoid nor repel. He ceased to think or feel for himself, and yielded to the torrent of contempt that set so strongly against him, and he sunk into one of those miserable neglected beings you may have observed about large manufactories, who appear to be the slaves of the journeymen, and whose squalid and worn out appearance indicates the privations they endure, and their near approach to that state in which privation will be felt no longer.

I saw poor Bernard about this time; for my father's vessel, on board which I had now made two or three voyages, went to London, a port we seldom had occasion to visit, to take in a cargo for Canada, and I took the opportunity to go to the manufactory, and request that Bernard, who was absent at the time, might be permitted to spend a day with me. The foreman stared when he heard my desire, as if he was astonished that one of my respectable appearance, (for I was dressed in my gayest apparel,) could have the least connexion or concern with their miserable apprentice, and when he did grant the permission I asked, it was in a surly, discontented manner, that sufficiently dis-
closed his feelings towards him. Bernard, who made his appearance during our conversation, at first refused to come, so forcibly was he struck with the contrast between himself and me; and I believe it was only the longing desire we have to repeat our sorrows to those we think will commiserate us, that at length induced him to alter his resolution, and when he did visit me his looks were so depressed, his dress so old and ragged, and his whole appearance so different from the careless gaiety of an apprentice on a holiday, that, young as I was, I could not but draw a comparison between the behaviour of our parents, very little to the credit of Mr. Hyde; and, as I had no other means of displaying my good will towards my friend, I gave him, with my father's permission, a suit of clothes which I had left off, because they were too small for me, and which he afterwards told me were the only habiliments he had to wear for the two following years; and, in the simplicity of my heart, I recollect advising him to run away from his master, and enter aboard our vessel—advice which, I believe, he would most willingly have followed, if my father would have consented to his doing so.

For nearly two years Bernard continued to lead the wretched life I have described, or rather he continued for that space to sink deeper into misery and degradation, if such a decline were possible; but, at length, an event occurred which was
destined to release him from his slavery, if not to elevate him to a higher situation in life. He was sent one day with a letter to a friend of his master's, who resided at a considerable distance to the west of the metropolis. The journey was long, and it was late when he arrived at his destination, and even then the person to whom the note was directed was not at home, and he had to wait till his return, for he had been charged not to come back without an answer. When he was enabled to depart, he anxiously inquired whether there was no nearer way than the road he had come, and was directed across some fields, with the assurance that, if he followed the path, he could not possibly lose himself. Perhaps he could not, if he took the right path, but unluckily he came to a place where the road divided, and, by some of those accidents that so frequently happen in similar cases, he took the wrong turning, and wandered without knowing that he was not in the way he desired to go. Evening was closing round when he set out on his journey, and night came on before he discovered his mistake. He then endeavoured to retrace his steps, but in so doing he did but involve himself still more deeply among fields, thickets, and cuts of water, and at length his progress was stopped by a high hedge, which seemed to surround a plantation, and he discovered that he was no longer following a beaten footpath. He attempted in vain
to form some opinion of his situation, or of the way he ought to pursue, to get into the road he had lost. The darkness of the night would not allow him to distinguish any distant object, and, indeed, had he been able to see, he would have been equally at a loss, as he was totally unacquainted with the face of the country. At length, he perceived or fancied he saw a light glimmering at a considerable distance, and he endeavoured to make his way towards it, but his advance was again impeded by a broad ditch, which of course he could not pass. He then attempted, by taking a long circuit, to get round this obstacle; yet, after clambering through several hedges, and wading knee deep in mud and stagnant water, he only found himself in the midst of a wood of firs, one of those plantations which had before arrested his progress.

Fatigued with excessive labour, and dejected by perpetual disappointment, he seated himself on a bank of gravel, at the foot of one of these trees. A smart shower which began to fall made him naturally willing to avail himself of its expanded branches, and he felt no stimulus to rise and employ further exertion in the anticipation of the reception that awaited him at home, where he knew he should meet nothing but insult and abuse, for having overstayed the time that had been prescribed for his journey. While meditating what course he should follow, or, rather, while
endeavouring to disentangle his ideas, bewildered by the difficulty of his situation, the distant sound of a clock arose upon his ear, and faintly told the hour of eleven. He trembled at the last stroke. It was then later than his worst fears had represented; he was many miles from home; and he had no means whatever of discovering his route, even if fatigue and exhausted energy would not have forbidden him to pursue it. At that moment a full sense of his miseries came upon him; he saw himself an outcast from society, one whom his whole species seemed combined to disown, and merely to endure among them because they dared not destroy him; and now chance or Providence had involved him in a difficulty from which he could not escape, and which would call down upon him still more harshly the malevolence of the only beings to whom he could look for shelter, if not for kindness; and all this was produced by the unnatural hatred of his mother, of the being who was bound by every tie to have been his best and most affectionate friend. He threw himself on the ground, and cursed with feelings approaching to delirium the hour of his birth, his parents, and all with whom he had been connected, and he rolled amid the dead leaves and decaying branches, which strewed the earth, till he was relieved by tears. He now arose to pursue his journey, but the violence of his passion, added to his previous fatigue, had com-
pletely enfeebled him; he staggered a few paces, and was obliged to reseat himself beneath the trees. The rain still continued, and the water now fell in heavy showers from the branches on which it had collected. Urged by those innate principles of self-preservation which seldom abandon us even in the last extremity, and in consequence of which we often act without the exercise of reflection, he placed himself under the shelter of a bank, where the earth and gravel had fallen away from the roots of a tree, and left a small cavity, large enough, indeed, to bear off the shower, though not sufficient to protect him from the cold of night, and here, with that misanthropical sternness which sometimes seizes upon the heart when urged beyond endurance by misfortune, he resolved to die.

Notwithstanding his sorrows for the past and his terrors for the future, his recumbent position, after the mental and bodily fatigue he had undergone, invited repose; he was lulled by the dropping of the shower, and soothed by the moaning of the breeze; he slept, and slept so soundly, that he forgot even in his dreams the persecutions of his mother, the apathy of his father, and the forlorn and desolate situation in which he himself was placed.

He was awakened by the sound of voices whispering around him, and he became conscious that he was in imminent peril, when he perceived that
he was the subject of conversation among a number of men who seemed to regard him as an enemy. Sleep had renewed that elasticity of spirit which enables young persons to retain a keen relish for life, amidst difficulties and sorrows which would render existence a burthen to men of maturer age; and poor Bernard, notwithstanding his resolution to die where he was, would willingly have exchanged his situation, even for his mother's hated residence, when he heard the strangers consulting whether they ought not to seize and take possession of his person. The reason they assigned for this step to each other was the probability of his being a spy, who, finding escape impossible, had hidden himself, and was pretending sleep to deceive their suspicion. The majority, however, seemed swayed by more merciful opinions, and maintained that the youth in the hollow bank was really asleep, as he appeared to be; and the unfortunate subject of the discussion, to convince them that they were not mistaken, screwed his eyelids together, (and indeed he dared not look abroad, lest his view should be met by some terrible and blasting object,) and drew his breath as silently as he could, but at the same time he trembled so violently, that, unless he had been under the influence of a nightmare or a convulsion, his sleep must have been such as never mortal slept before. Both the dispute and the pretended slumber of Bernard were terminated by one of the
strangers, who called out, in a loud voice,—"Lend me your knife, Bill, I’ll just slit his throat from ear to ear, and"—this was quite enough for young Hyde. He imagined he already felt the sharp edge of the weapon penetrating his windpipe, and starting up upon his knees, he begged his intended murderers, in the most heart-moving manner, to have mercy upon him. His supplication was received with a shout of laughter by all around, and especially by the man who had proposed to assassinate him, who applauded himself highly for having obliged my friend to betray that he was only shamming sleep. "However, young man," said he, "though we do not mean to do as we threatened, we must know what you are doing here; for I can tell you you are in a place where it is not safe for you to be. Come, tell us who you are, and answer fairly, for if you sham Abraham any more, or tip us any gammon, it will be the worser for you."

Poor Bernard felt little inclination to ‘tip’ either ‘gammon’ or any thing else, for the sight of the fellows who surrounded him absolutely glued his tongue to the roof of his mouth, and a long time elapsed before he could summon resolution to speak, or cease to stare upon the men who had taken him, and who held him firmly that he might not escape, though they offered him no other injury. They appeared to be seven or eight in...
number, all stout and able-bodied men, dressed very much alike in long dark round frocks, and each armed with a thick and heavy bludgeon, and, as it appeared to the prisoner, some bore pistols and other weapons of defence, or more probably of offence, since peaceful citizens were not in the habit of being abroad armed at such an hour of the night. I need not tell you, that young Hyde imagined the looks of these men, who seemed to have started into existence in the midst of this desert place merely to surprise him, to be sanguinary and truculent to the most fearful degree.—I say imagined, for, in truth, imagination was all he had to guide him, as both the darkness of the night and the intense gloom cast by the pine trees prevented him from seeing the features of those who were nearest to him.

Bernard, notwithstanding his alarm, was naturally of a disposition which only required freedom from habitual slavery, to those he imagined possessed of legal authority over him, to become bold and fearless. He was now brought into contact with dangers widely different from the petty but galling oppression he had hitherto experienced, and placed among men whose object did not appear to be merely the exercise of paltry malevolence. He saw that more was at stake than mere comfort or temporary happiness, and his courage rose up to meet his danger. He told his captors, in a
simple and deliberate manner, the means by which he came into the wood; for the truth of his story he appealed to his master—to the person whose house he had been at—to his clothes torn and rent by the hedges through which he had forced his way, and when he had finished, he observed with pleasure—what every one else may have had occasion to notice—that simple and unadorned truth is always accompanied by conviction. Still, there were some points to be cleared up. He was at a greater distance from London than the village from whence he had set out to journey thither, and he had mentioned his extreme horror of going home as one reason why he laid down to pass the night where he was discovered. One man, in particular, urged these questions, and when they were answered in a satisfactory manner, he inquired whether Hyde was not from Yorkshire. Bernard replied that he was; he had already told his name, he now mentioned the town where he had been brought up, and some few particulars concerning his family.

His sturdy examiner listened to all this with great attention, and at length bade him be of good cheer, and assured him that he should incur no danger if he behaved properly, and followed him in silence; adding, that if he attempted to run away he would send a bullet through him without hesitation,—a threat which might have ensured
the docility of Bernard, even if he had had any place to fly to in case of effecting an escape.

Hyde then followed his new conductor, without speaking, who, after leading him to a short distance, bade him stop till they were joined by the remainder of the party, who came up in about a quarter of an hour, and they all proceeded through the woods, till at length the appearance of the dark clouds of night, rolling above a long faint gleam of light that marked the horizon, shewed my friend that they were about to quit the plantation, and emerge into the open country.

"You must have your eyes bound up here," said Bernard's conductor. "You will be equally safe. If we wished to do you any harm, it would be all one to us whether you could see or not."

This was an argument which it was impossible, or at least imprudent, to contradict. Hyde was obliged to consent with a good grace to what he could not oppose, and two of the strangers, taking him by each arm, led him across what appeared to him to be ploughed fields and meadows, through which they proceeded, as he deduced from the ruggedness of the ground, without following any beaten path. After a hurried and extremely disagreeable walk of about half an hour, they came to a well trodden road, along which they hastened with great rapidity for a short time, and then again crossed fields and hedges. At last they stopped,
and after a little while they were admitted into a house, and the handkerchief that had been bound round the eyes of my friend was taken off.

When young Hyde had sufficiently recovered the power of vision to be able to make any observations, he discovered that he was in a large room, which appeared to be the kitchen of a respectable farm house. The floor was composed of bricks, a good fire blazed in a large open chimney, within which were placed seats, and upon them several persons, dressed like agricultural labourers, were sitting, smoking or drinking. In the middle of the room was a capacious table, covered with cold meat, bread, and beer. The walls were hung with the ordinary utensils used in coarse and rustic cookery, and from the ceiling was suspended a rack well supplied with bacon. The figures of his late detainers next took the attention of Bernard; but, instead of the fierce and blood-thirsty countenances he had imagined them to exhibit, he found that they all bore the unpretending appearance of countrymen, though still he fancied that their features were more resolute and animated than those of the ordinary peasantry. But the appearance of one—that one who had acted as principal spokesman, particularly took his attention—he felt certain that he had seen him before—that he knew him—that it was indeed Tubbs, his old friend and protector.
It was Tubbs indeed. He had recognized Bernard the instant he began to speak; but those habits of caution which he had acquired from long practice in forbidden and dangerous undertakings had prevented him from recalling himself to the recollection of the prisoner, and thus, by relieving him from his terrors, rendering his mind sufficiently easy to take note of the exact situation of the place where he had sought shelter; it being one of those secret retreats wherein the smugglers, with whom Tubbs was still connected, were accustomed, by the connivance of a gamekeeper, to conceal spirits and other contraband articles.

I have no occasion here for describing joyful emotions—they may be readily imagined. Bernard was truly happy when he found a man of whose intentions he still entertained doubts, which all must allow to have been too well founded, suddenly prove the only friend who had really exerted himself to serve him in his childish distresses; and perhaps the sight of a table covered with a coarse but plentiful supper did not diminish the pleasure he experienced in beholding this pleasing transformation.

A man, and especially a young man, must have wrought himself up to a high state of misanthropy indeed, if hunger and the unexpected appearance of food and liberal hosts do not cause him to feel some inclination to be satisfied with his species.
Bernard was hungry. He had ten thousand grievances to relate to his friend, and he ate and talked in proportion, but he was also thirsty and exhausted, and the ale with which he washed down his supper conspired with fatigue to render him unable to talk at all; in a word, he fell asleep in his chair, long before he had got through an account of the first year that had elapsed after Tubbs departed from Spraybeach.

There is something cooling and deliberative in the air or the appearance of morning, unless, indeed, sleep produces those effects which we falsely attribute to the new born day, because we feel their influence and become conscious of its existence at the same time;—but the reason is of no consequence—the meditations of the morning certainly do dissipate a thousand spells, which on the evening before appeared indissoluble, and overthrow a thousand resolutions, which within a few previous hours neither argument nor force could have shaken. Bernard, when he awoke, felt the full influence of this provision of nature. He now found himself in bed, in a narrow garret-like room, the windows of which, patched with the leaves of a boy's copy-book, shewed that they were oftener repaired by a housewife than by a glazier, while the plaster had fallen in many places from the ceiling, and exhibited the laths it was originally intended to cover. But Hyde had not been used to sleep in
a tapestried or curtained chamber, and neither the uncouthness of his place of rest, nor the contemplation of the means by which he had been conveyed there, could supersede those reflections to which the morning usually gives rise. Like Whittington of yore, he began to consider whether he should go back to his master, and again endure the ill-treatment of his superior servants, or whether he should pursue the course he had begun, and trust to chance for the means of subsistence, rather than expose himself to inevitable ill usage—but, instead of the joyous advisers who, with prophetic warnings of coming greatness, recommended the future Lord Mayor to return the meditations of poor Bernard were broken by the entrance of Tubbs with counsel directly opposite, and who invited him, not to become chief magistrate of a magnificent city, but to walk down stairs to dinner, for it seems that sleep and meditation had occupied my friend till the middle of the day. At the same time he presented him with an old pair of trousers, to re-place those he had worn on the preceding night, (on which every hedge he had scrambled through had set a separate mark,) and a round frock to conceal his tattered jacket, and perhaps to serve as a disguise, should he be sought after as a runaway apprentice.

The dinner was served in the room in which they had supped the night before, but the party who
had then occupied it was gone, and the whole interior only bore the appearance of the kitchen of a farm-house, inhabited by a small and regular family. No one was now present besides Tubbs and his wife and children, but Bernard and they sat down to their meal, like people who had never heard of smuggling in their lives; and Hyde, taking his cue from his companions, only talked of his own troubles, and of the injuries he had experienced from his mother. After dinner, however, his host led him from the kitchen into a little parlour, neatly furnished, and having shut the door, placed some brandy on the table, and filled his pipe, he suddenly asked Bernard what he thought of the persons he had seen last night, and what he purposed to do with himself.

With regard to the first of these questions my friend answered promptly, and truly, that he had not thought at all about the persons who, on the preceding evening, had so much terrified him; for he had been too much confounded at first by alarm, and afterwards by pleasure, to form any other ideas concerning Tubbs's comrades, than those which had arisen from impressions of fear or joy. The second question required more deliberation; but, after a pause, Hyde replied, that he had determined not to go back to his master, and that he could think of no other resource than going to sea.
Tubbs, after a few moments' consideration, declared that he did not approve of this plan, though he liked the spirit that had dictated it; but then he objected to the navy, which he damned as devoutly as any discontented sailor could do. "No, no, Barney," said he, "stay ashore, and never think of entering the service of a tyrannical government, which would prevent a poor man from tasting Hollands gin, or French brandy—and talking of brandy—and poor men—how did you like the honest fellows you supped with last night?"

"I liked them very well, after I found they did not intend to cut my throat," replied Bernard. "Pray who were they?"

"Fair traders!" answered Tubbs, with a very significant look, the meaning of which, however, Hyde could not comprehend.—"Fair traders, my lad," repeated he, "or if you do not understand what fair traders are—they are smugglers.—Will you join them? You shall have an easy and a jolly life, and you will be completely out of the way of your master, or your mother either."

This last argument had much more effect upon my friend than the former, but still he hesitated; for he had no inclination to be connected with a band of desperate and lawless ruffians, such as he imagined all smugglers to be; nor was his opinion of them much elevated by an observation uttered by his companion:—"I do not wish to force you to
join us," said Tubbs, "but if you do not, I must insist you keep profoundly secret all you have seen and heard with me. If you split, your life will not last much longer than that tobacco pipe," and as he spoke he dashed the tube he had been smoking upon the hearth, and shattered it to atoms.

This hint produced a strong effect upon Bernard. He perceived he knew too much to be safe, if he declined being further initiated; he was, besides, an outcast from his family, and a fugitive from his master; and, withal, too young to understand how he ought to act in these or any other circumstances. In a word, he agreed to become one of the band of which he now learnt that Tubbs was the principal, or rather the proprietor; for though all were set in motion by his means, and supported by his money, and though a great share of the profits devolved upon him, he took no active part in the business, and appeared to be always engaged in the labours of his farm, which served as a blind to conceal his real occupation.

It would be tedious and foreign to my purpose to repeat more of the conversation that took place between Tubbs and his new disciple; it will be sufficient to say, that, after some hours spent in instructing him in what he would have to do, he took him to his stable, and pointing to a horse of great beauty and value, he told him that he should have it, and desired him to consider it as his own all the
TALES OF A VOYAGER.

while he was in his employment, and to this gift he added a couple of guineas, by way of earnest. Here was a change in the circumstances of poor Bernard! He felt all his remaining repugnance to the life of a smuggler vanish in an instant, at the idea of being master of a good horse, decent clothes, and money, and he longed to commence an employment the beginning of which was so extraordinary. In a night or two his ardour was gratified, by the arrival of the party which had aroused him in such an alarming manner from his sleep in the plantation. Tubbs placed him particularly under the care of one of these men, and in their society he departed for the western coast, where the goods were landed, which were to be conveyed up to London, or distributed over the inland parts of the country, by means of this well conducted gang.

Of course I shall not trouble you with a detail of the life led by my friend, while engaged as an inland smuggler. I shall merely observe that, for the first time, he then learnt that existence is not always accompanied with misery. He had, indeed, but exchanged one species of fatigue for another; but his present labour allowed him more freedom and independence than he could have enjoyed had he continued to work at his trade. It was, besides, to a youthful and an uneducated mind akin to amusement, (for he only thought of deceiving the revenue officers, and never considered that by
diminishing the revenue he was doing a serious injury to the welfare of his country,) and it was connected with such a degree of danger, difficulty, and precaution, as rendered it highly interesting to an enterprising spirit. At the period of which I speak, the late war was only beginning, and the government had not yet felt that bitter necessity for money which it has since experienced; so that, though smuggling was never permitted, there was but little attention shewn to prevent it. The officers ordered to watch and destroy this illicit traffic usually regarded their appointments as mere sinecures, which obliged them, indeed, to appear a little busy, and enabled them to take bribes of the smugglers, and it was only on very particular occasions that, in order to avoid the appearance of collusion, they thought it necessary to make a seizure. The business of inland smugglers, which is even now comparatively safe and easy, was then attended with so little danger, that the nocturnal marches, the signals, and the other manoeuvres they employed, were rather forms which they had retained from their predecessors than necessary contrivances to avoid detection; and, indeed, all their proceedings were so regularly planned, their resources so well arranged, and their whole body so perfectly organized, that they rather seemed open and respectable traders than men acting in defiance of the laws of their country.
The principal scene of Bernard's adventures lay on the Western coast of England, including a space from Southampton Water nearly to the Land's-end. On the whole of this shore he was connected with the fishermen and peasantry, who were the medium between the vessels from Guernsey (at that time perhaps the greatest depot for smuggling in the world), and the bands who conveyed the forbidden goods into the interior of the country; and he was well acquainted with most of the shopkeepers in London, and other places, who purchased the articles which were thus illegally introduced. Still, he was but a subaltern smuggler, for he had not the money requisite to set up on his own account; neither did he possess the inclination to do so, for, though he never attempted to get into any other method of living, yet he had resolved, from the commencement of his career, that he would not continue a smuggler, but would take to some other course which should be more respectable, and which would tend directly to the object he had had in view from his earliest years, namely, accumulating a fortune by his own exertions, which should enable him to vie with any of his family. In the meantime, he gained a great deal of money, through the success which usually attended his enterprises; but this money, as it was not obtained in the mode which he had settled with himself should lead to independence, he
squandered with the most lavish profusion. Like many others of his companions, he laboured hard and lived sparingly for a length of time, and of course laid by a considerable sum; yet, in the end, some temptation to idleness and prodigality was sure to occur, which caused him to part with all the fruits of his prudence and activity; till, at last, he began to place implicit faith in the common superstition, that his money being earned in an illegal and forbidden manner, it would never 'do him any good'—thus attributing to a peculiar dispensation of Providence what was in fact the result of his own indolence or carelessness. A desire to enjoy for a time the luxuries and pleasures of the metropolis formed the general source of his aberrations. He determined to rest for a few days after his fatigues,—then he dressed himself to the very height of the fashion, (for by this time he had grown a very personable young fellow, and was not a little vain of his outside,) walked about the streets, fell into temptation, and seldom had the resolution to withdraw till all his money was gone, and he was obliged to return to his ancient course for a livelihood.

I forgot to tell you that, immediately after Bernard's flight, old Sheerflint, his master, published advertisements describing his person, and offering a reward for his apprehension, and these hand-bills he took care to have posted upon every post in
Spraybeach, on the principle, well known to all searchers after runaways, of seeking them first in their native town. These said placards were a matter of both triumph and mortification to Mrs. Hyde. Her pleasure, however, at being, as she deemed, for ever separated from the object of her hatred, was infinitely greater than her vexation at the disgrace inflicted upon her family in general, by the unceremonious manner in which Bernard was treated in the advertisements. She affected to be wonderfully hurt by the reflection, that at length my poor friend had 'so far given way to his wicked propensities as to fly from the protection of his good and worthy master;' she harangued about her own tenderness for 'her worthless son;' retorted upon all who had 'fancied she ill-treated him in his youth;' declared that, if they had known his vicious and incorrigible temper, they would have seen the propriety of her conduct; and spoke largely on the maternal solicitude she had displayed in binding him apprentice in the city of London, where there was at least a chance that he might be reclaimed by strict discipline. In fine, she exhibited herself as the very model of affectionate, tender, and unhappy mothers, and actually gave ten guineas for a lace veil in order to conceal her countenance, disfigured by excessive sorrow.

This unhappy woman had now arrived at the
greatest height her ambition was capable of imagining. She lived in a perpetual round of heartless gaiety and petty intrigue, giving parties to colonels and post captains,—yea, even sometimes to generals and admirals, aldermen—(of Spraybeach)—and other influential characters, the whole object of which was to get her sons forward in the army and navy, and to procure husbands for her daughters; and as many of her female friends had similar views, and took a similar course, the hatred which each bore to the other was easily discovered through the thin veil of politeness beneath which each endeavoured to conceal her projects, while she attempted to counterplot her companions.

The result of Mrs. Hyde's manœuvres were not, however, equal to the pains and expense they cost. One of her sons was, indeed, a lieutenant in a marching regiment, another was a midshipman, and a third was saddled as a supernumerary on the office of her husband, and she hoped, with the assistance of some of the dignitaries above-named, to place him on the establishment. Miss Hyde had tried the whole artillery of her charms on every young man of fortune in Spraybeach, but she was a creature, (in the language of trade,) too evidently made up for sale, and her mamma was too visibly anxious to get rid of her, to meet with a customer among my sharp-sided countrymen; she had therefore to trust
only to strangers, and never did a new regiment come into our barracks, or a new ship enter our port, but she practised all her arts on every unmarried officer, from the commander downwards. At this time, however, she had not succeeded, but there was some talk of an offer having been made her by Lieutenant Mc. Swill, master and commander of the Porpoise gun-brig. With regard to Hyde himself, he had sunk to a mere cypher in his own house. He had never been possessed of ordinary energy or resolution, and indulgence in spirituous liquors, and the mental depression which had perhaps led to that practice, had now reduced him to a state of miserable nervous inefficiency. He used, while his residence resembled a country assembly house, to sit in a little parlour with two or three superannuated idiots like himself, talk deism and obscenity, and sip brandy and water, and pretend to fancy himself a great philosopher, too deeply immersed in profound speculations to mingle in the society entertained by his wife and children.

After Bernard had been about three years engaged in his new vocation, he took an opportunity, being in London, to indulge in one of those seasons of leisure or dissipation which I have before described. I have told you that he had grown up a handsome young man; the constant exercise he underwent had strengthened and given elasticity to
his person, and if the open air, in which the greatest part of his life was passed, had somewhat bronzed his complexion, it had still tinted his cheek with the dies of health and vigour. We are informed, by indisputable authority, that ladies are gifted with power to know when they are fair and young. It is just the same with the opposite sex; at least, so it was with Bernard. He knew, as if by intuition, that he was well made and handsome, and, upon the occasions I have noticed above, he spared no expense in dress and ornament, in order to set off his person to the very best advantage. All this betokened a man not at all displeased with himself, and I must confess that Bernard's habits were a little those of a coxcomb. His vanity, indeed, was tempered with a large share of generosity and good-nature. That his manners should be highly polished of course could not be expected, but his independent and adventurous way of life had given a grace to all his movements which D'Egville himself could not have imparted to him; a liberal disposition rendered him willing to oblige; and as he was largely endowed with that useful gift which the enlightened call assurance or self-possession, and which the vulgar denominate impudence, none of his good qualities, either of mind or person, were concealed by bashfulness.

At these times it was Bernard's supreme pleasure to reside in Marylebone, both because it added to
his fancied importance, while counterfeiting the independent gentleman, and because, as most of the shopkeepers, who formed his only acquaintances in the metropolis, dwelt in other parts of the town, he was less likely to be recognised. From his lodging, which he usually took up at a hotel, he used to sally forth, dressed like a man of fortune, wander about the streets till dinner time, and spend the evening in a coffee room, or at the theatre; and so well could he enact the character he assumed, that I have been frequently less astonished at the boldness than at the grace and elegance of his performance. On one of these occasions he had commenced his career somewhat earlier than usual, and, as the morning was fine, though a sharp frost lay upon the ground, he had strolled into the New Road, at that time not embellished or deformed by ponderous masses of building and rows of stunted saplings, but lying along the edge of open fields, and allowing the inhabitants of the west of London to enjoy a view of the country, and to breathe the air fresh and unpolluted from the hills of Highgate and Hampstead. He was walking, or perhaps I should rather say strutting, down the New Road, not a little pleased with himself and his appearance, (for he had that day donned a new suit of clothes, and he thought himself little less than an Adonis in a Saxon blue coat, buff waistcoat, and buckskin breeches,) sometimes stopping, under pretence of
looking about him, but really in order to give the passengers an opportunity of admiring his most Adonis-like figure, and at others elevating a glass set in gold to his eye, and pretending to examine the other persons who filled the pathway: I say pretending to examine them, for, as he had merely bought the glass for the sake of the mounting, he had chosen one that did not suit his sight, so that when he thought himself called upon to 'quiz' people through it, he unluckily could scarcely see them at all. In this conceited style was he lounging along, when he perceived, on the opposite side of the way, two young ladies, attended by an ancient dame, whose appearance seemed to indicate that she held a middle place between an elderly relation and a duenna. She appeared to act with the independence and confidence of the former character, and yet to look to her charge with all the circumspection of the latter. The younger damsels were both handsome and elegant girls, yet upon examining them, (without his glass,) Bernard fancied he could perceive that, though they resembled each other so closely as to leave no doubt of their being sisters, the features of one indicated pride and unfeeling selfishness, while those of the other told of extreme delicacy and scarcely hidden melancholy. Their dress was unsparingly costly, much more so, indeed, than was required for a walking dress, at that hour of the morning, though at that time
Bernard was too ignorant of the rules and habits of the higher ranks to observe that it was not strictly appropriate, and there was about them a certain air which I cannot describe, but which informed the looker-on that they were the daughters of a man of property, if not of a man of fashion; an opinion which was fortified by the appearance of a stout footman, six feet high, who marched behind them, encumbered with an enormous gold-headed cane. To complete their cortège, a little spaniel, covered with long curling hair, and with ears that almost swept the ground, ran before them with all the active bustle and importance that becomes a spaniel of consequence, though it stopped occasionally, and jumped up, as if to catch at the hand of the sentimental maiden, who, in return, bestowed a caress upon it, while her sister drew herself up, tossed her head, shifted her parasol, and shewed sundry other signs of contempt and impatience, whenever the dog came near her, at which times, also, the watchful antiquated female argus moulded her features into a hypocritical expression of sorrow, mingled with pity and scorn, and cast a look of intelligence at the discontented fair one.

Either from curiosity or impertinence, or some other equally praiseworthy motive, Bernard was making his observations upon this party with infinite self-sufficiency, though not reconnoitring them half as clearly as he could have wished, for he held
it a mark of buckishness to stare at them through his gold mounted glass, which rather disabled than aided his vision, when he was aware of a young gentleman, who was walking behind him, and who evidently gazed at the party opposite with as much attention as himself; though, less intrusive in his curiosity, he did not appear desirous of attracting their notice, but kept himself behind young Hyde, as if to conceal himself from their sight. This youth seemed about the same age as my friend, who had not then numbered twenty years. He was dressed in fashionable style, though in deep mourning, and his countenance was of a cast that assorted well with his habiliments. It bore that pensive expression which sorrow or long suffering induce, when inflicted upon a mind not framed by nature to contend with difficulty or misfortune, and his person was of that elegant though slender form in which such a disposition is not unfrequently lodged. He was, in fact, one of those agreeable and pleasing beings who immediately captivate the good opinion of a stranger; and Bernard, on whom the most distant appearance of misfortune never failed to make an impression, instantly felt a degree of compassion arise in his bosom for one whose countenance betrayed marks of uneasiness.

But this good will seemed by no means reciprocal; the stranger eyed my friend with a glance
somewhat akin to contempt, when he looked at him through his gold mounted glass, and Bernard, vain of his person, new clothes, and costly ornaments, was not in a humour to take cold looks from any body, especially when he had regarded the said any body with an expression of benevolence, and actually felt a kindness for him. It instantly struck my friend, that the evident dislike of the stranger could arise from nothing but envy of his superior dress or carriage; but, owing either to the interesting appearance of this invidious personage, or to the supreme magnanimity inspired by his excessive conceit, or perhaps considering envy so visibly expressed as a tacit acknowledgment of his evident superiority, he not only felt inclined to pardon him the enormous crime of despising his person, dress, manners, gold eye-glass, et cetera, but he even hesitated to speak, when once or twice he had stopped short with the intention of bidding him turn his eyes another way, and began to consider what peculiarly admirable portion of his exterior could raise such extraordinary malevolence in the mind of this interesting stranger.

While Bernard was framing fifty conjectures, each more to his own advantage than the preceding, he observed the melancholy maiden on the opposite side of the way cast a stolen glance towards that on which he was parading, and, of course, he concluded, that her eyes could be attracted by nothing
less than his admirable presence. This look, however, afforded instantly a clue to the malevolence of the 'envious man.' He was evidently vexed at being outshone in the eyes of the female promenaders; at least, so thought Bernard. He strutted, stared, and rendered himself ten-times more ridiculous than he was before, in order to attract still further attention, and, although he did not succeed, for the young lady kept looking most resolutely another way, he still had the pleasure to observe that his conduct inflicted a severe punishment on the invidious being who had offended him, and who bent his brow, curled his lip, and seemed ever on the point of giving way to the anger that burnt within him.

How long this ludicrous scene would have lasted, had nothing occurred to prevent it, I cannot tell; but I imagine not much longer, for Bernard began to tire of teasing the stranger, and but for his vanity would have turned back, and left him to recover the serenity of his countenance at his leisure. Even as it was, he began to grow weary of exhibiting his puppyism, and was meditating a retreat, when the little spaniel, of which I have made mention, and which had been for some time running in advance of its mistress, suddenly turned back, and, after frisking a little about her, crossed the road and ran up towards the stranger, to whom it shewed every mark of joyful recognition, and
then, as hastily bounding away, it joined its owner, behind whom it began to walk with a degree of gravity that suited excellently with its well fed appearance, though it did not altogether agree with its former conduct.

"So," thought Bernard, adopting the first idea that came into his mind, "here is some lover's quarrel, I warrant; and now the parties walk here sulking and pouting, each anxious for a reconciliation, and both too proud to say the first word—I would I could interfere; and so, after all, it was not envy that caused this young man to give me those sullen looks, but sheer jealousy."

Bernard was thus communing with himself when the ladies suddenly stopped, and gave some orders to their footman; apparently they sent him on some message, for he touched his hat and quitted them, while they continued their walk. At the same time it had not escaped the notice of my friend, that the young man in sable, the instant he saw them begin to turn round, had contrived to conceal himself behind an enclosure of planks, erected in front of a house then building, and this concealment, added to what he had already observed, gave rise to innumerable conjectures in his fertile brain.

While he was forming and rejecting a number of explanations of the scene passing before him, he perceived the sentimental Miss suddenly drop a
glove, which was instantly seized by the dog, and as quickly brought over to the stranger, who, as if he had expected the present, stooped, took it out of its mouth, put it into his pocket, and continued his walk with as much apparent coolness and indifference as if nothing had happened. The whole manœuvre passed before the eyes of Bernard like a movement in a pantomime; and, in truth, it surprised him as much as any of the contrivances of those ready-witted and persecuted lovers, Harlequin and his mistress. Indeed, he felt in a manner thunderstruck at the boldness, confidence, and facility with which the communication had been accomplished; for, though he had been long used to means of corresponding quite as singular and as successful, yet that such inventions should enter the minds of young ladies and gentlemen, walking in the New Road, Marylebone, was to him quite unaccountable. Of course you will think he was little acquainted with those most simple, candid, and obedient beings, young ladies. He was not, however, so dull but that he perceived there must be some mystery in what he had seen, which he could not exactly comprehend; for the idea of a quarrel between the youthful parties was now out of the question, and as he had become in some manner a confidant to their secret, he felt his good wishes for their success enlarge in proportion. In the same proportion did the aversion which the young man
in black had shewn for Bernard appear to increase; he saw that my friend had witnessed the gift, and the method by which it had been dispatched, and he eyed him so fiercely, that if looks could have silenced him for ever, Bernard would never have been able to tell me the tale. Perhaps there was an air of participation in the expression of young Hyde's countenance, which displeased the other, who might fear his secret was very little safe now that it was in the possession of a person whose features exhibited so much triumph in his knowledge of it. But, in truth, the only triumph my friend enjoyed was, in the defeat of the cautious old duenna, and the supercilious sister, by one whom they seemed to hold in such absolute control, and whose motions they watched with such jealous closeness. He felt, as who has not felt on similar occasions, a violent inclination to thrust himself into this affair, having no doubt that the parties were crossed by some untoward circumstance, and that they might be wonderfully benefited by his wisdom; but, unfortunately, he knew not how to execute his benevolent purpose, for the young man did not look like one who would relish his interference, neither could he contrive any means by which he could render it necessary.

Chance, however, which so often brings about that which we want either prudence or courage to undertake, at length assisted Bernard to the utmost
extent of his wishes. While he was deliberating by what method he could introduce himself to this strange youth, without alarming either his pride or his suspicion, he had fallen something behind the party on the opposite side of the road, and the young man, as if he no longer feared to shew himself, walked carelessly forward, and seemed to pay no more attention to the ladies than if he had never seen them, though on their part there was very different behaviour. The sentimental Miss kept her eyes fixed obstinately on the ground, looking as simple and as diffident as if she had never dreamt of carrying on a clandestine correspondence. The old dame twitched her features into a grim scowl of defiance and disdain, and kept them as steadily in one position as if they had been starched and plaited; while the elder sister, or insolent Miss, as Bernard mentally denominated her, bridled and fidgetted, and gave sundry other very intelligible symptoms of her scornful displeasure.

At this instant, while my friend was looking on, and observing all these different emotions, a black-guard fellow, in a fustian jacket, in company with several other persons of his class, came past with a young bull-dog by his side, and seeing the ladies without a protector (for their footman had not yet returned), he thought he had found a good opportunity either to annoy his superiors, or to flesh the valour of the ill-looking brute that accompanied
him; and, after a few words of encouragement, he set his savage upon the little spaniel, of whose abilities I have made such honourable mention. The young lady instantly ran to protect her favourite; but the pleasure of inflicting pain, or of insulting people of better dress and behaviour than himself, was a gratification not to be sacrificed on any account by the owner of the bull-dog, and the other blackguards who surrounded him, backed by a collection of low rabble hastily gathered to enjoy the sport. The damsel's entreaties were drowned amid peals of laughter from the two legged beasts whom she addressed in vain, and the piercing cries of the harmless spaniel; while her female companions, apparently caring very little for the fate of the dog, endeavoured to drag her out of the crowd, as if either to harass her or to prevent her escaping.

All this passed in a single instant; in another the young man in black had darted across the road, and was endeavouring to force his way through the little mob that had formed a circle to witness the brutal exhibition. But he possessed neither the strength nor method necessary to effect his purpose. He was jostled and hustled about in all directions, except the one he wished to pursue, and Bernard, who had by this time got close beside him, perceived that the adventure was reserved for him. Accordingly, by dint of shouldering one
fellow aside, treading on the toes of another, and sticking his elbow under the ribs of a third, he soon worked his way to the bull-dog, on whose jaws he bestowed a kick that layed him sprawling and howling on the earth, and forced him to let go his hold of the spaniel, which was immediately caught up by the young man in black, and conveyed to its mistress.

Had all ended here it might have been well for the owner of the bull-dog; for, though Hyde felt well inclined to knock him down, yet he thought such a feat would not be in keeping with the character he had assumed, and he would have taken no notice of him, but the turbulent lout, mistaking my friend for what he appeared to be, a gentleman, or rather a puppy of fortune, ran up to him, and, after the usual preliminary abuse, made a blow at him, which Bernard parried and returned with such good effect as stretched him on the earth beside his bull-dog. Hyde now saw that he had committed himself too far to retreat with honour, for a ring was instantly formed, and his fallen adversary mounted on the knee of one of his companions, who volunteered to be his second.

Bernard was now exalted by the vanity of being a hero in the eyes of the mob above all considerations of fine clothes and gentility. He instantly challenged his adversary to go into the field by the roadside, and 'have it out,' which being accepted,
he stripped in an instant, and giving his clothes and hat to the youth in sable, who had run up to his side to offer his assistance, he set to with his opponent so heartily and dexterously, that in a few minutes he spoilt his journey to a bull-bait at Paddington, and left him to find his way back to Grays-inn-lane as well as he could by means of two swelled and blackened eyes, out of which he could hardly see a glimmer, and amid the jibes of his former assistants and supporters, who naturally veered over to the opposite side, when they saw their champion so lamentably worsted.

Of course this important victory was not obtained without some of the usual casualties of battle, but Hyde's bruises were but slight, and he gained the object he had in view, that of introducing him to the young gentleman in whose manners and method of correspondence he felt so singularly interested. He came up to Bernard immediately after his opponent had pronounced the welcome word 'enough,' and, after shaking him heartily by the hand, and assisting him to dress, he asked him to accompany him to a neighbouring tavern, to wash his face and put himself in order. This was exactly what my friend had wished, though it was scarcely more than he had a right to expect, as he had taken the stranger's quarrel upon himself.

His new friend, however, did not treat him with all the candour to which he thought himself en-
titled. He told him, indeed, in a general manner, (what he could not very well conceal), that he was attached to the young lady, already noticed as the proprietor of the spaniel, (which he had given her,) but that her father was highly incensed at his presumption, and had forbidden him his house, and placed his daughter so completely under watch and ward that she was never allowed to see or speak to any one, except in the presence of her elder sister or her aunt. He further said, that her father had been his guardian, and that he had been educated with her, but he did not seem inclined to enter into any particulars, and he maintained a kind of mysterious reserve, through which Bernard, notwithstanding all his efforts, could not penetrate. Yet his behaviour, setting aside his want of confidence, was extremely easy and agreeable; he was full of conversation and anecdote, and seemed well pleased with Hyde, especially after the latter had laid aside all the affectation inspired by his new clothes and their accompaniments; and the new friends parted with mutual expressions and feelings of good will towards each other, after having agreed to meet again on the following day, at the same tavern; for among the stranger's other concealments he did not mention the place of his residence.

I need not repeat the trite observation, that mystery is the whetstone of curiosity, nor tell you
that Hyde felt now more anxious than ever to know what the stranger seemed so careful to conceal. Yet Bernard himself had his mystery and his secrets, which he took as much pains to keep from the knowledge of his new friend as the other did to avoid discovering himself. Hyde, in fact, partly to disguise who or what he really was, and partly to lead the stranger to an explanation of those points as they regarded himself, had represented his condition as that of a general dealer, carrying on an extensive business in the West of England—an ambiguous description of himself which was susceptible of a variety of explanations, and of which no doubt the stranger took the best. It had not, however, the desired effect, and Hyde was obliged to defer the gratification of his inquisitive humour till another opportunity.

The next day the new friends again met at the appointed place, but all Bernard could glean from the conversation was the name of his companion, which was (another cognomen) Gayfield. Notwithstanding the secrecy Gayfield observed upon certain points, and the assumed character Bernard had to support, there was still a variety of subjects on which they could communicate their ideas, and, either from similarity of age, or from some other of those causes which the system-makers of former times described by the name of sympathy, they grew daily more pleased with each other. I say
daily, for, as both were in the habit of living at taverns, they usually met every day.

During the whole of this time, Hyde maintained the character of a man of property, or rather he kept up the character he had given himself—that of a merchant in easy circumstances. But the foundation on which this character was to be supported was gradually wearing away, and, indeed, the very method he followed to grace the occupation he had assigned himself, tended to diminish his capability of sustaining it. A respectable merchant could not appear very heedful of a few guineas, and Bernard's vanity made him infinitely less cautious, or more extravagant, than became a prudent man, whatever were his riches. He drank luxurious wines; he purchased at enormous prices forced and exotic fruits, the only merit of which was that they were dear; he ordered extravagant dinners, and, worse than all, he played at rouge et noir—in fine, to cut short illustration, he spent all the money he had saved and set apart for his London frolic, and he perceived it was necessary he should return to his occupation; for though your hotel keeper is as attentive to you, while you have money, as a lover to an heiress, when your money is gone he becomes as cold and indifferent, and as well inclined to affront you, as is the lover aforesaid to his mistress when she has become his wife, and transferred to him the pos-
session of her property. Bernard, no doubt, had foreseen that this would be the termination of the course he followed; it had always entered into his calculations; yet now it came suddenly, if not unexpectedly, upon him, and he prepared for his departure with as heavy a heart as if he had not known when he arrived in London that his stay there must be limited by his resources. Perhaps ungratified curiosity formed one of the principal causes of his disappointment. He most earnestly desired to penetrate the mystery in which Gayfield involved himself; yet, though he saw him every day, and frequently spent the greatest part of the day in his society, and though the whole time was passed in apparently free and unreserved conversation, Gayfield never uttered a word that tended to illustrate the points on which the inquisitiveness of Bernard was most strongly excited; and to hold familiar discourse with one from whom you desire information, and yet not be able to procure the wished-for knowledge, is to a prying soul one of the most severe of punishments. It is like being involved in a narrow valley, from whence no exit can be found, while the mountain we wish to ascend is directly before our eyes, and apparently easy of approach.

Bernard, then, was obliged to make his retreat to his ancient quarters in the west, carrying with him for consideration a series of negative conclusions, deduced from the conduct or conversation of
his new friend. For example, he could perceive that Gayfield was not rich—yet the guardian who had brought him up was evidently a man of large property, and was it probable that such a person would have undertaken the guidance and education of a youth whose parents had been poor, and who had no property in expectation? Gayfield had, besides, evidently lived in high society. This Bernard had learnt not only from the anecdotes his friend had related of himself, but from his own observation. Men of acknowledged rank and power had in their conversation with him treated him as one with whom they had been on terms of equality,—and without fortune, or without rank in society, how could he have become familiar with men who revolved in a sphere so far removed from the approach of poverty or low-breeding? It is true, he might have formed these connexions at the house of his guardian, but even that explanation proved nothing, as a guardian would not have introduced a ward into a circle which his own right gave him no title to enter. Gayfield appeared an honourable man, or rather a man whose principles were strict even to formality. What then could have banished him from the society in which he formerly moved, and which now he seemed only to approach, but with which he never mingled? It was evident he had not been driven from his former associates on account of misconduct; had such been the case,
they would not have continued to notice him. He merely refrained from seeking them from a sense that he was no longer able to consort with them on equal terms. Yet, granting that he formerly possessed a fortune equivalent to the rank he seemed to have sustained, how had he lost it? He was not yet of age, and therefore could not have attained to any property his ancestors might have possessed;—and who were those ancestors? Gayfield had spoken no more of parents or relations than if he had never heard of such kindred; in fact, he had spoken of nothing definite, and was altogether a most indefinite being.

Such were the meditations of Bernard Hyde, as he rode with the speed of light along the western road, no longer dressed in his superfine Saxon blue coat, buff waistcoat, and buckskin inexpressibles; no longer decorated with gold chains, gold seals, and a gold mounted glass, through which he could not see; but habited in a coarse brown plush jacket and corduroy breeches, with a half-dirty red handkerchief round his throat, and presenting the appearance of a small farmer or agricultural bailiff; and as he well knew the road he was journeying, and as he was totally ignorant of the subject of his contemplation, he reached the place of his destination without difficulty, while he only involved himself deeper and deeper in the confused wilderness of conjecture and speculation.
A few months after Bernard returned to his usual occupation, he received an order from an ale-house-keeper, residing at a village a few miles from the coast, for an immediate supply of brandy, and, by way of hastening the performance of his request, the landlord added, that the family had come down that year to the Hall, and that consequently several gentlemen, excellent judges of liquor, were frequent visitors at his house, and that he had no doubt Mr. Hyde might dispose of many other articles in his line among the ladies of the family. Of course this hint was not thrown away upon my friend. He set off forthwith for Swigley, the residence of this good-natured host, taking with him not only the spirits required but also a supply of lace and other articles of feminine admiration, for which he was always certain to procure a ready sale, partly because they were actually rare, and partly because the fair to whom he offered them could not refrain from purchasing luxuries which the laws of their country had forbidden them to buy, or even to wear.

It was evening when Bernard arrived at Swigley, and as soon as he had deposited his liquor with the landlord, and informed him that, in accordance with his hint, he had brought some things which he hoped to sell at ‘the Hall,’ that ‘worthy of Devon’ took him into the parlour of his little inn, to introduce him, as he said, to two of the
gentlemen who admired his brandy so much, and who might facilitate the object he had in view. These profound connoisseurs proved to be no other than the butler and the coachman of 'the Hall,' and certainly the applause of the former, (a judge ex officio,) was a high recommendation, and a proof, in the opinion of the landlord, that his liquor was better than that deposited in the charge of his guest; but Bernard, who had a more penetrating eye, perceived that the daughter of the host occupied a place in the honest butler's admiration—perhaps, for the time being, superior even to brandy itself. Whatever was the reason of his compliance, it was evident he paid great attention to the wishes of the landlord. He instantly undertook to forward Bernard's plans, and proposed to speak to the lady's maid in his favour, who no doubt would mention him to Mrs. Warden; and if Mrs. Warden gave him leave to call with his goods, he might depend upon selling them. Accordingly, next morning, he again made his appearance, and desiring my friend to follow him, he led him to 'the Hall,' where he introduced him by a back entrance, and consigned him to the care of the waiting damsel already mentioned, who ushered him instantly into the presence of Mrs. Warden and the young ladies—and you will judge of Bernard's surprise, when I tell you, that these were no other than the very
ladies he had seen in the New Road, the preceding spring, and that the very spaniel was there which had given rise to his acquaintance with Gayfield.

Many persons in my friend's situation might have felt a little abashed at such a rencontre, but he was not easily put out of countenance at any time, and now especially; for he thought it improbable that any of the ladies had taken notice enough of him to recognise him in the country. Not one of them, indeed, betrayed the least symptom of having seen him before, except it was the youngest or sentimental Miss, who looked at him once or twice, as if endeavouring to recal his person or features to her remembrance, but she said nothing, and the elder sister and their duenna were too intent upon silks and laces to give a thought to the person who displayed them. Bernard, in fact, sold largely—so much so, that he had scarcely enough left to present to the obliging Abigail, whose interest had been so ably procured by the butler, and who was waiting with no small impatience to conduct him down the back-stairs, and receive her compliment. He acquitted himself handsomely, however, and returned to his inn, where, of course, he met the butler, who naturally expected some trifle also, in commemoration of the service he had performed—for servants, as in duty bound, always imitate the virtues of their superiors, and never do any thing gratis.
When Bernard was at leisure, his first care was, to inquire concerning the ladies to whom he had been introduced, hoping, no doubt, that he had now got a clue to the mystery which his friend, Gayfield, had hitherto so carefully preserved. In this expectation he was not disappointed, for the landlord, like most inhabitants of remote and little frequented villages, gladly talked of his own affairs, or those of his neighbours, whenever he could find an auditor who appeared to take any interest in them, and the sum total of what he detailed, after winnowing out the chaff of country rhetoric, was as follows:

"Why, Barney, you are to know that this Squire Wringham, that now lives at the Hall, is not the same as Squire Gayfield who lived there some eighteen years ago; that is, I mean he was never born nor bred to be master of a house like this, although he is; but he was cousin afar off to this said Squire Gayfield, and so he got it because he was next of kin."

"Oh, then, I suppose," said Bernard, "Mr. Gayfield left no family?"

"Why he did have a family, and he did not have a family, and he did'nt neither have a family nor not have a family," quoth mine host, most enigmatically.

"The devil he did and did not!" exclaimed Bernard. "He must certainly have been a most
unintelligible fellow, if he managed to confuse his affairs as you do the description of them.—Pray be so good as to inform me what he had or did not have."

"Why, you are to understand, that he had no children by his wife, who died some time before him, and he, poor fellow, was cut off before he was forty—Aye! we must all die, Barney. Death lays hold of the young gosling as soon as of the old gander, my boy.—To be sure he did not die of his own accord, as it were, but was thrown off his horse just before this door, and brought into this very room.—He died, as I was saying, like a gosling or at least a green goose, before he was forty, without any children.—But then a young woman in this neighbourhood had a son, and Squire Gayfield took this son and brought it up as his own, and called it by his name, and it usually passed for his heir—do you understand me now?"

"I suppose I am to understand he was the father of the boy," said Bernard, "though you tell me he had no family."

"You may understand what you like," replied the host, "but even if he did have a son, that was not a family, and so I think I have fairly posed you."

"Very fairly, indeed," said Hyde,—"but pray what went of this son? did his father leave no will, either?"
"I can't say that he didn't make a will," replied the host, "for I heard him say when first he was brought in here that he had made a will, and that it was in the hands of the steward; but the steward said afterwards it was only destruc-
tions, or memorandamums, or something of that kind for a will, which he had certainly written but which were not signed."

"Aye! What were they? Were they never seen?" said Bernard.

"Seen!—yes, they were seen, but not acted upon," replied the landlord. "For what were they? why this kind of thing. Francis Gayfield, alias Slipaside, to have the estate—Tobias Wring-
ham to be his guardian—said Tobias to have five thousand pounds—and so forth—but they were not reckoned worth an old cork—and so said Tobias Wringham took possession of the estate as next heir, and brought up young Gayfield, but at last he got courting the Squire's daughter—so he was turned out of doors, and Mrs. Warden brought in to look after her, and the devil only knows what was not done—and that is all I know about it."

Whether the host spoke truth or not in this latter assertion, Bernard was satisfied with the information he had received. It at once explained all Gayfield had concealed, and perhaps, from its very ambi-
guity, or confusion, it was much more agreeable to the hearer than if it had been a clear and well de-
fined narrative, inasmuch as it just gave him sufficient ground for his imagination to work upon, and did not embarrass him with details, which might not have suited the view he chose to take of the subject. If possible, he felt still more warmly inclined towards Gayfield than before. He now looked upon him as a person deprived of his natural rights by the tyranny and injustice of the law; for Bernard, partly from want of education, partly from a romantic notion of equity, and partly because the sufferer was his friend, could not bring himself to consider a law as just or reasonable which deprived a son of the property of his father, to give it to a distant relation, even though that son were not born in wedlock. But what principally excited Bernard’s wrath was, that a man who had profited so largely by the negligence or sudden death of the elder Gayfield, should refuse to give his daughter to the acknowledged son of him to whom he owed all he possessed. “A man of honour,” thought Bernard, “would have seen that these memoranda were as much the intentions of the deceased as if they had been legally attested, and would have scorned to deprive an orphan of his property, because his father had not time to render his intentions towards him legally available. But, even supposing the temptation of a large estate was too much for him to resist, he might at least have made some sort of recompence, by
giving his daughter to him whose property he enjoyed. It is well I am not Gayfield, or I should be strongly tempted to send a bullet through his head.” So argued Bernard, who, in truth, considered himself a most equitable person, although he had lived for many years in open defiance of the law, and although the traffic he carried on tended to the ruin of the fair and honest trader. Hyde, indeed, would have been shocked at the idea of plundering or cheating any individual, and it never entered into his mind that the nation, which he was defrauding of its revenues, was but an assemblage of individuals, and that every duty he eluded was in some shape wrung from the hands of industrious traders. Yet we can hardly blame him, when we see hundreds, who have better means of acquiring a proper knowledge of the tendency of illicit traffic, encouraging it to the utmost of their power.

Notwithstanding Bernard’s contempt for Squire Wringham, and his thorough hatred for Mrs. Warden, and the eldest Miss Wringham, his wrath did not stand in the way of his supplying them with all the commodities in which he dealt; and, as their demands for forbidden novelties or luxuries were incessant, scarcely a week passed in which he did not visit the Hall, and occasionally he went there every two or three days. By this means he became a recognized and unwatched visitor, whose business
every body knew, though every body affected to be ignorant of it; for Mrs. Warden of course did not think proper to have it publicly said that she encouraged a smuggler, and the servants, who all dealt in a small way with Bernard, neither chose to know any thing she did not wish them to know, nor to risk the chance of my friend's being forbidden the house, which might have been the consequence had they affected to be aware of his occupation, in which case they would have lost many a bargain, and many a present. There was one person, indeed, who was always supposed to be perfectly ignorant that such a being as Bernard existed. This was Mr. or, as he was called by every body, Squire Wringham, for he preferred the latter addition, inasmuch as it sounded in his ears as an indication that he was a man of landed property, of which, as well as of property of every other description, he had possessed little enough, when he was known by the title of Mr. Toby Wringham. It is not impossible, however, that he really was ignorant of Bernard's dealings with his daughters, and their female guardian, both because he was confined to his room by a fit of the gout, and because he was master of the family, and there is always a sort of conspiracy to keep the master in ignorance of what is going forward in his own house.

Bernard continued to travel between his various
depôts on the coast and the mansion of Squire Wringham for many weeks, with his usual success, and, as the articles with which he principally supplied the ladies were neither bulky nor of suspicious appearance, he did not think it necessary to have recourse to his usual custom of journeying only by night. One afternoon, when proceeding along a narrow road at no great distance from Swigley, he was surprised by the sudden approach of Gayfield. Before Hyde had heard who his friend really was, he would, had he met him in his ordinary dress, and in the exercise of his usual occupation, have endeavoured to avoid him, but now he seemed to feel that the misfortunes of Gayfield rendered it a duty to sink every other sentiment in the desire of assisting him. He, therefore, went boldly up to him, and recalled himself to his recollection (for Gayfield did not recognize him in his present attire), and informed him, that he had learnt who he was, and concluded by explaining his own occupation, and making an offer of his services. "And now, Frank, my dear fellow," cried he, "if you have not altered your opinion with regard to the young lady, write a letter to her, and trust me for finding an opportunity to deliver it. I see her whenever I please, and nobody suspects me; only do not let us be seen together. Get you to the Bull, at Boombridge, and I will meet you there after dark, and we will contrive means to snatch
Miss Matilda out of her father's hands, as cleverly as he did your estate out of yours."

While Bernard was making his explanations, and holding forth this promise, Gayfield seemed agitated by a variety of different feelings. Perhaps astonishment at the unexpected transformation of his quondam champion and associate might be one of the strongest, but he also felt suspicious of the motives and conduct of a man who had before deceived him with a false account of himself: and perhaps something of vexation, that such a man had discovered a secret which he had wished concealed; and, lastly, pride might whisper, that it was not the part of an avowed smuggler, habited almost as plainly as a labourer, to address him by the familiar title of Frank, or by the equalizing epithet of dear fellow. But there was a daring openness about Bernard which defied suspicion, and which, while it enabled him to perform without hesitation every character he thought fit to personate, appeared with all the lustre of honest candour when he acted without disguise. No one could look upon his earnest and spirited features, and suspect him of disloyalty to his friend, and Gayfield dismissed every prejudice as it arose in his mind, and listened with eagerness to his proposals and promises.

"You shall carry a letter, Bernard," cried he,
grasping my friend by the hand. "Perhaps I may see her—may speak to her again."

"You shall, indeed, or never trust Bernard Hyde!" exclaimed my friend; "only keep close—do not let it be known you are here—leave me to manage. I will out-maneuvre that sharp-sighted old harridan Mrs. Warden—I will run goods that she has no idea of—Miss Matilda is not watched here as she was in London."

"And yet what benefit could result from an interview?" said Gayfield, as if pursuing some train of mental argument.

"The benefit!" repeated Bernard, "why the benefit would be, that you might persuade her to accompany you to Rochefort, from whence the Tartar will sail in a few days for Guernsey, where you may be married; for who the devil will suspect where you are gone, or pursue you if they do?—Besides, my lad, I will set off at the same instant in a chaise and four towards Scotland, with some young woman or other, dressed to represent Miss Wringham.—I will manage them!"

"No, Bernard," exclaimed Gayfield, as if suddenly awakened by this proposal; "I will not see her—sorry should I be to persuade her to join her fate with that of a broken and helpless being like me!—Yet should I meet her with this proposal of yours in my mind, the temptation might be stronger than I could resist."
"Now, in the name of every wondering devil, what is it you mean?" cried Bernard, in astonishment; for, accustomed ever to seek his object with impetuosity and decision, he could form no idea of the waverings of a man of strict principles, when assaulted by violent temptation. "What is it you mean, Frank Gayfield?—You are in love with the girl—turned out of doors for her sake—correspond with her in London against the consent of her family, and, if I mistake not, come down here in order either to see her or to find some means of writing to her."—

Here Bernard stopped short, for he had begun to sum up this list of facts and suppositions in so high a tone that he feared to be overheard, and before he could recommence in a lower voice, Gayfield nodded assent to all he had already asserted.

"Very well," continued Bernard, "and what is the object of all this?—Honourable love, I presume; for, by Jove! I will be concerned in nothing else.—And what is the end of love?—Why marriage to be sure,—and yet, when I point out to you the way leading straight to this end,—why then, i'faith, you will not follow it, for fear it should terminate just as you desire!—What devilish inconsistency is this?"

Although the mind of Gayfield was, in every consideration, equal to that of Hyde, and although
he was his equal in resolution, and his superior in education and strictness of principle, yet, for a moment, he felt oppressed and abashed in the presence of his bold adviser. The folly of the conduct he was pursuing flashed upon his mind with irresistible force, the instant he was called upon to justify it to another, and, abruptly saying he would meet Bernard at the place he had appointed, he turned his horse's head and disappeared, leaving my friend in a state of great uncertainty, between doubts of the sincerity of his passion for Miss Wringham and suspicious of his courage, until he found something like an excuse for him, in seeing his former patron, the butler, advancing up the road; and then, willing to attribute the strangeness of his behaviour to any other cause than duplicity or cowardice, he persuaded himself that Gayfield had first caught sight of him, and had quitted him suddenly that they might not be noticed together.

The feelings of Gayfield, however, were too much concentrated within himself to allow him to observe the approach of any stranger; they were indeed so complicated and confused, that when he attempted to analyze them he almost felt ashamed of entertaining them, and utterly unequal to the task of explaining them to another person, to a person, especially, who appeared so little capable of
appreciating them as Bernard Hyde. Sincerely attached to Miss Wringham he certainly was, and firmly did he believe that she returned his attachment, yet no less firm and sincere was his conviction that she never could be his. He was, in every sense of the expression, a ruined man, an isolated being without fortune, without friends, without even the ordinary resources for gaining his daily bread that are usually possessed by the lowest of mankind, and involved in difficulties from which he had not a prospect, not even a hope, of extricating himself; but he was also a man of honour—not honourable in the sense in which that epithet is usually applied, which, if it mean anything, signifies successful in the practice of every form of villainy that is not cognizable by law: he was a man of strict moral integrity, not a man who acted on the selfish principle of doing as he would be done by—but a man who did what his conscience dictated, without the most distant personal reference to hope or fear. With this feeling of abstract rectitude he viewed the connection between Miss Wringham and himself. He knew (for he was a man of the world) that he possessed her affection so totally that, at his bidding, she would quit friends and riches to share his poverty, and imagine that she was fulfilling a sacred duty, by participating in the distresses of the man she loved; but he also knew, that it would be unjust to take advantage of a disposition so
amiable and generous; he knew that he had nothing to offer in return for so much devotedness, except that very misery which it would have braved, and he felt that, great as was the sacrifice he might make in relinquishing Matilda, it was scarcely equal to that she would have made for him. It was, then, his resolution to separate himself from her for ever, and to release her from the engagements she had entered into with him. He had, indeed, brought himself to look upon this determination as one which he might lament, but which, as demanded by every consideration of justice and honour, he could never alter. Still he refrained from putting his resolution in execution. It is not till long after every hope of realizing them has vanished, that we can consent to give up those visions of delight that have formed the pleasure of our more sanguine days. Long after the polar night of misfortune and sorrow has closed around us, there is a restless desire that the morning of happiness may appear, although convinced that for us it can never break again. In the bosom of the most hopeless there is still a feeling that urges them not to yield to despair, as the traveller, lost in a trackless desert, and aware that he has neither the strength nor knowledge requisite to reach a place of safety, still struggles forward, and exerts himself at least to prolong the arrival of that moment when, sinking on the sands, he must perish with
thirst and exhaustion, or as the drowning man still strikes out his arms, though he is sinking to the bottom.

It was with feelings somewhat of this nature that Gayfield had avoided informing Miss Wringham of his resolution, while she remained in London; and, although he had now come down to the country determined by a desperate effort at once to destroy the illusion she cherished, and his own indecision, he still wavered as the moment approached for putting his determination in practice. This delay did not arise, however, from any hesitation as to the necessity and propriety of the step he meditated; it was occasioned partly by the wish to avoid inflicting an additional pang, as the physician might wish to delay to the latest instant informing a dying patient that he could not recover, and partly by a feeling, that announcing to Miss Wringham an eternal separation was more than he himself could bear.

It was in this situation of mind, urged on by every candid and honest inducement that should influence the judgment to relinquish a passion, which could only be fatal to its object, and yet withheld by the weakness of human nature from destroying the only source of pleasure he still retained, that he met Hyde; and sensible of the advantages which his unscrupulous and impetuous disposition would give him in a discussion, sensible,
too, of his own weakness, which might tempt him to yield to arguments which he was not prepared to combat, as the force of his opinion rested as much on sentiment as upon reason, he determined to retire, to arrange his thoughts once more upon a subject on which he imagined he had come to a final decision.

Meditating on these subjects, Gayfield arrived at the village where Bernard had appointed to meet him, and where, indeed, he was soon joined by his companion; for Hyde was one of those impatient beings, who, when once they have formed any scheme in which they are interested, neither know rest nor happiness till they have carried it into execution. Yet, when he arrived he had nothing new to propose; he could only reiterate the observations he had already made, varied, indeed, in a thousand different manners, but still fundamentally the same; while his friend, wavering between the various sentiments I have mentioned, could neither consent to his propositions, nor yet offer any effectual arguments against them. It was in vain that Bernard shifted his ground, and altered his plan of attack at every instant; he could make no impression upon the stubborn rectitude of Gayfield; neither could Gayfield, when he attempted to defend his own opinions, produce any arguments capable of convincing his adversary of their justness. The two friends,
indeed, did not sufficiently agree on the very first principles of their dispute to come to a close understanding. Bernard, although he could assume the external manners and mimic the professions of men better educated than himself, had acquired none of those delicate feelings which are the cause, or the consequence, of high refinement. He was open, bold, generous, and faithful, but he did not possess the art of exhibiting his virtues with that grace and elegance which redoubles their lustre. On the other hand, extreme delicacy of perception formed, perhaps, the most conspicuous character of Gayfield’s mind, to which misfortune had added that tremulous sensibility which foresees evil in every measure, and magnifies every danger, however remote or improbable. Then, again, Bernard was accustomed to reduce every thing to rules, better accommodated to the ideas of a tradesman than to the conceptions of a man of sentiment; he wished to weigh, and measure, and calculate, and, like many other speculators, he always suited his calculations to the result he had predetermined to arrive at; while Gayfield could only feel violent but vague impressions, or form tasteful but inconclusive distinctions between right and wrong. With these dispositions, each party argued for a considerable period upon general principles, and each was unable to convince the other, till, at length, Bernard, finding
that he could not oblige his friend to acknowledge that he was bound to persuade Miss Wringham to elope with him, was obliged to consent to carry the fatal letter, in which Gayfield bade her adieu for ever.

This discussion had been protracted till a late hour at night. Altercation had made Bernard hungry, and he was just sitting down (while his amorous friend could only look on) to a hot supper, which he had ordered, when the tongue of the landlord was heard in loud dispute, though the only words which distinctly reached the ears of the listeners were, “Smugglers in my house!—I say it is impossible!”

A loud and self-sufficient voice, such as the executors of justice think proper to employ when they are resolved to bear down all opposition, and to clothe themselves in more than the terrors of their vocation, replied with a volley of execrations and threats of what summary vengeance the speaker would inflict, if interrupted in the exercise of his duty. The landlord answered, as indignant for the honour of his mansion and the comfort of his guests as his opponent appeared to be for the dignity of his office—other voices took part on both sides, and at length female tongues burst in, and the whole became one confused and unintelligible outcry.

As soon as the first notes of this uproar broke
upon the hitherto well arranged and orderly turbulence of the tap-room, (for it was Saturday night, and songs and ale were mutually supporting each other in that festive region,) Bernard started up, and seizing the few contraband articles he had yet in his possession, he carried them into the bed-room of the host, and thrust them under a straw-mattrass; he then returned to Gayfield, who, utterly unused to such accidents, and ignorant how to act, sat in silence, the image of mortification and uneasiness. Hyde bade him not be alarmed—"All this is intended to put me on my guard," said he, "come along;" and, opening the door, he walked boldly into the passage, while at the same instant the landlord led the constable and his attendants into another room, protesting that, great as was his anxiety for the comfort of his guests, he was equally anxious to prove to Squire Wringham, or any other justice, that he harboured no improper persons. Bernard then passed across the threshold, for the front of the house was quite abandoned, proceeded to the stable, where he loosened his horse and that of his friend from the rack, and turned them out into a paddock, and then walked into the high road, along which he strayed at the easy pace of one enjoying the cool breeze of the evening.

Gayfield, hardly able to comprehend the mean-
ing of all these manoeuvres, followed him for some time in silence; at length, unable any longer to contain his curiosity, he inquired where they were going. "Back again to our inn, as soon as I receive a signal to do so," replied Bernard. "Some officious magistrate, your friend Wringham, I imagine, has sent an officer to apprehend me, to answer some purpose of his own, and the constable, who is an honest shopkeeper here, and one of my customers, has managed with the landlord to let me know of the plot—oh, here comes a friend."

This friend, who was dressed in a round frock, said a very few words in a whisper, and continued his journey, while Bernard led his companion back to the ale-house, which he entered by a side door, away from the kitchen, where the bumpkins had again assembled to discuss deep and important questions, connected with contraband traffic, customs and excise, and liberty and equality—questions which about that time began to call forth the latent powers of many unknown orators, in various parts of England.

Without disturbing the debates of these brilliant speculators, Bernard led his friend into the room from which they had before been obliged to retreat, where they found sitting at their supper-table no less a person than Mr. Handvice himself, who held the multifarious offices of smith, farrier,
veterinary surgeon, bone-setter, chandler's-shop keeper, fire-office agent, and constable of the parish of Wriotsbrook, and who seemed to have derived an additional wreath of fat from each of his occupations; for he was none of those starveling universal geniuses, whose bodies appear to shrink and wrinkle in proportion to the expansion of their minds.

The most gifted individual, even the *omnis homo* that Lord Chesterfield makes such a fuss about, could not, supposing he were in existence, attend to more than one thing at once—no more could Mr. Handvice apply his powers to six different branches of business simultaneously. Cæsar is said to have dictated to five secretaries at the same time; yet, I will venture to affirm, that that mighty dictator could not at the same time have weighed quarterns of tea, fashioned horse-shoes, and set boys in the stocks for robbing orchards; he would have been obliged to perform some of his duties by delegates, and so was Mr. Handvice. His wife was his deputy in the shop; his foreman his substitute in the smithy; while he himself attended principally to such of his offices as required a person well practised in eating and drinking; and as this troublesome qualification was chiefly demanded in the service of the public, so he was most zealous in the discharge of his public functions. It is amazing how often official digni-
taries in his situation confound the end they have in view with the means they should take to arrive at their object. Handvice had, at the beginning of his career, looked to a zealous discharge of his duty as a method of procuring luxuries at the expense of other persons; he now imagined that enjoying luxuries so obtained was the whole of the duty he had to discharge. Of this conclusion Bernard was very well aware, and he never failed to profit by it; but there was another cause of league offensive and defensive between him and this worthy officer of police—Mrs. Handvice bought largely of Bernard—but then her husband was not obliged to know of the misdemeanour of his wife, or if he did, he compounded with his conscience, by ferreting out and bringing to condign punishment several offenders, who would have escaped unnoticed had he not considered their sufferings as an atonement for his own misdeeds.

Gayfield drew back, not a little astonished at the sight of this functionary, for he had naturally imagined that, however strong the connection between Hyde and his protector might be, they would both affect to be enemies in the presence of strangers, and, for a while, he hesitated how to act, and determined to observe closely the conduct of his associate, who was now busily shaking hands with the constable. He had, indeed, another motive for anxiety; for the first time in his life, he found
himself familiarly introduced into low society, and into society not merely low from poverty and ignorance, but from depravity, and he naturally feared that those accustomed to break the laws of their country would pay very little regard to those of friendship or honour. The dignitary, who had occupied the upper end of the table, on which the supper had been replaced, mistaking his feelings, now, in the most condescending manner, bade him come forward.

"Well, Master Francis!" said he, (for Gayfield, of course, was well known to him,)—"well, Master Francis!—so you've taken up this trade?—Ah! (shaking his head,) ah, 'tis a bad one, I fear—illegal—illegal, Sir!—and, indeed, as Mr. Wringham observed, highly deleterious to the common veal, and accustoms the pheasantry to the free use of spirits, and leads him to the commission of every other crime, injures the revenue, and, by reducing the price of liquors, enables the lower classes to get as drunk as their superiors, and consequently tends more than any thing else to spread those false ideas of equality now so unhappily dispersed among us.—Mr. Gayfield, your health.—I always take a glass of my friend Hyde's schiedam before eating—my stomach is weak and nervous, and requires to be cheered up—ay, and here comes our supper—as I live, ducks and green peas!—I am sorry I have been obliged to keep you waiting
till it is almost cold, but duty, gentlemen—public duty must be attended to before any thing else."

During the whole of this address, Gayfield had stood as if thunderstruck. At length, however, when the arrival of the supper put a stop to the constable’s loquacity, he found time to arrange his ideas, and exclaim,—"If I understood you, Mr. Handvice, you think that I am connected with the illicit traffic which I know too well is carried on in these parts?"

"That’s well said! Good! good!" cried the constable; "that’s a denial put in with so much spirit that I myself should be deceived—pray don’t interrupt me.—If you are resolved not to confess, why Humphrey Handvice will never be the man to squeeze a confession out of you—or perhaps—Mr. Wringham did say that this was a mere spree of yours. Indeed, he said that he was so sure it was a matter of no consequence, that he desired me to give you a hopportunity to escape, and he said further, that if you were brought before him he should be satisfied with your own recognances; so, now, pray do not say a word more, for the ducks are getting colder and colder, and I am determined not to speak till I have done my duty by them."—And to this dutiful determination the worthy constable adhered with most praiseworthy resolution, while Gayfield, amazed both at the suspicions he expressed, and the rude and familiar manner in which he spoke, would have quitted
the room had not Bernard prevented him. He therefore sat reluctantly down to the table, and received with sullen civility the portions of food with which Handvice heaped his plate, which he ate with a sort of solemn constrained dignity, widely different from the rapid and regular motion exhibited by the momentous jaws of the public functionary opposite.

The public functionary, when the ducks had vanished, two of which had dived down into the unfathomable gulph in his interior, where, instead of their natural element, as he facetiously (in his own opinion) observed, they now swam in ale, did not seem inclined to enter upon what he termed business. He spoke largely upon the merits of a glass of Schiedam, as a digester after supper, and then commenced a scientific discourse on the art of making punch, which he did not terminate till long after the punch itself was on the table, and which, perhaps, might not have ended when it did, had not the arrival of Mrs. Handvice been announced. The steps of this lady, who, as minister of finance, always had immediate admission to the presence of her husband, were even heard ascending the stairs before the ponderous constable could upheave his person from the chair on which he had deposited himself, and he was obliged, like one of Homer's heroes, to send his voice before him, to prohibit her entrance; for, with true female curiosity, she
she was advancing to reconnoitre the supper party.

"Stop, and be d—d to you, you greedy brute," exclaimed the abstemious official. "What! must not a man enjoy a morsel of bread and cheese, after the fatigues of the day, without you thrusting yourself in for a share?" Then, as if fancying that some apology was necessary to his guests, he said in a whisper, "I am obliged to hinder her from coming in here, that all your concerns may not be blazed abroad at her next tea-drinking match."

Gayfield, who, in the idiom of our neighbours, had been devouring his wrath rather than his supper, and who had only been kept within bounds by the frequent whisper and significant looks of his friend, now broke forth. "For God's sake, Hyde!" exclaimed he, "what do you mean by forcing me to remain in the society of a fellow, who—not to mention my other reasons for disliking him—has the audacity to tell me to my face that I am a smuggler, and that I lie when I deny it?"

"What matters what he says!" replied Bernard; "and as it will be necessary for you to quit this part of the country, sitting for one evening in the company of a fool, or knave, (call him which you list,) cannot do you any injury—now, his friendship is of great importance to me, and I
might lose it, if he knew you despised him; for, ass as he is, he can still kick and bray; besides, he holds a warrant for your apprehension as well as mine, and I wish to learn something of the motives that could induce Wringham to issue such a warrant, and I shall get them from him shortly, by not asking for them. If I seem inquisitive, he will be silent, merely that he may shew his dignity by resisting importunity."

"His motives are easily enough understood," replied Gayfield. "He has heard that I am here, and wishes to frighten me away: and yet it might be as well to hear what this scoundrel knows about them. I have long observed that he possesses infinitely more of the confidence of my guardian—aye, and infinitely more power over him too—than he could have acquired otherwise than as the minister of his rogueries."

"Why, he boasts of having been of essential service to him at a time when Wringham was as poor as he himself is now," said Bernard,—"but, hush!—he is here!"

It appeared as if the conversation outside had turned on the same subject as that within the room, for the two friends could plainly hear Handvice say angrily, in reply to some observation made by his wife, "Wringham be d—d for an ungrateful swindler! and let him do his own dirty work for the future, since he pays other people
better than me.—But get you home and mind the shop, or I'll lay my staff over your shoulders;” and from this engaging testimony of matrimonial solicitude, and from the speed with which the woman withdrew, it appeared that the dignitary knew the advantages of absolute rule too well to suffer himself to be governed even by his prime minister.

Handvice, after listening to ascertain that his spouse stopped not at the bar to protest against his lawful authority, or to take a dram, again made his appearance in the supper room, his eyes gleaming like two lighted tobacco-pipes, and his face as pale as the clay from which they are formed; symptoms which instantly indicated to Bernard that he had received some mortal affront, and a further proof of this conclusion was afforded by his having immediate recourse to the bottle of schiedam,—a cordial which, in his opinion, served as well to digest an insult as a full supper. He said not a word, however, on the subject, and Bernard was too profound a politician to drop a hint shewing he imagined it possible for any one to offer an indignity to a man of so much consequence. On the contrary, he affected not to notice the altered appearance of his guest, and began to converse as if he suspected nothing. Not so the constable; he gave but short and confused replies to his companions, and addressed himself principally to the
punch-bowl, on which he wreaked his rage so effectually, that Bernard was in a few minutes obliged to order it to be replenished. Those few minutes had sufficed, however, to transfer the fire from the offended dignitary's eyes into his cheeks and nose; or rather his cheeks now blazed out like some goodly dome covered with lamps on a rejoicing night; while his eyes, hollow, sunk, and shadowy, appeared as gloomy as two unlit windows might do in the midst of some general illumination.

"Pray, Mr. Gayfield," said he, after emptying a glass from the second bowl—"Pray, now, did that selfish fellow Wringham ever pay you the thousand pounds that he did consent to allow you?"

"Really, Sir," replied Gayfield, "I do not see how that concerns any one but myself."

"Oh! certainly not.—I hope no offence, Mr. Gayfield," muttered the constable, "though it might have done you no harm to answer a civil question. But if you don't choose——"

"Mr. Wringham has not paid it," interrupted Bernard, who, connecting all that he had lately observed, had no doubt that Handvice had received some offence from his patron, and that he was now seeking for a subject on which he might legitimately give loose to his anger against him; "Mr. Wringham has not paid it. He has accounted for it, indeed, in education, clothing, and so forth; but a
man of your information need not be told how easy it is to make up a bill, when the party who has to pay it has no check against the claimant."

"Selfish, gluttonous hog!" exclaimed the benevolent and abstemious man in office.—"What does the scripture say about orphans?—something, I believe, though my duty does not allow me to attend divine service very much. You must know, Mr. Francis, I have a right to be a friend of yours, for I knew your father very well. He was no proud, insolent upstart, like Wringham, but a friend to any man who could find a hare, or sing a good song, both of which I could do as well as any man in the county."

"I have heard Mr. Wringham say that he did not keep very high society," replied Gayfield.

"He would have scorned to sociate with such an ungrateful, pitiful, meanspirited fellow as he is," cried the constable. "After cheating you of a thousand pounds—and it may be something more, if you knew all—he wants me to take you up for a smuggler; and, because I refuse to apprehend the son of an old friend, he sends to my wife and tells her that he will teach me to know my place better! I'll teach him to know his place—that I will, simple as I appear to you, gentlemen.—And only look," continued Handvice, his face waxing redder and redder, and his voice louder and louder, as he proceeded, "only look at the paltry, contemptible
artifices of the gouty, overfed glutton! knowing the disinterested zeal with which I always discharge my duties, he tells me that when I have taken you, I may let you escape—thinking, you see, that I, as a conscientious officer, unmoved by favour or affection, shall not do so. Yet, when he finds that I, unlike him, have some honour about me, and scorn to take advantage of the misfortunes of the son of an old friend, why then he says that I am in league with smugglers, and that he'll let me know my station.—He hold out a threat to me!—I who have been of such service to him!—and who was never payed as others were who did not do more than I did.”

“Is it possible he could behave so villainously to you?” exclaimed Bernard. “And by the by, Mr. Handvice, how came he to order a man of your grateful and good natured feelings to apprehend the orphan son of an old friend?”

“Ah! there is the depth of the blackguard!” cried Handvice; “he knew I had a good will for the young gentleman, and he thought if I took him up it would cause him to look upon me as an enemy, and so cause a breach between us—but he was mistaken there—and perhaps he’ll find that out one day to his cost.”

“What induced him to think that Mr. Gayfield was connected with me or my traffic?” inquired Bernard.
"Think!" repeated Handvice, "he never thought about it—a meddling fellow—just such another pickthank as Mr. Gayfield's steward that was—told him that you had been seen together—that was enough for him—he feared Mr. Francis should be in this part of the country; so he thought to pack him off by pretending he was your partner—that's all—and I actually understand he gave the fellow ten guineas for his information!"

"While," interrupted Bernard, "he tells you he'll make you know your place! I would not pocket such an affront after what you have done for him—but, surely, you must overrate what you have done for Mr. Wringham?"

"Ovrate!" exclaimed the wrathful constable, "I overrate! I'll tell you how it was—I'll name no names—but you shall judge whether I was not shamefully used, or whether I overrate my services. —Here are two parsons do a third parson an essential kindness—in fact, they raise him from the state of a beggar to that of a gentleman of fortune—now, have they not an equal right to be rewarded, when he has it in his power to pay them? Is there any thing overrated in that?—no, to be sure not.—But how were they treated?—why, one is an honest, disinterested, kind-hearted man, who lends this upstart scoundrel a hand merely out of good nature—and perhaps out of good nature, too, does not look too closely into
what he is doing—the other is a long-winded, broken-down, pettifogging attorney, the greatest rogue in the country—except his wife, who is a perfect limb of Satan, who plans all the villainy that her husband practises—not that he wants inclination, but only head to plan for himself—a muddling humbug! who could only swill gin, and talk about philosophicals—I say such are the characters who make the fortune of a third, and how are they rewarded? Why, the honest man, who had acted against his conscience, out of compassion to the poverty and through the persuasions of the third party, he has a couple of hundreds given him, with which he starts a shop and toils all his life; the rogue, with his she-devil of a rib, they have thousands, and are placed in a lucrative situation besides! they are made independent, while I am made nothing but a constable, and told, I shall be taught my place, d—n me!" and he grinned and dashed his clenched fist upon the table, with all the fury of an enraged bacchalian.

Bernard had long been accustomed to the society of men who square their actions by no other law than their interest or convenience, and he had observed them enough to be able to discover the truth through all the disguises in which they were in the habit of concealing it; he was likewise well acquainted with their passions, their envy or
hatred of each other, and their promptitude for revenge when it does not interfere with their interest; so that, while Gayfield scarcely listened to Handvice's harangue, through disgust at the speaker and want of habit of sifting the motives and incentives of mankind out of their ordinary behaviour, Hyde readily perceived from it that he was acquainted with some act of injustice performed by Wringham towards his friend, and he also saw, that the present time, when the official was thrown off his guard by anger and drunkenness, was perhaps the only one when he could discover whether his suspicions were correct—a discovery, he was urged on to make, not only by regard to his friend, but also by the hope of avenging himself upon Wringham, for attempting to have him apprehended, after having so affected to be ignorant of his commerce. He saw, however, that to gain this information, he must act with great caution, both because Handvice, notwithstanding his rage, would hardly venture to risk seriously offending his patron, and because he might likewise have some personal reasons for not betraying a secret he had been paid so well to conceal. Long habits of secret negociation, however, had rendered Bernard skilful in discovering the proper channel for inquiry, and in adapting his questions to the end he had in view, as well as his manners to the circumstances in which he was placed. He had
taken care, ever since his suspicions had been awakened concerning Handvice, to replenish the glass of that worthy character, while the angry official seemed as well inclined to empty it, partly because excessive anger, as well as excessive grief, is dry, and partly from a confirmed habit of sipping whatever liquor was before him, and, perhaps, partly from inadverulence, for he was not without that degree of self-command which would have restrained his inclination to drink, had he noticed that his companions did not keep him company, as he would immediately have imagined that they had some design upon him. Now, however, passion had got the better of cunning and habitual suspicion, and, inflamed by punch, it deprived him even of the inclination to control either his words or actions. Bernard, besides, took care to throw in, from time to time, an invective against Wingham, or an interjection of pity for his dupe, which, like a spur applied to a fiery horse, roused the spirit of the constable to tenfold fury; and now, when he saw him worked up to a pitch of extravagant and intoxicated rage, he began to question him.

"You must have been infamously imposed upon, Mr. Handvice," said he; "nothing but the grossest deception could have induced you to aid in oppressing an unprotected orphan, like my friend Gayfield."
"I tell you I was misled by that broken-winded devil of an attorney!" cried Handvice, "a villain!"

"And who could he be? What was his name?" inquired Bernard, in a tone indicative of all proper horror for a man capable of misleading such a virtuous character as the honest constable, quack-doctor, and general storehouse-keeper of Wriotsbrook. "His name, Bernard! his name was the same as yours," cried Handvice. "The villain was steward to the late Mr. Gayfield, but he has been gone from these parts this fifteen years, and I thought he had been dead long ago, but I have heard to-day, that Mr. Wringham got him some high preferment far away in the north, and that he has had the audacity to write to him to give him five hundred pounds more—a villain!—while I am a petty shopkeeper here! But no wonder the wretch was willing to ruin another man's child, when he could not behave well to his own."

A deadly sickness came over Bernard, as the constable bawled out this explanation. He felt as if awakening from a long stupor, and recognizing again the places and the persons he had formerly known. Ever since he had visited Swigley, and had become acquainted with Handvice, he had imagined that neither the abode of Mr. Wringham nor the person of the constable were un-
known to him, or rather he had felt that he had seen them before, though how, or at what period, he could never recollect; and at length he had compelled himself to believe, that some similar mansion and person must have appeared to him in a dream. But now, a thousand recollections rushed across his mind, all tending to convince him that he himself was a native of this very part of the country, and that the broken attorney mentioned by his companion, was his father. He likewise saw that it was probable his father had retrieved his circumstances by some transaction that did him no honour; but he resolved to proceed with his inquiries, and not allow an innocent man to suffer, though the cause of his suffering was his parent. Bernard, indeed, had but little reason to love or honour either of his parents; still, a natural feeling pleaded for them in his bosom; but no feeling whatever could have induced him to relax in his inquiries, when the hopes of benefiting Gayfield were uppermost in his mind.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to repeat all the questions he asked, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of his surmises; it will be sufficient to say, that every answer he received convinced him he was not mistaken, and at length he accumulated so many inquiries, that even Handvice began to fancy he must be acquainted with
transactions which he imagined known only to himself and his patron, and the absent object of his envy or hatred. The suspicions of the constable being now alarmed, though he scarcely knew at what, he became suddenly silent and moody, and refused to reply to any more questions, till Bernard, that he might not put him too much upon his guard, changed the conversation, and managed so well, that before he was led home too drunk to stand, or almost to articulate, he had totally forgotten his suspicions. By this time Bernard himself felt a certain confusion of idea very little favourable to intricate discussions. It was necessary, besides, that both he and his companion should immediately shift their abode; for it was not safe for them to remain any longer in the vicinity of Mr. Wringham. They accordingly mounted their horses, and, by dint of riding all night, arrived in safety at the town where Bernard usually resided, and here he laid before his friend both his own story and all the surmises he had founded upon the hints of Handvice.

Although Gayfield could not help perceiving the probability that Wringham had bribed both the elder Hyde and the constable for some purpose, yet it did not appear so evident to him, that he was in any way concerned in the transaction.

"I think," said he, "that at first Mr. Wringham behaved to me rather generously than other-
wise. My father left no will, but there was in the possession of the steward a memorandum, which he had dictated, stating that he meant me to have a thousand pounds, and that he wished Mr. Wringham to be my guardian.—Now, although this was not signed, was not even in the hand-writing of my parent, and was in point of law of no value, Wringham acted upon it, brought me up, gave me a good education, and but for this unhappy affair would have put me forward. I cannot think he would have acted in this manner, had he done me the injuries you seem to suspect."

"That is because you are not acquainted with the artifices of men of profound cunning," replied Bernard. "Had he turned you out to starve, your very miseries would have raised you friends, who would have inquired into your affairs, and if you had been injured, would have seen you righted; but, by the conduct he pursued, everybody fancied him a most generous and honourable man, incapable of committing an act of injustice, and you were not thought of; all inquiry was avoided by the sacrifice of a thousand pounds, and perhaps twenty thousand saved—for why should not your father, who acknowledged you as his son, leave you a fortune befitting his son? Why should Wringham, if he was the heir at law, bribe my father and that fellow Handvice so highly? Depend upon it, you have been cheated, and at any rate you can lose
nothing by going to my father, and endeavouring to learn from him whether you have been or not."

To this measure Gayfield had nothing to reply, except the probability that it would terminate in disappointment; but the prompt and sanguine Bernard would not hear of any probabilities unconnected with success, and fearing that his friend would fail from want of spirit, he resolved to accompany him. "Handvice was right," thought he, "when he said my mother was a female devil, and this poor young fellow will be frightened out of his senses by her ravings; I, who possess some share of her own spirit, shall know how to manage her better. I have a long account to settle with her, besides, for all the ill-treatment I received from her while a child, and should she suffer by the step I am about to take, she will only have herself to blame for having driven me to my present course of life. If she had put me forward, like my brothers, I should never have met Gayfield, and should have had no suspicions of my father's integrity." In addition to these reasons, Bernard was now again possessed of a considerable sum of money, and his usual inclination for dress and extravagance had again arisen within him; he felt, besides, that longing every one has felt, to revisit the scenes of their early life, and no time seemed so proper as the present to gratify this inclination, as he had money to spare, and it was prudent for
him to quit his usual haunts till Wringham returned to London, or forgot his connexion with Gayfield. Promptitude, or rather impatience, was one of the most striking features in Bernard's character; he instantly set his affairs in order, and within a week after he had resolved upon the journey, he was in Spraybeach. He took up his abode at one of the best inns in the town, and instantly sent a message to me, importing that an old friend, who had just arrived from London, desired I would spend the evening with him.

You may suppose, gentlemen, I was not a little astonished, upon repairing to the inn, to discover that this old friend was no other than Bernard; but what astonished me most, was, the extraordinary difference between his present clothes and those in which I had last beheld him, for I had not seen him since he dined with me, previous to my departure for Canada. He was then in rags, now he wore the dashing suit in which I have said he was dressed when first he met Gayfield in the New Road; and his looks, then so harassed, broken, and woe-begone, were now highly expressive of health, courage, and independence.

After the usual personal inquiries and recollections, that never fail to form the first subjects of conversation between friends who have long been separated, Bernard desired to be told the condition of his family. Death had been busy among his
kindred since last he had heard of them. His eldest brother had fallen a sacrifice to the fatigues and hardships sustained by the army in Holland, under the Duke of York; the second was killed in a trifling action at sea, in which no other person had been even wounded; and the youngest, whose peaceful occupation might have protected him from danger, was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure boat; and thus Bernard, who had been sacrificed to every one of his brothers, remained the only male of his family. His eldest sister was unmarried, the younger had run away with a strolling player, but she had returned, and lived with her parents. These misfortunes had totally deprived his father of what little energy he had ever possessed. He had become completely broken spirited; he sipped his gin, indeed, as usual, or rather more liberally than before, but he never talked, even of philosophy. He attended to his business like an automaton, though scarcely as fit as an automaton for business of any kind. He suffered, in fine, as much as his cold and callous disposition was capable of suffering; and it was evident that, had he ever possessed any of the finer or more acute feelings of human nature, he would have sunk under his afflictions.

Bernard's mother had also felt her full share of grief. Her features had become haggard, and her complexion livid, while her figure was bent down
and broken with premature old age; but sorrow could not destroy the vanity and love of show which was her ruling passion. She still dressed herself in the most extravagant style, and gave and frequented parties of every description; but, as she had now no longer any object for which to exert her powers of intrigue, she no longer felt nor excited jealousy, and the greatest part of her evenings were now spent at the card table, with such of her former rivals as were yet alive.

Bernard could not help feeling somewhat pained by this description, especially when it was filled up by the details naturally elicited during a long conversation. In truth, he was now sorry that he had undertaken to inquire into Gayfield’s claims, for he feared it would be his lot to heap still more sorrow on the heads of his parents. But he was now too far engaged to retire with credit, and he determined to proceed, although he resolved to use more mild and gentle means than he had purposed to employ, when first he set out for Spraybeach. Had I been acquainted with his projects, I should certainly have advised him to abandon them; but he did not speak of them to me. He introduced Gayfield as a friend, who had come to our town on business, and said he had taken the opportunity of his journey to see the place in which he was brought up; but he dropped no hint that could lead me to imagine the nature of the business in which his
friend was concerned. He inquired, indeed, just as I was going away, at what time I thought his father would be at home, and whether I imagined he would be admitted to see him: but those were the only words he spoke indicating a wish to converse with either of his parents.

But Bernard was equally secret and impetuous in all his movements. In the course of the following day, he formed an acquaintance with his parents' servant-maid, from whom he learned that his mother and sisters intended to spend the evening at one of their accustomed card parties, and that his father would most probably be alone till after midnight, and he resolved to visit him as soon as his mother was gone; for he knew that, if she were present, she would overawe her husband into silence. He carefully watched the door till he saw her depart, and then, in company with Gayfield, he once more proceeded to that house from whence he had been so long banished, and in which he had always been treated as a stranger and an intruder.

The servants had always been accustomed to consider Mr. Hyde as a person of too little importance to deserve even the most ordinary attentions, and he dared not enforce the slightest of his commands, as his wife never failed to contradict his orders, and to support any of the menials whose only fault was neglecting or despising the wishes of
her husband. Upon Bernard's knocking at the door, a boy thrust his head out of a window, and hearing that my friend desired to see his master, he mechanically descended to the door, opened it, and saying, 'master's in the parlour,' withdrew without paying any further attention to the stranger, who had no other business than to see the master of the house. Bernard, therefore, followed by Gayfield, proceeded to the parlour, and having gently entered it, and turned the key to prevent interruption, he stood once more in the presence of his father, although he had approached so noiselessly that the old man was not aware of his being in the room.

It was now the midst of summer, but yet the elder Mr. Hyde was sitting over the remains of a decaying fire. His figure, formerly tall and somewhat portly, was now bowed and shrunk to a shadow of what it had been; his features, once expressive of at least plump, goodnatured inanity, were now hollow and ghastly; and the dull white tint of his complexion was singularly contrasted by the bright lustre of his light blue eye, which shot a ray at once piercing and inanimate, and more like the coruscations of phosphorus than the intelligent gleam of a human being. His forehead was marked by innumerable wrinkles, through which the course of the veins and the pulsation of the arteries might be distinctly marked, while the
skin could be seen hanging in folds upon his neck, where it was partly uncovered. One of his long skinny hands was expanded over the fire, in the other he held a handkerchief, to guard his eyes from its heat. His body and legs were shrunk and withered like his face, and, indeed, the whole appearance of this unfortunate man impressed upon the mind of the spectator the idea of an inhabitant of another world, so little of solidity was there about him, and so utterly was his flesh devoid of human colouring.

On a table, by his side, were placed a glass, and a decanter of the ardent spirits which had reduced him to his present state of decay, or which had, at least, assisted the perpetual action of an uneasy mind to do so; and a small Bible lay turned down open upon a chair, at his right hand. He muttered to himself, totally unaware of the presence of any one, but so confusedly and unconnectedly, that Bernard could not comprehend the import of his words, though the name of his brother struck his ear, and at one time he fancied he could distinguish his own.

The sight of his father, thus changed from what he had been, by grief, remorse, neglect, and domestic oppression, produced a strong effect upon Bernard, who could not, as far as he himself was concerned, charge him with any other misconduct than permitting the violence and injustice of his
mother. At that instant, all the injuries with which he had suffered him to be overwhelmed, were forgotten, and he only recollected a number of little kindnesses he had done him; and these were not the less valuable in his eyes, or imprinted the less strongly on his memory, because they had been performed without the knowledge, and in opposition to the spirit, of his wife. As these recollections came over him, and he looked at the wasted figure before him, evidently sinking fast into the grave, Bernard again repented he had undertaken an affair which might add sorrow, and perhaps danger, to the other evils which pressed so heavily on his father; but he looked around at Gayfield, and saw that hesitation was now too late, and he thought that to give his father an opportunity of repairing his error, was the greatest service he could do him.

While these reflections were passing through his mind, the old man, after a moment's silence, spoke more connectedly than he had done before.

"This," said he, in a hollow and broken voice, "is my birth-day—I am sixty-five to-day—but I shall never see sixty-six. Yes, the cunning man in London, and the woman here, both said I should see the person I dreaded most after I was sixty-five—and there is but one person that I fear—that I ought to fear—and yet," continued he, after a long pause, "why should I believe them?—I
could disbelieve everything formerly, and why not now?—It is cruel,” he continued, “of Jane to leave me thus alone, and on my birth-day, too—but all leave me—John is gone!—he rests in Holland!—William, he sleeps in the ocean!—and my youngest, James—he thought every hour lost that he spent with me—he is gone too! The girls would go if they could—Helen only stays at home because she cannot get a husband, and Clara did actually run away, and only returned because she was deserted, and left to starve. I had another child—yes—he went too!—I am alone in the world, in my old age—most of my children dead, and those who do live with their mother, neglect me under any trivial pretence!—God help me!”

There was something in this soliloquy which touched Bernard to the quick, though still he could not feel for the sorrows of his father as he would have done had he been a man whose misfortunes had been the effect of misplaced confidence, or the result of paternal tenderness. On the contrary, he could not help recollecting how often he had heard him assert that there existed no connexion between a parent and his children; and how often he had heard him treat all laws, divine and human, as mere regulations of convenience, enforced by knaves, and borne with submission only by fools. Still, the spirit that had dictated those feelings, whether supported by apathy
or hypocrisy, was broken, and the elder Hyde was now a desolate being, mourning his blighted existence.

These considerations might have effected an alteration in the sentiments of a man less resolute than Bernard; or they might, at least, have so far interested his compassion in favour of his father, as to have caused him to pursue his project with weakness and indecision; but the time had now arrived when the senior Hyde was to see the effect of the lessons he himself had taught, and to feel that, if he had abandoned his son to the insane fury of his wife, that son could not retain for him the affection which would have shielded a father who, notwithstanding his other faults, had acted with paternal tenderness. Bernard, by the evident mismanagement of his father, had been driven out among the artful and the desperate. It was not singular that he had become obdurate and cunning. When, therefore, he heard his father complain of being deserted and childless, he resolved to endeavour to draw from him, by a sudden charge, those secrets which he might have concealed, had he allowed him time to put himself on his guard, and hastily presenting himself before him, he exclaimed, "You, who have deprived the orphan of his property, and given him over to the hands of strangers, have no right to complain that you are now abandoned by your own children!"
As Bernard spoke, his heart smote him. The eye of his father, after a slight glance at him, fixed itself upon Gayfield, in the same manner as the eye of a fascinated animal is fixed upon a snake—like a fascinated animal, too, he seemed to lose all power of self-command, the natural whiteness of his complexion turned to a deadly yellow, and he gradually sunk back in his chair, and remained motionless, as if struck with death. "Good God! what have I done!" cried Bernard; "I have been too hasty—he is dying."

But Bernard's coolness never deserted him. He poured water down the throat of his father, rubbed his temples with spirits, and in a short time saw him revive; for if the callousness of age refuses to admit of any overpowering sensations of joy, it also prevents sudden grief or terror from producing the violent effects which they cause at a more youthful period.

The elder Hyde at length recovered somewhat of his strength and understanding, but his voice seemed gone; he trembled dreadfully, and was agitated in a manner that seemed to announce the approach of dissolution. He made a violent effort, however, and, after several vain attempts to speak, he seized the decanter of spirits that stood near him, poured a large quantity into a tumbler, carried it to his lips with a convulsive effort, and drained it with frightful avidity. In an instant
his nerves seemed to regain somewhat of their tone, and casting a terrified glance upon Bernard's companion, he said in a dubious manner, "You should be Francis Gayfield, for I will not believe that you are my old master!—and you," continued he, turning to his son, "you should be Bernard. None of your brothers came from the grave to reproach me—why should you? But no, you are living!" He took a halfpenny out of his pocket, spun it upwards into the air, caught it on his palm, and dashing it down flat upon the table, hastily withdrew his hand—"A head!" he exclaimed—"then there is luck still!—heads were always favourable to me—you will do me no harm."

"We come to do you none," said Bernard, "but rather to do you service, by offering you an opportunity of making reparation for the evil you have done, while yet in your power. Handvice has already betrayed you, so that you can no longer conceal anything. Nevertheless, as the affair is not yet public, and as Mr. Gayfield is my friend, he is willing to enable you to preserve your credit, by making a voluntary disclosure."

"And, Sir,"—said Gayfield.

"Nay, do not speak," interrupted Bernard. "Give my father a moment for deliberation. You know you have promised that I should manage this affair, and, of course, I wish it to be conducted so as to be to his advantage and my honour."
In truth, Bernard dreaded lest his companion should disclose how really ignorant they were of what he pretended to know. That some secret injury had been done his friend he felt certain, both from the hints of the constable and the terrors of his father, yet, as he was totally unconscious of what this injury was, he could only learn it from such admissions as his father might make while he believed it known. One other resource, indeed, Bernard had in reserve. He knew the mercenary disposition of his parent, and he had heard, since his arrival at Spraybeach, that his circumstances were embarrassed. He was therefore aware, that the offer of money might prevail, should every other consideration be unsuccessful; and he soon began to see that he should be obliged to have recourse to this last alternative, for his father, after a variety of questions and ejaculations, thrown out as if to ascertain the sum of his adversaries' knowledge, began visibly to recover from his trepidation, and to talk in the manner of a man unjustly accused.

Bernard now saw that the decisive moment had arrived. "Sir," said he, "this language may be very good here—how it will sound in a court of justice, in direct opposition to the testimony of an accomplice, and to the facts we shall produce, is another consideration, and one of which you, who have been brought up to the law, are capable of
appreciating. All I have to say is, that if you are willing to assist us, we will consent to give you a thousand pounds for your aid, and to bury all that has past in oblivion; if not, we shall do equally well without you, and you will be called upon to answer for your conduct."

This proposal seemed to produce the effect Bernard had anticipated. His father again hesitated, and at length said, "Why there you talk like a wise youth, Bernard—like a very wise and considerate youth—and one who knows the world. I suppose Mr. Wringham fancied himself so secure that he thought me worth no further notice; he has refused me the loan even of five hundred—but I think my information worth more than one thousand pounds."

"Well, you had two for concealing it," said Bernard, coolly, "you shall have the same for making it public."

"I agree," replied the elder Hyde, rising decrepidly, and tottering to a cabinet, from which he took some papers. "Here is a stamp; will you sign me a bond for the money, if the information I produce is such as to supersede the necessity of any other."

To this proposal no opposition could be made. The old man wrote the bond, with a trembling hand, but with legal accuracy, and upon Gayfield's
signing it, he layed down another paper upon the table.

It was a small leaf, partly printed and partly written, in a hand so obscure that Bernard, who had never before seen any document of the kind, could not imagine its purport—but, whatever it was, he pounced upon it with the grasp of a falcon, and holding it up to the light, exclaimed, "Why, what the fiend have we here!—'Marriages solemnized in the parish of St. George's in the East, in the county of Middlesex'—what the plague is St. George's in the East in the county of Middlesex to us?"

"Nay, but go on, go on," murmured the elder Hyde.

"Go on, for God's sake," exclaimed Gayfield, scarcely able to articulate.

"'Francis Sowerby Gayfield,'" continued Bernard—"'Mary Slipsby, of this parish, were married by banns'—D—n it, no!" cried he, interrupting himself, while his countenance fell, "they were neither of them of that parish."

"Pish!" exclaimed his father, "you know nothing of business—I managed that for them."

"Is it all correct, father?" cried Bernard, "are you sure it is all correct?—'were married in this church by banns, this seventh of November, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty—by
me, Abraham Wheeze, A. B. officiating minister!'
—Why, Abraham Wheeze for ever!” shouted Bernard, again ceasing to read—“had I the power, he should wheeze beneath a mitre all the rest of his days. ‘In the presence,’” continued he, reading, “‘of Joseph Hyde and Anne Slim’—who the devil is Anne Slim, I wonder?”

“Anne Handvice, if she lives,” replied his father.

“Gadso! then I see the reason why the politic rogue was so anxious to keep her out of the room at Wriotsbrook,” cried Bernard. “And is Mr. Gayfield the issue of this marriage, father? Let us have no afterclaps, if you please.”

“As sure as you are the son of your mother, Bernard,” returned the elder Hyde.

“And, as I catch my face in the glass over your chimney-piece, I think I look like her image,” cried my friend. “Father, keep your secret from her, and you shall pocket the two thousand, and, perhaps, something more.—Gayfield, to horse! for I will not sleep till I have comforted the throttle of this said Abraham Wheeze, or his successor, with a bottle of the best Burgundy to be found in his parish, and seen the register of which this (flourishing the paper over his head) is certified a true copy. Good by, father!—come along, Frank, my boy!—Swigley is your’s, huzza!” and he
shouted one of those animating cheers, in which the whole soul seems infused into the voice.

Gayfield, however, had now recovered somewhat of his self-possession; and, being less precipitate than his friend, he thought it most prudent to learn all the details that could be acquired from the elder Hyde, before he quitted Spraybeach. He, therefore, requested Bernard to remain a little longer with his father; and, having seated himself, and again assured his host of his forgiveness and protection, he entreated him to conceal nothing that would tend to elucidate the mystery in which he had been so long involved.

I detest explanations, and shall, therefore, sum up, in a few words, not only the information given by the elder Hyde, but also the conclusion of my tale. It appeared that the late Francis Sowerby Gayfield had been one of those half-polished half-boorish characters, which were once so common in the country, and which are still more plentiful than the panegyrists of modern times are willing to allow. His whole life was passed in alternately acting in defiance of the opinion of the world, and in shielding himself from its censure. He was too selfish and too rude to shape his actions by the rules of civil society, and yet, he feared so much to become an object of contempt or ridicule, that he had recourse to every means he could devise to conceal his misconduct.
A love of low society, or at least of the society of persons inferior to himself in riches, and consequently willing to acknowledge his superiority in every thing else, was one of the principal features in his character; he thus became totally separated from the company of men of his own rank in life; and, indeed, his only companions who aspired to be called gentlemen, were Wringham, a distant and needy relation, and Hyde, a country attorney, of broken reputation, who also acted as his steward. Like most persons of his disposition, he lived upon wretched terms with his wife, who died at an early age, probably worn out by ill usage, and who had not been buried six weeks before he married the young woman who became the mother of Francis. In his hasty marriage he had acted to please himself, and, perhaps, with a species of impotent retrospective anger, had gratified his malice by a step signicative of the hatred he felt for his late partner; at the same time, willing to escape the sneers and contempt of the world, he had kept this action so profoundly secret, that none of his friends, except his cousin and Hyde, were informed of it. Hyde, indeed, had been his agent throughout the whole transaction. Immediately after the death of the first Mrs. Gayfield, he had gone to London, and caused the banns to be published in a remote church, where the name of Gayfield was entirely unknown,
and although the law requires that the parties should reside at least for a short time in the parish to which they are said to belong, as non-residence is rarely an obstacle to the performance of the ceremony, neither of them thought it requisite to do so. Gayfield, therefore, and his intended wife, were scarcely absent two days from Swigley, and the real cause of their disappearance at that time was only known to Hyde, and a young female servant of the bride, with whom you are already acquainted as Mrs. Handvice. The birth of Francis, and the death of his mother, events which followed close upon each other, both happened before he thought it prudent or convenient to confess his marriage, and he continued to put off from day to day, with the usual indecision of a rude, yet timid man, rendering public the legitimacy of the boy whom he yet acknowledged as his heir. His own sudden death finally put this avowal out of his power, and then it was that Wringham, overborne by embarrassed circumstances, seized the opportunity of declaring himself heir, as nearest legitimate representative of the deceased. Hyde, the principal witness to the marriage, was in extreme pecuniary difficulty, and capable of any baseness, while he concealed his real principles under some pretended practical equitable maxim, founded on what he called philosophy; and Handvice was one of those selfish,
semi-barbarous beings, who care not what obligations they violate, as long as they serve their own interests, and literally keep their necks out of the halter. It was easy for Wringham to act upon men of such dispositions, and especially upon Hyde, who, indeed, readily undertook to manage the whole affair. When Mrs. Handvice was silenced, no other obstacle existed, and Wringham took immediate possession of the estate, having consented, by the advice of Hyde, to acknowledge a pretended sketch of a will, which had been drawn up in order to destroy the interest that might have been excited by Francis, had he been left totally unprovided for; and, as he had not been baptized, in order to prevent any suspicions of the truth arising, he was now christened as the son of Francis Gayfield, Esq., and Mary Slipsby, spinster.

At that time great men were not so incorruptible as they are said to be at present. Hyde saw that the money he had acquired would not support him long, and he applied a considerable portion of it to purchase the place, the taking possession of which first introduced him to the knowledge of my parents.

Immediately after learning these particulars, Gayfield and Bernard proceeded to London, where they not only found the marriage registered in proper form, but also the Rev. Abraham Wheeze,
who recollected having solemnized it. The whole affair was laid before counsel learned in the law, and orders were given to proceed with all possible dispatch; and, as money was absolutely requisite, usurers were found who generously advanced the needful at only forty-five per cent., discount included, an evident proof of the certainty of Gayfield's claims, for, otherwise, the honest imps of mammon would have required at least ninety in the hundred for what they disbursed: and now lawyers began to bustle and look big; those who were retained on either side, because they were employed—and those who were not, that they might appear as if they were; and men began to talk learnedly of writs of quo warranto, and bills in equity, and various other writs and bills, all equally incomprehensible; but behold! when every body was expecting a lawsuit which would last at least as long as the purses of the parties concerned, all were suddenly disappointed by the marriage of Francis Gayfield and Matilda Wringham, the said Francis taking possession of the estate of Swigley, but making (in consideration of Miss Wringham, no doubt) a liberal allowance to his former antagonist; and the property was large enough not only to enable him to do so, but also to acquit himself of all his other obligations, without subjecting himself to any inconvenience.

Here Mr. Wilton stopped short, and William,
who had taken upon himself the office of critic in general, began, as usual, to demand still further elucidation. "Pray, what became of old Hyde?" said he; "I hope he fell into poverty and contempt, and died in a workhouse, that we may be able to extract some species of practical application from your tale; for, at present, it seems woefully deficient in moral."

"That may be," replied Mr. Wilton, "but, as Hyde did not die in a workhouse, I cannot take upon myself to send him to perish in one for the sake of a moral. The truth is, that, after he had made his confession, and found that he was not only out of danger, but likely to get two thousand pounds, his mind became wonderfully relieved, and he might have lived on more comfortably than before, if he had not given loose to his joy, when he heard that the suit was compromised by the marriage of Francis and Matilda, and drank bumpers of brandy to the happiness of the youthful couple, till he brought on an apoplectic fit, which ultimately carried him off."

"Well, then," said William, "at any rate his wife was punished by the loss of his income, for her cruelty and injustice to her son Bernard—the natural course of events does, sometimes, bring about poetical justice."

"I am sorry to be obliged to contradict you, even on that particular," replied Mr. Wilton. "The
two thousand pounds were not paid at the time of her husband's death, and, by Bernard's advice, she consented to take, in lieu of it, an annuity, reverting to her daughters: and this, together with what Bernard allowed her, enabled her to live in much the same style as before, and she went on card-playing and tea-drinking to the last moment of her life, and when, after her death, it was discovered that the girls had each a pretty income, and a brother able to add to it, and possessed, moreover, of the ear of Francis Gayfield, Esq. M. P., it was astonishing how soon they both got husbands."

"The careful youths of Spraybeach discovered a wonderful improvement in them, no doubt," exclaimed Ridgway; "but with regard to this brother—you have not told us how he fared at the distribution of the prize-money?"

"Why," said Mr. Wilton, "Gayfield at first kept him in his house, nominally as his secretary, but, in truth, there was so little difference between them, that a stranger would have been puzzled to tell which was master; and, as far as money was concerned, perhaps Bernard spent the most of the two; but, after some time, my friend became desirous of being independent, and Gayfield settled a handsome income upon him, and also procured for him the situation his father had formerly held at Spraybeach, from whence he has since been removed to a post of considerably higher rank."
"Well," said William, "I like your tale very well; yet I think I could introduce an alteration into it, which would render it twice as interesting, and I shall recommend my friend and patient, who has been so busily noting it down, to improve it a little when he writes it fairly out—I mean to make Bernard most deeply in love with some fair body or other—who the devil ever heard of a hero without a mistress!—and what an excellent opportunity we have here of separating them from each other!"

"There might be some foundation for such an introduction," replied Mr. Wilton. "My sister was two years younger than Bernard, they were playmates when they were children, though, in truth, I cannot say I recollect any symptoms of early love between them; and, indeed, I only do recollect that they used to squabble perpetually, because one would blow down the card-houses erected by the other."

"A most awful symbol of housekeeping, truly!" interrupted William.

"I cannot say," continued Mr. Wilton, "that either party seemed much affected by the separation that ensued; but, after Bernard had got settled at Spraybeach, he asked my leave to address my sister."

"Which of course you granted," exclaimed William, "recommended him strongly to the young lady, and she, as in duty bound to obey her elder
brother, accepted him—and so forth.—Well, some are born heroes, and others have that character thrust upon them.—Bernard Hyde, I perceive, was one of the latter."

"Bernard Hyde was never meant for a hero of romance," replied Mr. Wilton. "He was literally neither more nor less than a man with strong talents for business, to which were added a plentiful portion of vanity, a large share of courage, or audacity, if you please so to term it, some generosity of disposition, and a degree of impetuosity, or activity of mind, which served to bring all his other qualifications, whether good or evil, into perpetual action."
THE VOYAGE.

(CONTINUED.)

For some time previous to the termination of Mr. Wilton's narrative, our ears had been assailed by sounds of merry clamour, echoing along the ice from the vicinity of the Leviathan; while from our elevated situation we could perceive parties of our own and the other ships' crews amusing themselves with a sham fight upon the floe. We were at a loss, however, to divine what could be the nature of the missiles, which were plainly discernible through our glasses, flying in all directions over the scene of action; for, though there was snow enough at hand to afford ammunition for an army of schoolboys, even with the great Napoleon at their head, to form it into entrenchments as well as weapons, it was become so hardened by liquefaction and
crystallization, (to keep up with the march of intellect in my speech,) so consolidated from the partial thawing and freezing it had undergone, that it had lost its aptitude for making balls, and only served to conceal fissures and inequalities in the ice, to the equal annoyance of all the combatants. Besides, we perceived that the shot used in this contest were of any other than an alabaster colour, and it cost us much vain conjecture, and exertion of imagination, to decide this knotty point, before one of our company recollected that several casks of condemned potatoes were destined to be started from the hold, and then our mystery was at an end. These vegetables always form part of the provisions laid in for a Greenland voyage, and generally keep sound; but sometimes the frost penetrates through their receptacles, and brings them to decay, while, occasionally, the iniquity of the contractor who is called upon to supply them, tempts him to send on board a stock far different from the sample he offers to his employer, judging that the chances of complaint against his commodity will be few from men who are a thousand miles distant from his residence, and enabled to allege severity of climate as an excuse, if charged with malpractice on their return. When the milder season of summer obviates the danger of their becoming frost-bitten, if potatoes are laid amongst straw in the ship's hold, they strike out roots, upon which young
tubers form themselves, and increase to as fair a size as the young potatoes first brought into the English markets. Thus, even in the Arctic seas, the luxuries of the garden may be procured; and I have seen several dishes of the tender offspring of the potatoe, in the cabin of a Greenland whaler, which would have been esteemed delicacies in any dining-room.

There is a love of war in the human breast, though waged only with potatoes, and, Mr. Wilton's story being completed, we could not help descending from our heights to draw near this field of battle. Perhaps it would be more just, as well as more philanthropic, were I to allow that the infinite delight the sailors appeared to enjoy in disputing the possession of an enormous mushroom-shaped hummock, which became the centre of the engagement, communicated itself to our breasts, and that we felt pleasure in beholding their enjoyment. Never was redoubt or breach more hotly assaulted, or more coolly defended, than this gigantic icy fungus; and, with their usual recklessness, or rather courtship of danger, the seamen seemed to take greater interest in their sport, because it was connected with such a perilous fortress; since, to pass over the positive bumps and bruises they received from falls, both in storming the slippery citadel and repulsing the besiegers, there was some possibility that the mighty platform might break off from its
pedestal, and precipitate one party from its surface, while it crushed the other beneath its ruins. This was not, however, a supposition of the contending armies, who evidently made no calculations upon danger, their whole thoughts being bent upon maintaining by vigorous exertion the honours they acquired in the combat; and, while the ardour of the warfare lasted, I doubt whether either 'the Finners' or 'the Thrashers' (for so the belligerent powers termed each other) would have cared to quit their boisterous pastime to give chace to a whale. At length, however, while all hands not engaged in sleeping for the next or keeping the present watch on board the ships, were fighting as manfully as if the glories of rival nations depended on their bravery, the captains thought proper to prevent in time the accident which might arise from the overturning of the horizontal slab of ice upon the warriors, by desiring their men to choose a less exceptionable castle, and the spirit of the contest was lost by pausing to select another fortification.

While the ships' crews were thus endeavouring to divert their minds from the unpleasant reflections which a state of inactivity never fails to occasion in a whale catcher, varying their sports with the assistance of cricket bats and skittles, sometimes racing for wagers, at others displaying their agility at leap-frog, I spent my hours of exercise in increasing the number of my specimens of the living produc-
tions of this climate, and in investigating the combinations of ice which lay heaped and strewn around us, in every imaginary position. My gun was seldom out of my hand, and I became an excellent shot by firing at Greenland swallows on the wing, and practising with a single ball on the Burgomasters who kept the 'Look-out,' and the Mallemucks which floated along the floe edge upon their noiseless pinions. The student of natural history is little aided in his pursuits by the popular nomenclature of that science. An infinite number of names are bestowed upon objects which bear no real affinity to the usual meaning of their appellations, and very often there barely exists a pretext for their having been given. I need scarcely refer to examples of this wilful perversion of language; they are so plentiful that few can be ignorant of them, and it may be easily supposed the Greenland seas abound in these incongruities, since their zoology has received its denominations from the least precise of all the imitators of Adam. According to these naturalists, the Arctic ocean is stocked with doves, parrots, and swallows, which have webbed feet; and with fish which might furnish roast beef for the tables of the curious. The geologist, also, will here find new countries on which to exercise his fashionable talent, and stratifications and conformations, rocks primitive and secondary, and in every imaginable state of transition, formed of
water, may there be studied in perfection. Even the mariner accustomed to southern climes might be enlightened on the nature of a sea stream, when he heard a chain of icy reefs thus designated; but the agriculturist, who should rely on the verdant promise of a field in Greenland, would be woefully disappointed to find its soil composed of frozen water, and its crop of deepening snow.

The figurative language of seamen has been a theme of panegyric with superficial observers, and their complicated idioms have received the praise of those who prefer sound to sense, and confused ideas to perspicuity. To me, their symbolic dialect appears the result of their seclusion from general society, and a mark of the paucity of their ideas, and their want of common information. They apply one word to many uses, and are obliged to express their sentiments, on most subjects, by allusions to the few images with which their minds are furnished. These remarks, of course, are not made to reproach the untutored and isolated mariner with his deficiencies; but to afford some analysis of the composition of phraseology, which finds many admirers among the disciples of a new sect in literature, known as the "Cockney School." With these academics, figurative language is used to obscure the sense of their expressions (allowing, for the sake of argument, that some meaning is concealed beneath them); and, instead of striving
to illustrate their subject, and enlarge the comprehension of the reader by appropriate similitudes, they set before him a list of hieroglyphics, from which he is to draw the best conclusions he may. From similarity of structure, sea language finds favour in their ears, and in their writings; and the credulous, to whom the quackery of literature, like all other quackery, is most congenial, are led to believe that sailors are a species of native poets, whose metaphoric *patois* is replete with hidden beauties.

Returning, however, to the floes, from which the mention of Greenland swallows has led me into this digression, I must observe, that the cold which is commonly supposed to invest the neighbourhood of ice, is seldom experienced so keenly in its vicinity as upon the open water, at some distance from the 'flaw edge.' This difference must undoubtedly be the result of the radiation of heat from the surface of the snow; and, in fact, I have repeatedly felt so warm in the sunshine, when perambulating the wild regions around the Leviathan, that I have divested myself of my coat, and pursued my course in my shirt-sleeves, with my bosom open, and my cap anywhere but on my head. In traversing a floe, it is customary to carry a boat-hook, partly for the purpose of striking a seal, should one of those animals forget to disappear down its hole before the enemy comes within reach.
of its staring visage; but chiefly as a support, in case a fissure, slightly glazed with ice, and concealed by snow, should yield beneath the foot, and let the astonished pedestrian sink within its gulph. In anticipation of such an adventure, the pole is borne horizontally, when danger is apprehended; but it is more frequently used to enable the passenger to take flying leaps over streams and deep fresh water gullies, than to save his life, which his wariness in placing his foot seldom brings into jeopardy.

Upon the first aggregation of pack ice, the apertures in its fabric are as plentiful as mantraps in a full stocked and legally protected manor; and a strange-looking man might as well hope to escape being committed for a vagabond by a magistrate parson, as a stranger in Greenland expect to avoid disappearing beneath the floe, should he choose to ramble over it before the frost has closed its chasms. An accident, caused by one of these concealed pitfalls, having called upon William to render his services to the sufferer, I accompanied him to the galley, where the patient was deposited before the fire, to ascertain the nature of the injury. The galley, on board a ship, is something like the tap-room of a country public house; it is both the kitchen and the lounging place for every idle fellow who has nothing better to do with his spare
time. Perhaps the reader will take me to have been one of these said idle fellows, if he is unwilling to grant that I had any business in the galley, since a surgical case was properly no affair of mine. Waiving, therefore, any excuse I might draw from the laudable desire I felt to gain information on every subject, even on wounds and dislocations, I hasten to regain his good opinion, by translating to him, from the vernacular dialect of the galley, as much as I remember of a narrative delivered, on this occasion, by one of the above-mentioned loungers, who seemed willing to alleviate the pain his comrade was enduring, by spinning him

A YARN.

The narrator of this anecdote, who probably felt some wish that his story should catch the ears of the doctor and his mate, as well as help to withdraw the attention of the patient from his accident, began his tale by stating, that, some year or two ago, a ship got nipped by the ice so badly that she was abandoned by her crew; he then proceeded to the following purport. In Greenland, as in other places, the destruction of a vessel liberates its mariners from subordination; and, from the impossibility of saving any part of its stores for the owners, they are considered legitimate objects of plunder. The men, therefore, who had escaped from this lost bark began to rifle her of whatever
they considered valuable, as soon as they perceived she was fixed by the ice, so as to render boarding her free from danger. Those who were prudent selected such articles as might render them welcome to the captain of a neighbouring whaler, in which they intended to seek refuge. Some were seen traversing the intermediate floes with coils of ropes round their necks; others were provided with as many pieces of pork as they could carry. Nautical instruments, rolls of canvas, rounds of hung beef, cheeses, hams, and in short every object which might prove an acceptable offering to the skipper, were borne off by different parties, and procured the admittance requested, without the usual grumbling from that potentate, at the inconvenience, and even risk, of shipping more men while he was beset, and obliged to put his former messes upon short allowance. Two of the crew of the cast-away vessel, however, seemed to care very little for the reception they might have met with upon applying for passage to the more fortunate ship. They engaged themselves in rolling the rum puncheon out of the store-room to the main hatch, after which they fixed a tackle to it, and by slow degrees, as it was three-fourths empty, hove it upon deck, and from thence swung it over the rough trees to the ice. Here, having landed it, they placed it upright beside a hummock, which shielded them slightly from the wind, and beat in its head to get more readily at its contents. They
then called upon their busy shipmates to join them, and stand by the good creature while it lasted, vowing they should never want liquor while there remained a drop, and that, when it was out, the best thing they could all do would be to go 'tail up for old Greenland,' through the flaw, one after another, like seals. This proposal, made by men rather more under the influence of rum than reason, was received with but little real cordiality. Most of the stragglers, however, had sagacity enough to acquiesce till they had imbibed the spirituous argument of their comrades pretty liberally; they then dropped off by degrees, and left the jovial partners, in search of more comfortable quarters. Jack and Tom being at length left alone, perceived themselves stationed one on each side of the rum puncheon, not a human being within hail, and a desolate field of ice stretched round them on every side. The last of their guests had endeavoured to prevail upon them to accompany him to the ship, offering to share his spoil with them, in order to render them less objectionable visitors; but, true to their resolutions, they had rejected his persuasions with scorn, and he could now be seen afar off, travelling over flats of snow and among hummocks of ice, on his way to the strange vessel, which lay at a great distance from their wreck. For some time after his departure, the two sailors amused themselves with dip-
ping their pannikins into the puncheon, and drawing out bumpers, which they crowned with the healths of their favourite lasses, and with various effusions of nautical melody. At length, the warmth they had acquired, from the energy of their exertions in heaving out the cask, yielded perceptibly to the influence of a brisk gale, which had been for some time sweeping the ice with increasing violence; and, though the liquor they swallowed would have been sufficient under other circumstances to throw them into a burning fever, its power sunk before the intense force of the Arctic blast. One of the sailors experienced this loss of heat more quickly than his companion, and felt his courage leaking out most woefully. He gazed for a short time at the refugee traversing the distant floe, then turned to his mate with blue looks, and shirking his shoulders, and twitching up his trowsers by the waistband, exclaimed, “D—n me, Jack! here we stands, like the Lion and Unicorn over the door of the King’s Arms at Hull, facing all weathers, just to get fellows to drink, and, arter all, you see they sneak off without paying their shot!”

“Why, aye,” replied Jack, with a funny leer, for his brains were far less sobered by cold than his comrade’s, “but you know, maty, our’n were but rum customers at the beginning—he, he! and moresomdever, who’d ever pay scores, I wonder,
if he can be off without it—I never does, for one. But as for our being like the beasts you say, I'll give you a clear proof to the contrariness, for, as you well knows, they never drinks themselves, thof they coaxes in other folks; whereas for me, here goes for a brimmer, and do you ease off a length or two of Rosy Ann, to cheer the old girl yonder in' her last hour."

"'Twould be all the better if I'd a whiff afore I begins," said Tom, rather seriously, for he was growing gradually more conscious of his forlorn situation, while his locomotive powers seemed yielding to the withering wind.

"I'll lend you my quid," cried Jack, taking one from his cheek, and holding it across the barrel, "there, 'twill clear your pipes better nor smoke, I warn ye—I ha'n't half chawed it yet."

"Daresay it's very good," answered Tom, transferring it to his mouth, "but there's more comfort in a pipe of hot shag than in cold pigtail when one's out ' on the bran,' you know."

"Comfort!" repeated Jack in astonishment, "there's plenty of that in old punchy here, ben't there? What's a pipe, as our parson used to say:

" 'Man’s but a pipe of clay,  
His life like burning 'bacca,  
Which old Time puffs away,  
Each whiff—aye growing slacker'—
which being the case, where's the utility of waiting to be smoked out arter that fashion? No, let's have a jovial carant now we're well off, and knows it. There will be time enough for a pipe when we can ask old Davy to lend us his tinder-box to light it with."

"That's very true," said Tom, seating himself upon the ice, for he was not well able to keep himself upright any longer, "but you must know I feels growing stiffish as it were, and I fears I shall not be brisk enough to go tail up, as we swored we would—that's why I wishes for a pipe, d'ye see, —just to thaw me a little."

"As for that," interrupted Jack, "we shall soon have bailed out the cask, and then, if you ben't able to heave a flipper, why I'll holp you my boy as far as your hole, and pitch you in head foremost myself, so don't let that consarn you."

"I see you don't take the true bearing of things," cried Tom, peevishly, for this consolation was not of the kind suitable to his present desires. "But," continued he, in a more soothing tone, "suppose we does make our hegzit (as our doctor says,) through the flaw, out of sight of our 'quaintances, why they'll be for saying we never did it at all, and we shall get a bad character when they returns to Hull. Now, if you'd be ruled by me, we'll make for the ship, and there find holes plenty to drive through in view of all hands, who'll be able
to sartify as to our being men of courage, and not desarters from our words—d'ye understand?"

"Why, aye," said Jack, "I sees how you means, and there's Alik Snubbs would be the first to say I was afeard, 'cause of a bit of a grudge he owes me; so we'll just budge, my boy, and demonstrate to them all that we be neither uncourageous nor intimiated at the features of death, howsoever grimmish they may look,—for as our parson used to say,

"' Death is a grim and a monstrous crab
   As feeds on all.'"

"Oh, never mind about the parson just now," interrupted Tom, "but do you take me on your shoulders, as you kindly promised, for we've little time to lose."

"Did I kindly promise?" cried Jack, astounded at this assertion, yet not quite convinced of its fallacy, for he felt his ideas, both of the past and the present, less free from confusion than was desirable.

"That you sartinly did," replied Tom, boldly, for, as he observed, there was no time to be lost if he meant to be saved.

"Then I'll not break my word—that's as sartin," returned Jack, immediately advancing to assist his companion to get upon the hummock, from whence he might transfer himself to his back. "But,"
continued he, "you must promise to let me go tail up first.

"That," replied Tom, without any hesitation, "I do solemnly promise," and the contracting parties moved off towards the ship, beset on the other side of the floe.

After a long staggering and reeling march over the ice, the sailors became visible from the deck of this vessel, in the shape of an unknown body moving through a slight shower of sleet, which eddied in the wind. As they first appeared, rising over the ridges, and sinking into the concealed furrows that crossed their path, some of the seamen on the look out took them for a strange monster making its way towards the ship; while others cried out, that an enormous bear, running away with a man in its fore paws, like an ape, was in sight. All hands turned out to behold the wonderful and fearful spectacle, and guns and whale lances were prepared for an encounter; but at length it grew evident, that the terrible animal was a compound of two cast-away mariners, toiling across the floe. The refugees on board now recollected the comrades they had left by the side of the rum puncheon, their own concerns having occupied their minds too fully to allow them to mention the circumstance before; but the relation of the drunken humour of the tars created more mirth than pity in the minds of the auditors. It was soon plain enough, from
the progression of the wanderers, that one of them at least had taken in a full cargo of liquor, and it was conjectured, from his position, that the other was laden still more heavily; but it was impossible to decide which was the carrier, though some, who knew the crafty disposition of Tom, swore that he must be uppermost, whether he was most in liquor or not. As they drew more near, their tumblings and sprawlings along the ice, and their unexpected recoveries of balance, became more distinguishable, and vollies of laughter burst from the spectators, while bets were made upon their ultimate attainment of the ship without a fall. This, indeed, seemed a task almost too difficult for poor Jack to accomplish. His companion, by contriving to be carried, had exposed himself to a greater degree of cold, without the benefit of exercise to qualify its stupefactive tendency, and every moment added to the lethargic feelings which had begun to overpower him before they started. Instead of holding himself upright and commodiously, to render his weight less troublesome to his bearer, he swayed from side to side, and dropped his head and shoulders suddenly forward, in the manner of one who, though oppressed by heavy sleep, is yet unwilling to lie down. This irregular behaviour was of all kinds that least suited to the top-heavy condition of Jack, who was constantly on the point of tumbling at full length upon the floe, from the
natural bias to gravitate towards the centre of the earth, which the head always receives from liquor. At every step he made a desperate plunge, either on his own account or on that of the dead weight he carried, sliding away in all directions, and whirling about on one leg, like a ninepin set on its edge by a side stroke of the bowl. The agonies and contortions he exhibited, in his endeavours to bring himself up in the midst of these aberrations from his proper course, afforded the highest sport to the lookers on, while the dropping backward and bobbing forward of the sailor aloft raised their glee to extacy. They cheered the luckless pair with loud shouts, and bawled out with ludicrous exhortations to them to steady their helm, brace their yards up tight, strike their top-gallant-mast, and so forth, according to the fancies of the speakers, and the actions of the parties in distress; and, in proportion as the difficulties of Jack were augmented by the increasing torpor of his burthen, and his own weariness, the mirth of the beholders grew more obstreperous and high. During this erratic pilgrimage, however, Jack persevered in upholding his comrade, and in getting forward by hit and by wit, and by hook and by crook, and by every way possible, and almost impossible, with the laudable determination of accomplishing his supposed promise.

Nevertheless, he could not refrain from expostulating with Tom, upon the unfair manner in which
he bestrode his shoulders, forcing him to roll, and heel, and pitch, and dive, and labour, like an ill-laden vessel in a gale; and, at last, he broke out into oaths and exclamations, vowing he would let go his legs, and leave him behind on the ice, swearing that it was beyond all endurance to be lugged and swung about in that shameful manner, while he had to bear with the wind and the roughness of the ice, and the deepness of the snow, and bidding him keep a sharper look out, and give notice when any hummock or gully was ahead, as he was rather weak in the eyes from having been so long without a dram. At their commencement, these rebukes were just audible to Tom, who, taking them for the growls of a bear, roused himself up occasionally, and exhorted Jack to bowse away like a jolly tar; but, after a little while, the soporific influence of the cold deadened his ears to all the animadversions and execrations of his friend; and, instead of returning answers, he continued to drop his head from side to side, perfectly unconscious of his situation. Jack, chafing and bellowing like a hunted buffalo, continued his course under this annoyance, obstinately bent upon carrying his shipmate to the vessel, yet resolving to fight him when he got there, for his infamous prancing upon his shoulders, and, above all, for his contumelious silence whenever he was spoken to. He would not have taken it as an affront, had Tom been civil
enough to reply to his addresses, by swearing at
him, or abusing him, but not to be answered at all,
was an insult which could only be expiated by a
regular set to in a ring.

This desire for 'the satisfaction due to a gentle-
man,' was of infinite service to Jack, for it threw
him into a passion and kept out the cold; he hur-
rried along with greater energy than before, and
bore up against all obstacles most manfully, assur-
ing his deaf and dumb companion there was no fear
of his letting him drop now, since he was deter-
mined to carry him to the side of the ship, and
there give him a sound drubbing, in sight of all
hands, 'for his cantancorous behaviour.' Nothing,
however, could provoke Tom to speak, or induce
him to refrain from dropping his head as before;
and this contumelious conduct worked Jack into
such a fury, that he began to run forward, that he
might more quickly enjoy the pleasure of pummel-
ing his insolent rider before the whole ship's com-
pany. The admiring crew, beholding this new
prank of the stray couple (for poor Tom now
swung most terribly out of balance), set up a loud
jesting shout, while Jack, still more exasperated by
the outcry, hurried furiously along, thinking him-
self an object of derision, for allowing himself to be
ridden like a rough Shetland pony. Many a hair's-
breadth escape he made over holes and hummocks,
and many an unmeasurable sprawl threatened to
bring him on his face, but he surmounted every difficulty, and was in full career towards the ship's side, when a wide chasm in the ice appeared before him.

He stopped suddenly short on the brink of this gulph, for it was too broad to leap; but his burden, actuated by the jerk it received, pitched forward over his head, and disappeared beneath the floe. Jack hesitated for a moment, as if he waited to see his comrade rise again to the surface, then swore a violent oath, and exclaimed, "If that's the way he serves me, arter all this trouble, I'll be d---d if I'll go to old Davy along with such a rascal! Do you know," continued he, addressing the crew that now gathered around him, "he promised most solemnly he would let me go tail up first, if I would bring him to your ship here, and, besides, he knew I wanted to lick him, and yet you see he has bilked me out of both, as well as riding me like a night hag. By G—d, I'll not go tail up at all, that I am posity, 'specially arter such a trashy, loosey, parjurious varmint!"

I will not take upon me to say that the whole of this anecdote is true, nor do I think the narrator of it was scrupulous in his manner of relating it; but I have since heard, from a more veracious source,
that the material of this brief yarn is not fictitious, though the spinning may be fanciful, and that a poor tar was actually pitched through an aperture in a flaw, under circumstances similar to those above detailed. The facility with which a novice may disappear from the face of the ice, and find himself buried for ever beneath its vast expanse, is not a little alarming to the green man during his first excursions over a new flaw; and, while pursuing birds and seals amid these treacherous gulphs, I have more than once found myself suddenly sink down into a deep rift, filled with snow, while my heart sunk within my breast, at the idea which instantly seized me, that I was going to that place from whence I should never more return.

Going, and gone, indeed, cannot be more quickly said than done on these occasions; and as the ice in Greenland greatly resembles, in variety of shape and size, the clouds which like it float on a pure blue expanse, so the man who falls through a floe into the world of waters, must appear to the fishes very much as one who drops from the clouds is supposed to look on earth; but on this subject I speak without experience. These trap-doors are quickly obliterated, if severe frost succeeds the packing of the icy fragments amongst which they are left open, as the sea rapidly freezes when shaded and in a state of quiescence, such as the narrow limits of an accidental aperture affords; but
in many very thick and long-formed floes, openings are seen amidst the plains of snow that cover their surfaces. Through these the seals ascend from the ocean, to bask in the sunshine, and gain a view of the realms above their ordinary element; and I think it not improbable that these amphibious animals attach themselves to certain openings, which they keep from closing by constant use, and by which they escape from their enemies, both below and above the ice. Unless this were the case, the small fissures through which they insinuate themselves in the centre of a floe, could not remain long passable; and, in confirmation of the supposition, it may be noticed, that the outlet is generally of a circular figure, just fitted for the body that crawls through it.

There are occasionally to be found amongst fields of ice large 'holes of water,' resembling small lakes or ponds, and to these the whales resort instinctively, it is said, to avoid the machinations of mankind. Such is the reason assigned for their being found at rest in these sequestered hollows; but, in searching for a recondite motive, speculatists have overlooked the very obvious one, that repose and not security from hostile visitations is the object of the whale, since it is brought much more within the reach of its foes by lying asleep surrounded by banks, from which it may be and has often been harpooned, than if slumbering in the open sea. In the
open sea, however, it could not enjoy its rest so pleasantly, amidst drifting ice and powerful currents, as when enclosed by barriers, which protect it both from the motion of the waves and from the chance of being crushed to pieces.

Since my return to England, I have been frequently asked whether skaiting was not one of my principal amusements, whilst our ship was stationary amongst the ice. From what I have already said, the reader will have collected, that the general surface of a floe affords no accommodation to the skater, and I may add, that all the ice I witnessed was totally unfit for this delightful exercise, this nearest approach to the supposed sensations of flying, which man can compass. The appearance of ice in the Arctic Ocean is not the same with the general look it bears in more southern climes, and this may be accounted for at once, when we recollect, that the waters from which each is formed are different in their composition, one being charged with the saline matter of the sea, the other containing, if any thing, chiefly a small portion of lime. Salt-water ice, however, does not comprise the salts which were dissolved in the fluid before it became frozen, the crystallization of the water excluding them almost entirely as it proceeds; but there is a brackish, nauseous taste in this ice, which shews that some of the saline particles are retained, and it does not possess the transparency of fresh-water
ice, while its colour is also dissimilar, as may be expected from its opacity. It would be as irrelevant to the character of my voyage as it would be superfluous to attempt a minute description of the phenomena of these regions, were I perfectly qualified to afford it. Such details have been already given by more able hands, and will doubtless satisfy all who are curious in scientific pursuits. I therefore hold myself free from the duty of expatiating largely on the nature of the objects I beheld, and restrict myself rather to the general features of the scenery than to its anatomy or structure; occasionally, however, I feel an inclination to be tedious, and when the reader thinks I indulge this desire too copiously, I can only beg him to excuse me, and compose himself for a nap, which will enable him to enjoy the more interesting portions of my sketch with redoubled pleasure. The opaque-ness of salt-water ice gives it the look of marble and allows the eye to deceive itself with fancied resemblances to works of sculpture, in the infinite variety of shapes that appear before it, more completely than if the material were translucent; while the vivid blue and violet shades, which lurk amongst its recesses, are rendered intensely beautiful by their contrast with the alabaster fabric they inhabit. Fresh-water ice, on the contrary, presents none of these attractions to the sight. It is beheld sometimes detached amongst masses
of its marine congener, and is easily distinguished by its solid, dark, glassy, green appearance, and its heavy mode of floating, if I may use the expression; most frequently, however, it is to be found upon the floes, where it is formed from the melted snow congealed into sheets upon the pools, or depending in icicles from inland elevations and the edges of the fields. In these latter situations, fresh and salt-water ice combined afford, at times, splendid exhibitions of grotto-work, which enchant the beholder with their exuberant design and brilliant lustre; and, if his imagination be at all disposed to ramble beyond the precincts of his sober senses, he remains transfixed with admiration at the scene before him, while he exalts it into the residence of purer beings than himself, and feels an enthusiastic fulness of delight swell within his bosom, exceeding all other sensations drawn from corporeal objects. In fact, so expansive, so ethereal, are the sentiments which pervade the mind, surrounded with resplendent images of a kind before unknown to it, and inconceivable in their multiplied diversity, even though present to its view, that they seem like the ideas of another state of existence, a less gross and earthly condition of mortality, into which the soul is passing, and becoming conscious of faculties till then denied it. Nothing is more striking, and at the same time more jarring to these high wrought perceptions,
than a sudden return to the dull-hued, heavy-built fabric of the ship from which the dreamer had wandered. He awakes from a trance of calm extacy to the poor reality of human nature, with a feeling of contempt for his own insignificance, and of pity for that of others, and he rejoins his fellow-creatures with discontent, at finding himself one of such a herd of grovelling, helpless, worthless animals. I certainly never found myself in less complimentary moods to my own species, than when I regained our vessel, after straying amongst the wildnesses of beauty which I entered at various periods, whilst roving the Arctic Ocean; and I never was more disposed to look upon mankind, and all its feeble inventions and tame de-lightst as a race of despicable things of life, degraded by follies and vices, such as Swift has represented his Yahoos.

There may, and must, be many who will not enter into my speculations under these circumstances, in which they can only place themselves by the help of imagination, and I return to more palpable delineations of hyperborean realities. On looking at the ice, especially while coasting its thicker islands, when the fractured margin is elevated to a level with the eye, I was often struck with the appearance of the snow, thus exhibited by a perpendicular section of its layers. Perhaps, instead of snow, I should use the term
ice, to express the hardened state to which it had been congealed by the percolation of rain, and the water from its own surface, melted by the sun; but it differed from other ice, as well as from snow, by being fissured into minute irregular prisms, set upright upon the salt-water ice, which formed the basis of the floe, like small basaltic columns, or, to use a closer simile, like the oblong vertical fragments into which oozy clay divides, whilst drying slowly in the summer heat. At first, I took this rifted stratification for salt-water ice, as it bore the whiteness and opacity of that material; but, upon approaching near it, (will you believe the truth, reader?) to obtain some fresh-water ice, to cool my palate whilst pulling at the oar, I found this plane of semi-crystallized compacted ice perfectly free from saline admixture, and accordingly took in a supply of it to quench my thirst whilst pursuing my rambling voyages. Such being the general structure of the face of a floe, immediately beneath the more recently fallen snow, little wonder need exist why skaiting is impracticable, even where the field is sufficiently level; but, granting the rare circumstance that ice might be discovered with a surface both horizontal and continuous, none would be at the pains to clear away an accumulation of heavy sleet from an area equal to his skaiting wishes, nor would he desire to impose the task on others, since,
before it was half completed, they may be instantly called upon, as well as himself, to quit the scene of labour for another cruise.

On the fresh water pools and streams, that cover the islands in the summer, I have never seen ice that would bear the weight of a man, and seldom any at all; for the exposure to the sun, that first produced the fluid, preserves it unfrozen to any efficient degree of thickness, even when severe blasts, aided by the cloak of fog which sometimes obstructs the solar rays in the midst of summer, consolidates its surface. These visitations of extreme cold, which unexpectedly succeed the warmest weather, arrest the thawing process, that is previously at work over the whole expanse of ice, open to the direct influence of the brilliant luminary; but, though the surface consequently assumes a hardened condition, very much resembling the glazed exterior of porcelain, or of glass hastily cooled without annealing, it is seldom, if ever, beheld free from eminences and undulations, which preclude all idea of using skaits, and so universal is this impression, that I never heard of the presence of a pair of these mercurial wings within the Greenland seas.

About this time, however, there was exhibited a mode of gliding over the ice more exciting to those engaged in it than the thrilling evolutions of the true velocipede. While all hands were moaning as
bitterly, if not as coolly, as a north east breeze, over their ill-luck, or misfortune, at being shut up in frozen durance, without the power of sailing in search of the objects towards which all their desires tended, and whilst the melancholy watch perched in the crow's nest, like a shipwrecked mariner on a rocky pinnacle, cast his eyes out to sea with the forlorn hope of enjoying at least a glimpse of a distant sail, a whale's tail suddenly appeared beyond the edge of the floe, like, (as I have said before,) one of the black paws of Lucifer flung up from the deep. A cry of "Fish!" equalling the clangor of the trumpet that awakens the harassed soldier from his short night's slumber to early battle, roused us all from our scarcely less torpid lethargy. We had for several days given way to despondency the most dismal and evil boding. We had passed this time not only in murmuring at our destiny, but in threatening each other with all the calamities that attend an unprovisioned crew, shut up in the polar regions during the winter season,—gradual starvation, intense cold, frost-bitten limbs, and death! We were even, at this moment, discussing the lugubrious subject of short allowance, and trying to resolve to diminish still further our previously diminished rations. I was receiving instructions to expend no more powder, except upon larger animals than kittiwakes and dovekeys, unless I met with a chance of killing several at a shot,
and the second mate was transacting official business, respecting our stores of beef and pork, meal, peas, potatoes, and other matters relating to his functions as secretary for the home department, when the ringing clamour of "Fish! fish! fish!" burst upon our ears, and we reached the deck in time to see several majestic flourishes of a vast dolphin-fashioned tail, spreading its broad, black, shining surface in various attitudes to the sun. It was but the work of a minute to lower away a quarter boat, leap upon the ice, and turn its head to the sea. All hands poured down the sides of the vessel with precipitation, some completely armed at all points against the cold, others clad only in their flannels, just as they had turned out from their bed cabins at the welcome shout of "fish!" There was no praying to Hercules, every shoulder was clapped to the bark without hesitation, and the little vessel was swept along the floe at the most rapid pace her conductors could exert; for her weight was lost amongst the numerous crew that urged her forward, while the slippery surface of the snow permitted her to glide onward as swiftly as the men could run.

This movement, the effect of general impulse rather than of command, (since I do not recollect, nor do I think, the captain or any other officer gave the word for its execution,) was speedily imitated by the other captive vessels; and at one time might
be seen three boats performing long launches over a field of ice, hurried onward, I might almost say carried, by energetic bands of sailors, who seemed to vie with each other in their strenuous efforts, and gliding upon dry land with as much facility and haste as ever they had displayed upon the water. To them the inequalities of the floe were trivial obstacles, their long keels supporting them over such small risings as could not be avoided, and their guides and bearers wafting them clear of more elevated impediments; and, without any stoppage to their courses, they were darted into the sea, manned with their crews, who leaped into their places, and began to ship their oars just as they were about to quit the ice. Once in her element, her evolutions require no description; she immediately proceeded to take up positions judged favourable for the re-appearance of the whale, while we, the spectators, remained gazing upon the blue deep, with almost as much eagerness and anxiety as if we had seen a dear friend plunge into its bosom, and awaited his rising to save him from a watery grave. However parallel our feelings may have been in intensity to those which form my allusion, the “fish” did not seem disposed to try their intrinsic merits. It even refused to appear again, to assure us that we had not beheld a vision, conjured up by our desire to see an object so grateful as a whale’s tail projected above the surface of the ocean.
We stood gazing long and impatiently upon the water, casting our eyes on every side, far and near, but no huge sable mass of animated matter rose upon the sight—no vast fin-like limb was whirled round in playful grandeur above the azure level—nothing possessed of life was visible but the ever wheeling fulmar, prowling on the wing, like a white owl, along the margin of the floe, and the curious seal,startling our watchful senses as it unexpectedly lifted its sleek head and shoulders from the sea and gazed at us—a true image of amazement.

One by one, we turned away, disappointed and dejected, and slowly retraced our steps to our vessel, repeating our heavy charges against luck, and framing futile wishes for better fortune. We again took our stations in the cabin, all but the second mate, who, as harpooner of the boat, remained with it 'on the bran,' or watching along the 'flaw edge' for any chance appearance of a fish that might occur. It was about our hour of taking tea, and that colloquial beverage was brought accompanied with stronger helps to discourse for such as chose to use them. Previously, notwithstanding our economical restrictions, an allowance of spirits had been served out to all the crew, as a reward for their alacrity in launching the boat across the floe, and as some alleviation to their mortified feelings at finding their exertions useless. On our parts, we needed consolation likewise, and
for some time doled forth our converse in most lamentable strains. At length, willing to divert the attention of my companions, I endeavoured to lead their disquisitions upon fish into another channel than the oft-bewailed scarcity of those animals. I spoke of the magic effect produced by the sudden flourish of a large black sheet of fin above the bosom of the ocean, from whence it starts like the limb of an Afrit sprite about to issue from the bowels of the earth.

"I have felt that sensation myself," said our captain, turning to me, when I had spoken; "there is certainly an air of supernatural agency in the instantaneous darting of a whale's tail out of a calm expanse of water, lying like an azure mirror within a bed of marble. It is as if a sable banner were thrust out from the pure blue sky, waved round with a triumphant flourish, and withdrawn. The sea in these regions, with its plains and rocks of alabaster spread over it in wide profusion, is but a picture of the heavens above it, and the strange contrast of the deep black extremity of the monster to the bright white hue of the ice, while its swift motion is equally at variance with the still repose of the scene, gives us the same sublime and indistinct ideas of some unearthly being, as if we beheld its evolutions performed amongst the clouds. I often remember, when I see this inky spectre appear and vanish in a moment, an occurrence that
befel an acquaintance of mine; and, as we seem rather spiritless to-night, I will relate it, if you feel inclined to listen to the story of a ghost."

Nothing could be more seasonable than this proposition, for we wanted something to wrest our thoughts from the contemplation of our recent disappointment; we gladly voted for a narrative of any kind, and our captain, equally pleased to oblige us, began as follows, after premising that the hero of his tale was an old friend, who had been formerly mate of a whaler.
THE SLAVE.

When first I knew Sam G——, some fifteen years ago, he was second mate of the R——, and one of the most jovial, thoughtless, good-natured fellows that ever trod a deck.—In fact, his high spirits were at times almost disagreeable, for he was so full of fun, and mirth, and mischief, that you could seldom enjoy any rational conversation in his company.—There were other times, indeed, when he appeared as if totally exhausted by his merriment, and then he was wont to sink into fits of abstraction and melancholy, and to fall quite as much below the ordinary calmness of a well regulated mind as his usual gaiety was above it;—and as, in his seasons of mirth, he was accustomed to make a jest of every danger and every difficulty,
however appalling, so in his periods of lowness he used to give way to the most whimsical and extravagant anticipations of evil.—Poor Sam was, indeed, a perfect child of nature; he seldom referred any thing to his reason, but decided upon whatever came before him according to the dictates of his fancy, or of his prejudices; and thus, as tales of ghosts and demons happened to please his imagination, he believed most firmly that the spirits of the departed are allowed to revisit the earth, and, in his melancholy moods, he used to fancy that strange and fantastic beings came to his bed-side and spoke to him, though what they said he never could recollect: he was, however, with all his oddities, a worthy and a friendly man; his disposition was so humane that he could not bear to behold any one in difficulty, and he would undertake the most disagreeable business, or give the last shilling out of his purse, to assist a perfect stranger in distress — provided, indeed, that stranger could make out a case which interested his compassion—and this, as he was extremely credulous, was a task very easily accomplished.

Some years passed over Sam without altering his disposition or improving his fortune; and, in truth, although in his gloomy fits he used to express an opinion that he should live to want a morsel of bread, this presentiment produced no effect upon him in his more lively moments, when he was ac-
customed to spend, or, rather, to waste, his money with the most reckless profusion; and, I know not why, he did not succeed in his profession, for, notwithstanding his being an excellent sailor, he never got the command of a vessel. This, however, gave him no uneasiness: he never expressed the least dissatisfaction at seeing any of his friends preferred, and he was wont to congratulate them on their success with a degree of cordiality, which, in any other person, I should have been strongly tempted to imagine assumed, but which, in honest G——, I always saw to be the genuine overflow of the heart, an expression of happiness which he actually enjoyed because his friends were happy. With his usual thoughtlessness, he had married, early in life, a very handsome and amiable woman, who, fortunately, proved as prudent and economical as he was extravagant; so that, by dint of good management, she contrived to live more comfortably, and to support a better appearance, than many females whose income was much larger than that she received from her husband; and, indeed, Sam was so thoroughly convinced of her superior prudence in domestic affairs, that he would never suffer her to give him an account of her expenses. She was, in his opinion, the very model by which all wives ought to form themselves; and, luckily, in this opinion he was not mistaken, for she not only managed with exemplary prudence in pecuniary
matters, but she brought up and educated her children in a manner scarcely to be expected from a person in her situation in life. Thus, with all his extravagances and his whims, Sam was still a happy man, owing to the wisdom of his wife. When on shore, he always had a comfortable home, and he always found his children decently clothed and in evident good health—circumstances which gave him the greatest delight—for, as he could not bear to see strangers unhappy, you may suppose he would have been miserable indeed had he seen any marks of want of comfort in those whose claim upon him was of so tender a nature.

About five years ago, after returning from the fishery, almost the first person I met, upon quitting the dock, was my old friend Sam. He looked extremely pale, and walked with a stick, as if he had been unwell; and his clothes, although decent, bore that threadbare and brushed-up appearance which may be remarked in the dresses of those whom we recognize at first sight as decayed gentlemen, the antiquity of which is attempted to be borne out by extraordinary neatness. He was proceeding along the side of the street opposite to that on which I was walking, and I believe he did not see me till I ran over and spoke to him; and then, instead of replying to my salutation, he said, in a melancholy voice, though somewhat of his usual archness
lurked in his faded eye—"Pray, Shafton, did you ever see a man sick of the plague?"

"Never, Sam," replied I; and then, fancying he might be in one of his melancholy humours, and terrifying himself into a belief that he was infected with that dreadful malady, I continued—"but I have often heard descriptions of the appearance of those who were suffering from the plague, and I am sure you do not resemble them: but what," I added, "are your symptoms?"

"Oh, very dangerous symptoms indeed!" returned Sam; "and, in the general opinion, so highly contagious that the bare recital of them is enough to drive away my most intimate friends. In the first place, I am very poor; secondly, I am unable to follow my profession, owing to having been hurt in going on board a ship in distress; and, thirdly, I am in want of assistance to get some employment that I can perform: all very dangerous symptoms, I assure you, and such as cause all prudent men to avoid me as though I were the angel of pestilence stalking abroad!"

I was extremely shocked to find a good-natured creature, whom I had known always willing to serve the unfortunate, thus abandoned in his necessities; and, upon inquiry, I learnt that his present difficulties had resulted from his benevolence, he having volunteered to go on board a ship in distress,
in the Downs, accompanied by a few others who were encouraged by his example. He succeeded in his attempt, indeed, and preserved the ship and cargo; but in his exertions he ruptured a blood-vessel, which brought on a long and dangerous illness, and incapacitated him from undergoing the hardships and difficulties of a seafaring life.

When he had given me this explanation, he added, "Although my money began to run short by the time I got a little better, I did not feel much uneasiness on that account, because I fancied I had plenty of friends who would get me some sort of a birth on shore; but when I came to ask them — then, Shafton, I found out my mistake. They all promised very liberally, indeed; and, for the first week or two, I thought myself sure of being provided for; but when a month had passed away, and I found nothing done, why, then, I suppose, I began to grow importunate, and my friends, in consequence, to wish me at the devil. So some expressed great sorrow that they could do nothing for me; others were out when I called; and others begged me not to come any more, for my appearance hurt their feelings so much, they could not bear the sight of me."

"Well, Sam," said I, "you shall not find me one of these fair-weather friends. If you can point out any way in which I can help you on shore, let
me know it instantly, and I will exert myself to the utmost.

"Why, in truth, I think you could help me," exclaimed Sam, brightening up; "though I almost feared at first to ask you, lest you should prove like the rest of my friends. The post of —— is vacant, and I am told Mr. Woolcraft could procure it for me."

"If he can," interrupted I, "we will lose no time in asking it; therefore, get yourself ready to-morrow morning, to go to Culverwood, and I will write a letter to introduce you, and recommend your business to him, and I think I can promise you will not fail in this application."

As soon as I went home, I wrote a letter to Mr. Woolcraft, in which I represented the case of my unfortunate shipmate, and this I delivered to him on the following morning. He immediately mounted one of the Brighton stages, which ran through a town near which the residence of my friend is situated, and departed full of hope and gaiety; for, aware of Robert's benevolent and generous character, I had assured him so confidently of success that his awakened expectations had entirely banished his melancholy, and although his features were still marked by the ravages of disease, they bore no traces of that malady of the mind which disfigured them when first I saw him.
Mr. Woolcraft received him with his accustomed kindness, and in order to assist him to the utmost, he immediately proceeded to London, both that he might lose no time in making the application, and that it might be strengthened as much as possible by his personal appearance; and, thinking that the air of the country would tend to restore the health of my poor shipmate, and enable him to go through the duties of any situation he might procure for him, he bade him stay at his villa till he was provided for, and ordered the butler, (an old and confidential servant,) to let him want for no comforts requisite to his recovery.

Poor Sam, as you may suppose, was quite overjoyed at this alteration in his prospects, and his spirits rose immediately, though not to their highest level. In a few minutes he became the general favourite in the servants' hall; for a good-natured sailor soon becomes a favourite on shore, where his desire to make himself useful, and the awkward and clumsy manner in which he attempts to shew his inclination, tend alike to excite the good-will and the merriment of his entertainers; and in the evening, when the business of the day was over, he raised himself still higher in the opinion of his pacific hosts, by relating stories of terrific battles with the enemy, and desperate encounters with bears and whales, by singing sea songs, and by telling tales of appa-
ritions, which almost frightened the maids out of their senses.

As one ghost story inevitably leads to another, the honest butler, by way of requiting the courtesy of his guest, naturally told him the history of a spirit which was said to have formerly haunted a little wood at the bottom of the garden, and which had, indeed, been seen by many people, several years before, though lately it had never been visible; but, certainly, a very good reason could be adduced why no person had met it in modern times, as nobody but Mr. Woolcraft and the gamekeeper dared to pass through the wood after nightfall, and it was supposed, either that the ghost did not care to appear to them, or that, if it did, they would not acknowledge having seen it.

That you may fully comprehend the history of this spectre, I must inform you, that Robert Woolcraft's house is situated on the brow of a hill, the back being placed in an extensive garden, which gradually slopes down the declivity, till it terminates in an orchard. Beyond this orchard is a shrubbery, and beyond this again is a small wood of oaks, which extends to the banks of a little rill of water, running in a deep channel, at the foot of the eminence over which they hang in a wild and fantastic manner, mingling their branches with those on the other side, and giving an air of gloom, seclusion, and mystery, to the avenue formed by
the course of a poor little streamlet which in any other place would be scarcely noticed. Insignificant as this brook appears, it is perhaps more serviceable than many a brawling rivulet, and I have often thought it resembled a virtuous and unostentatious man, who glides quietly through the obscure paths of life, dispensing happiness and comfort to all who have a claim upon his benevolence; it not only gives verdure and refreshment to the whole grove, through which it passes, but it serves to supply a large pond, situated further down in the valley, amid the preserves, which contains the finest carp in the county. These preserves, however, are at a considerable distance from the garden, immediately opposite to which, after passing the brook and one or two fields, is the common that the elder Mr. Woolcraft always proposed to inclose.

There is a path which leads from the house towards this common, first passing through the garden and orchard into the shrubbery, and the little wood, in which it has been tastefully, or perhaps rather whimsically, led through a variety of meanders, so as to give the grove of oaks somewhat the resemblance of a maze, and at any rate to make it appear considerably larger than it really is; and, still further to support this delusion, its sides have been so thickly planted with bushes, that it is impossible to get through the wood by any other road. In
the course of its wanderings, this path brings the explorer to an open square, in the centre of the grove, where the trees, by the assistance of art, have been trained to form a large and fantastic bower, in the midst of which kneels the statue of a negro, of the size of life, supporting on his head, with the aid of his extended arms, a marble table. This statue was formerly placed in an open grass-plat, nearer to the house, and, in lieu of a table, he bore the more usual burthen of a sun-dial; but the elder Mr. Woolcraft had it removed after he bought the estate, declaring that he would not have an image constantly before the eyes of his children, which might accustom them to contemplate negro slavery with indifference; for, though as severe and tyrannical in his own family as any overseer could be in a plantation, Mr. Woolcraft was theoretically a most stout advocate for freedom—and especially for the freedom of the negroes in the West Indies.

Mr. Woolcraft, however, seemed to imagine that this African, whose servile posture might have such a fatal effect on the morals of his children while he stood upon the lawn, would have no effect whatever when transferred to the wood, and as a dial in a situation where the sun could not reach it appeared an incongruity, he had substituted a table in place of that which the poor negro had formerly borne; and thus, as one of his friends, an old West India
planter, told him, he removed his slave into a cold, damp climate, utterly unfitted for his constitution, and doubled his burthen, from a pure and disinterested love of freedom. But, be that as it may, this arbour, which was accommodated with several rustic seats, formed a very pleasant retreat during the few hot days of an English summer.

This is the true story of the statue and its migrations; but the neighbouring peasantry had a history and an explanation of their own, much better suited to their love of the marvellous, though, perhaps, not utterly devoid of foundation. According to the chronicles of every cottage within a circle of at least two miles in circumference, the house now inhabited by Mr. Woolcraft had belonged many years ago to a planter, who had made a fortune in Jamaica, and who had brought one of his slaves with him to England. This event, it appears, took place before the legal maxim, now so generally known, was fully admitted—that a slave acquires freedom the instant he sets his foot upon British ground. At that time, an opinion seems to have prevailed, that, as long as a slave remained unbaptized, he could not claim to be emancipated; though it does not appear that he could assert such a claim after being received within the pale of the church. The tradition says, however, that, in order to prevent his negro from even hoping for liberty, the ci-devant planter would not
allow him to be christened, and the country people who, in their zeal for freedom and religion, have elevated this unfortunate slave to the rank of a martyr, give very long, and, to speak the truth, very tedious accounts, of the earnestness with which he begged to be baptized; they repeat all his arguments, and the arguments of the curate, who seems to have seconded him, and they never fail to add a few comments of their own, which, like some other historians, they put into the mouths of their principal actors. But arguments and entreaties were alike lost upon the West Indian, and all that could be obtained from him was, a promise that, when he died, he would emancipate his slave, and leave him an independence, and that he might then be baptized, if he pleased; or that, should the slave be previously seized with any dangerous illness, he would allow him to be christened. There was one accident, however, which might prevent the fulfilment of the poor negro's wishes, and this accident, according to the established usage of all legendary tales, came to pass. The slave was sent to take some fish in the pond I have already mentioned, fell into the water, and was drowned before any of the spectators could go to his assistance. As he was not baptized, the curate would not suffer his body to rest in consecrated ground; a grave was accordingly dug for him in the wood, and tradition affirms, that the remains of this unfortunate African
rest in the little grass-plat in the midst of the arbour.

This legend, of course, is connected with the statue, which the peasantry affirm the planter caused to be made in a paroxysm of remorse. Overlooking altogether the evident purpose for which it was intended, that of supporting a sundial, they assert, that his kneeling position and uplifted hands represent him as humbly entreating his master to permit him to be baptized. How the dial came to be placed upon his head they cannot tell—they suppose the son of his master had it put there, in order to convert a monument of his father's hardheartedness into an ornament to the grounds; in fact, this sundial is a circumstance of no importance in their opinions, and accordingly, like all sturdy upholders of the truth of ancient histories, they treat it as a mere matter of indifference. But they view the removal of the statue to the wilderness, (for so the little wood is called,) in a very different light.—They argue that the elder Mr. Woolcraft was informed of all the facts by the late owner of the mansion, and that he caused the image to be placed over the grave of him it represents, as a monument to his memory. They overlook, indeed, with their usual inconsistency, the fact of its being now used merely as an ornamental pillar, to support a table; but when that is pointed out
to them, they unanimously agree that it is a matter of no consequence.

You have not heard, however, the most awful event in the history of the unhappy negro. It is not likely that such an ardent aspirant after Christianity can rest in peace in unholy ground. He walks, and there is not an elderly peasant in the neighbourhood who has not seen his apparition; but few of the younger ones, (though they also firmly believe that he revisits the earth,) have been favoured or terrified by his appearance; and, indeed, they take especial care not to place themselves in situations where they are likely to encounter him, for not one of them will go through the wilderness after sunset, on any consideration; and, indeed, there are but few who have any occasion to venture thither, for the path, after passing the arbour and winding among the trees, and crossing the little stream by a narrow rustic bridge, leads through a few fields to the common, on which it terminates. On this common there is a little cottage, inhabited by an ancient peasant, who, in his youth, once met the spirit of the unhappy negro; though he allows, indeed, that he could not tell whether the countenance of the ghost resembled that of the statue, both because he was, when he saw him, too terrified to look him in the face, and because, if he had, he should not have
been able to distinguish the swart features of an African, in the intense gloom which enshrouds the wilderness after nightfall.

Sam, as you may imagine, listened to this tale with amazement, and, had he been inclined to disbelieve the truth of supernatural appearances, this was too well authenticated to admit of a single doubt. Under whatever consideration he viewed it, it excited his passions; for he was an ardent lover of liberty, and he detested, as zealously as old Mr. Woolcraft himself, every supporter of slavery. It was, therefore, highly probable, in his opinion, that an unhappy negro, enslaved on British ground, denied permission to be baptized, and, when dead, thrown like a dog into a hole in a wood, should not be able to rest in his grave (for Sam, as I have already told you, never thought of examining the basis on which any story that interested his feelings was founded); and he resolved, the next morning, to visit both the statue and the peasant who had seen the ghost, to satisfy himself fully concerning all the particulars of the history.

The next day, as soon as he could find a companion to point out the way, he set forth to explore the wilderness and the statue, and to inquire the particulars of its origin from the aged countryman; and, although the tale he heard was almost enough to stagger the credulity of any man, honest Sam
believed every word of it, especially since he had seen the image, which, in his opinion, served, like a living witness, to corroborate every anecdote circulated respecting him it represented; and when he returned back through the wood, he seated himself upon one of the benches, and entered into so long a discussion on the nature of spirits, that the footman, who had accompanied him, was at last obliged to interrupt him, in order to get back to the house in time to prepare for dinner.

It was late in the evening of this day before Mr. Woolcraft returned from London; and, as soon as he entered the house, he sent for my friend, and informed him, that he had obtained for him a promise of the situation he desired; and, as the appointment could not be conferred upon him for a few days, he requested him to remain at his house during the interval, in order that he might enjoy, as long as possible, the benefit of a fresh and healthy air. Robert Woolcraft in this, as in all other instances, acted with extraordinary liberality; for, learning from me, while he was in town, that Sam was straitened for money, he left a small sum in my hands, for the use of his wife and children, and of this he informed my poor shipmate, in order that the advantage he expected him to receive from change of air might not be diminished, by uneasiness for the privations endured by his family.

Honest Samuel was so thunderstruck at this
prospect of immediate competence, after so long a series of misfortunes, that he could scarcely find words to thank his benefactor, and retired from this interview with his heart so full of gratitude and good humour, that, when he arrived in the hall, he talked so incessantly, and played so many antics, that his new friend, the butler, who had at first encouraged his frolicsome humour, and produced some choice ale to drink to his success, began to fear he would throw himself into a fever, and ordered him to bed as soon as possible, in hopes that darkness and a recumbent position would allay the tumult of his spirits, and restore him to his ordinary self-possession; for, although Sam, since he arrived at Culverwood, had been more jovial than is the wont of men of his age, he had never before exhibited that intense flow of animal spirits which was at times peculiar to him.

The room which poor G —— occupied was in the upper part of the house, and in one of the chambers on the same floor tradition affirms that 'Pompey' was accustomed to sleep; though which of them was appropriated to this purpose has been forgotten. But my poor friend, either from his own surmises, or from what he had collected from the servants, imagined that it was the same in which he slept. When, therefore, he retired, instead of going to bed immediately, as the butler had advised, he began to examine his apartment; not,
certainly, in hopes of discovering any relic of its former tenant, since the condition of the walls shewed that it had been very recently painted, but rather from that sort of childish eagerness which we sometimes feel, to view even the site of a celebrated building, although no vestige remains to gratify our curiosity. This investigation, and the melancholy ideas to which it gave rise, depressed the spirits of my friend; he seated himself on the side of his bed, and, as he was wont on such occasions, soon involved himself in gloomy meditations on the instability of all earthly affairs, and the vanity of human wishes, or, rather, on the impossibility of obtaining happiness in this world of disappointments.

But, although the death of the slave, with his wishes ungratified, had given rise to these speculations, they were but secondary considerations in his mind; the principal object of his thoughts was the condition of poor Pompey after his decease; for, though Sam, a zealous son of the Church of England, would not imagine that an unbaptized spirit could be saved, yet, in the case of the slave, where baptism was withheld by the overpowering commands of an imperious master, he was unwilling to suppose him condemned for what he could not possibly avoid. Yet, again, this opinion involved poor Sam, who is no great theologian, in a sad dilemma, inasmuch as it seemed to savour of the
popish doctrine of purgatory—a doctrine which, although it occasionally forced its way into his mind, he would not have admitted, even to save the souls of all the negros in the colonies.

While he sat absorbed in these melancholy thoughts, he heard the turret clock strike more than once, and he noticed that the candle burnt dimly, or rather that it was expiring in its socket, and that the room had assumed a strange and wild appearance; and that sad and desolate sensation which, after musing in solitude upon painful themes, most men have experienced, began to take possession of his mind.

He felt, as he affirms, a strong desire to sleep, and yet he was withheld from lying down, by a certain sensation which he cannot describe, but which prevented him from undressing himself, and, while he was in this state of indecision, he saw the door of his chamber gradually and noiselessly open, and a dark figure, dressed in a soiled though gorgeous livery, glide into the room, and he perceived, as it approached towards the dim light cast by his fading luminary, that its features were those of an African. Though naturally a bold fellow, Sam felt his courage quail at this appearance, or rather he felt that indefinable fascination which superstitious terror casts over the stoutest hearts; for he knew, instinctively, as he says, that his extraordinary visitor was the spirit of the slave,
though, perhaps, very little instinct was required to point out such an obvious truth, both because there was no black servant in Mr. Woolcraft's household, and because no one but a spirit could have opened a door which Sam recollected having locked before he seated himself. I know this feeling well from my own experience, and I am aware that it is perhaps the least capable of being described of any of the operations of the mind. I can, therefore, only tell you, that G— sat gazing at his unearthly guest, unable either to speak, or to move, while the spectre, who had now advanced close to him, continued to regard him with an earnest and melancholy look; but, according to the ceremonial observed by visitors from the other world, it refrained from speaking till it was previously addressed.

After this awful interview had continued a few minutes, my friend felt his natural courage somewhat revive, and he endeavoured to accost the stranger, but he confesses that he could exert little influence over his tongue, and that, with the utmost effort, he could only mutter a few unconnected words. These, however, were sufficient to induce the spectre to reply. It spoke, and its conversation alluded to the state of the departed, who had died without admission into the church; but, although Sam seems to think it informed him of secrets which the royal Dane was forbidden to
unfold, they have all passed from his memory in a manner for which he is unable to account. At length, it bade him follow its footsteps, and either emboldened by having been so long in its society, or urged forward by his curiosity, Sam obeyed.

The spectre immediately descended the stairs, in that singular and unaccountable manner in which spirits move from place to place, and which is called gliding;—that is, it seemed to swim before the eyes of its companion, as if it proceeded in consequence of mere volition, and not by the action of its limbs and feet; or, rather, it appeared to be at one moment close by his side, and the next at the bottom of a flight of stairs, without his being able to note the method by which it had changed its situation. In this manner, it flitted out of the house and into the garden, and proceeded swiftly along the various serpentine alleys which lead to the wilderness, turning, from time to time, to see whether G— continued to follow it, and gradually changing the character of its countenance, from an expression imploring pity and commiseration to one of stern and settled malignity.

As Sam observed this alteration, his heart began to fail, and he felt strongly inclined to return, but to return was no longer in his power. An irresistible attraction, or rather an incomprehensible spell cast upon him by his unearthly guide,
compelled him to proceed, and he moved forward, although his trembling limbs almost refused to bear his weight, and the swollen drops of perspiration rolled rapidly off his brow, and yet unable either to fly or to call for assistance till he arrived at the entrance of the wood.

Here the spectre suddenly stopped, and, turning round, it exhibited itself in all the characters of a demon. Of its original appearance its colour alone remained, but its clothing was gone, and its outline expanded to supernatural proportion. It glared fiercely at him, from eyes which gleamed like coals of fire, and exhibited its long white teeth, and lolled out its long red tongue, as it gave utterance to a malignant chuckle, which gradually increased into a fiendish shout, a yell of horror, that seemed to penetrate the ears of the listener, as if it possessed an actual and tangible being, and to thrill through his body like the thrust of a keen and deadly weapon. The horrible appearance, and the dreadful scream of his conductor, seemed to annihilate every little remains of self command that Sam possessed. A sensation like delirium shot across his brain: a thousand wild and indefinable ideas poured rapidly through his imagination, and, as if animated by the fierce and terrific passions of his guide, he felt compelled by an irresistible necessity to let loose a fiendish laugh, and to give utterance to a wild and uncontrollable yell of
despair. But the instant the sounds escaped his lips, a fresh set of sensations came upon him. The demon vanished from before his eyes, his delirious feelings rapidly though gradually quitted him, he regained his self possession, and, with it, a consciousness of being able to exert all his powers of thought or action. He observed, that the wood assumed an appearance different from that he had imagined it to bear, and that the heavens were much darker than they had seemed while his vision lasted; but still, with all this consciousness of the reality of his situation, the fearful screams still resounded in his ears. For an instant he stood irresolute, the next he heard a footstep near him, and, turning round, he perceived the butler by his side.

"For God's sake, what is the matter?" exclaimed Samuel.

"That is the voice of the gamekeeper, crying murder," replied the butler.

"Murder!" repeated Sam—"I will—" and without staying to finish the sentence, he rushed towards the place from whence the sounds arose, followed by the butler; both exerting their lungs to the utmost, and shouting 'murder' as if they threw their whole powers, mental and bodily, into their voices. In a few moments they came up to the little green, on which was placed the statue, and here they found the gamekeeper, lying on the
ground, and bleeding profusely at the mouth and nose. They immediately raised him up, and supported him to the house, from whence lights were seen to glance in various directions, and from the doors of which Mr. Woolcraft himself was in the act of issuing forth, armed with his fowling-piece and a brace of pistols.

By the time the party had got into the hall, the whole place exhibited a singular scene of confusion; for the servants, male and female, had all assembled, half dressed, and without knowing why they had been thus suddenly summoned from their beds. But, if they were astonished at this unexpected réveillé, poor Sam felt actually thunderstruck at all he saw passing around him, and at the inquiries that poured in upon him from all sides, concerning the accident which had happened to the gamekeeper. The butler, indeed, was the only person who retained his self-possession, and he and Mr. Woolcraft were busy in pouring wine down the throat of the wounded man.

Here Captain Shafton stopped, but, after taking a pinch of snuff out of a box belonging to one of our visitors, which stood upon the table, he continued: "Gentlemen," said he, "your looks seem to demand some explanation of this wonderful story; and, as far as is in my power, I will endeavour to give you satisfaction. The gamekeeper, when he was sufficiently recovered to speak, accounted for
his share in the disturbance, by saying that, as he was going through the preserves, he perceived a man, whom he suspected to be a poacher; and that this man, apparently fancying himself unserved, retreated into the wilderness, upon which the gamekeeper followed him, and found himself suddenly seized by some persons posted in ambuscade, and thrown upon the ground, before he had time to discharge his gun, or, indeed, before he could see who assailed him; but that his enemies were not of a spiritual nature, or at least that they used earthly cudgels, was fully proved by the blows they inflicted, the bruises of which were visible for several weeks, and, indeed, it was afterwards proved, by the confession of one of the persons engaged in this affray, that he had been attacked by a gang of poachers. This is a very simple and natural part of the tale, and it is very certain that Sam came to his assistance; but, why he went there, is a mystery which puzzles the good people of that part of Surrey to the present hour. Sam himself repeats the story I have told you without variation, and asserts that, at the time he saw the spectre or demon, he was wide awake and perfectly sober. The butler, however, although he allows that G— was not in the least intoxicated, affirms that he was fast asleep. His room was next to that occupied by my friend, and he says he was aroused by hear-
ing him get up and unlock his door, and go down stairs. Fearing he might be ill, he arose, threw on some of his clothes, and followed him, but could not overtake him till he had opened the back-door and entered the garden. Here, he says, he walked a considerable way by his side, but that he saw neither spectre nor demon accompanying him; and he further states, that he heard no other screams than those uttered by the gamekeeper, and the shout which Sam gave, as if in reply. He gives it, therefore, as his opinion, that G—— was walking in his sleep, and that he was awakened by the cries of the gamekeeper, which, with that extraordinary facility which we always experience in dreams, he instantly appropriated to the object of his vision, and worked up into the matter of his adventure. In this opinion I presume you will all coincide, but Sam rejects and anathematizes it, with as much contempt as he does the popish doctrine of purgatory. You may suppose that all the peasantry in the neighbourhood agreed with my friend, that he had really seen the spirit of the negro; and, indeed, I question whether the death of that unlucky slave (if he ever existed), made a greater impression upon them than his interference in favour of the gamekeeper. Sam himself is talked of among them, at winter fire-sides, as one of the most extraordinary persons who ever appeared in Surrey; all the time
he remained with Mr. Woolcraft (which was till he obtained the situation he at present occupies), he was viewed with reverence by the neighbouring cottagers; and I presume his history will be handed down among them, together with that of the negro, to the latest posterity."
Captain Shafton having ended his story, we complimented him on his choice of a most apposite anecdote to illustrate our late vision of a whale's tail; "for," said one of us, "I take the appearance we thought we beheld to have been a delusion of the same kind as Sam G——'s, allowing for the difference of our being awake at the time; and when we consider, that the shipwrecked mariner fancies, as he clings to his wreck, that he descries a sail in every cloud that speckles the horizon, we may, perhaps, allow that distress almost as great, at least desire almost as urgent, has made us imagine the sight of what we wished to perceive."

"Why, true," said another, trying to be witty against his conscience, and, therefore, like all other
unconscientious rascals, failing in his attempt; "being reduced, as you say, to extremities, we may have caught at this supposed tail, without having a sufficient body of evidence on which to support it; yet I cannot think three ships could have been deceived at once."

But, whilst we were endeavouring to make ourselves merry at our own expense, the distant cry of "A fall! a fall!" operated like galvanism on our limbs, and they started up almost involuntarily, and carried us upon deck. Short, however, was the exulting throb with which our hearts had danced in our bosoms to the welcome music of "A fall!" though we were certain, from the silence of our own watch, that the lucky boat could not belong to the Leviathan. As soon as we emerged from the companion hatch, we perceived, to our sorrow, that no jack was flying from the fast boat, and that the D—-, by whom she was owned, shewed no signal at her mizen top gallant mast head, nor made any preparations for sending further assistance to her men.

"It's only an unicorn, Sir," bawled out the harpooner in the crow's nest, to Captain Shafton, "the loo sy niggers ought to have been ashamed to cry 'A fall' in that manner, bringing one's heart into one's mouth, for such a trashy prize as an unicorn."

"Never mind, it was for luck," exclaimed several
other harpooners, who, like ourselves, had turned up to ascertain which was the fortunate ship. We shall have a better chance of doing something now."

This was exactly William's opinion and mine, for we had long been anxious to obtain a close view of a narwal, and we could not have a better chance of being gratified than was promised by the present capture. Accordingly, we provided ourselves with our sketch-books, and hastened over the floe towards a point, close to which we conjectured the unicorn would be towed when dead, for the purpose of being flinched, a process undergone by every animal of a large size taken by whalers. To us, at that period, a sea unicorn was a stranger, or at best only a distant acquaintance, and I could almost wish it equally unknown to the reader, that I might have the pleasure of describing it to him, with all the pomp and circumstance which grace the narratives of those fortunate travellers who take possession, for the first time, of a new object of natural history, in the name of their legitimate sovereign, Science. Unfortunately, however, the narwal has been as frequently depicted, both by pens and pencils, as the whale; and I feel that any repetition of lengths, breadths, and configurations, would be as superfluous with respect to one animal as the other. There was nothing particular in the specimen we beheld, that will
permit me to add any fresh observations to the remarks of other voyagers. It was about sixteen feet long, a male, and consequently armed with a horn, a curiously twisted weapon, projecting strait forward, from the left side of its head. Its colour was, as it usually is, a whitish ground, thickly spotted with light bluish and dark brown or black patches, giving it, at a distance especially, a resemblance to the hide of a coach-dog. Whilst sporting in the sunshine, this small species of whale is, indeed, a beautiful object. Several are always seen in a shoal, rising and displaying their glittering backs to the bright rays of the luminary, and diving gently, to appear again a little further on. On emerging from the water, their variegated skins, glassy with the moisture of the element, reflect the light with the splendour of burnished silver, while the graceful movements of their bodies, as they ‘make backs’ or turn their heads and shoulders downwards, before they descend beneath the surface, give them additional attractions in the eye of the spectator. They have a custom, also, of lifting their horns above the water, and flourishing them in the manner of fencers, sometimes appearing to cross them, as if parrying each other’s blows, in the style of those desperate gladiators who terrify us so cruelly on the stage. The sailors actually seem to believe that such is the nature of their motions, and take much interest in their
mêlées, but, from what I have seen of these evolutions, I imagine them to be the effects of playfulness; for they are gently performed, and bring the actors into positions the very reverse of warlike attitudes according to the rules of war, which sea-unicorns must obey when disposed to do each other some grievous bodily harm.

When satisfied with examining the narwal, we returned to our ship, inviting the surgeon of the D——, whom we had found at the flaw edge, to accompany us, and partake of a sea-pie, which we had made extraordinary efforts throughout the week to provide against Saturday night, by shooting an additional bird or two every day, as a reserve for that purpose, our regular supply of hung beef and pancakes having been suspended under the law of short allowance. To this temptation, no mean one to a man long kept upon short commons, we added another, by pointing out Mynheer Quinbus Flestrin, as we had named the mighty Dutch skipper, marching across the ice from his 'schip' to the Leviathan, attended by his doctor, and his page or cabin-boy, who bore something suspended from his shoulder, which, even at a distance, so keen had hunger made our sight, we decided to be good to eat.

Stimulated by this anticipation, we reached our ship nearly as soon as the Hollanders, though our distance was by far the greatest, and found
Mynheer in possession of his usual arm chair, in front of the cabin fire. He was expatiating on the merits of a huge bear's tongue, which he had brought with him, as a contribution to our supper, on the principle of a pic-nic feast; for the unhappy abbreviation of our ordinary rations of food allowed us no means of entertaining our friends, at least so he argued; and, in truth, it would have been unjust to the rest of the crew had we made merry in the cabin, whilst they were keeping banyan days between decks.

After the customary view of the prospects of the fishery had been taken, and from general objects we had narrowed our range to our own particular situations, discussing the propriety of cutting our way through the floe with ice saws and bumpers, and reducing ourselves to a state of despair upon all points which we undertook to make brighter and more consolatory, we gradually turned our conversation upon various themes, till at length the merits of our own countries became the subject of discourse. Out of politeness to the Dutchmen, the animadversions made upon their native swamps were of that palliative kind which men good naturedly offer when they wish to reconcile a fellow creature to an unpleasant situation, from which they cannot relieve him. After magnifying the richness, the loveliness, and the salubrity of England, till nothing was left to say in its praise, even with the assistance of tropes and hyperboles,
we began to condole with our foreign companion on the unfortunate position of Holland, threatened on one side by the sea, and deluged by the waters of Germany on the other. We acknowledged the convenience it afforded for water carriage, even when its canals were frozen up, by the ingenious adaptation of sledges to the bottoms of those vehicles which the natives of other countries are obliged to place upon wheels; and we depicted its winter sports in the most engaging points of view, not forgetting those summer festivities so admirably detailed on canvas by its artists. Mr. Duytkin listened to all our observations, both upon England and the united Netherlands, with the same unmoved physiognomy, quietly inhaling the fumes of some tobacco, for he had lighted his pipe when we seated ourselves, and merely evincing by the motion of his eyes that he attended in turn to the remarks of those who spoke.

At length, by the time we had contrived, through the medium of consolatory and encouraging reflections, to make it appear that Holland was a dismal gulph of disease and dire afflictions, the inhabitants of which were doomed to perpetual dangers, and frequent interruptions of the trivial happiness they contrived at times to wring from the niggard hand of Nature, Mynheer Maerts had exhausted the fuel in his pipe. Having then knocked out the ashes, he drew from his jerkin a capacious pouch,
made of the skin of a bear's paw, to contain the fat Virginian weed, and, while he proceeded to re-
plenish his clay associate from its odorous store, he looked around upon our circle, and spoke:

"When I was in my fifteenth year," said he, "my father, who owned a bleaching ground at Haarlem, led me with him to London, where he proposed to spend a few months, to enlarge his connexions with the citizens. A lawsuit obliged him to return speedily to Holland, and, during his absence, I was left with a friend who resided in the Isle of Cranes, as they call a flat sort of waard, or district, by the side of the Thames, and I dwelt there several months." Having spoken thus, with much solemnity, Mr. Duytkin drew forth his briquet, and having lighted his pipe, he placed it in his mouth, and began to smoke with his usual deliberation. While he was performing these operations, we became silent, expecting he was prepared to renew his discourse; but he remained mute, apparently absorbed in the pleasant sensation produced by his fresh supply of smoke.

For some time we looked at each other in silence. William, at length, set us the example, and we burst into a chorus of laughter. "We have our answer," said the surgeon of the D——; "those who know any thing of the marshes of Kent, or Essex, should not make reflections on the swamps of Holland." Maerts Duytkin joined in
our mirth, and laughed loud and long, at the rebuke he had so gently bestowed upon us. "I have good cause not to envy any inhabitant of the banks of the Thames the pleasantness of his situation," continued the doctor of the D——, "unless he deems green fields a compensation for sallow cheeks, and luxuriant herbage a set off against a debilitated constitution. I was born in the marshes of Kent, and have undergone all the distresses which are inflicted by the ague on the inhabitants of those infernal morasses. My father long sustained its attacks with success, and became hardened against its influence, but my health was nearly destroyed by its malignant power, and I only escaped from death by running away from his favourite haunts."

"When I was in that land," said Mr. Duytkin, still disposed to repay us good humouredly for our piteous description of his native country, "it used to be said, that the men thereabouts would go into the uplands, and marry rich girls, however ugly they might be, as they could easily get rid of them, by bringing them home to the neighbourhood of the Thames."

"That is very true," answered the doctor; "at least, the reproach is one which I have frequently heard cast upon my countrymen, some of whom were particularly pointed out as practisers of this art of becoming wealthy."
"I remember hearing of a certain person of that kind, called Bellytun, I think," observed the Dutchman; "not that he was alive when I was in those parts, but there was an adventure of his son, by one of those rich spouses, much talked of at that time, as well as of the behaviour of the damsel, his wife that should have been."

"Right, doctor," exclaimed the brother scalpel, "the whole is a singular story, which one of my relations, an old man, who had heard all the circumstances in his youth, used to take great interest in repeating to his friends."

"Perhaps you will be able to repeat it to us," cried I, forestalling Mynheer Duytkin, who, from his look, seemed eager to make the same request, though unable to prevail upon himself to forego for an instant the use of his pipe.

"Why, Mr. A——," said the surgeon, a modest and bashful young man, "I scarcely know what sort of a hand I should make at it; for it is many years since I heard it at full length; but as I know you are fond of anecdotes, and we have nothing else going forward just now, I will do my best to give you pleasure, provided you will pass over all errors, and not let your friend there quiz me."

"If he should offer to do so," replied I, "you shall hear some of his adventures, which will give you the upper hand of him at quizzing; therefore,
delay no longer on that account. Besides, the delight we shall all feel from your narrative will keep us in perfect silence, and render us too much your debtors to think of criticising your words."

"Ah! ah! Mr. A—," said the surgeon, "I see you can entice a man to make himself ridiculous without his feeling it. But where is the use of being shy? Every one knows I am not about to declaim extemporaneously, before an university: therefore, list, ye gentles all."
It will not be necessary for me to say much concerning old Mr. Bellerton, although his name has served to introduce my story. He resided, as an extensive grazier, amidst those dismal low lands which lie between Gravesend and the junction of the Thames and Medway, where he pursued his occupation in a very successful manner, and in the course of a few years, became extremely opulent. But, as our worthy friend has remembered, he was accused of gaining wealth by other means than fattening oxen; he was charged by the country gossips with being one of those marshland farmers who marry monied girls, brought up in the higher lands of their own and the neighbouring counties, in hopes that a residence in the fens will kill them,
and set their husbands free to seek fresh victims to this matrimonial speculation. It is true, Josiah Bellerton had acted in this manner; that is, he had married three upland maidens, with handsome portions, two of whom perished, after short residences at Oxtead, leaving him greatly increased in property by their fortunes; and as his second wife was of better condition than his first, and his third was still more amply endowed than his second, there was some colour given to the suspicion of his being a fortune-hunter, though it afforded no evidence of premeditated homicide.

However, if such were his views in espousing Miss Blaise Clapperton, of Brawlingbrook farm, the third and last of his wives, he was disappointed in his ultimate prospect, although, in the meanwhile, he obtained possession of a large sum of her father's money, which was paid down on the day after his marriage. In fact, the very person, and the evidently sound constitution of this damsel, seemed to exculpate him from the calumnious charge to which he had been before subjected; since, as a good judge of cattle, he must have seen that she was not likely to perish in the atmosphere of the fens, as she rivalled in bone and muscle, and almost in size, the finest ox which fattened on his lands; and therefore, in like manner, would more probably thrive on the low grounds than become a prey to disease. She possessed one of those
brawny frames, and tough, elastic, Indian rubber-like temperaments, which will accommodate themselves to any circumstances, and yet retain their former powers. The ague attacked her repeatedly, as it seizes upon every one in those pestilential regions; but she constantly overcame its assaults, until, hardened by her contests with this pertinacious foe, she became what is there called ague-proof, or seasoned to the climate of the marshes. In the meanwhile, she proved to her husband, that her services would be of much greater value than any dowry her death might open a way to his receiving. She exhibited all the qualifications of the most notable and thrifty housewife; and, like many other rare and economical dames, she not only managed her domestic concerns with exemplary precision and fear of extravagance, but she took upon herself the direction of those foreign affairs, those out-of-doors duties, which are generally supposed to be the peculiar province of the master of the family. Perhaps, indeed, she regarded herself in the light of domestic chief; for she soon obliged others to look upon her as the principal personage at Oxtead. She released her husband from his superintendence of the farm, and assigned him the situation of cattle bailiff, or at least he virtually filled no higher office. Her soul rose above chronicling small beer, and her speech
aspired to higher forms than the lisplings of affection, and the unmeaning rituals of ceremony. No person, of either sex, in the whole Hundred of Hoo, or even in the fishing boats which daily passed along the neighbouring waters, was supposed to possess a more perfect command of the figures of Billingsgate rhetoric, or a more copious vocabulary of epithets, than Mrs. Bellerton; and the very oxen which, by grazing in the lonely marshes rented by her husband, had become as wild and almost as fierce as buffaloes, are said to have entertained an instinctive dread of her presence, and to have fled in terror to their remotest fastnesses, whenever she appeared in the fields. Her oratory, indeed, was equal to the music of Orpheus, as far as animate matter was concerned; but with this difference, that it persuaded all creatures gifted with ears to run away from her, instead of causing them to draw more nigh. As for Josiah, who, like every other Kentish man, loved a glass of his own double ale, in his own quiet chimney corner, he soon found the aqueous potations of the neighbouring public house rendered more palatable, by the peace in which they might be imbibed, than the generous fluid of his wife's preparation, when accompanied by her tempestuous lectures; for, to do her justice, she was in no way parsimonious in her provision for the
stomach; but "her thundering tongue," as he observed with a sigh, to a relative who was his confidential friend, "turned all his ale to vinegar."

The desire of exercising the organs of speech has at least one beneficial effect on those who possess it to an extraordinary degree. It keeps them in health, by obliging them to employ perpetual exercise; for your eternal talker makes a constant use of her arms, because a flourish of the hands adds wonderfully to the force and beauty of her expressions, and of her legs, because they are necessary to convey her tongue from one place to another, in search of auditors. It is this unceasing and universal movement that renders most loquacious persons so thin and meagre, and not, as is vainly imagined, their fiery tempers that dries up their bodies. But, although Mrs. Bellerton transported herself with such incredible speed to every point where an audience, whether of bipeds or quadrupeds, was to be assailed, that it appeared as if she was almost at the same instant scolding the maids in the kitchen, the men in the fields, and her husband at the alehouse, threatening travelling beggars, tinkers and gypsies, talking down all the established brawlers of the neighbourhood, and driving with loud halloos the cattle which had feloniously waded through some ditch with intent to devour forbidden pastures—notwithstanding all this activity of mind and body, she grew as fat as a prize ox, and be-
came, indeed, a very awful personage, for her stature was more lofty than that of woman in general, and, as she waxed fatter, her face became like a vast globular red bottle in a chemist’s window, shining from afar, and her two light blue eyes gleamed out, like this fiery orb, with an unnatural and portentous brightness.

Under the inspection of such a fierce and active mistress, whose eyes were ever on the watch for faults, that her tongue might not lack a subject for censure, the farm flourished in the most surprising manner; since no one dared to be idle, or to neglect his duty, fearing the tempest of words which the least omission was sure to excite; but although “Master Bellerton” became an infinitely richer man by his wife’s energetic and economical administration, than he had been at the time of his marriage, he discovered, by fatal experience, what all the moralists that ever spoke could not have before persuaded him to believe, had they all preached at once for the purpose—namely, that riches alone will not confer happiness. In fact, poor Josiah thought he had already got enough, and wished now to sit down, as Pyrrhus would have done after conquering Rome and Carthage, and drink his ale in peace; but his wife, whose spirit resembled that of a republican Roman as much as the mind of her husband did that of a Grecian king, thought she had acquired nothing while any ambitious project
remained unaccomplished. But, not to occupy your time by the relation of a very ordinary occurrence, and with common-place reflections upon it, suffice it to say, that the honest grazier died, worn out by the incessant activity of his wife, and happy to escape to the grave, as the only place of silence and repose his unfortunate marriage allowed him to possess.

He left one child, a boy of five or six years of age, under the guardianship of his mother, and that active dame, reflecting that now she had the whole management ostensibly as well as really in her hands, redoubled her exertions, in hopes, as she declared, that her boy would be, at her death, one of the richest graziers in the country.

Educated by such a violent and talkative woman, this unlucky lad grew up silent, dispirited, and sullen. All his early efforts at conversation were checked and overborne by the fury of her endless harangues; all his actions only formed subjects for outcry and reproof; and he was driven about like a little slave, merely to gratify her desire to see every thing around her in motion. He dared neither think, nor speak, nor act, otherwise than as she dictated; and the consequence was, that, when he got a little too old to be kept in awe by mere dread of punishment, he became obstinately bent upon following his own inclinations, without having acquired the experience necessary to guide
himself, which can only be obtained by young persons whose minds are guided, but not enthralled, by their guardians or instructors. The only rule for his conduct which this unfortunate youth had formed was, to keep all his projects and opinions profoundly secret. He had seen that, if he divulged them, they would certainly be thwarted and overruled, and thus the sole maxim he had imbibed tended to his destruction, by depriving him of the advantage he would have derived from learning the unbiased sentiments of other persons on subjects in which he was interested.

This disposition gained strength as he increased in years, and when he arrived at the age of eighteen, and his character began to assume permanent features, it appeared at once shy, fierce, sullen, and deceptive. The violence of his temper he probably derived from his mother; but the check which all his juvenile feelings had experienced had driven them in upon themselves, till now, when they could no longer be controlled, they burst forth with a degree of vigour which they would never have attained had they been properly directed in his childhood. Nevertheless, he was endowed with many qualifications which served to relieve these darker and harder outlines, if they did not soften them in reality. He possessed a fine manly person, and a countenance which, though always marked with strong passions, and
at times with an expression of louring determination, was handsome, and decorated with a brilliant flush of health, such as occasionally beams from the favoured faces of individuals, even in the midst of swamps and dike-bound districts. He evidently inherited the corporeal gifts of his mother, excepting that volubility of tongue for which she was pre-eminent; but as this is a compound faculty, chiefly appertaining to the mind, he may have been provided with the organ of speech, well hung for perpetual vibration, though wanting the moral impulse to keep it in constant motion. Besides exterior advantages, some of his mental qualities were attractive to the world, when displayed by chances that tore off the crust of inveterate concealment behind which were shrowded all his attributes, whether evil or praiseworthy, while others were of a higher though less specious order. He was brave, and almost desperate, in risking himself for the safety of his fellow-beings, as was occasionally witnessed in his attempts to preserve the lives of persons who had fallen into any of the numerous deep and dangerous drains that run through the fens, and in his encounters with the savage beasts of the marshes, which assail with wanton fury any heedless wanderer who enters within their wilds. He was averse to profligacy, and temperate in his enjoyments, in which, though his moderation has been ascribed to the trifling
allowance of pocket money doled out to him by his mother, he might have largely participated at the dwellings of his father’s connexions, who, aware that he must eventually succeed to considerable property, were willing to indulge him without restraint. But he neither drank deeply, when pressed to forget the restrictions of boyhood, nor incurred the responsibility of debts of honour, though furnished with hints, that a day must come when even Mrs. Bellerton would be silent. Though persevering in every resolution, however trivial, which he could perform unthwarted by the opposition of his mother, he was free from revenge, and though severe when distributing domestic justice among the servants and herdsmen of the establishment, who referred to him for arbitration rather than to Mrs. Bellerton, he was impartial. If he abstained from the practice of those virtues and accomplishments which gain general applause, he also was wanting in the vices which frequently accompany them; and he might be considered as a piece of rich ground, that neither produces wheat nor tares, from the austerity of the climate in which it is situated. As such, he lay open to the production of the first moral plants, whether good or bad, whose seeds might fall into his bosom, after the withering atmosphere of his mother’s superintendence was removed; and that this change must soon take place, became evident to all who paid
any attention to the affairs of his family, that is, to all who had nothing else to do. Dame Beller-ton herself appeared to be conscious that her power over her son was gradually drawing towards its termination, for she was often heard to declare that, in a few years, she would surrender the estate into his hands, and only reserve to herself the interest of the money she had accumulated during her supreme direction of the property. This sum was, indeed, considerable, and its interest was perhaps equivalent to the annual profits of the farm, since the worthy matron had been a careful manager, and her energy had caused every department of the concern to thrive, and produce its full measure of remuneration. She often boasted, that few years had required her to spend one fourth of the income they had yielded, and that she had tripled the rate of saving which her husband had thought it impossible to go beyond. But neither her intentions, which no doubt were good, nor the increasing age of her son, caused her to relax for a moment the reins of her despotism; she still governed both the family and the farm in the boisterous manner to which she had grown accustomed, and obliged her son to work like any other of her servants. Indeed, if she did make any difference between them, that difference was unfavourable to him; for she seemed to consider herself endowed with a right to blame and scold
him, both as a mistress and a parent; while he had been taught, that his duty as a son forbade him to reply, and he did not possess the advantage enjoyed by the servants, of being able, if he felt himself aggrieved, to seek a better situation.

Paramount as was 'Madam Bellerton' over all her subjects, and especially in the consideration of her son, still, like most other women, she was destined to find a rival. Among the female domestics employed in the management of the farm, was a young damsel, who had entered Mrs. Bellerton's service at first as a dairymaid, but who had shortly afterwards been promoted, from her proving the best and perhaps the only educated person in the establishment, to the office of bookkeeper and accountant, and general secretary to her mistress, who had neither leisure nor inclination, if she had ability, to keep records and indite letters herself. She was the daughter of a poor gentlewoman, who, in her youth, had imprudently left her friends, and married a small farmer in the opposite county of Essex; for these events took place before the great farms, like ravenous animals, had devoured all the smaller and weaker of their own species. She is described as having been of a delicate and elegant stature, rather under the middle size, and remarkably fair, and as having possessed a disposition peculiarly mild and engaging. It is even said, that, although every person on the farm
occasionally incurred the reproofs of Mrs. Bellerton, she seldom scolded Letty, (for her sirname I do not just now recollect,) because she could not find it in her heart to oppress a creature who seemed alike incapable of incurring or of supporting violent expressions of anger; and, indeed, such was the gaiety and girlish innocence of her disposition, that her very manners were sufficient to disarm the fury of that most outrageous, because most unnatural, of all tyrants—a female despot. This softness of disposition, however, did not arise from imbecility of mind, for this young maiden was gifted with as much firmness of disposition as the human intellect could possess without deviating into obstinacy. Yet, notwithstanding all these and many other amiable qualities, poor Letitia seemed one of those girls destined to be rendered miserable by giving too free a scope to that joyous confidence in their own happiness, in which many young persons indulge, as in a pleasing dream, till they are abruptly awakened to the stern reality of misery, by the harsh and sudden gripe of misfortune.

It was scarcely possible for young Bellerton to live in the same house with such a being, and not to love her; yet the possibility of this attachment seems never to have occurred to his mother, for, although she treated him as a servant, she always recollected that he was her heir, and that the income
of the estate, and of the money she had to leave him, amounted to at least fifteen hundred a year. But, as the good dame was entirely wrapped up in interested views, she probably never imagined that a young man with such expectations could attach himself seriously to a penniless handmaiden. He did attach himself, however, to Letitia, and it is but justice to say, that, whatever were his faults, he was sincere and honourable in his intentions towards her, while the unfortunate maiden returned his passion to its full extent; and her conduct, long after the catastrophe of her lover, proved that a female in a lowly station may form an earnest and disinterested attachment for a man of fortune.

It is not my intention to trace the silent progress of this deep-rooted affection between the youthful parties, for it existed longer than might have been imagined, without being discovered by the busy eye of Mrs. Bellerton. Habits of concealment, indeed, enabled the lover to hide his feelings from his mother. Had they been the most reasonable that could be formed, she would have raised an outcry against them, unless they had been prompted by herself; but these, especially, he knew were of a description she would not approve; while Letitia's sentiments were, of course, unknown to any one but him for whom she entertained them.

Time, which reveals every secret, at length discovered that which these two young persons
cherished so closely; or, perhaps, to speak more precisely, success had rendered them less careful than they were at the commencement of their intimacy; though it may have been, that some invidious or malicious person, before whom they did not think it necessary to use their customary precautions, declared the truth to Mrs. Bellerton. By whatever means it came to her knowledge, she was not slow in making known her discovery. She burst upon her two victims like a tornado, and abused and insulted the unfortunate Letitia in the most outrageous manner, applying to her every epithet, and every expression, which female ire could suggest, and finally she turned her out of doors in the most brutal and disgraceful manner, notwithstanding the efforts of her son, who, on this occasion, forgot his long habits of obedience, and resisted her commands with a degree of violence almost equal to her own. But even he, obstinate as he was, bent before the stormy passions and the excessive clamour of his mother; he was obliged to suffer the object of his affection to depart, like a degraded outcast, from the house in which he felt he ought to be master, and the utmost he could do was to insist upon her being allowed to sleep that night with the wife of one of the labourers, who resided in a cottage on the farm; for this tempest took place in the evening, and the nearest town was at some miles distance. As soon as it was dark,
notwithstanding the prohibition of his mother, he visited Letitia at her retreat, and here, in the bitterness of their despair and anger against the author of their violent and ignominious separation, they swore an eternal attachment to each other, binding themselves by extravagant vows to be faithful to their engagement, to the latest moment of their existence, and swearing innumerable other oaths, such as perhaps hundreds have sworn before, though few have preserved them so inviolate; and having thus in some degree composed their minds, young Bellerton went back to his house, and the next day the maiden returned to the residence of her father, plunged in the most profound grief, at being thus contumeliously banished from the presence of her admirer.

But, whatever her sorrows were, they were nothing when compared with the tortures endured by her lover. He had not only to suffer the pains of absence, he had also to bear the perpetual goadings and cruel insinuations of his mother, who made his misplaced fondness as well the direct subject of endless harangues as a theme for allusions upon every occasion, however little connected with it. Not content with wearing down his mind by her interminable brawling, her diabolical sneers, and the infamous reports she circulated concerning his mistress, she selected one of her servants, who was known to have felt some inclination for Letitia,
gave him a sum of money, and sent him to reside in the neighbourhood of the maiden's dwelling, with orders to do his utmost to succeed in obtaining her in marriage; but it does not appear that this man answered the expectations of his employer, for his name is never again mentioned in the course of the narration.

She also forbade her son's corresponding in any way with the outcast dairy-maid, as she chose now perpetually to call her; she hovered about him like an evil genius, that he might not have time to visit her; ordered all her servants, on pain of dismissal, not to take charge of any letters from him, nor allow him to receive any, and abridged his little supply of pocket money, that he might not have the means of bribing them to disobey her injunctions. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, young Bellerton discovered a method of keeping open a communication with Letitia, and his mother became aware that he did so, and found that, in this instance, she had calculated too much on her power of enforcing her decrees. Her son, after having done all that was possible by words to convince her that in this affair he would not be swayed by her inclinations, determined to quit his paternal dwelling, and to endure every extremity of fortune, rather than witness the terrific rage and over boiling denunciations which his mother displayed, when she found him really bold enough to
resist her authority; and at length, finding that neither entreaties nor violence of asseverations could prevail upon her to let him live in peace, he left his home, having first possessed himself of a considerable sum of money, by breaking open the bureau in which it was contained. The peasant who inhabits the house once belonging to this unhappy family, (for the farm is now owned by a tradesman of Chatham, and is in the charge of a bailiff,) adds, that he murdered as well as robbed his mother; in corroboration of which assertion, several marks on the floor are shewn, which are said to be stains of blood—but this is a mistake, arising from a figurative expression having been taken in its literal sense. She began to droop, indeed, after the sudden flight of her son and its fatal termination, but two years elapsed between that event and her death, as is proved by her monument, still existing in the church-yard of Rainham.

Immediately after young Bellerton had made himself master of this money, he proceeded through the marshes, to the banks of the river, intending, it is supposed, to take the first opportunity to cross into Essex, to visit his mistress. It was about the latter end of autumn, and a thick fog rose up from the face of the water, extending itself rapidly over the land, as if the river were rising above its embankments, and about to deluge the subjacent
levels. This circumstance, although it in some degree secured the fugitive from pursuit, should his flight be discovered, prevented him from seeing any boat that might pass a little way from the shore, and he had probably relied upon getting to the opposite side by means of some fisherman's bark, or other chance conveyance; for, of course, he wished to avoid the regular ferry, that the way he had taken might not be traced.

The only path which can be followed to any length among those fens is the route along the sea-wall or dike, which protects the lowlands from being overflowed; for, at high tides, the fields, like the polders of Holland, lie many feet below the level of the water. To drain these precious flats, there are formed various canals, termed 'fleets,' in the language of the place, communicating with the river by means of flood-gates, which are opened when the tide is down, and carefully shut the instant it begins to rise. About two hours after young Bellerton had quitted Oxstead, he was observed by a man, who had been engaged in closing one of these sluices, walking in great agitation along the wall. The tide was then rising, and the mist pouring in such tremendous volumes over the land as to produce a state of palpable darkness, dangerous in the extreme, in such a place, where a single false step was almost certain of causing destruction to the wanderer. This man
stopped young Bellerton, and remonstrated with him on the madness of hurrying along so dangerous a path, but the youth answered wildly and impatiently, and rushing past his friendly adviser, was soon lost in the thickening vapours. The peasant pursued his way, and in a few minutes was met by several persons, sent by Mrs. Bellerton in quest of her son. He returned with them to the spot where he had parted with the youth, but though they searched everywhere, with the greatest carefulness, they could not find him, nor was he ever again beheld alive. A few days afterwards, his body was found by his dog, floating on the surface of the river, several miles from the place where he had last been spoken with, and was brought on shore by the men belonging to an oyster boat, and left at an alehouse near the residence of his mother.

The first opinion formed after this discovery was, that he had missed his footing, and fallen into the water, and although a rumour speedily got abroad that he had been murdered, yet it gained little credit, because bank notes to the value of several hundreds of pounds were found in his pockets, and his watch was still in his fob, and it was argued that no one would murder him, unless to rob him, and that no robber would leave so valuable a booty untouched. It was noticed, besides, that the watch had stopped about twenty
minutes after he had been met by the man who had the care of the dam; this man recollecting the hour, because it was that of the turning of the tide, and it was supposed the unhappy youth must have fallen or thrown himself into the river almost immediately after that encounter, because it was imagined that his watch would go for some time before the water could penetrate to it, so as to arrest its movements.

On the other side, it was observed, that, as well as notes, he had carried a great number of guineas about his person, which were now missing; but to this it was replied, that these guineas were all placed together in a purse, and might have dropped out of his pocket by their great weight, when he fell or threw himself into the stream;—but, then, a severe bruise, which was discovered on his head, could not be so easily accounted for as the loss of the gold which was missing. A surgeon, however, who examined the body, gave it as his opinion, that this bruise would not have produced death, and that the deceased had decidedly been drowned. The bruise might, therefore, have been occasioned by his striking against some hard substance in falling, and this being all the evidence that could be obtained, the coroner's jury gave the negative verdict of "found drowned." This decision, however, did not fully lull the suspicions of the public; and the neighbouring magistrates, willing to
set the matter fairly at rest, caused the most diligent search to be made in all the vicinity, but no circumstance could be adduced to throw any additional light on the mysterious death of poor Bellerton; and public curiosity, which at first was highly excited by this melancholy event, speedily turned to more novel sources of interest.

This fatal catastrophe had a terrible effect on Mrs. Bellerton. She heard that the body of her son was found, with a degree of firmness which those about her ascribed to apathy, and which, indeed, astonished every one; but the next morning, for the first time in her life, she did not rise at her usual hour, and the servants, surprised at her delay, discovered, on entering the room, that she was in a state of delirium. Medical assistance was procured, and she was preserved from immediate danger, but an evident change had taken place in her disposition. She endeavoured in vain to resume her ancient habits, her mental energies were entirely overthrown, and her physical powers greatly subdued, and, after sinking for a while into a deep and feverish state of melancholy, she was prevailed upon to dispose of the farm, and retire to dwell with a married sister, in her native village. Whatever were her feelings, she never spoke of her son, and the only sign of repentance for her conduct towards him that she ever manifested, was, her inviting the young maiden, to
whom he had been attached, to reside with her as a companion. This proposal, however, Letitia declined, and no further correspondence passed between them. Nevertheless, at Mrs. Bellerton's death, which happened shortly afterwards, it was found she had left her former 'dairy-maid' a thousand pounds, accompanying her bequest with a commentary to this effect, "That if she had possessed as much two years ago, she might have been blessed with a husband, and herself with a son." Yet even this legacy Letitia refused to accept, and the executors to the will, in compliance with a proviso made to that purport, paid it into the funds of a public charity, after the lapse of a specified period.

The conduct of this young maiden had, indeed, been marked with some traits of peculiarity, ever since the period when she was driven from Oxstead by the fury of Madam Bellerton. For several days after her return home, she had remained absorbed in the most profound grief, amounting almost to stupor, and only varied by violent bursts of tears, in which for a time she seemed as it were to dissolve. This depth of sorrow was thought unusual for one of her years and ordinary gaiety, especially by the acquaintances of her family, who were little susceptible of what they called such fine feelings. They affirmed, besides, with great apparent propriety, that there was no occasion for such excess of lamentation, as young Mr. Bellerton
would soon be his own master, and if he loved her, would have it in his power to prove his attachment, and if not, he was unworthy the concern she manifested. Many made it their business to console her, though her father, who was a kind and considerate parent, begged them to allow her time to recover her wonted serenity, as he believed all advice utterly useless to mourners. But he was a widower, and, during his absence in the fields, various gossips dropped in, to exert their talents in the way of alleviating her affliction. Some, in lamentable tones, drew dismal pictures of her loss of a rich young lover, whose mother would now provide him some match much more suitable to his condition than the daughter of a little farmer, who could just manage to pay rent and taxes and make both ends meet. Others scolded her, and made a thousand insolent remarks, in civil sort of language, which her unprotected situation, and well-known meekness, emboldened them to utter, while a few worthy matrons seemed completely astonished at her despair, declaring on their precious souls, (though, in this instance, every body believed them without an oath,) that they had not made so much ado about the loss of their husbands.

All these condolences were received alike by Letitia; she listened to them in perfect silence, for, in truth, she scarcely heard one word of what was said by her officious friends, and seemed, for the
most part, totally unconscious of their presence. She neither spoke, nor took food, nor even rose from the bed, on which she had thrown herself as soon as she was brought home by the person to whose care her lover had consigned her after their parting. During this paroxysm of grief, which lasted for several days, her little sister Bella attended upon her with the most affectionate care; she made herself a couch by the side of Letitia's pallet, and watched her at night as long as she could force herself to keep awake, and by day she was as often with her as her domestic duties would allow. In the middle of the third night, after having laid for some hours almost as inanimate as a corpse, so cold, and breathing so imperceptibly, that her little nurse was often on the point of calling their father, thinking she might be dead, Letitia raised herself up. A glimmering lamp was still alight, and enabled Bella, who was not asleep, to see her sister's pale countenance, and streaming eyes, directed upwards; her hands were clasped, and her beautiful flaxen hair had burst its bands, and fallen in drooping though natural ringlets over her shoulders and bosom. The child was struck at the deathlike white and sunken features of her face, contrasted with the bright, unchanged loveliness of her tresses, and though she could not comprehend, she shrunk from the intense feeling expressed by her uplifted eyes, and hands clenched
firmly within each other, as if the spasms of departing life convulsed her fingers. She was afraid to speak to her sister, thus appalling to her young fancy in reality, and rendered still more so in imagination, by the loneliness of the hour; but she saw her lips move, and heard a low murmur of words, some of which seemed to say, "Let it be me," or "let me be the first." She could distinguish other sounds, though not connected together, and scarcely intelligible to her inexperienced mind, but on the following day, when she recounted this scene to her father, she said that Letitia had uttered a kind of prayer.

Whatever were the ideas that occupied the mind of Letitia on this occasion, they appeared to exert over her a soothing and composing influence; her hands gradually relaxed their extreme pressure, her gaze grew less earnest, and her features assumed a more animate expression. At length she turned her head, and beheld her sister looking at her in childish amazement. "Bella," said she, mournfully, "you must forgive me, my sweet girl—I will not alarm you any more—no, indeed I will not—it must be—yes, it must happen—but I will bear it without a murmur—at least, you shall not suffer because I suffer—one of us, I trust, may be happy."

Poor little Bella, who had endured as much sorrow and uneasiness during her sister's trance as a
child of ten years old could feel, was overcome with a mixture of joy at seeing Letitia alive, and of grief at beholding her so miserable. Unable to express her sentiments, and give ease to her full heart by words, she threw her arms round her neck and wept loudly on her bosom; while Letitia, folding her in a close embrace, bent over her and joined her in her tears silently, but with more relief than she had before experienced. The remainder of this night was passed by the younger sister in deep sleep, into which she sank when her first burst of feeling was over, while the elder maiden continued to hold her clasped to her breast in one position till long after daylight had shed its rays through the casement, and the hour of rising had awakened all the household.

After this period Letitia gradually recovered sufficient self-possession to enable her to perform a large part of the family duties of her father's rustic establishment; but she did not return to that state of happy liveliness which had before distinguished her. She seldom spoke, except when domestic occurrences required her to express her opinion; and she loved to be alone in her chamber, whither she always retired as soon as she was released from her daily occupations. Here, seated at a window, over which the thatched roof projected, and shrouded from view by the creeping shrubs which wove their leafy stalks into a verdant screen before
the casement, she passed her evening hours. Her little sister, for want of a companion, would sometimes steal in upon her towards dusk, when her young spirits were dulled by loneliness and the approach of evening; and she more than once found Letitia weeping, with her head bent down upon her hands, which were supported by her work table. Yet before her family, the maiden was never seen to shed a tear, and she always quickly dried her eyes when Bella caught her thus giving loose to her sorrows, and endeavoured to amuse the affectionate child, notwithstanding her own want of comfort. In the meanwhile, the bright rosyness of her complexion lost much of its healthy bloom by this mournful seclusion, and a slight vermillion spot in the centre of a cheek of waxen paleness remained in its stead. Her beautiful though slender form grew less remarkable for grace of action and symmetry of proportion, and her ringlets were never suffered to stray upon her shoulders; and thus a gradual change in her external appearance, and in her susceptibility of the enjoyments of the world she once adorned, betrayed that grief was surely, though slowly, performing its lamentable task. All her former placidity and sweetness of temper, however, remained, and she sometimes smiled when Bella was very gay, and made many efforts to please her, but it was evident to her friends that she did not feel the
smiles she wore, for they left no traces of cheerfulness on her countenance. Her features assumed a quiet, mild, unchanging character, marked by a slight air of sorrow, tempered with resignation; and her manners became strictly regular and unvarying, though free from that gloomy sullenness esteemed by silly formalists so precious in the sight of Heaven. So far was she from exhibiting this hypocrisy of exterior, which borrows its tone from the deceitful soul of its possessor, that the simplicity of her behaviour, and the openness of her heart, were as remarkable as her want of the vivacity which usually accompanies these moral beauties. To a stranger she would have seemed serenely grave, but not melancholy; to her family she appeared contented, but sad, because they had known her buoyant with high spirits, and brilliant with the glow of youthful happiness.

It need scarcely be observed, that the same consolatory friends who endeavoured to recover her from her paroxysm of grief, now thought proper to inundate her ears with a deluge of advice and exhortations full of cases in point, and illustrations of her situation, drawn from their memories or their imaginations. The heads of these old women were, in fact, complete museums of misfortune, stored with every species of grievance to which mankind is subject; and they could at all times produce a similitude to every distress which befel
their neighbours, and shew them what would be the next painful event in the concatenation of mis-
haps, by way of alleviation to that misery under which they were already suffering. However, the entire apathy with which Letitia listened to their speculations and experiences, without commenting upon them, completely disconcerted their plans for extracting amusement from her expected wretched-
ness, and they one by one abandoned her to her own reflections, convinced that she deserved more evils than had ever befallen woman, for her obsti-
nate refusal to communicate her thoughts to those who could have set matters to rights, though they forbore explaining how they would have accom-
plished this desirable object. They then besought her father to send her out to service again, as the best way of treating a fantastical young thing who was unwilling to commune with sensible people; but the good man said, "there was time enough for that;" intending in his heart not to let her leave him any more.

Letitia continued in this frame of mind till the day arrived on which young Bellerton perished. Her father's house was situated at some distance from the river's side, and she had not quitted it during the week, yet on that fatal day she was observed to be extremely uneasy and desponding; and when asked by her father why she seemed more unhappy than she had lately appeared, she
burst into tears and replied, that she felt certain she should soon hear of some misfortune. Her parent naturally attributed this apprehension to the nervous weakness produced by recent excess of sorrow, and while he gently reproved her for indulging in imaginary terrors, he attempted to inspire her with hope, by representing the constancy of her lover in his correspondence, and his general good character for steadiness and sobriety.

Letitia started at her lover's name, and listened to his praises with unexpected impatience. "Father," replied she, earnestly, "I do not doubt Mr. Bellerton's fidelity: I would that I had nothing else to fear." But as she spoke a messenger was seen hastening along the causeway that led through the meadows to the farm, and the good man left his daughter without being able to inquire the object of her dread. In his farm-yard he found an acquaintance waiting to inform him of the catastrophe of young Bellerton, which soon became spread abroad, by means of watermen and passengers crossing at the ferry.

To withhold this intelligence long from his daughter he foresaw would be impossible, yet it wrung the heart of the kind father to anticipate the sufferings she would endure upon receiving it. In this distress he sent for his sister, thinking that, while conversing with Letitia, she might disclose the fearful truth by those circumlocutory ways
which women manage so adroitly; but this precaution, however gently intended, was unavailing. The maiden at once foresaw the design with which her aunt accosted her, and relieved her from the difficulty of her task. "You are come, aunt Epsie," said she, with a forced calmness of countenance, and a resolute fixture of eye, "to speak of Walter Bellerton—tell me, is he dead? Do not deceive me now—you know you cannot deceive me long."

Poor aunt Epsibah declared by her looks what her tongue was still unwilling to reveal, and, without verbally answering the question, began to pour forth those trite though true maxims of consolation which appear so admirable to every one but the afflicted. For a time, however, Letitia's grief was passionate beyond control, and precluded every succour which can enter the wounded spirit by the ear. After a vain struggle with herself to oppose the violence of her despair, a terrible burst of sorrow shewed her for a moment frantic, in despite of all her efforts. She sprung wildly from her chair—set her teeth—glared madly with her eyes fixed, as if in agony, and clenched her hands above her head; but her better spirit prevailed, and instead of dashing herself on the floor, as at first she seemed to have designed to do, she rushed into the arms of her father, who was at that moment entering the room, unwilling to be absent lest his
daughter should require more assistance than her aunt could tender.

Contrary to the fears of her relatives, however, this excitement did not terminate in that state of insensibility which had before overpowered her. For a short period she was convulsed with a strong shudder which shook her whole frame violently. By powerful exertion, however, she regained the mastery over her feelings, and after a while spoke in sobbing accents.

"I thought I could have borne this better," said she. "I have been preparing myself for it, and yet I have given way. But I must live—I will live to bring his murderers to justice! Are they known, father? Is it known who killed him?"

"He has not died unfairly, my dear Letty," replied her father; "he was drowned by accident."

"Accident!" repeated Letitia, lifting up her streaming eyes from her parent's shoulder, and looking him inquiringly in the face, "whoever says so is deceived, or wishes to deceive others. He has been foully murdered, and his blood is on the hands of some monster, on whose head it will bring retribution. Yes, I must live, and work the will of Heaven—for this I shall be spared."

These vehement expressions, uttered in the bitterness of the moment, were heard by her relatives with regret for the excited state of mind which prompted them; but of course they were not listened
to with belief. There was, as I have shewn you, little plausibility in the supposition that the death of young Bellerton had been hastened by the hand of villainy; and, however it had been caused, it was impossible that Letitia should possess any knowledge of its circumstances. The maiden read the opinions of her father and his sister in their silence. "On some future day," said she, "all people will be convinced of what I now assert, though possibly neither of you may live to know it. But I have felt for some time that either Walter or myself would perish suddenly, and I have been looking forward to the day. The day is come—would that it had been for me."

Aunt Epsibah and her brother were still less convinced than before of the reality of Letitia's assertions, but they feared that grief had affected her reason, and possessed her with the belief that she had foreseen the loss of her lover, and that the solitude in which she had indulged had suggested sad presages to her fancy, which she now adopted for realities. Fearful of enfusing these gloomy dreams in her mind, by obliging her to maintain their truth, they forbore to point out to her the impossibility of obtaining such foreknowledge, and endeavoured to divert her imagination from the immediate cause of its derangement. They spoke, in general terms, of the helplessness of human nature, of the days of their youth, and of the better
fortune of those early friends who, by accident or disease, had escaped the toils and cares of life; and they slightly hinted, that, had Mrs. Bellerton died when she was a girl, she would not now have to mourn the loss of an only son, and the melancholy prospect of childless widowhood. With such discourse, calculated, or at least intended, to reconcile Letitia to the dispensations of Providence, the good pair succeeded in calming the tumult of her feelings, and in rousing that sound sense which formerly governed her conduct, and she remained in a state of mute quiescence for several hours, with her hand pressed over her eyes, while a few deep drawn sighs alone escaped her bosom.

Whatever was the persuasion of this young woman, with regard to her lover's death, she seemed possessed of no clue which could lead to the discovery of any information concerning it. Her friends, at various times, endeavoured, by numerous and apparently unintended questions, to gather from her the reasons which had led her to suspect the fate that had befallen young Bellerton; but all their attempts failed to elicit answers tending towards a satisfactory conclusion. Whenever she became aware of their intention, she entered at once into their views with the artlessness and freedom from concealment that had always marked her character, and declared, without hesitation, that young Walter had never given her to understand,
either by word or manner, that he might die a violent death. The neighbours, however, did not, at first, place entire confidence in Letitia's veracity, and most persons, when they reflected on her having anticipated the catastrophe of this young man, concluded that she had heard him threaten to destroy himself, on account of his mother's opposition to his wishes; and her explanation, or avowal, that she had expected the sudden death either of herself or her lover, only confirmed this conjecture, with the addition, that the unfortunate pair had both resolved upon suicide. But, in opposition to this deduction, it soon became rumoured about the marshes, where this affair made an extensive impression, that the maiden asserted the death of young Bellerton to have happened through the violence of others, and this assertion at once confounded all conclusions that could be drawn from her previous conduct.

The behaviour of Letitia was in full accordance with the opinions she maintained. On the day following that on which she had been informed of the death of her lover, although she appeared buried in the deepest grief, she earnestly requested permission to attend the coroner's inquest; not, as she said, for the purpose of offering evidence, since she knew of nothing that could lead to the discovery of the murderer, but that she might acquire information of all the circumstances connected with the
finding of the body, to serve her as lights by which to track the wretch who had deprived it of life. From this desire, as well as by the direction of the coroner, she did attend the inquest; and, though she was not permitted by her father, who accompanied her, to see the corpse, which was much swollen and otherwise disfigured, she listened to the statements of all the witnesses, and suggested several questions, which her long acquaintance with the deceased rendered important. Afterwards, she readily underwent an examination herself, but nothing satisfactory was obtained from her acknowledgments. A strong unwavering impression, that young Bellerton had been murdered, seemed to have been made upon her mind, but by no facts or circumstances which could account for her belief, and she declared that she suspected no person, or persons, of being either principal or accessories to the deed.

From those who reasoned legally, and, according to the sceptical, or what they called the enlightened dictates of their minds, this persuasion met with no credit whatever; although they pitied the delusions of the damsel, and admired her devotedness to the cause she had espoused. With the less wise and more credulous classes of society, her opinions and her conduct found greater favour. They looked upon her as one to whom some supernatural com-
communication had been made, and who was appointed to fulfil the destiny for which alone she professed a desire to live: yet, among this party, there was an infinite number of divisions, and shades of belief, and very few of these admirers spoke in praise of her discernment, after she refused to reside with Mrs. Bellerton, and still fewer, when she rejected the legacy bequeathed her by that lady. But Letitia regarded the constructions which the world put upon her conduct with little concern. She made no efforts to attract attention, nor kept herself affectionately recluse. For some time after the period fatal to her happiness, she drooped, and seemed consuming with the severity of her feelings; but, by degrees, she rallied, and though she did not recover her liveliness, nor ever again mingled in the society of persons of her own age, she did not exhibit those irritable habits, and that woe-worn exterior, which are common to the disappointed and sick at heart. Her manners remained remarkable for their simplicity, gentleness, and resignation—and the widow's cap, and half-mourning dress, which she always wore after the decease of her betrothed husband, were true emblems of the chastened sentiments and regular deportment of their possessor.

No lapse of time, however, or plausible explanation of the manner of her lover's death, could
divest Letitia of the belief that he had been assassinated, and she persisted in maintaining her first opinions, in spite of the almost positive proofs to the contrary, furnished by the investigation before the coroner. At one time it was imagined she suspected Mrs. Bellerton to have been privy to the death of her son; but I believe no other grounds existed for this surmise than her refusing to accept either the invitation or the legacy I have mentioned. Nevertheless, so positively did she assert her conviction that the youth had been destroyed by unfair means, that a neighbouring magistrate, whose newly married lady interested herself greatly in her cause, concluding she must rest her belief on a more certain foundation than mere visionary impression, took the trouble to call at her father's house and interrogate her on the subject, being unwilling to excite any rumour by sending for her to his residence. She could assign no reason, however, for her unyielding adherence to her first opinion, or at least no reason that could satisfy the mind of any other person than herself in those dubious times. She could only repeat what she had said before, of her feeling convinced of the justness of her ideas, though she was unable to convince others of their correctness; and she again declared, that her being the instrument necessary to bring the homicide to justice was the only motive for which she was withheld from the grave.
These assertions, though they might prove the sincerity of the poor girl's attachment to the deceased, amounted to nothing like legal evidence, and produced no other sentiments in the mind of the justice than that she who made them was rendered half silly, or "vapourish," as he termed it, by sorrow; and, indeed, this opinion became pretty general when she had refused several good offers of marriage, which were made her directly after Mrs. Bellerton's bequest became publicly known. But Letitia never suffered the opinion of her neighbours to disturb her. She continued to wear the widow's weeds she had assumed, declared that she had bound herself by a firm promise never to marry any other person than her deceased lover, was never known to act inconsistently with her earliest declarations, and, in fact, her whole conduct was so extraordinary, that the lower classes thought her little better than crazed, while such of the higher order as commiserated her misfortunes, considered her as a harmless enthusiast, whose mind had been thrown off its poise by the violence of sorrow.

These very circumstances, however, excited a strong degree of interest in the bosoms of many persons inhabiting the vicinity of her father's residence, and as, with all her sadness, she still retained her former gentle and engaging manners, many ladies, who had at first desired to see her merely to gratify their curiosity, became officiously willing to befriend
her, and made her most liberal offers of assistance, should she ever stand in need of their protection; and that she would at some time require to be succoured by her friends was sufficiently evident, for her father was old, and too poor to leave her, when he died, any property to support her; and, as she would neither marry nor accept the legacy of Mrs. Bellerton, there existed every chance that she would at no very distant period be left to depend entirely on her own resources.

Letitia continued this manner of life for some years, managing the little domestic concerns of her farm with the greatest care, and attending to the improvement and welfare of her sister with all the solicitude of a mother; and if she could be said to indulge in any one pleasant occupation, it was the gratification she felt in communicating to Bella the little learning she had acquired from her deceased parent, who had been better educated than married. As time passed on, Bella grew up a beautiful and attractive girl. She displayed much of the engaging sweetness which had characterized her elder sister, united to a full share of animal spirits and intellectual fire. Her constitution was evidently more robust, and her feelings less intense, than Letitia's; but her disposition was tractable, and her principles of the purest kind. Notwithstanding the love of gaiety and harmless enjoyment, which her age and her predisposition encouraged,
she continued to manifest the same affectionate attachment to her sister that she had shewn her when a child. She obeyed her as if she really were her mother, and took extraordinary pains to invent amusements for her, at those seasons when she thought grief would press most heavily upon her spirits; and though she found her little efforts of slight avail, she felt rejoiced if she could raise but one smile upon her saddened countenance. Whenever opportunities occurred, she brought her home the finest fruits and fairest flowers she could obtain, to tempt her appetite and adorn her chamber, and never failed to set before her at her slender meal a cup of water from a distant spring, reported to afford the purest fluid of the kind within the county.

I need scarcely say, that these kindnesses were mutual, and that Letitia was the ready and indulgent assistant to Bella, in all her temporary troubles and youthful schemes. She nursed her with tenderness when she was unwell, and promoted her happiness by every means in her power when she sought diversion. If she could not mingle in scenes of merriment and light-heartedness herself, she did not endeavour to withhold her sister from participating in them, and she spent many a solitary hour in earning small sums with her needle, to procure those girlish ornaments for her favourite which would enable her to meet her companions
on equal terms of dress and finery—a matter of much importance in female society, though trifling in itself.

But, besides preventing that mortification which young persons suffer when they observe their own embellishments inferior to the display of their associates, Letitia had, perhaps, another view in promoting her sister's introduction into society. It was too evident that their father would not live long, for he appeared now very old and toil-worn; or, should he still linger in this world, it was certain that he would be unable, after a little while, to labour for his support. It became, therefore, necessary to look forward to the alternatives that remained for the future maintenance of Bella and herself; and Letitia saw but two prospects in the narrow vale of their humble lives—servitude and marriage. To servitude she dedicated herself, whenever Providence should withdraw the source of her present maintenance; but, with maternal affection, she could not endure the thought that her sister should be exposed either to the harsh trials of the world or to its seductive and fatal temptations. She had seen how Mrs. Bellerton worried her domestics with perpetual clamour and complaint, and had learnt how few mistresses treated their servants with kindness and consideration. Probably, she overrated both the sensibility of Bella to the ill humour and contumely of
proud, fastidious beings, and the harshness and caprice of these self-styled superiors; but her error arose from the tenderness she felt for this beloved sister, while her dread lest her residence in strange families should lay her open to the machinations of unprincipled young men exceeded her other fears, in proportion to the magnitude of its object. To obviate this exposure to pain and peril, Letitia earnestly desired that Bella might engage the attention of some of the junior members of the yeomanry which inhabited the neighbourhood, for whom she was in every way a suitable companion, since, in those days, every man did not look out for a partner gifted only with money, but many, especially of the middling class, were content with a wife of tolerable beauty, provided she was good tempered and industrious, and accomplished in the domestic arts of making a home happy and a family comfortable. For such a station Bella was eminently qualified, her lively temper and her charms having never interfered with her duties as housewife to her father, which office she filled as soon she was capable of undertaking it. She had also been taught by her sister many mysteries in economy, practised by Mrs. Bellerton, and therefore indisputably well calculated for their purpose, as that thrifty dame had plainly manifested by her profitable management of internal as well as external affairs; and Letitia, in wishing her sister to become
the bride of a small farmer, was fully supported by her knowledge of her intrinsic value, as well as by the purity and kindness of her motives. Bella had also now passed her eighteenth year, and grown a woman in stature, as well as in acquirements, and there were few maidens for many miles round, who could hope to rival her in grace of form or feature. She was likewise possessed of more education than most damsels of her rank, and in wit and intelligence she was second to no other.

With prudence and circumspection, therefore, Letitia permitted her sister occasionally to accept the invitation of her acquaintances, to spend an evening at their houses, provided the families were headed by sober matrons, who were not likely to allow of the introduction of evil examples at these meetings. She had herself foresworn society, and she felt or fancied, that her presence would have thrown a chill over the amusements of others, had she endeavoured to re-enter it for the sake of Bella. Rather than any danger should have hovered round this dear object, she would have overcome every feeling repugnant to social intercourse; but Letitia, though cautious and foreseeing, was not one of those illiberal characters who imagine that wickedness lurks in every bosom, and that ruin threatens the steps of every creature not under their immediate inspection. She knew that many persons were disposed to vice, but she did not thence con-
clude, that the whole world was corrupted and unsound; nor, because her own happiness had been wrecked on the sea of life, did she infer that every bark of joy must be cast away.

Without acquainting Bella with her wishes that she might attract the regard of a man of decent competence, she contented herself with facilitating her attainment of those fair opportunities of finding a husband which every girl has a right to enjoy, and exercised her authority as elder sister, and virtual mother, only by keeping her from dangerous acquaintances. At the same time, in justice to Bella, it ought to be observed, that she submitted to the direction of Letitia in all things; and so well was she convinced of her solicitude for her welfare, and her disinterested affection, that she did not reserve to herself any of those 'secrets,' or concealments of sentiments and occurrences, which young people are so apt to consider important. She was, in truth, as guileless as she was free from evil inclinations, and her beauty was scarcely more apparent than the excellence of her heart, which beamed out in every feature, and sparkled in every glance of her bright blue eyes.

It was the custom of this innocent and happy maiden, when she returned from any visit to her acquaintances, to give an account to her sister of all she had beheld worthy of report, and to express her opinions of the persons with whom she had
associated. This habit had arisen as well from her artless disposition to lay open her inmost thoughts, as from her having endeavoured in her earlier years to divert Letitia's sorrows by her remarks and reminiscences; and, as she believed that Letitia did find some alleviation of her grief in listening to her prattle, she continued to display her little stores of news, on every occasion, after she had ceased to be a child. Letitia, on her part, had always taken these opportunities of cultivating the understanding and improving the ideas of her pupil, and her willingness to learn the sentiments of this maiden on what passed before her eyes had led to the effect upon herself which Bella desired—the temporary abstraction of her mind from the gloomy theme it loved to contemplate. From these conversations, Letitia had long been aware that her sister was an object of admiration in the eyes of the neighbouring swains, nor was Bella at all ignorant of the flames she had kindled, though she carefully avoided giving encouragement to wishes she did not feel disposed to realize. There were many, indeed, who would have loved her had she permitted them, and some who loved her without leave; but no one could boast, even to himself, of her approval, not even of that visionary kind of assent which the eye of a lover views in a smile or a look—that dream of the heart, from which, with fond superstition, the timid suitor augurs future
condescensions from her who at first refused to listen to his passion—that honey-drop of hope, gathered from a thousand little indications imperceptible to others, as the bee collects its nectar from a multitude of blossoms which seem to contain no sweetness.

Bella was thus free from enthrallment herself, though conscious of the effect of her charms on others, when she reached her nineteenth year. It was summer, and her birthday arrived at that season when the hay harvest is gathered in, and the denizens of the country are eager to rejoice, if abundance has rewarded their labours. The plenty of former years was exceeded by the produce of this, and merrymakings were held at every farmstead, to celebrate the gifts of Heaven. Letitia had always insisted that her sister, when a child, should spend the anniversary of her nativity at one of these festivals, she being conscious of her own incapacity to maintain those pleasant feelings in the bosom of youth which a birthday usually creates. She had, therefore, accepted for Bella the annual, invitation of a farmer's dame, whose husband was an ancient friend of her father, excusing herself from joining the party, but committing her sister specially to the charge of the mistress of the family. The good woman, aware of the motives of Letitia, and pitying her long-lived melancholy, always treated her youthful
guest as one of her own daughters, and it became at length as necessary for Bella to spend her birthday at Gaffer Fallofield's hay feast, as that the ale should have been brewed in the preceding October, or that the world should turn round; three points, which, though somewhat dissimilar, were all equally essential to the festivity of the day—the first being requisite for the happiness of the younger members of the family, the second imperative in the mind of the dame, while the third was an astronomical discovery of the farmer's, which having made whilst toiling through an almanack in his youth, when he could read, he ever after announced once a year, with much satisfaction, to the wondering gaffers who assembled together to commemorate the richness of his crops, while they illustrated his doctrine by experiments on his mugs, which were made to revolve with planetary regularity and influence round the table, producing in good time, the four seasons of conviviality—fun, frolic, uproar, and inebriety.

This customary visit of Bella to the house of Mr. Fallofield had not escaped the attention of her admirers, who as regularly endeavoured to procure invitations to join the harvest revellers, which, as they were mostly the sons or other relatives of neighbouring agriculturists and graziers, was a matter of little difficulty. On this occasion, a numerous band of her followers had assembled to
enjoy her presence, and display their pretensions to her notice. Many of them were, indeed, men who might justly hope to obtain her regard; lusty, handsome young fellows, with a fine flow of animal spirits, and that blithe character of countenance which is the surest warrant of a happy disposition; others were less personable, though not less endowed with health and soundness of constitution; while the rest were remarkable for nothing but the traces which ague had left in their faces, and the care with which they had endeavoured to obviate this disadvantage, by dress and display of superior riches.

I shall not detain your attention, to listen to an account of a festival which your imaginations can depict. The guests were, of course, of that class which does not aspire to the elegance of refinement; but a due sense of propriety reigned over their behaviour. The feast gave as much satisfaction as if it had been served up on plate, for it found appetites ready to receive it; and the dessert and liquors, though purely English, were not less welcome than the choicest fruits of the tropics, and the most sparkling wines of France. Everything was sufficient for its purpose, and those who were to judge of this fitness plainly demonstrated their opinion, by the hearty manner in which they performed their office. In fact, it would have satiated the qualmy stomachs of half a dozen sentimental philanthropists, who subscribe their sighs and tears for the relief of
their starving fellow-creatures, only to have seen how these good people did eat — how they joked, and laughed, and closed their smirking lips only to salute huge tankards of nut-brown ale foaming with rage, like a true Briton, at the long captivity it had endured! — for even your British ale loves liberty. It would have done any one good to have looked at the jovial throng, carousing round the oaken board, and filling the air with the light-winged offspring of jollity, songs and quirps and good humoured banterings; and it would have rejoiced the heart of many a sickly spinster, to have been led away to dance by the amorous swains, who quitted the festive cheer to make the neighbouring barn floor, on which the flail had oft before resounded, now echo to their sturdy feet. Hither the younger merrymakers repaired, as soon as Dame Fallofield sounded the retreat of her cohort of maidens from the field of battle, and here they found a choice band of village musicians, embosked in an orchestra of boughs and flowers, erected for the purpose, while, in another nosegay recess, were stationed Betty and Fanny, behind a lengthened table, well stored with cakes and sweetmeats, and that prodigious tea-urn, which was the perpetual admiration, and occasional fountain of refreshment, to all the vicinity of the 'farm of Fallow.'

It would be an ungracious speech, were I to say that Bella was the most beautiful of the many
beauteous damsels, whose hearts and heels beat time to the music of the instruments, and to the glances and smiles of their partners, and it would, indeed, be an unnecessary speech. Bella looked as lovely as a Moslem martyr could hope to find the Houri who was destined to reward his tortures; radiant in the bloom, yet delicate in the expression, of her countenance; faultless in her shape, and graceful in her movements; and if many of her companions, of either sex, were less perfect than herself in external qualifications, it could not have been discovered by her behaviour to them. Her manners were still as simple and unaffected, amidst a circle of worshippers, as when alone with her sister Letitia, whose presence could scarcely be called society, so much was she generally wrapped up in meditation. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, but not with vanity, and her remarks were brilliant with native wit, but not with sarcastic reflections. Many of her lovers were enraptured with her perfections, though their uncultivated minds could scarcely perceive one half of them, while others grew sad at the sight of so much excellence, which they deemed themselves unworthy to possess.

The evening came and passed in joy, and night succeeded, to witness the happiness of harmless mortals, exulting in the plentiful rewards of their industry. Refreshments succeeded to dances, and dances were again the result of renovated activity,
while the enlivening mirth of the young, and the sly jokes and unwonted jocundity of the elder votaries of pleasure, maintained an unceasing echo of gay laughter throughout the building. Even the grey-haired and hairless gaffers, who for forty years had listened with novel attention to the annual account of the circumvolution of the world, forgot to honour this noble discovery of their entertainer with the usual number of libations; and, seduced by the jolly clamour that resounded from the ball-room, compelled their Newton to lay aside his gravity, and repair with them, in a body, to partake of lighter enjoyments. The accession of this party of veterans to their cause, gave a fresh impulse to the joyous assembly, and a thousand new good things were said on all sides, upon the adaptation of young and ancient partners, and the grotesque caperings of limbs stiffened with age and labour. Buxom dames, who had hesitated betwixt inclination and prudery to join in the giddy dance, now, led away by the examples of their grandfathers, launched their portly persons amidst the mazy throng, and even some antique sibyls were drawn into the festive vortex, pleating fresh wrinkles on their faces, as they joined in the laughter they created.

Amidst this happy collection of animated beings, whose equality of rank and manners contributed to render their good humour more general, and more free from invidious passions, than is the common
lot of holiday meetings, there was, however, observed one person, a stranger both to the company and its homebred accomplishments. This was a tall and well-proportioned man, who appeared suddenly amongst the dancers, without his entrance having been observed, and who, though unknown to anybody, was yet supposed by every one to have been invited, since he took his station amongst the revellers with the confident air of one who assumes a right. His figure and his demeanour, which were alike at variance with the rustic qualifications of his companions, soon drew upon him their united regards. The question, "Who is he?" ran rapidly round the room, but the answer was universally, "I know not;" and even Dame Fallofield, and her learned husband, were obliged to make the same reply. This object of regard was, as I have said, tall and well proportioned; he was also handsome in his countenance, though swarthy, or, I should rather say, darkened with that hue which marks the natives of hot climates. His features were regular, and commanding in their expression, his eyes black and piercing, while his hair was peculiarly attractive, especially to the younger damsels, from the jetty depth of its shade, but more particularly from the numerous ringlets in which it was disposed along his forehead, and over his temples. He was certainly a very handsome man, as the junior maidens whispered to each other, and, what was better, he was not an old man, as they
added to their first remark; yet his dress and bearing seemed to place him so much above the persons with whom he had associated himself, that they feared neither his beauty nor his youth could be anything to them.

The observations of the elder members of the assembly were something different from the speculations of their daughters. They acknowledged the prepossessing exterior of the stranger, but they saw, or fancied, that his looks bore signs of a disposition reckless and libertine to a high degree. They regarded him as a dangerous intruder into the society of young women, whose approbation he could only wish to win for the purpose of accomplishing their downfall; and, while the junior damsels were anxious for the chances of the dance, to bring them into contact with the fascinating creature, the ancient dames and gaffers, and the young men, who feared a formidable rival in this specious stranger, were already planning how to let him know that his presence was unwelcome. Some of the latter malcontents were disposed to evince their wishes by accomplishing them; namely, by turning the interloper fairly out of the society into which he had come unbidden; but, in those days, as the custom of wearing swords was universal amongst gentlemen, this person was provided with one, though of a kind differing from the English weapon, as it was a sort of foreign cutlass, or
hanger; and, beside this longer blade, he wore a dirk or poniard, stuck in a leathern belt that clasped his waist, beneath his frock, while a pair of small double barrelled pistols bore it company. When these deadly instruments became visible to all the assembly, for at first they could only be discerned by the few dancers immediately contiguous to the stranger, a new sensation of curiosity and alarm arose in the bosoms of the revellers. The idea of a highwayman, beings, at that time, as bold, as much dreaded, and almost as plentiful in England, as Arabs in an Eastern desert, was the first thought which sprung up in every mind; but a second look assured the beholder, that the stranger was armed more in compliance with the customs of some foreign country, in which he had sojourned, than from any evil design. His whole dress, indeed, was different from the costume then fashionable in Essex, but not so far at variance with its general character, as to create any other surmise in the minds of the country beaux, than that it was the newest London mode of apparel, which this stranger had adopted to set off his handsome person. When, however, the dirk and pistols became noticed, as the mazes of the dance brought their wearer so close to each guest, that the hilt and stocks of his weapons might be seen whenever his garment flapped aside, the disposition to 'turn the foppish fellow out' was damped, and his em-
broidered vest, and laced coat, were regarded with less contempt than they had at first received.

Still, it was not to be borne that an unknown person, who apparently could have few feelings in unison with the sentiments of a rustic assembly, should thus thrust himself into the midst of its revelry, and eclipse all the village youths in the eyes of their mistresses; nor were the older people inclined to let their daughters grow enamoured of his finery and flattering attentions. There was, however, another difficulty in the way of ejecting this offender, arising from the urbanity of Gaffer Falloffield, who, though as willing to be rid of his fine visitor as the rest, was not disposed to violate the laws of hospitality, on which his guest seemed to found his right of joining in the festivity of the evening. Yet, as he considered himself treated somewhat unceremoniously by the stranger, who had made no attempt to be introduced to his acquaintance, the worthy cosmologist determined to take an opportunity of questioning him about his place of residence, and his connexion with the neighbourhood of his farm; in the meanwhile, assuring his friends that he was entirely unacquainted with the spruce gentleman, and that he had found his way to the ball-room without any invitation from him.

Having taken this resolution, Master Falloffield uprose from his arm-chair, in which, seated near
the bower of sweetmeats, he had been discoursing in peace with his dame on the various qualities of the dancers, till the intrusion of the stranger had brought around him a knot of ancient inquisitives, eager to learn the name and degree of a visitor so superior to all the rest; and, taking his massy stick, which served as substitute, both in size and office, for his gouty leg, he tottered along the skirts of the dancing phalanx, till he arrived opposite the spot where the object of his journey was engaged with the fair Bella, whose partner he had now become. The old man, who had expected to find the intruder a young fopling with more attractions in his gold lace than in his countenance, hesitated to beckon to the stranger, as he had intended, when he perceived him to be a fine tall man, of a fierce though handsome aspect, with an air of command on his brow, and a quick impatient glance in his eyes. His apparel, though certainly of that kind which might be thought gay, and superfluous in its decorations, was eclipsed by his real advantages of person, and his general air was more indicative of bravery and resolution than effeminate attention to dress and ornament. Yet, as the agriculturist stood considering how he should accost this unexpected visitant, he also observed, or fancied he perceived, in his features an expression of sinister design and covert profligacy, or, to use his own words, that “he wore an evil cast of countenance, for all it were so
fine fashioned, and his hair curled up like to my lady’s.” But, what astonished him most was, that he could not help imagining he knew the subject of his scrutiny, that he had seen him before, and that he could almost recollect his name, without being quite able to call it to his mind.

On his part, the stranger seemed to pay no regard to the curiosity he excited. He danced with admirable activity, and as the fair damsels all took him to be an authorized guest of their host, they were only eager to have an opportunity of saying they had been his partner, not to mention a latent, scarcely self-acknowledged hope, that their attractions might gain more than transient favour in his eyes. Each fair one received from his glances and soft looks encouragement enough to foster this fond speculation, but he passed from one to another with equal readiness, till Bella’s hand became his prize, when he appeared to linger in its possession, as if desirous to retain it longer than the rules of etiquette required. His smiles to her were sweeter than to the rest, and his eyes more frequently endeavoured to fix themselves on her’s than on any other maiden’s; but these remarks were probably made by some of her lovers who were jealous of his superior powers of pleasing, and ought not to be implicitly believed.

Gaffer Fallofield remained arrested in one spot, by doubt and conjecture, till the dancers ceased their
rapid pastime, and before he had made up his mind, whether to interrogate the stranger or not, the intruder approached towards him, with an air of familiarity, apparently restrained by feelings of contempt or haughtiness. It was now evident to the better class of yeomen and country lasses, of which the assembly was composed, that the stranger's address and language were not so refined as his fine person, his lofty air, and his showy apparel, had led them to expect. He wanted nothing of that easy impudence of manner which gentility allows, nor did his tongue seem at a loss for words to express his thoughts, but there was a degree of coarseness in the way in which he offered his hand to Master Fallofied field, and a want of polish in his speech, which the standers by could duly appreciate, from having occasionally witnessed how gentlemen behave, though they would have been greatly at a loss to describe the essential difference.

“Master Fallofied field,” exclaimed the stranger, extending his hand with a proud and somewhat swaggering gesture, “do you not remember the son of an old acquaintance?”

“I do not remember you, Sir,” replied the agriculturist, in no way conciliated by the arrogant air of the speaker, and clasping his staff tightly, as if to indicate an excuse for not accepting the proffered pledge of amity.

“Ah!—what! I see you have the gout, old
gentleman," cried the stranger. "I do not recollect your wearing such a d—d shackle bolt when I knew you before. So, you don't remember Lawrence Glennon of Moatley, who left these parts, to serve the king, some years ago, and is now returned to serve his friends and himself?"

"Lorry Glennon!" repeated several ancient voices at once, as the stranger announced his name—"Ah, sure enough," continued some of the guests, prying into his features, "it is the very man! I recollect you now—you come back in good time, Mr. Glennon, excellent time, faith.—There's been a long trial, about your father's lands and money, atwixt your uncles—but now they may pay their costs and be quiet—I told them both myself you were not dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed the new comer. "Why, no, my friends, I'm lively enough just now. My uncles are very welcome to their quarrel, and I am happy I have arrived in time to set their minds at ease—but more especially as I find lands and money are waiting to welcome me.—But my father, he is dead then, of course?"

"What ha'n't you heard it? What not know your father be dead!" cried out many astonished speakers.

"How the devil should I know it, when I have not been on English ground but these two last hours for—for—many a long year?"
"Aye, aye! 'tis eight years now abouts since we heard you had run'd away, Lawrence," said the shrill voice of Dame Fallofield, who had joined the circle which gathered round the uninvited guest. "Your poor mother was sadly shocked when it was told her—serously shocked, I may say—but I readed her a chapter about the prodigal son, of which we have a picture in our parlour, which I will shew you, and comforted her with hopes of your return. Well, well, you are welcome here, Lorry, for her sake—poor soul! I wishes she could have lived to see what a fine young man you be growd; it would have greeted her eyes, that have wept many a long night for your loss—but that's past! Yes, poor thing! she grieved, grieved, indeed! But come, Mr. Glennon, we will not discourse on such subjects just now. Come along, there be some good things within your reach—some excellent cakes and ale—or, if you be for brandy, I have some real foreign that will suit you—you know we live nigh enough the river to get it genuine with a little contrivancy—surely you must be a hungry, though—you would like a more solider something than a cake.—Here, Fanny, run and get some good pork slices fried, and some eggs too, hussey—be quick now. You must see my darters, Mr. Glennon, they be growd smart girls, I do assure you, since you last made hay together. Maria, where are you? Caroline,
come hither, child. Not so tall as you by a head, Mr. Glennon, yet tall enough too, in all conscience."

It would not be fair to scan very minutely the ideas that now were fast crowding to Dame Fallofield's mind; they were, probably, such as the presence of a young bachelor of property suggests to most mothers who have marriageable daughters, and the old farmer seemed to entertain this opinion of her thoughts, by his commentary upon her speech, which he uttered in any but an approving accent. "Pshaw! pshaw, dame!" cried he, "don't trouble Lawrence Glennon about my daughters; they be tall enough, and good enough too, whether he thinks so or not. Children, you may go and dance again," continued he to a pair of blooming beauties, who were advancing with a bashful simper, to be introduced to Mr. Glennon. "Your mother is a going to give her visitor something to eat. Bella, my dear, begin your play again—there, trip along, my lambkin—come, come, my lads!—the lasses are all at a stand still for partners—strike up there, fiddlers; what the devil are you idle for? Ha'n't you plenty to drink—eh?"

The musicians who, seeing the attention of the company diverted, had stopped to treat their palates to some of this said drink, now obeyed the command, and the circle of revellers dispersed from

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around Lawrence Glennon, who remained for a moment stationary and thoughtful, while the bold and self-satisfied look of his countenance faded beneath the shade of some sad recollection which crossed his mind. The slight sketch of his mother’s grief, which had escaped from Mistress Fallofield, had produced this change. He heard of his father’s death without regret, and, perhaps, with satisfaction, but, callous as his heart had always been to soft impressions, there were some slight fissures in its hardened fabric, in which the tender endearments of a mother’s love had sown the seeds of filial affection; and though the plants which sprung from these germs were few, and barely nourished by the sterile soil, their roots had struck deep, and remained still capable of shooting forth a leaf, or perhaps a blossom, when the dew of memory shed its freshening influence over their withered fibres. Occupied with a pang, one of the bitterest he could feel, Lawrence Glennon did not heed the affronting manner in which old Fallofield prevented his receiving the intended civilities of his wife and daughters, and he saw the crowd of his countrymen, which had collected round him to welcome his return to his native land and patrimonial possessions, fall away, without a frown at the author of their departure. In a few moments, however, he recovered his former self-possession, and looked up, but he saw only the mild, officious
Dame Fallofield, standing near him, while the rest of the company were resuming their festivity. The farmer was returning to his leathern chair, accompanied by a knot of ancient male and female gossips, in eager debate on some question which he guessed related to himself, and the mingled noise of music and clattering feet overpowered every other sound.

Dame Fallofield, who had hitherto regarded his emotions with silent approbation, now took him by the sleeve, thus haranguing him, as she pulled him after her out of the ball-room—"Come, come along, Lawrence Glennon, (Mr. Glennon I suppose we must call you now,) come along into the house with me. You must be aweary if you be just comed ashore, I'm sure.—Perhaps you were up all last night as well as this, with nothing warm or comfortable to cheer your spirits.—But, bless me! you were dancing away just now, as gay as the gayest of them all. What creatures you sailors be for dancing!—But are you a sailor, Mr. Glennon, or have you only been a prisoner? We heard such strange stories about you, for two or three years after you run'd away, and then no one knew what becom'd of you, and so your poor mother thought that ——— But I did not mean to speak of her — well, Heaven's will be done!—Bless God! what a fine man you be grown! — and handsome too, Lorry.—You know old dames like
me may say such things, without its being taken for flattery. I see you have not done badly neither, if one may venture to guess by your garments, Mr. Glennon. Mercy on us! what precious golden lace! But why do you wear swords and cannons, I mean them pistol things, now, Lorry, that is, Mr. Lawrence?—You are safe on English land, and not among they French or Portugee sea-robbers. I dare say you've seen strange sights, and been among they blackamoors and Spaniards. Heaven's will be done!—yet it is strange that such foreign creatures should be permitted to live!"

It would be tedious to repeat all Mistress Fallofield's ejaculatory remarks; yet, simple as they were, they were not unpleasing to Lawrence Glennon, who, after a lapse of many years, spent amongst distant scenes and people, returned to England to behold the same objects, and hear the very voice and manner of speaking, which he had seen and heard during his boyhood. The dame had been his mother's special friend and gossip, and the gentle clamour of her restless tongue was almost as familiar to his ear as the accents of his parent's lips. He allowed her, therefore, to lead him where she pleased, and speak of what she chose, for he had at that time few words to utter, and had he been as well disposed for talking as was usually the case, he must have been very for-
tunate indeed to have edged in one interjection between the swift troop of sentences which were poured out from the mouth of his companion.

Nothing could have appeared more ridiculous to a looker on, unacquainted with the former intimacy of the parties, than the spectacle of Dame Fallofield, whose frame was small and slightly bent with age, while her face bore every mark of a quiet, though garrulous disposition, conducting a lofty, well built man, fully armed, and evidently familiar with difficulty and danger, across the farm-yard, by the sleeve of his coat, as though he were a naughty child, which she feared would escape from lawful custody unless placed under personal restraint. How would Lawrence's late companions have smiled, could they have beheld their boldest and wildest comrade thus led prisoner from the joyous revelry of a festival to a lone room, under the escort of a chattering old woman! Whatever were Lawrence's ordinary habits, he, however, offered no obstacle now to the will of his self-elected guide, but allowed her to usher him into a well sanded parlour, and seat him before a table, which Fanny had spread with various viands, thinking such a handsome gentleman deserved the daintiest fare the house afforded.

Here, while the officious matron pressed him to make himself at home, an invitation which was scarcely needed, for Lawrence was well inclined to
use the privileges of a guest, he took his turn to speak, and plied his hostess with questions relative to the state of the neighbourhood in which he had formerly resided, till Dame Fallofield soon found sufficient employment for her tongue, in detailing the transactions of various potentates reigning in those parts, and the migrations and arrivals of different families and individuals.

Leaving them thus engaged, it may not be superfluous, if I give you some slight view of the earlier life of this ambiguous visitor, whose re-appearance was so little expected by his uncles, since they had gone to law about the inheritance of his property; and, in order to put you fairly in possession of his origin, I will commence with his parentage and education.

END OF VOL. I.