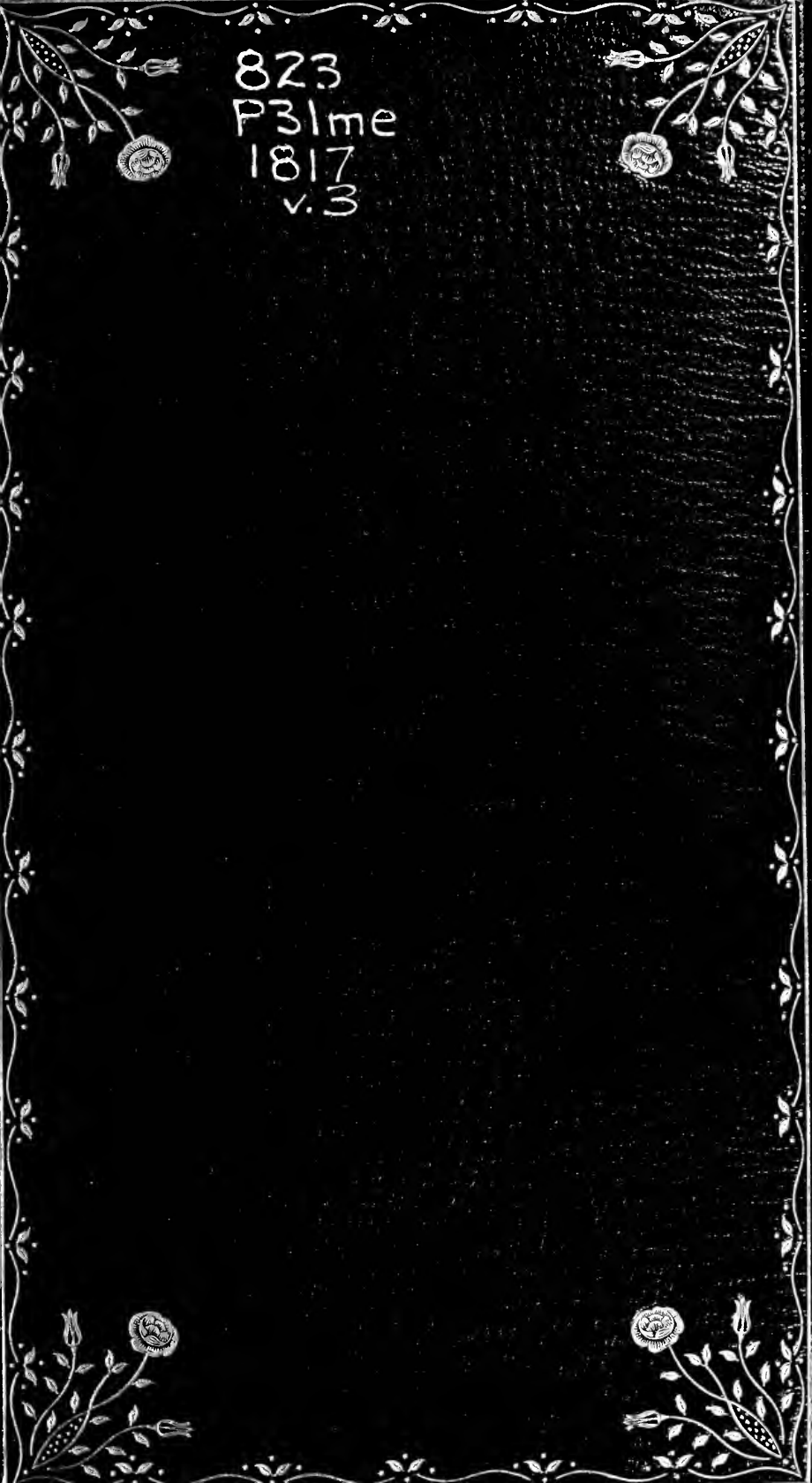


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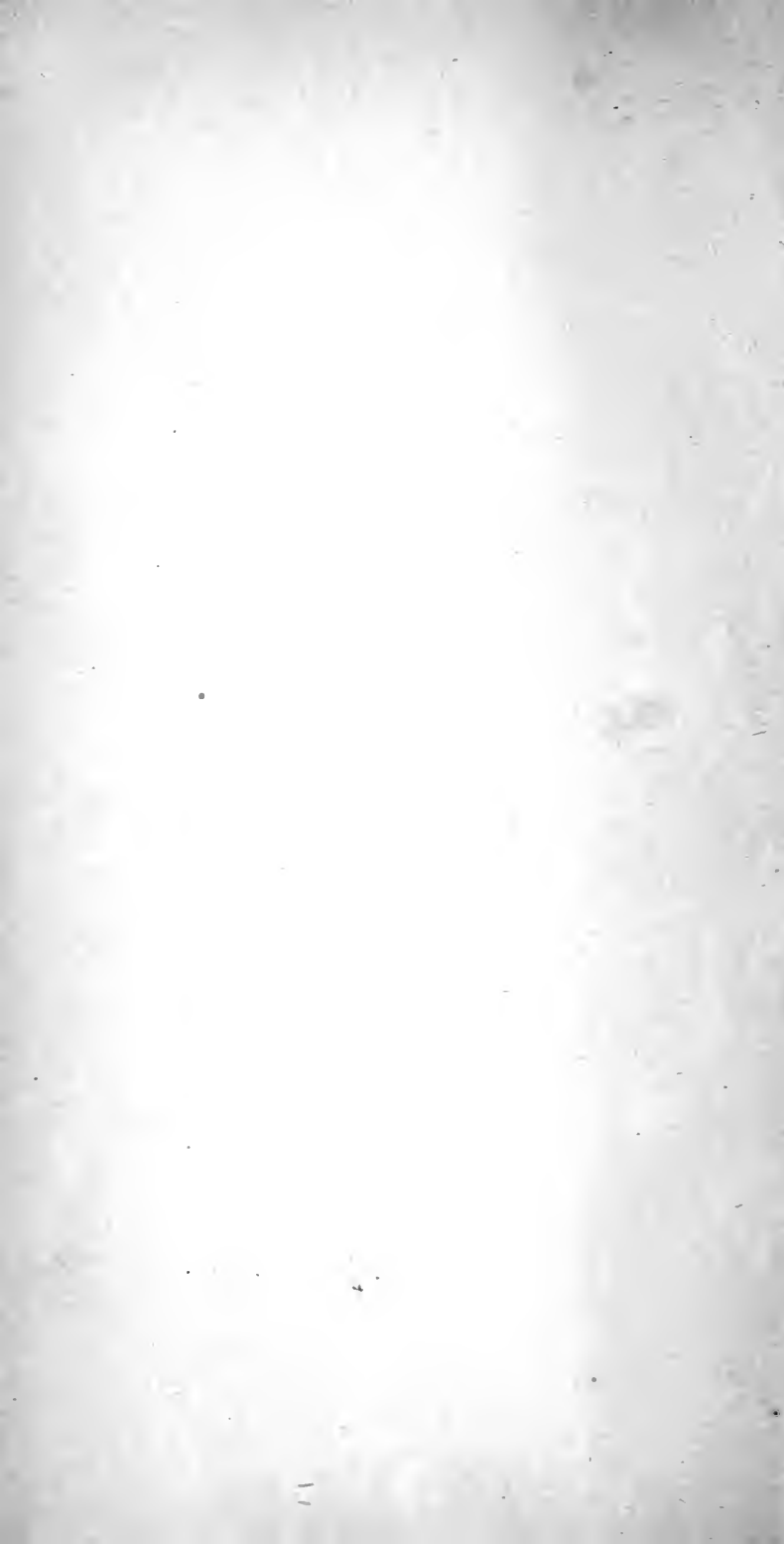




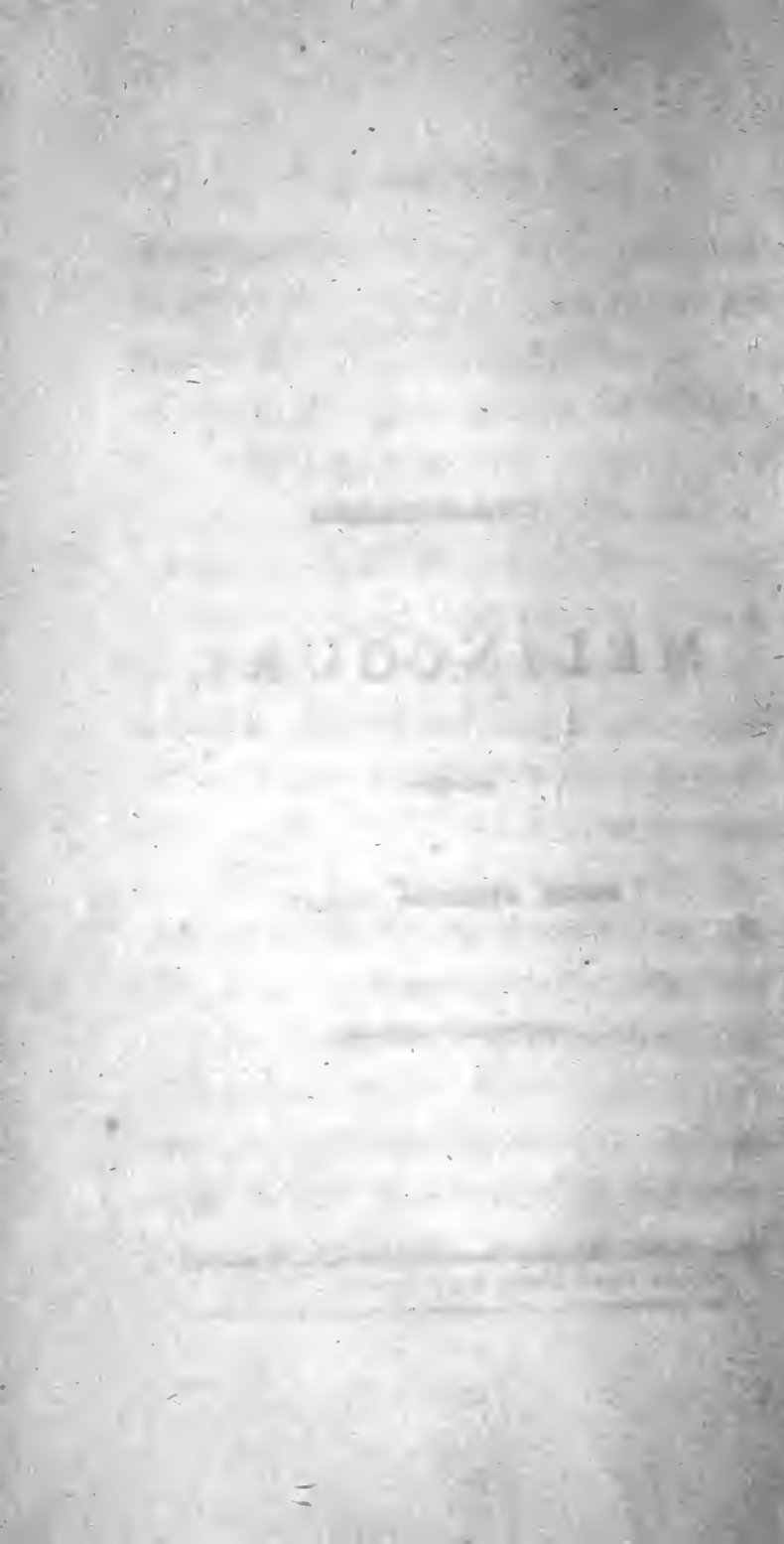
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MELINCOURT.



VOCEM COMEDIA TOLLIT.

S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

MELINCOURT.



BY THE AUTHOR OF
HEADLONG HALL.



“ Nous nous moquons des Paladins ! quand ces maximes romanesques commencerent à devenir ridicules, ce changement fut moins l'ouvrage de la raison que celui des mauvaises mœurs. ”—ROUSSEAU.

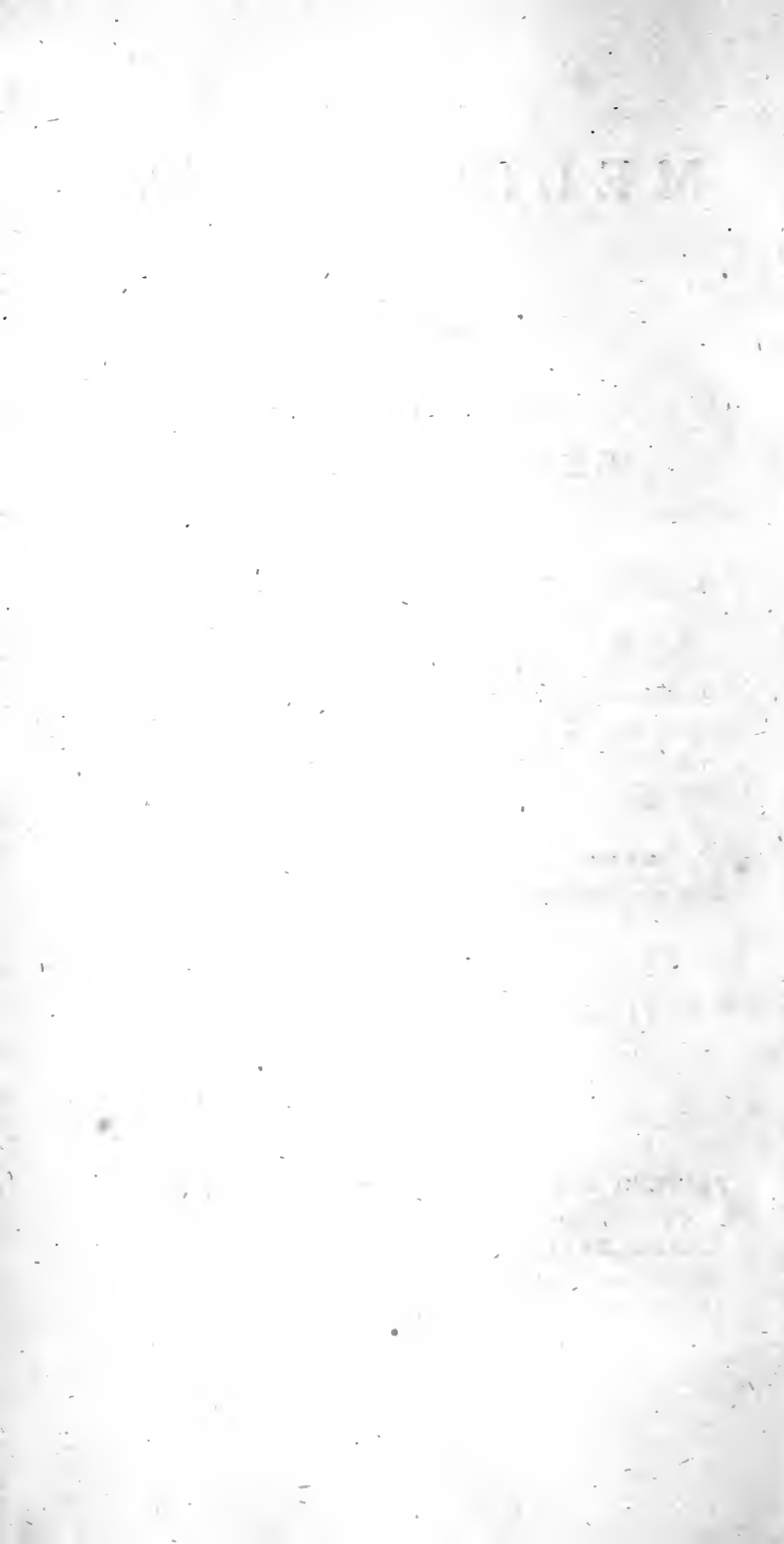
IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1817.



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past very much into disuse, being never opened but on occasions of birth, marriage, and death in the family; and these occasions, as our readers are aware, had not of late been very numerous.

The course of mutual love between Anthelia and Mr. Forester was as smooth as the gliding of a skiff down a stream, through the flowery meadows of June: and if matters were not quite definitively settled between them, yet, as Mr. Forester was shortly to be a visitor at the Castle, there was a very apparent probability that their intercourse would terminate in that grand climax and finale of all romantic adventure—marriage.

After the departure of the ladies, Mr. Forester observed with concern, that his friend Sir Oran's natural melancholy was visibly increased, and Mr. Fax was of opinion that he was smitten with the tender passion: but

whether for Miss Melincourt, Mrs. Pimmo-ney, or Miss Danaretta, it was not so easy to determine. But Sir Oran grew more and more fond of solitude, and passed the greater part of the day in the woods, though it was now the reign of the gloomy November, which, however, accorded with the moody temper of his spirit; and he often went without his breakfast, though he always came home to dinner. His perpetual companion was his flute, with which he made sad response to the wintry wind.

Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax were one morning consulting on the means to be adopted for diverting Sir Oran's melancholy, when Sir Telegraph Paxarett drove up furiously to the door—sprang from the box—and rushed into the apartment with the intelligence that Anthelia had disappeared. No one had seen her since the hour of breakfast on the preceding day.

Mr. Hippy, Mr. Derrydown, Mr. O'Scarum, and Major O'Dogskin, were scouring the country in all directions in search of her.

Mr. Forester determined not to rest night or day till he had discovered Anthelia. Sir Telegraph drove him, with Mr. Fax and Sir Oran, to the nearest inn, where leaving Sir Telegraph to pursue another track, they took a chaise and four, and posted over the country in all directions, day after day, without finding any clue to her retreat. Mr. Forester had no doubt that this adventure was connected with that which we have detailed in the eighteenth Chapter; but his ignorance of the actors on that occasion prevented his deriving any light from the coincidence. At length, having investigated in vain all the main and cross roads for fifty miles round Melincourt, Mr. Fax was of opinion that she could not have passed so far along any of them, being conveyed, as

no doubt she was, against her will, without leaving some trace of her course, which their indefatigable inquiries must have discovered. He therefore advised that they should discontinue their system of posting, and take a thorough pedestrian perustration of all the most bye and unfrequented paths of the whole mountain-district, in some secluded part of which he had a strong presentiment she would be found. This plan was adopted; but the season was unfavourable to its expeditious accomplishment; and they could sometimes make but little progress in a day, being often compelled to turn aside from the wilder tracks, in search of a town or village, for the purposes of refreshment or rest:—there being this remarkable difference between the lovers of the days of chivalry, and those of modern times, that the former could pass a week or two in a desert or a forest, without meat,

drink, or shelter—a very useful art for all travellers, whether lovers or not, which these degenerate days have unfortunately lost.

They arrived in the evening of the first day of their pedestrianism at a little inn among the mountains. They were informed they could have no beds; and that the only parlour was occupied by two gentlemen, who meant to sit up all night, and would, perhaps, have no objection to their joining the party. A message being sent in, an affirmative answer was very politely returned: and on entering the apartment, they discovered Mr. O'Scarūm and Major O'Dogskin engaged in a deep discussion over a large jug of wine.

“Troth, now,” said Mr. O'Scarum, “and this is a merry meeting, sure enough, though it's on a dismal occasion, for it's Miss Melincourt you're looking for, as we are too, though you have most cause, Mr. Forester;

for I understand you are to be the happy man. Troth, and I did not know so much when I came to your fête, or, perhaps, I should have been for arguing the point of a prior claim (as far as my own consent was concerned), over a bit of neat turf, twelve yards long; but Major O'Dogskin tells me, that by getting muzzy, and so I did, sure enough, on your old Madeira, and rare stuff it is, by my conscience, when Miss Melincourt was in your house, I have sanctioned the matter, and there's an end of it: but, by my soul, I did not mean to have been cut out quietly: and the Major says, too, you're too good a fellow to be kilt, and that's true enough: so I'll keep my ammunition for other friends; and here's to you and Miss Melincourt, and a happy meeting to you both, and the devil take him that parts you, says Harum O'Scarum."—"And so says Dermot O'Dogskin," said the Major. "And my

friend O'Scarum and myself will ride about till we get news of her, for we don't mind a little hardship.—You shall be wanting some dinner, joys, and there's nothing but fat bacon and potatoes; but we have made a shift with it, and then here is the very creature itself, old sherry, my jewels! troth, and how did we come home by it, think you? I know what it is to pass a night in a little inn in the hills, and you don't find Major O'Dogskin turning out of the main road, without giving his man a couple of kegs of wine just to balance the back of his saddle. Sherry's a good traveller, and will stand a little shaking; and what would one do without it in such a place as this, where it is water in the desert, and manna in the wilderness?"

Mr. Forester thanked them very warmly for their good wishes and active exertions. The humble dinner of himself and his party

was soon dispatched ; after which, the Major placed the two little kegs on the table, and said, “ They were both filled to-day ; so, you see, there is no lack of the good creature to keep us all alive till morning, and then we shall part again in search of Miss Melincourt, the jewel ! for there is not such another on the face of the earth. Och ! ” continued the Major, as he poured the wine from one of the kegs into a brown jug ; for the house could not afford them a decanter, and some little ale tumblers supplied the place of wine-glasses ; “ Och ! the ould jug, that never held any thing better than sour ale : how proud he must feel of being filled to the brim with sparkling sherry, for the first and last time in the course of his life ! ”

CHAP. XXX.

THE PAPER-MILL.

TAKING leave of Mr. O'Scarum and Major O'Dogskin, they continued their wanderings as choice or chance directed: sometimes penetrating into the most sequestered valleys; sometimes returning into the principal roads, and investigating the most populous districts. Passing through the town of Gullgudgeon, they found an immense crowd assembled in a state of extreme confusion, exhibiting every symptom of hurry, anxiety, astonishment, and dismay. They stopped to inquire the cause of the tumult, and found it to proceed from the sudden explosion of a paper-mill, in other words, the stoppage of the country-bank of Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hop-

thetwig, and Company. Farmers, bumpkins, artisans, mechanics, tradesmen of all descriptions, the innkeeper, the lawyer, the doctor, and the parson; soldiers from the adjoining barracks, and fishermen from the neighbouring coast, with their shrill-voiced and masculine wives, rolled in one mass, like a stormy wave, around a little shop, of which the shutters were closed, with the word **BANK** in golden letters over the door, and a large board on the central shutter, notifying that "Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company, had found themselves under the disagreeable necessity of suspending their payments;" in plain English, had found it expedient to fly by night, leaving all the machinery of their mill, and all the treasures of their mine, that is to say, several reams of paper, half a dozen account-books, a desk, a joint-stool, an ink-stand, a bunch of

quills, and a copper-plate; to satisfy the claims of the distracted multitude, who were shoaling in from all quarters with *promises to pay*, of the said Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company, to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds.

Mr. Fax addressed himself for an explanation of particulars to a plump and portly divine, who was standing at a little distance from the rest of the crowd, and whose countenance exhibited no symptoms of the rage, grief, and despair, which were depicted in the physiognomies of his dearly-beloved brethren of the town of Gullgudgeon. “You seem, Sir,” said Mr. Fax, “to bear the general calamity with Christian resignation.”—“I do, Sir,” said the reverend gentleman, “and for a very orthodox reason—I have none of their notes—not I. I was obliged to take them now and then against my will, but I

always sent them off to town, and got cash for them directly.

“ You mean to say,” said Mr. Forester, “ you got a Threadneedle Street note for them.”

“ To be sure, Sir,” said the divine, “ and that is the same thing as cash. There is a Jacobin rascal in this town, who says it is a bad sign when the children die before the parent, and that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later for the old lady as well as for her daughters; but myself and my brother magistrates have taken measures for him, and shall soon make the town of Gullgudgeon too hot to hold him, as sure as my name is Peppertoast.”

“ You seriously think, Sir,” said Mr. Fax, “ that his opinion is false?”

“ Sir,” said the reverend gentleman, somewhat nettled, “ I do not know what right

any one can have to ask a man of my cloth what he seriously thinks, when all that the world has to do with is what he seriously says."

"Then you seriously say it, Sir?" said Mr. Fax.

"I do, Sir," said the divine; "and for this very orthodox reason, that the system of paper-money is inseparably interwoven with the present order of things, and the present order of things I have made up my mind to stick by precisely as long as it lasts."

"And no longer?" said Mr. Fax.

"I am no fool, Sir," said the divine.

"But, Sir," said Mr. Fax, "as you seem to have perceived the instability of what was called (like *lucus à non lucendo*), the *firm* of Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hopthetwig, and Company, why did you not warn your flock of the impending danger?"

“ Sir,” said the reverend gentleman, “ I dined every week with one of the partners.”

Mr. Forester took notice of an elderly woman, who was sitting with a small handful of dirty paper, weeping bitterly on the step of a door. “ Forgive my intrusion,” said he; “ I need not ask you why you weep: the cause is in your hand.”—“ Ah, Sir!” said the poor woman, who could scarcely speak for sobbing, “ all the savings of twenty years taken from me in a moment: and my poor boy, when he comes home from sea——” She could say no more: grief choked her utterance.

“ Good God!” said Mr. Fax, “ did you lay by your savings in country paper?”

“ O Sir!” said the poor woman, “ how was I to know that one piece of paper was not as good as another? And every body said that the firm of Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hop-

thetwig, and Company, was as good as the Bank of England." She then unfolded one of the *promises to pay*, and fell to weeping more bitterly than ever. Mr. Forester comforted her as well as he could ; but he found the purchasing of one or two of her notes much more efficacious than all the lessons of his philosophy.

" This is all your fault," said a fisherman to his wife : " you would be hoarding and hoarding, and stinting me of my drop of comfort when I came in after a hard day's work, tossed, and beaten, and wet through with salt-water, and there's what we've got by it."

" It was all your fault," retorted the wife : " when we had scraped together twenty as pretty golden guineas as ever laid in a chest, you would sell 'em, so you would, for

twenty-seven pounds of Mr. Smokeshadow's paper; *and now you see the difference.*"

"Here is an illustration," said Mr. Fax to Mr. Forester, "of the old maxim of *experience teaching wisdom*, or, as Homer expresses it, ΠΕΧΘΕΝ ΔΕ ΤΕ ΥΝΠΙΟΣ ΕΓΓΥΩ.

"We ought now to be convinced, if not before," said Mr. Forester, "that what Plato has said is strictly true, that there will be no end of human misery till governors become philosophers, or philosophers governors; and that all the evils which this country suffers, and, I fear, will suffer, to a much greater extent, from the bursting of this fatal bubble of paper-money—this chimerical symbol of imaginary riches—are owing to the want of philosophy and true political wisdom in our rulers, by which they might have seen things in their causes, not felt them only in their effects, as every the most vulgar man does; and by

which foresight, all the mischiefs that are befalling us might have been prevented.*"

"Very hard," said an old soldier, "very, very hard:—a poor five pounds, laid up for a rainy day—hardly got, and closely kept—very, very hard."

"Poor man!" said Mr. Forester, who was interested in the soldier's physiognomy, "let me repair your loss. Here is better paper for you; but get gold and silver for it as soon as you can."

"God bless your Honour," said the soldier, "and send as much power as good will to all such generous souls. Many is the worthy heart that this day's work will break, and here is more damage than one man can mend. God bless your Honour."

* The words in italics are Lord Monboddo's: *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. preface, p. 79.

A respectable-looking female approached the crowd, and addressing herself to Mr. Fax, who seemed most at leisure to attend to her, asked him what chance there seemed to be for the creditors of Messieurs Smokeshadow, Airbubble, Hophthewig, and Company. "By what I can gather from the people around me," said Mr. Fax, "none whatever." The lady was in great distress at this intelligence, and said they were her bankers, and it was the second misfortune of the kind that had happened to her. Mr. Fax expressed his astonishment that she should have been twice the victim of the system of paper-coinage, which seemed to contradict the old adage about a burnt child; and said it was for his part astonishing to him how any human being could be so deluded after the perils of the system had been so clearly pointed out, and, amongst other things, in a pamphlet of his

own on the Insubstantiality of Smoke. "Indeed," she said, "she had something better to do than to trouble herself about politics, and wondered he should insult her in her distress by talking of such stuff to her."

"Was ever such infatuation?" said Mr. Fax, as the lady turned away. "This is one of those persons who choose to walk blindfold on the edge of a precipice, because it is too much trouble to see, and quarrel with their best friends for requesting them to make use of their eyes. There are many such, who think they have no business with politics: but they find to their cost that politics will have business with them."

"A curse light on all kite-flyers!" vociferated a sturdy farmer. "Od rabbit me! here be a bundle o' trash, measters! not worth a voivé-and-zixpenny dollar all together. This comes o' peaper-mills. 'I promise to pay,'

Ecod! O the good old days o' goulden guineas, when I used to ride whoame vrom market wi' a great heavy bag in my pocket; and when I wapped it down on the old oak teable, it used to make zuch a zound as did one's heart good to hear it. No *promise to pay* then. Now a man may eat his whole vortin in a zandwich, or zet vire to it in a vardin rushlight. Promise to pay!—the lying rascals, they never meant to pay: they knew all the while they had no effects to pay: but zuch a pretty, zmooth-spoken, palavering zet o' fellers! why, Lord bless you! they 'd ha' made you believe black was white! and though you could never get any thing of 'em but one o' their own dirty bits o' peaper in change vor another, they made it out as clear as daylight, that they were as rich as zo many Jews. Ecod! and we were all vools enough to believe 'em, and now mark the end o' t."

“ Yes, father,” said a young fop at his elbow, “ all blown, curse me !”

“ Ees,” said the farmer, “ and thee beest blown, and thee mun zell thy hunter, and turn to the plough-tail ; and thy zisters mun churn butter, and milk the cows, instead o’ jingling penny-vorties, and dancing at race-balls wi’ squires. We mun be old English varmers again, and none o’ your voine high-fly-ing promise to pay gentlevolks. There they be—spell ’em : *I promise to pay to Mr. Gregory Gas, or bearer, on demand, the zum o’ voive pounds. Gullgudgeon Bank, April the virst. Vor Zmokeshadow, Airbubble, Zelf, and Company, Henry Hopthetwig. Entered, William Walkoff.* And there be their coat o’ arms : two blacksmiths blowing a vorge, wi’ the chimney vor a crest, and a wreath o’ smoke coming out o’ t ; and the motto, ‘ You CAN’T CATCH A BOWL-FULL.’ Od rabbit

me! here be a whole handvul of 'em, and I 'll zell 'em all vor a voive-and-zixpenny dollar."

The "Jacobin rascal," of whom the reverend gentleman had spoken, happened to be at the farmer's elbow. "I told you how it would be," said he, "Master Sheepshead, many years ago; and I remember you wanted to put me in the stocks for my trouble."

"Why I believe I did, Measter Lookout," said the farmer, with a very penitent face; "but if you'll call on me zome day we'll drown old grudges in a jug o' ale, and light our poipes wi' the promises o' Measter Hopthetwig and his gang."

"Not with all of them, I entreat you," said Mr. Lookout. "I hope you will have one of them framed and glazed, and suspended over your chimney, as a warning to your children, and your children's children for

ever, against ‘*the blessed comforts of paper-money*’.”

“Why, Lord love you, Measter Lookout,” said the farmer, “we shall ha’ nothing but peaper-money still, you zee, only vrom another mill like.”

“As to that, Master Sheepshead,” replied Mr. Lookout, “I will only say to you in your own phrase, **MARK THE END O’ T.**”

“Do you hear him?” said the Reverend Mr. Peppertoast; “do you hear the Jacobin rascal? Do you hear the libellous, seditious, factious, levelling, revolutionary, republican, democratical, atheistical villain?”

CHAP. XXXI.

CIMMERIAN LODGE.

AFTER a walk of some miles from the town of Gullgudgeon, where no information was to be obtained of Anthelia, their path wound along the shores of a lonely lake, embosomed in dark pine-groves and precipitous rocks. As they passed near a small creek, they observed a gentleman just stepping into a boat, who paused and looked up at the sound of their approximation; and Mr. Fax immediately recognised the poeticopolitical, rhapsodicprosaical, deisidæmoniacoparadoxographical, pseudolatreiological, transcendental meteorosophist, Moley Mystic, Esquire, of Cimmerian Lodge. This gentleman's Christian name, according to his own account, was improperly spelt with

an *e*, and was in truth nothing more nor less than

“ That Moly,

Which Hermes erst to wise Ulysses gave ;”

and which was, in the mind of Homer, a *pure anticipated cognition* of the system of Kantian metaphysics, or grand transcendental science of the *luminous obscure* ; for it had a *dark root**, which was mystery ; and a *white flower*, which was abstract truth : *it was called Moly by the gods*, who then kept it to themselves ; and was *difficult to be dug up by mortal men*, having, in fact, lain *perdu* in subterranean darkness till the immortal Kant dug for it *under the stone of doubt*, and produced it to the astonished world as the *root of human*

* Ρίζη μὲν μελαν ἔστι, γαλακτι δὲ εἰκελον ἀνθος,
ΜΩΛΥ δὲ μὴν καλεῖσσι θεοί, χαλεποὶ δὲ τ' ὄρουσσειν
Θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποισι.

science. Other persons, however, derived his first name differently; and maintained that the *e* in it showed it very clearly to be a corruption of *Mole-eye*, it being the opinion of some naturalists that the *mole* has *eyes*, which it can withdraw or project at pleasure, implying a faculty of wilful blindness, most happily characteristic of a transcendental metaphysician; since, according to the old proverb, *None are so blind as those who won't see*. But be that as it may, Moley Mystic was his name, and Cimmerian Lodge was his dwelling.

Mr. Mystic invited Mr. Fax and his friends to step with him into the boat, and cross over his lake, which he called the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, to the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, on which Cimmerian Lodge was situated: promising to give them a great treat in looking over his grounds, which he

had laid out according to the *topography of the human mind*; and to enlighten them, through the medium of “darkness visible,” with an opticothaumaturgical process of transcendentalising a *cylindrical mirror*, which should teach them the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality**. Mr. Forester was unwilling to remit his search, even for a few hours: but Mr. Fax observing that great part of the day was gone, and that Cimmerian Lodge was very remote from the human world; so that if they did not avail themselves of Mr. Mystic’s hospitality, they should

* The reader who is desirous of elucidating the mysteries of the words and phrases marked in italics in this chapter, may consult the German works of Professor Kant, or Professor Born’s Latin translation of them, or M. Villars’s *Philosophie de Kant, ou Principes fondamentaux de la Philosophie Transcendentale*; or the first article of the second number of the *Edinburgh Review*, or the article *Kant*, in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*, or Sir William Drummond’s *Academical Questions*, Book II. chap. ix.

probably be reduced to the necessity of passing the night among the rocks, *sub Jove frigido*, which he did not think very inviting, Mr. Forester complied; and with Mr. Fax and Sir Oran Haut-ton, stepped into the boat. The reader who is deficient in *taste for the bombast*, and is no admirer of the *obscure*, may as well wait on the shore till they return. But we must not enter the regions of mystery without an Orphic invocation.

'ΥΠΙΝΕ ἀναξ, καλεω σε μολειν κεχαρητοτα ΜΥΣΤΑΙΣ.
 Και σε, μακαρ, λιτομαι, τανυσιπτερε, ουλε ΟΝΕΙΡΕ.
 Και ΝΕΦΕΛΑΣ καλεω, δροσοειμονας, νεροπλαγκτους.
 ΝΥΚΤΑ τε πρεσβιστην, πολυηρατον ΟΡΓΙΟΦΑΝΤΑΙΣ,
 ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΟΥΣ τε ΘΕΟΥΣ, ὑπο κευθεσιν οικι' εχοντας,
 Αντρω εν νεροεντι, παρα ΣΤΥΓΓΟΣ ἱερον ὑδωρ.
 ΠΡΩΤΕΙ ^ισυν πολυβουλω, ὄν ΟΛΒΟΔΟΤΗΝ * καλεουσιν.

* Πρωτειος Ολβοδοτης, *Proteus the giver of riches*, certainly deserves a place among the *Lares* of every poetical and political turncoat.

O sovereign Sleep! in whose papaverous glen
Dwell the dark Muses of Cimmerian men!
O Power of Dreams! whose dusky pinions shed
Primæval chaos on the slumberer's head!
Ye misty Clouds! amid whose folds sublime
Blind Faith invokes the Ghost of Feudal Time!
And thou, thick Night! beneath whose mantle
rove
The Phantom Powers of Subterranean Jove!
Arise, propitious to the mystic strain,
From Lethe's flood, and Zeal's Tartarian fane;
Where Freedom's Shade, 'mid Stygian vapours
damp,
Sits, cold and pale, by Truth's extinguished
lamp;
While Cowls and Crowns portentous orgies
hold,
And tuneful Proteus seals his eyes with gold!

They had scarcely left the shore when
they were involved in a fog of unprecedented

density, so that they could not see one another; but they heard the dash of Mr. Mystic's oars, and were consoled by his assurances that he could not miss his way in a state of the atmosphere so very consentaneous to his peculiar mode of vision; for that, though, in navigating his little skiff on the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, he had very often wandered wide and far from the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, yet this had always happened when he went with his eyes open, in broad daylight; but that he had soon found the means of obviating this little inconvenience, by always keeping his eyes close shut whenever the sun had the impertinence to shine upon him.

He immediately added, that he would take the opportunity of making a remark perfectly in point: "that Experience was a Cyclops, with his eye in the back of his head;" and when Mr. Fax remarked, that he did not see

the connexion, Mr. Mystic said he was very glad to hear it; for he should be sorry if any one but himself could see the connexion of his ideas, as he arranged his thoughts *on a new principle*.

They went steadily on through the dense and heavy air, over waters that slumbered like the Stygian pool; a chorus of frogs, that seemed as much delighted with their own melody, as if they had been an oligarchy of poetical critics, regaling them all the way with the Aristophanic symphony of BREK-EK-EK-EX! KO-AX! KO-AX*! till the boat fixed its keel in the *Island of Pure Intelligence*; and Mr. Mystic landed his party, as Charon did Æneas and the Sibyl, in a bed of weeds and mud †: after floundering in which for some time, from

* See the *Barçaxoi* of Aristophanes.

† *Informi limo glaucâque exponit in ulvâ.*

losing their guide in the fog, they were cheered by the sound of his voice from above, and scrambling up the bank, found themselves on a hard and barren rock; and, still following the sound of Mr. Mystic's voice, arrived at Cimmerian Lodge.

The fog had penetrated into all the apartments: there was fog in the hall, fog in the parlour, fog on the staircases, fog in the bedrooms;

“ The fog was here, the fog was there,
The fog was all around.”

It was a little rarefied in the kitchen, by virtue of the enormous fire; so far, at least, that the red face of the cook shone through it, as they passed the kitchen-door, like the disk of the rising moon through the vapours of an autumnal river: but to make amends for this, it was condensed almost into solidity in the

library, where the voice of their invisible guide bade them welcome to the *adytum* of the LUMINOUS OBSCURE.

Mr. Mystic now produced what he called his *synthetical torch*, and requested them to follow him, and look over his grounds. Mr. Fax said it was perfectly useless to attempt it in such a state of the atmosphere; but Mr. Mystic protested it was the only state of the atmosphere in which they could be seen to advantage: as daylight and sunshine utterly destroyed their beauty.

They followed the "darkness visible" of the *synthetical torch*, which, according to Mr. Mystic, *shed around it the rays of transcendental illumination*; and he continued to march before them, walking, and talking, and pointing out innumerable images of singularly nubilous beauty, though Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax both declared they could see no-

thing but the fog and “*la pale lueur du magique flambeau* :” till Mr. Mystic observing that they were now in a *Spontaneity free from Time and Space*, and at the point of *Absolute Limitation*, Mr. Fax said he was very glad to hear it; for in that case they could go no further. Mr. Mystic observed that they must go further; for they were entangled in a maze, from which they would never be able to extricate themselves without his assistance; and he must take the liberty to tell them, that *the categories of modality were connected into the idea of absolute necessity*. As this was spoken in a high tone, they took it to be meant for a reprimand; which carried the more weight as it was the less understood. At length, after floundering on another half hour, the fog still thicker and thicker, and the torch still dimmer and dimmer,

they found themselves once more in Cimmerian Lodge.

Mr. Mystic asked them how they liked his grounds, and they both repeated they had seen nothing of them: on which he flew into a rage, and called them *empirical psychologists*, and *slaves of definition, induction, and analysis*, which he intended for terms of abuse, but which were not taken for such by the persons to whom he addressed them.

Recovering his temper, he observed that it was nearly the hour of dinner; and as they did not think it worth while to be angry with him, they contented themselves with requesting that they might dine in the kitchen, which seemed to be the only spot on the *Island of Pure Intelligence* in which there was a glimmer of light.

Mr. Mystic remarked that he thought this very bad taste, but that he should have no

objection if the cook would consent ; who, he observed, had paramount dominion over that important division of the *Island of Pure Intelligence*. The cook, with a little murmuring, consented for once to evacuate her citadel as soon as the dinner was on table ; entering, however, a protest, that this infringement on her privileges should not be pleaded as a precedent.

Mr. Fax was afraid that Mr. Mystic would treat them as Lord Peter treated his brothers : that he would put nothing on the table, and regale them with a dissertation on the *pure idea of absolute substance* ; but in this he was agreeably disappointed ; for the *anticipated cognition* of a good dinner very soon smoked before them, in the *relation of determinate co-existence* ; and the *objective phænomenon* of some superexcellent Madeira quickly put the whole party in perfect good-humour. It appeared, indeed, to have a

diffusive quality of occult and mysterious virtue; for, with every glass they drank, the fog grew thin, till by the time they had taken off four bottles among them, it had totally disappeared.

Mr. Mystic now prevailed on them to follow him to the library, where they found a blazing fire and a four-branched gas lamp, shedding a much brighter radiance than that of the *synthetical torch*. He said he had been obliged to light this lamp, as it seemed they could not see by the usual illumination of Cimmerian Lodge. The brilliancy of the gas lights he much disapproved; but he thought it would be very unbecoming in a transcendental philosopher to employ any other material for a purpose to which *smoke* was applicable. Mr. Fax said, he should have thought, on the contrary, that *ex fumo dare lucem* would have been, of all things,

the most repugnant to his principles; and Mr. Mystic replied, that it had not struck him so before, but that Mr. Fax's view of the subject "was exquisitely dusky and fuliginous:" this being his usual mode of expressing approbation, instead of the common phraseology of *bright thoughts* and *luminous ideas*, which were equally abhorrent to him both in theory and practice. However, he said, there the light was, for their benefit, and not for his: and as other men's light was his darkness, he should put on a pair of spectacles of smoked glass, which no one could see through but himself. Having put on his spectacles, he undrew a black curtain, discovered a *cylindrical mirror*, and placed a sphere before it with great solemnity. "This sphere," said he, "is an oblong spheroid in the perception of the cylindrical mirror: as long as the mirror thought that the object of

his perception was a real external oblong spheroid, he was a mere *empirical philosopher*; but he has grown wiser since he has been in my library; and by reflecting very deeply on the degree in which the manner of his construction might influence the forms of his perception, has taken a very opaque and tenebriose view of how much of the spheroidal perception belongs to the *object*, which is the sphere, and how much to the *subject*, which is himself, in his quality of *cylindrical mirror*. He has thus discovered the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality*: and this point of view is *transcendentalism*."

"A very dusky and fuliginous speculation, indeed," said Mr. Fax, complimenting Mr. Mystic in his own phrase.

Tea and coffee were brought in. "I divide my day," said Mr. Mystic, "*on a new principle*: I am always poetical at breakfast,

moral at luncheon, metaphysical at dinner, and political at tea. Now you shall know my opinion of the hopes of the world.—General discontent shall be the basis of public resignation*! The materials of political gloom will build the steadfast frame of hope †. The main point is to get rid of analytical reason, which is experimental and practical, and live only by faith ‡, which is synthetical and oracular. The contradictory interests of ten millions may neutralize each other §. But the spirit of Antichrist is abroad || :—the people read!—nay, they think!! The people read and think!!! The public, the public in general, the swinish multitude, the many-headed monster, actually reads and thinks ¶!!!! Horrible in thought,

* Coleridge's Lay Sermon, p. 10.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 21.

§ Ibid. p. 25.

|| Ibid. p. 27.

¶ Ibid. p. 45, 46 (where the reader may find in a note the two worst jokes that ever were cracked).

but in fact most horrible ! Science classifies flowers. Can it make them bloom where it has placed them in its classification*? No. Therefore flowers ought not to be classified. This is transcendental logic. Ha! in that cylindrical mirror I see three shadowy forms :— dimly I see them through the smoked glass of my spectacles. Who art thou?—MYSTERY! —I hail thee! Who art thou?—JARGON!— I love thee! Who art thou?—SUPERSTITION!—I worship thee! Hail, transcendental TRIAD !”

Mr. Fax cut short the thread of his eloquence by saying he would trouble him for the cream-jug.

Mr. Mystic began again, and talked for three hours without intermission, except that

* Coleridge's Lay Sermon, p. xvii.

he paused a moment on the entrance of sandwiches and Madeira. His visitors sipped his wine in silence till he had fairly talked himself hoarse. Neither Mr. Fax nor Mr. Forester replied to his paradoxes; for to what end, they thought, should they attempt to answer what few would hear, and none would understand?

It was now time to retire, and Mr. Mystic showed his guests to the doors of their respective apartments, in each of which a gas-light was burning, and ascended another flight of stairs to his own dormitory, with a little twinkling taper in his hand. Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax stayed a few minutes on the landing-place, to have a word of consultation before they parted for the night. Mr. Mystic gained the door of his apartment—turned the handle of the lock—and had just advanced one step—when the whole interior of the

chamber became suddenly sheeted with fire: a tremendous explosion followed; and he was precipitated to the foot of the stairs in *the smallest conceivable fraction of the infinite divisibility of time.*

Mr. Forester picked him up, and found him not much hurt; only a little singed, and very much frightened. But the whole interior of the apartment continued to blaze. Mr. Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton ran for water: Mr. Fax rang the nearest bell: Mr. Mystic vociferated "Fire!" with singular energy: the servants ran about half-undressed: pails, buckets, and pitchers, were in active requisition; till Sir Oran Haut-ton ascending the stairs with the great rain-water tub, containing one hundred and eight gallons of water *,

* "Some travellers speak of his strength as wonderful; greater, they say, than that of ten men such as we."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 105.

threw the whole contents on the flames with one sweep of his powerful arm.

The fire being extinguished, it remained to ascertain its cause. It appeared that the gas-tube in Mr. Mystic's chamber had been left unstopped, and the gas evolving without combustion (the apartment being perfectly airtight), had condensed into a mass, which, on the approach of Mr. Mystic's taper, instantly ignited, blowing the transcendentalist down stairs, and setting fire to his curtains and furniture.

Mr. Mystic, as soon as he recovered from his panic, began to bewail the catastrophe: not so much, he said, for itself, as because such an event in Cimmerian Lodge was an infallible omen of evil—a type and symbol of an approaching period of public light—when the smoke of metaphysical mystery, and the vapours of ancient superstition, which

he had done all that in him lay to consolidate in the spirit of man, would explode at the touch of analytical reason, leaving nothing but the plain common-sense matter-of-fact of moral and political truth—a day that he earnestly hoped he might never live to see.

“Certainly,” said Mr. Forester, “it is a very bad omen for all who make it their study to darken the human understanding, when one of the pillars of their party is *blown up by his own smoke*; but the symbol, as you call it, may operate as a warning to the apostles of superstitious chimæra and political fraud, that it is very possible *for smoke to be too thick*; and that, in condensing in the human mind the vapours of ignorance and delusion, they are only compressing a body of inflammable gas, of which the explosion will be fatal in precise proportion to its density.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

THEY rose, as usual, before daylight, that they might pursue their perustration; and, on descending, found Mr. Mystic awaiting them at a table covered with a sumptuous apparatus of tea and coffee, a pyramid of hot rolls, and a variety of cold provision. Cimmerian Lodge, he said, was famous for its breed of tame geese, and he could recommend the cold one on the table as one of his own training. The breakfast being dispatched, he rowed them over the *Ocean of Deceitful Form* before the sun rose to disturb his navigation.

After walking some miles, a ruined mansion at the end of an ancient avenue of elms attracted their attention. As they made a

point of leaving no place unexamined, they walked up to it. There was an air of melancholy grandeur in its loneliness and desolation which interested them to know its history. The briars that choked the court, the weeds that grew from the fissures of the walls and on the ledges of the windows, the fractured glass, the half-fallen door, the silent and motionless clock, the steps worn by the tread of other years, the total silence of the scene of ancient hospitality, broken only by the voices of the rooks whose nests were in the elms, all carried back the mind to the years that were gone. There was a sun-dial in the centre of the court; the sun shone on the brazen plate, and the shadow of the index fell on the line of noon. "Nothing impresses me more," said Mr. Forester, "in a ruin of this kind, than the contrast between the sun-dial and the clock, which I have frequently

observed. This contrast I once made the basis of a little poem, which the similarity of circumstances induces me to repeat to you, though you are no votary of the spirit of rhyme."

THE SUN-DIAL.

The ivy o'er the mouldering wall
Spreads like a tree, the growth of years :
The wild wind through the doorless hall
A melancholy music rears,
A solitary voice, that sighs
O'er man's forgotten pageantries.

Above the central gate, the clock,
Through clustering ivy dimly seen,
Seems, like the ghost of Time, to mock
The wrecks of power that once has been.
The hands are rusted on its face ;
Even where they ceased, in years gone by,
To keep the flying moments pace ;

Fixing, in Fancy's thoughtful eye,
A point of ages passed away,
A speck of time, that owns no tie
With aught that lives and breathes to-day.

But 'mid the rank and towering grass,
Where breezes wave, in mournful sport,
The weeds that choke the ruined court,
The careless hours that circling pass,
Still trace upon the dialled brass
The shade of their unvarying way:
And evermore, with every ray
That breaks the clouds and gilds the air,
Time's stealthy steps are imaged there:
Even as the long-revolving years
In self-reflecting circles flow,
From the first bud the hedge-row bears,
To wintry Nature's robe of snow.
The changeful forms of mortal things
Decay and pass; and art and power
Oppose in vain the doom that flings
Oblivion on their closing hour:

While still, to every woodland vale,
New blooms, new fruits, the seasons bring,
For other eyes and lips to hail
With looks and sounds of welcoming :
As where some stream light-eddying roves
By sunny meads and shadowy groves,
Wave following wave departs for ever,
But still flows on the eternal river.

An old man approached them, in whom they observed that look of healthy and cheerful antiquity which showed that time only, and neither pain nor sickness, had traced wrinkles on his cheek. Mr. Forester made inquiries of him on the object he had most at heart ; but the old man could give no gleam of light to guide his steps. Mr. Fax then asked some questions concerning the mansion before them.

“ Ah, Zur ! ” said the old man, “ this be the zeat o’ Squire Openhand : but he doant

live here now : the house be growed too large vor 'n, as one may zay. I remember un playing about here on the grass-plot, when he was half as high as the zun-dial poast, as if it was but yesterday. The days that I ha' zeed here! Rare doings there used to be wi' the house vull o' gentlevolks zometimes to be zure : but what he loiked best was, to zee a merry-making of all his tenants, round the great oak that stands there in the large yield by himzelf. He used to zay if there was any thing he could not abide, it was the zight of a zorrowful feace ; and he was always prying about to voind one : and if he did voind one, Lord bless you ! it was not a zorrowful feace long, if it was any thing that he could mend. Zo he lived to the length of his line, as the zaying is ; and when times grew worse, it was a hard matter to draw in : how-zomdever he did ; and when the tax-gatherers

came every year vor more and more, and the peaper-money vlew about, buying up every thing in the neighbourhood; and every vifty pounds he got in peaper was n't worth, as he toald me, vorty pounds o' real money, why there was every year fewer horses in his steable, and less wine on his board: and every now and then came a queer zort o' chap dropped out o' the sky like,—a vundholder he called un,—and bought a bit o'ground vor a hand-vul o' peaper, and built a cottage-horny, as they call it—there be one there, on the hill zide—and had nothing to do wi' the country-people, nor the country-people wi' he: no thing in the world to do, as we could zee, but to eat and drink, and make little bits o' shrub-beries, o' quashies, and brutuses, and zelies, and cubies, and filligrees, and ruddydunderums, instead o' the oak plantations, the old landlords used to plant; and the Squire could

never abide the zight o' one o' they gimcrack boxes ; and all the while he was nailing up a window or two every year, and his horses were going one way, and his dogs another, and his old zervants were zent away one by one, wi' heavy hearts, poor zouls, and at last it came that he could not get half his rents, and zome o' his tenants went to the work-house, and others ran away, because o' the poor-rates, and every thing went to zixes and zevens, and I used to meet the Squire in his walks, and think to myzelf it was very hard that he who could not bear to zee a zorrowful feace, should have zuch a zorrowful one of his own ; and he used to zay to me whenever I met un : ' All this comes o' peaper-money, Measter Hawthorn.' Zo the upshot was, he could not afford any longer to live in his own great house, where his vorevathers had lived out o' memory o' man, and went to zome outlandish place wi' his vamily

to live, as he said, in much zuch a box as that gimcrack thing on the hill."

"You have told us a very melancholy story," said Mr. Forester; "but at present, I fear, a very common one, and one of which, if the present system continue, every succeeding year will multiply examples."

"Ah, Zur!" said the old man, "there was them as vorezeed it long ago, and voretold it too, up in the great house in Lunnun, where they zettles the affairs o' the nation: a pretty way o' zettling it be, to my thinking, to vill the country wi' tax-gatherers and vundholders, and peaper-money men, that turns all the old vamilies out o' the country, and zends their tenants to the workhouse: but there was them as vorezeed and voretold it too, but nobody minded 'em then: they begins to mind 'em now."

“ But how do you manage in these times ?” said Mr. Forester.

“ I livès, Measter,” said the old man, “ and pretty well too, vor myzelf. I had a little vreehold varm o’ my own, that has been in my vamily zeven hundred year, and we woant part wi’ it, I promise you, vor all the tax-collectors and vundholders in England. But my zon was never none o’ your gentleman varmers, none o’ your reacing and hunting bucks, that it ’s a sheame vor a honest varmer to be: he always zet his shoulders to the wheel—always a-vield by peep o’ day: zo now I be old, I’ve given up the varm to him; and that I would n’t ha’ done to the best man in all the county bezide: but he ’s my zon, and I loves un. Zo I walks about the vields all day, and zits all the evening in the chimney-corner wi’ an old neighbour or zo, and a jug o’ ale, and talks over old times, when the

Openhands, and zuch as they, could afford to live in the homes o' their vorevathers. It be a bad state o' things, my measters, and must come to a bad end, zooner or later; but it 'll last my time."

"You are not in the last stage of a consumption, are you, honest friend?" said Mr. Fax.

"Lord love you, no, Measter," said the old farmer, rather frightened; "do I look zo?"

"No," said Mr. Fax; "but you talked so."

"Ah! thee beest a wag, I zee," said the farmer. "Things be in a konzumption zure enough, but they 'll last my time vor all that; and if they doant, it's no vault o' mine; and I 'se no money in the vunds, nor no zinecure pleace, zo I eats my beef-steak and drinks my ale, and lets the world slide."

CHAP. XXXIII.

THE PHANTASM.

THE course of their perambulations brought them into the vicinity of Melincourt, and they stopped at the Castle to inquire if any intelligence had been obtained of Anthelia. The gate was opened to them by old Peter Gray, who informed them that himself and the female domestics were at that time the only inmates of the Castle, as the other male domestics had gone off at the same time with Mr. Hippy in search of their young mistress; and the Honourable Mrs. Pinmoney and Miss Danaretta were gone to London, because of the opera being open.

Mr. Forester inquired into the manner of Anthelia's disappearance. Old Peter inform-

ed him that she had gone into her library as usual after breakfast, and when the hour of dinner arrived she was missing. The central window was open, as well as the little postern door of the shrubbery, that led into the dingle, the whole vicinity of which they had examined, and had found the recent print of horses' feet on a narrow green road that skirted the other side of the glen: these traces they had followed till they had totally lost them, in a place where the road became hard and rocky, and divided into several branches: the pursuers had then separated into parties of two and three, and each party had followed a different branch of the road, but they had found no clue to guide them, and had hitherto been unsuccessful. He should not himself, he said, have remained inactive, but Mr. Hippy had insisted on his staying to take care of the

Castle. He then observed, that, as it was growing late, he should humbly advise their continuing where they were till morning. To this they assented, and he led the way to the library.

Every thing in the library remained precisely in the place in which Anthelia left it. Her chair was near the table, and the materials of drawing were before it. The gloom of the winter evening, which was now closing in, was deepened through the stained glass of the windows. The moment the door was thrown open, Mr. Forester started, and threw himself forward into the apartment towards Anthelia's chair; but before he reached it, he stopped, placed his hand before his eyes, and turning round, leaned for support on the arm of Mr. Fax. He recovered himself in a few minutes, and sate down by the

table. Peter Gray, after kindling the fire, and lighting the Argand lamp, that hung from the centre of the apartment, went to give directions on the subject of dinner.

Mr. Forester observed, from the appearance of the drawing materials, that they had been hastily left, and he saw that the last subject on which Anthelia had been employed was a sketch of Redrose Abbey. He sat with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the drawing in perfect silence. Mr. Fax thought it best not to disturb his meditations, and took up a volume that was lying open on the table, the last that Anthelia had been reading. It was a posthumous work of the virtuous and unfortunate Condorcet, in which that most amiable and sublime enthusiast, contemplating human nature in the light of his own exalted spirit, had delineated a

beautiful vision of the future destinies of mankind*.

Sir Oran Haut-ton kept his eyes fixed on the door with looks of anxious impatience, and showed manifest and increasing disappointment at every re-entrance of old Peter, who at length summoned them to dinner.

Mr. Fax was not surprised that Mr. Forrester had no appetite, but that Sir Oran had lost his, appeared to him extremely curious. The latter grew more and more uneasy, rose from table, took a candle in his hand, and wandered from room to room, searching every closet and corner in the Castle, to the infinite amazement of old Peter Gray, who followed him every where, and became convinced that the poor gentleman was crazed for love of his

* *Esquisse d'un Tableau historique des Progrès de l'Esprit humain.*

young mistress, who, he made no doubt, was the object of his search; and the conviction was strengthened by the perfect inattention of Sir Oran to all his assurances that his dear young lady was not in any of those places which he searched so scrupulously. Sir Oran at length having left no corner of the habitable part of the Castle unexamined, returned to the dining-room, and throwing himself into a chair began to shed tears in great abundance*.

Mr. Fax made his two disconsolate friends drink several glasses of Madeira, by way of raising their spirits, and then asked Mr. Forester what it was that had so affected him on their first entering the library.

MR. FORESTER.

It was the form of Anthelia, in the place

* See vol. i. p. 73, note.

where I first saw her, in that chair by the table. The vision was momentary, but, while it lasted, had all the distinctness of reality.

MR. FAX.

This is no uncommon effect of the association of ideas when external objects present themselves to us, after an interval of absence, in their remembered arrangement, with only one form wanting, and that the dearest among them, to perfect the resemblance between the present sensation and the recollected idea. A vivid imagination, more especially when the nerves are weakened by anxiety and fatigue, will, under such circumstances, complete the imperfect scene, by replacing for a moment the one deficient form among those accustomed objects which had long formed its accompaniments in the contemplation of memory. This single mental principle will ex-

plain the greater number of *credible* tales of apparitions, and at the same time give a very satisfactory reason why a particular spirit is usually found haunting a particular place.

MR. FORESTER.

Thus Petrarch's beautiful pictures of the Spirit of Laura on the banks of the Sorga, are assuredly something more than the mere fancies of the closet, and must have originated in that system of mental connexion, which, under peculiar circumstances, gives ideas the force of sensations. Anxiety and fatigue are certainly great promoters of the state of mind most favourable to such impressions.

MR. FAX.

It was under the influence of such excitements that Brutus saw the spirit of Cæsar; and in similar states of feeling, the phantoms of poetry are usually supposed to be visible.

the ghost of Banquo, for example, and that of Patroclus. But this only holds true of the poets who paint from nature; for their artificial imitators, when they wish to call a spirit from the vasty deep, are not always so attentive to the mental circumstances of the persons to whom they present it. In the early periods of society, when apparitions form a portion of the general creed; when the life of man is wandering, precarious, and turbulent; when the uncultured wildness of the heath and the forest harmonizes with the chimæras of superstition, and when there is not, as in later times, a rooted principle of reason and knowledge, to weaken such perceptions in their origin, and destroy the seeming reality of their subsequent recollection, impressions of this nature will be more frequent, and will be as much invested with the character of external existence, as the scenes to which they

are attached by the connecting power of the mind. They will always be found with their own appropriate character of time, and place, and circumstance. The ghost of the warrior will be seen on the eve of battle by him who keeps his lonely watch near the blaze of the nightly fire, and the spirit of the huntress maid will appear to her lover when he pauses on the sunny heath, or rests in the moonlight cave.

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE CHURCHYARD.

THE next morning Mr. Forester determined on following the mountain-road on the other side of the dingle, of which Peter Gray had spoken: but wishing first to make some inquiries of the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, they walked to his vicarage, which was in a village at some distance. Just as they reached it the reverend gentleman emerged in haste, and seeing Mr. Forester and his friends, said he was very sorry that he could not attend to them just then, as he had a great press of business to dispose of, namely, a christening, a marriage, and a funeral, but he would knock them off as fast as he could, after which he should

be perfectly at their service, hoped they would wait in the vicarage till his return, and observed he had good ale and a few bottles of London Particular. He then left them to dispatch his affairs in the church.

They preferred waiting in the churchyard. "A christening, a marriage, and a funeral!" said Mr. Forester. "With what indifference he runs through the whole drama of human life, raises the curtain on its commencement, superintends the most important and eventful action of its progress, and drops the curtain on its close!"

MR. FAX.

Custom has rendered them all alike indifferent to him. In every human pursuit and profession the routine of ordinary business renders the mind indifferent to all the forms and objects of which that routine is composed.

The sexton “sings at grave-making;” the undertaker walks with a solemn face before the coffin, because a solemn face is part of his trade: but his heart is as light as if there were no funeral at his heels: he is quietly conning over the items of his bill, or thinking of the party in which he is to pass his evening; and the reverend gentleman who concludes the process, and consigns to its last receptacle the shell of extinguished intelligence, has his thoughts on the wing to the sports of the field, or the jovial board of the Squire.

MR. FORESTER.

Your observation is just. It is this hardening power of custom that gives steadiness to the hand of the surgeon, firmness to the voice of the criminal judge, coolness to the soldier “in the imminent deadly breach,” self-possession to the sailor in the rage of the

equinoctial storm. It is under this influence that the lawyer deals out writs and executions as carelessly as he deals out cards at his evening whist ; that the gaoler turns the key with the same stern indifference on unfortunate innocence as on hardened villany ; that the venal senator votes away by piecemeal the liberties of his country ; and that the statesman sketches over the bottle his series of deliberate schemes for the extinction of human freedom, the enchaining of human reason, and the waste of human life.

MR. FAX.

Contemplate any of these men only in the sphere of their routine, and you will think them utterly destitute of all human sympathy. Make them change places with each other, and you will see symptoms of natural feelings. Custom cannot kill the better feelings of human nature : it merely lays them asleep.

MR. FORESTER.

You must acknowledge then, at least, that their sleep is very sound.

MR. FAX.

In most cases certainly as sound as that of Epimenides, or of the seven sleepers of Ephesus. But these did wake at last, and, therefore, according to Aristotle, they had always the capacity of waking.

MR. FORESTER.

You must allow me to wait for a similar proof, before I admit such a capacity in respect to the feelings of some of the characters we have mentioned. Yet I am no sceptic in human virtue.

MR. FAX.

You have no reason to be, with so much evidence before your eyes, of the excellence of the past generation, and I do not suppose the

present is much worse than its predecessors. Read the epitaphs around you, and see what models and mirrors of all the social virtues have left the examples of their shining light to guide the steps of their posterity.

MR. FORESTER.

I observe the usual profusion of dutiful sons, affectionate husbands, faithful friends, kind neighbours, and honest men. These are the luxuriant harvest of every churchyard. But is it not strange, that even the fertility of fiction should be so circumscribed in the variety of monumental panegyric? Yet a few words comprehend the summary of all the moral duties of ordinary life. Their degrees and diversities are like the shades of colour, that shun for the most part the power of language: at all events, the nice distinctions and combinations that give individuality to historical

character, scarcely come within the limits of sepulchral inscription, which merely serves to testify the regret of the survivors for one whose society was dear, and whose faults are forgotten. For there is a feeling in the human mind, that, in looking back on former scenes of intercourse with those who are past for ever beyond the limits of injury and resentment, gradually destroys all the bitterness and heightens all the pleasures of the remembrance; as, when we revert in fancy to the days of our childhood, we scarcely find a vestige of their tears, pains, and disappointments, and perceive only their fields, their flowers, and their sunshine, and the smiles of our little associates.

MR. FAX.

The history of common life seems as circumscribed as its moral attributes: for the most extensive information I can collect from

these gravestones is, that the parties married, lived in trouble, and died of a conflict between a disease and a physician. I observe a last request, which I suppose was very speedily complied with: that of a tender husband to his loving wife not to weep for him long. If it be as you say, that the faults of the dead are soon forgotten, yet the memory of their virtues is not much longer lived; and I have often thought that these words of Rabelais would furnish an appropriate inscription for ninety-nine gravestones out of every hundred: *Sa mémoire expira avecques le son des cloches qui carillonnarent à son enterrement.*

CHAP. XXXV.

THE RUSTIC WEDDING.

THE bride and bridegroom, with half a dozen of their friends, now entered the churchyard. The bride, a strong, healthy-looking country girl, was clinging to the arm of her lover, not with the light and scarcely perceptible touch, with which Miss Simper complies with the request of Mr. Giggle, "that she will do him the honour to take his arm," but with a cordial and unsophisticated pressure that would have made such an arm as Mr. Giggle's black and blue. The bridegroom, with a pair of chubby cheeks, which in colour precisely rivalled his new scarlet waistcoat, and his mouth expanded into a broad grin, that exhibited the total range of his teeth, advanced in a sort of step

that was half a walk and half a dance, as if the preconceived notion of the requisite solemnity of demeanour were struggling with the natural impulses of the overflowing joy of his heart.

Mr. Fax looked with great commiseration on this bridal pair, and determined to ascertain if they had a clear notion of the evils that awaited them in consequence of the rash step they were about to take. He therefore accosted them with an observation that the Reverend Mr. Portpipe was not at leisure, but would be in a few minutes. "In the mean time," said he, "I stand here as the representative of general reason, to ask if you have duly weighed the consequences of your present proceeding?"

THE BRIDEGROOM.

General Reason! I be 's no soger man,

and bea'n't countable to no General whatzomecomedever. We bea'n't under martial law, be we? Voine toimes indeed if General Reason be to interpolate between a poor man and his sweetheart.

MR. FAX.

That is precisely the case which calls most loudly for such an interposition.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

If General Reason waits till I or Zukey calls loudly vor'n, he'll wait long enough. Woa'n't he, Zukey?

THE BRIDE.

Ees, zure, Robin.

MR. FAX.

General reason, my friend, I assure you, has nothing to do with martial law, nor with any other mode of arbitrary power, but with

authority that has truth for its fountain, benevolence for its end, and the whole universe for its sphere of action.

THE BRIDEGROOM. (*Scratching his head.*)

There be a mort o' voine words, but I zuppose you means to zay as how this General Reason be a Methody preacher; but I be 's true earthy-ducks church, and zo be Zukey: bea'n't you, Zukey?

THE BRIDE.

Ees, zure, Robin.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

And we has nothing to do wi' General Reason neither on us. Has we, Zukey?

THE BRIDE.

No, zure, Robin.

MR. FAX.

Well, my friend, be that as it may, you are going to be married?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Why, I thinks zo, Zur, wi' General Reason's leave. Be'an't we, Zukey?

THE BRIDE.

Ees, zure, Robin.

MR. FAX.

And are you fully aware, my honest friend, what marriage is?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Vor zartin I be: Zukey and I ha' got it by heart out o' t' Book o' Common Prayer. Ha'n't we, Zukey? (*This time Susan did not think proper to answer.*) It be ordained that zuch parsons as hav'n't the gift of— (*Susan gave him such a sudden and violent pinch on the arm, that his speech ended in a roar.*) Od rabbit me! that wur a twinger! I'll have my revenge, howzomecomedever.

(And he imprinted a very emphatical kiss on the lips of his blushing bride, that greatly scandalized Mr. Fax.)

MR. FAX.

Do you know, that in all likelihood, in the course of six years, you will have as many children?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

The more the merrier, Zur. Be'an't it, Zukey? *(Susan was mute again.)*

MR. FAX.

I hope it may prove so, my friend; but I fear you will find the more the sadder. What are your occupations?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Anan, Zur?

MR. FAX.

What do you do to get your living?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Works vor varmer Brownstout : sows and reaps, threshes, and goes to market wi' corn and cattle, turns to plough-tail when hap chances, cleans and feeds horses, hedges and ditches, fells timber, gathers in t' orchard, brews ale, and drinks it, and gets vourteen shill'ns a week vor my trouble. And Zukey here ha' laid up a mint o' money : she wur dairy-maid at varmer Cheeseurd's, and ha' gotten vour pounds zeventeen shill'ns and ninepence, in t' old chest wi' three vlat locks and a padlock. Ha'n't you, Zukey ?

THE BRIDE.

Ees, zure, Robin.

MR. FAX.

It does not appear to me, my worthy friend, that your fourteen shillings a week, even with Mistress Susan's consolidated fund

of four pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence, will be all together adequate to the maintenance of such a family as you seem likely to have.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Why, Zur, in t' virst pleace I doan't know what be Zukey's intentions in that respect—Od rabbit it, Zukey! doan't pinch zo—and in t' next pleace, wi' all due submission to you and General Reason the Methody preacher, I takes it be our look-out, and none o' nobody's else.

MR. FAX.

But it is somebody's else, for this reason: that if you cannot maintain your own children, the parish must do it for you.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Vor zartin—in a zort o' way; and bad

enough at best. But I wants no more to do wi' t' parish than parish wi' me.

MR. FAX.

I dare say you do not, at present. But, my good friend, when the cares of a family come upon you, your independence of spirit will give way to necessity ; and if, by any accident, you are thrown out of work, as in the present times many honest fellows are, what will you do then ?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Do the best I can, Measter, as I always does, and nobody can't do no better.

MR. FAX.

Do you suppose, then, you are doing the best you can now, in marrying, with such a doubtful prospect before you ? How will you bring up your children ?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Why, in the veer o' the Lord, to be zure.

MR. FAX.

Of course: but how will you bring them up to get their living?

THE BRIDEGROOM.

That 's as thereafter may happen. They woan't starve, I'se warrant 'em, if they teakes after their veyther. But I zeas now who General Reason be. He be one o' your zinecure vundholder peaper-money taxing men, as is n't zatisfied wi' takin' t' bread out o' t' poor man's mouth, and zending his chillern to army and navy, and vactories, and zuch-like, but wants to take away his wife into t' bargain.

MR. FAX.

There, my honest friend, you have fallen into a radical mistake, which I shall try to

elucidate for your benefit. It is owing to poor people having more children than they can maintain, that those children are obliged to go to the army and navy, and consequently that statesmen and conquerors find so many ready instruments for the oppression and destruction of the human species: it follows, therefore, that if people would not marry till they could be certain of maintaining all their children comfortably at home——

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Lord love you, that be all mighty voine rigmarol; but the short and the long be this: I can't live without Zukey, nor Zukey without I, can you, Zukey?

THE BRIDE.

No, zure, Robin.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Now there be a plain downright honest-

hearted old English girl: none o' your quality madams, as zays one thing and means another; and zo you may tell General Reason he may teake away chair and teable, salt-box and trencher, bed and bedding, pig and pigsty, but neither he nor all his peaper-men together, shall take away his own Zukey vrom Robin Ruddyfeace; if they shall I'm dom'd.

“What profane wretch,” said the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, emerging from the church, “what profane wretch is swearing in the very gate of the temple?” and seeing by the bridegroom's confusion that he was the culprit, he reprimanded him severely, and declared he would not marry him that day. The very thought of such a disappointment was too much for poor Robin to bear, and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to speak, he

distorted his face into a most rueful expression, and struck up such a roar of crying as completely electrified the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, whose wrath, nevertheless, was not to be mollified by Robin's grief and contrition, but yielded at length to the intercessions of Mr. Forester. Robin's face cleared up in an instant, and the natural broad grin of his ruddy countenance shone forth through his tears like the sun through a shower. "You are such an honest and warm-hearted fellow," said Mr. Forester, putting a bank-note into Robin's hand, "that you must not refuse me the pleasure of making this little addition to Mistress Susan's consolidated fund."—"Od rabbit me!" said the bridegroom, overcome with joy and surprise, "I doan't know who thee beest, but thee bees'n't General Reason, that 's vor zartin."

The rustic party then followed the Reverend Mr. Portpipe into the church. Robin, when he reached the porch, looked round over his shoulder to Mr. Fax, and said with a very arch look, "My dutiful sarvice to General Reason." And looking round a second time before he entered the door, added: "and Zuky's too."

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE VICARAGE.

WHEN the Reverend Mr. Portpipe had dispatched his "press of business," he set before his guests in the old oak parlour of his vicarage a cold turkey and ham, a capacious jug of "incomparable ale," and a bottle of his London Particular; all which, on trial, were approved to be excellent, and a second bottle of the latter was very soon required, and produced with great alacrity. The reverend gentleman expressed much anxiety in relation to the mysterious circumstance of the disappearance of Anthelia, on whom he pronounced a very warm eulogium, saying she was the flower of the mountains, the type of ideal beauty, the daughter of music, the rosebud

of sweetness, and the handmaid of charity. He professed himself unable to throw the least light on the transaction, but supposed she had been spirited away for some nefarious purpose. He said that the mountain road had been explored without success in all its ramifications, not only by Mr. Hippy and the visitors and domestics of Melincourt, but by all the peasants and mountaineers of the vicinity—that it led through a most desolate and inhospitable tract of country, and he would advise them, if they persisted in their intention of following it themselves, to partake of his poor hospitality till morning, and set forward with the first dawn of daylight. Mr. Fax seconded this proposal, and Mr. Forester complied.

They spent the evening in the old oak parlour, and conversed on various subjects, during which a knotty point opposing itself

to the solution of an historical question, Mr. Forester expressed a wish to be allowed access to the reverend gentleman's library. The reverend gentleman hummed awhile with great gravity and deliberation: then slowly rising from his large arm-chair, he walked across the room to the further corner, where throwing open the door of a little closet, he said with extreme complacency, "There is my library: Homer, Virgil, and Horace, for old acquaintance sake, and the credit of my cloth: Tillotson, Atterbury, and Jeremy Taylor, for materials of exhortation and ingredients of sound doctrine: and for my own private amusement, in an occasional half hour between my dinner and my nap, a translation of Rabelais and the Tale of a Tub."

MR. FAX.

A well-chosen collection.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

Multum in parvo. But there is something that may amuse you: a little drawer of mineral specimens that have been picked up in this vicinity, and a fossil or two. Among the latter is a curious bone that was found in a hill just by, invested with stalactite.

MR. FORESTER,

The bone of a human thumb, unquestionably.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

Very probably.

MR. FORESTER.

Which, by its comparative proportion, must have belonged to an individual about eleven feet six or seven inches in height: there are no such men now.

MR. FAX.

Except, perhaps, among the Patagonians, whose existence is, however, disputed.

MR. FORESTER.

It is disputed on no tenable ground, but that of the narrow and bigoted vanity of civilized men, who, pent in the unhealthy limits of towns and cities, where they dwindle from generation to generation in a fearful rapidity of declension towards the abyss of the infinitely little, in which they will finally vanish from the system of nature, will not admit that there ever were, or are, or can be better, stronger, and healthier men than themselves. The Patagonians are a vagrant nation, without house or home, and are, therefore, only occasionally seen on the coast : but because some voyagers have not seen them, I know not why we should impeach the evidence of those

who have. The testimony of a man of honour, like Mr. Byron, would alone have been sufficient: but all his officers and men gave the same account. And there are other testimonies; that, for instance, of M. de Guyot, who brought from the coast of Patagonia a skeleton of one of these great men, which measured between twelve and thirteen feet. This skeleton he was bringing to Europe, but happening to be caught in a great storm, and having on board a Spanish Bishop (the Archbishop of Lima), who was of opinion that the storm was caused by the bones of this Pagan which they had on board; and having persuaded the crew that this was the case, the captain was obliged to throw the skeleton overboard. The Bishop died soon after, and was thrown overboard in his turn. I could have wished that he had been thrown over-

board sooner, and then the bones of the Patagonian would have arrived in Europe*.

THE REVEREND MR. PORTPIPE.

Your wish is orthodox, inasmuch as the Bishop was himself a Pagan, and moreover an Inquisitor. And your doctrine of large men is also orthodox, for the sons of Anak and the family of Goliath did once exist, though now their race is extinct.

MR. FORESTER.

The multiplication of diseases, the diminution of strength, and the contraction of the term of existence, keep pace with the diminution of the stature of men. The mortality of a manufacturing town, compared with that of a mountain-village, is more than three

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. p. 139.

to one, which clearly shows the evil effects of the departure from natural life, and of the coacervation of multitudes within the narrow precincts of cities, where the breath of so many animals, and the exhalations from the dead, the dying, and corrupted things of all kinds, make the air little better than a slow poison, and so offensive as to be perceptible to the sense of those who are not accustomed to it; for the wandering Arabs will smell a town at the distance of several leagues. And in this country the cottagers who are driven by the avarice of landlords and great tenants to seek a subsistence in towns, are very soon destroyed by the change*. And this hiving of human beings is not the only evil effect of commerce, which tends also to keep up a constant circulation of the ele-

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. p. 193.

ments of destruction, and to make the vices and diseases of one country the vices and diseases of all *. Thus, with every extension of our intercourse with distant lands, we bring home some new seed of death; and how many we leave as vestiges of our visitation, let the South Sea Islanders testify. Consider, too, the frightful consequences of the consumption of spiritous liquors: a practice so destructive, that if all the devils were again to be assembled in Pandemonium, to contrive the ruin of the human species, nothing so mischievous could be devised by them †; but which it is considered politic to encourage, according to our method of raising money on the vices of the people ‡.

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. p. 191.

† Ibid. p. 181.

‡ Ibid. p. 182.

When these and many other causes of destruction are considered, it would be wonderful indeed, if every new generation were not, as all experience proves that it is, smaller, weaker, more diseased, and more miserable than the preceding.

MR. FAX.

Do you find, in the progress of science and the rapid diffusion of intellectual light, no counterpoise to this mass of physical calamity, even admitting it to exist in the extent you suppose?

MR. FORESTER.

Without such a counterpoise the condition of human nature would be desperate indeed. The intellectual, as I have often observed to you, are nourished at the expense of the animal faculties.

MR. FAX.

You cannot, then, conceive the existence of *mens sana in corpore sano*?

MR. FORESTER.

Scarcely in the present state of human degeneracy: at best in a very limited sense.

MR. FAX.

Nevertheless you do, nay, you must, acknowledge that the intellectual, which is the better part of human nature, is in a progress of rapid improvement, continually enlarging its views and multiplying its acquisitions.

MR. FORESTER.

The collective stock of knowledge which is the common property of scientific men necessarily increases, and will increase from the circumstance of admitting the co-operation of numbers: but collective knowledge is as dis-

inct from individual mental power as it is confessedly unconnected with wisdom and moral virtue, and independent of political liberty. A man of modern times, with machines of complicated powers, will lift a heavier mass than that which Hector hurled from his unassisted arm against the Grecian gates; but take away his mechanism, and what comparison is there between him and Hector? In the same way a modern man of science *knows* more than Pythagoras knew: but consider them with relation only to *mental power*, and what comparison remains between them? No more than between a modern poet and Homer—a comparison which the most strenuous partisan of modern improvement will scarcely venture to institute.

MR. FAX.

I will venture to oppose Shakespeare to him nevertheless.

MR. FORESTER.

That is, however, going back two centuries, to a state of society very peculiar, and very fertile in genius. Shakespeare is the great phænomenon of the modern world, but his men and women are beings like ourselves; whereas those of Homer are of a nobler and mightier race; and his poetry is worthy of his characters: it is the language of the gods.

Mr. Forester rose, and approached the little closet, with the avowed intention of taking down Homer. "Take care how you touch him," said the Reverend Mr. Portpipe: "he is in a very dusty condition, for he has not been disturbed these thirty years."

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE MOUNTAINS.

THEY followed the mountain-road till they arrived at the spot where it divided into several branches, one of which they selected on some principle of preference, which we are not sagacious enough to penetrate. They now proceeded by a gradual ascent of several miles along a rugged passage of the hills, where the now flowerless heath was the only vestige of vegetation; and the sound of the little streams that every where gleamed beside their way, the only manifestation of the life and motion of nature.

“ It is a subject worthy of consideration,” said Mr. Fax, “ how far scenes like these are connected with the genius of liberty: how far

the dweller of the mountains, who is certainly surrounded by more sublime excitements, has more loftiness of thought, and more freedom of spirit, than the cultivator of the plains?"

MR. FORESTER.

A modern poet has observed, that the voices of the sea and of the mountains, are the two voices of liberty: the words mountain-liberty have, indeed, become so intimately associated, that I never yet found any one who even thought of questioning their necessary and natural connexion.

MR. FAX.

And yet I question it much; and in the present state of human society I hold the universal inculcation of such a sentiment in poetry and romance, to be not only a most gross delusion, but an error replete with the most pernicious practical consequences. For I

have often seen a young man of high and aspiring genius, full of noble enthusiasm for the diffusion of truth and the general happiness of mankind, withdrawn from all intercourse with polished and intellectual society, by the distempered idea, that he would no where find fit aliment for his high cogitations, but among heaths, and rocks, and torrents.

MR. FORESTER.

In a state of society so corrupted as that in which we live, the best instructors and companions are ancient books; and these are best studied in those congenial solitudes, where the energies of nature are most pure and uncontrolled, and the aspect of external things recalls in some measure the departed glory of the world.

MR. FAX.

Holding, as I do, that no branch of know-

ledge is valuable, but such as in its ultimate results has a plain and practical tendency to the general diffusion of moral and political truth, you must allow me to doubt the efficacy of solitary intercourse with stocks and stones, however rugged and fantastic in their shapes, towards the production of this effect.

MR. FORESTER.

It is matter of historical testimony that occasional retirement into the recesses of nature has produced the most salutary effects of the very kind you require, in the instance of some of the most illustrious minds that have adorned the name of man.

MR. FAX.

That the health and purity of the country, its verdure and its sunshine, have the most beneficial influence on the mental and corporeal faculties, I am very far from being in-

elined to deny: but this is a different consideration from that of the connexion between the scenery of the mountains and the genius of liberty. Look into the records of the world. What have the mountains done for freedom and mankind? When have the mountains, to speak in the cant of the new school of poetry, “sent forth a voice of power” to awe the oppressors of the world? Mountaineers are for the most part a stupid and ignorant race; and where there are stupidity and ignorance, there will be superstition; and where there is superstition, there will be slavery.

MR. FORESTER.

To a certain extent I cannot but agree with you. The names of Hampden and Milton are associated with the level plains and flat pastures of Buckinghamshire; but I cannot now remember what names of true greatness and

unshaken devotion to general liberty, are associated with these heathy rocks and cloud-capped mountains of Cumberland. We have seen a little horde of poets, who brought hither from the vales of the south, the harps which they had consecrated to Truth and Liberty, to acquire new energy in the mountain-winds: and now those harps are attuned to the praise of luxurious power, to the strains of courtly sycophancy, and to the hymns of exploded superstition. But let not the innocent mountains bear the burden of their transgressions.

MR. FAX.

All I mean to say is, that there is nothing in the nature of mountain-scenery either to make men free, or to keep them so. The only source of freedom is intellectual light. The ignorant are always slaves, though they dwell among the Andes. The wise are always

free, though they cultivate a savannah. Who is so stupid and so servile as a Swiss, whom you find, like a piece of living furniture, the human latch of every great man's door?

MR. FORESTER.

Let us look back to former days, to the mountains of the North:

“ Wild the Runic faith,
And wild the realms where Scandinavian chiefs
And Scalds arose, and hence the Scald's strong
verse
Partook the savage wildness. And methinks,
Amid such scenes as these the poet's soul
Might best attain full growth.”

MR. FAX.

As to the “ Scald's strong verse,” I must say I have never seen any specimens of it, that I did not think mere trash. It is little more than a rhapsody of rejoicing in carnage,

a ringing of changes on the biting sword and the flowing of blood and the feast of the raven and the vulture, and fulsome flattery of the chieftain, of whom the said Scald was the abject slave, vassal, parasite, and laureat, interspersed with continual hints that he ought to be well paid for his lying panegyrics.

MR. FORESTER.

There is some justice in your observations: nevertheless, I must still contend that those who seek the mountains in a proper frame of feeling, will find in them images of energy and liberty, harmonizing most aptly with the loftiness of an unprejudiced mind, and nerving the arm of resistance to every variety of oppression and imposture, that winds the chains of power round the free-born spirit of man.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE FRACAS.

AFTER a long ramble among heath and rock, and over moss and moor, they began to fear the probability of being benighted among those desolate wilds, when fortunately they found that their track crossed one of the principal roads, which they followed for a short time, and entered a small town, where they stopped for the night at an inn. They were shown up stairs into an apartment separated from another only by a moveable partition, which allowed the two rooms to be occasionally laid into one. They were just sitting down to dinner when they heard the voices of some newly-arrived company in the adjoining apartment, and distinguished the tones of a female voice indi-

cative of alarm and anxiety, and the masculine accents of one who seemed to be alternately comforting the afflicted fair one, and swearing at the obsequious waiter, with reiterated orders, as it appeared, for another chaise immediately. Mr. Fax was not long in divining that the new-comers were two runaway lovers in momentary apprehension of being overtaken; and this conjecture was confirmed, when, after a furious rattle of wheels in the yard, the door of the next apartment was burst open, and a violent scream from the lady was followed by a gruff shout of—“ So, ho, Miss, here you are. Gretna, eh? Your journey ’s marred for this time; and if you get off again, say you have my consent—that’s all.” Low soft tones of supplication ensued, but in undistinguishable words, and continued to be repeated in the intervals of the following harangue: “ Love indeed !.don’t

tell me. Are'n't you my daughter? Answer me that. And have'n't I a right over you till you are twenty-one? You may marry then; but not a rap of the ready: my money's my own all my life. Have'n't I chosen you a proper husband—a nice rich young fellow not above forty-five? — Sixty, you minx! no such thing. Rolling in riches: member for Threevotes: two places, three pensions, and a sinecure: famous borough interest to make all your children generals and archbishops. And here a miserable vagabond with only five hundred a year in landed property. — Pish! love indeed! — own age — congenial minds — pshaw! all a farce. Money—money—money—that's the matter—money is the first thing—money is the second thing—money is the third thing—money is the only thing—money is every thing and all things.” — “Vagabond, Sir,”

said a third voice: "I am a gentleman, and have money sufficient to maintain your daughter in comfort."—"Comfort!" said the gruff voice again; "comfort with five hundred a year, ha! ha! ha! eh! Sir Bonus?"—"Hoo! hoo! hoo! very droll indeed," said a fourth voice, in a sound that seemed a mixture of a cough and a laugh. "Very well, Sir," said the third voice; "I shall not part with my treasure quietly, I assure you."—"Rebellion! flat rebellion against parental authority," exclaimed the second. "But I'm too much for you, youngster. Where are all my varlets and rascals?"

A violent trampling of feet and various sounds of tumult ensued, as if the old gentleman and his party were tearing the lovers asunder by main force; and at length an agonizing scream from the young lady seemed to announce that their purpose was accomplished.

Mr. Forester started up with a view of doing all in his power to assist the injured damsel ; and Sir Oran Haut-ton, who, as the reader has seen, had very strong feelings of natural justice, and a most chivalrous sympathy with females in distress, rushed with a desperate impulse against the partition, and hurled a great portion of it, with a violent crash, into the adjoining apartment. This unexpected event had the effect of fixing the whole group within for a few moments in motionless surprise in their respective places.

The fat and portly father, who was no other than our old acquaintance Sir Gregory Greenmould, and the old valetudinarian he had chosen for his daughter, Sir Bonus Mac Scrip, were directing the efforts of their myrmidons to separate the youthful pair. The young lady was clinging to her lover with the tenacity of the tendrils of a vine: the young

gentleman's right arm was at liberty, and he was keeping the assailants at bay with the poker, which he had seized on the first irruption of the foe, and which had left vestiges of its impression, to speak in ancient phraseology; in various green wounds and bloody coxcombs.

As Sir Oran was not habituated to allow any very long process of syllogistic reasoning to interfere between his conception and execution of the dictates of natural justice, he commenced operations by throwing the assailants one by one down stairs, who, as fast as they could rise from the ground, ran or limped away into sundry holes and coverts. Sir Bonus Mac Scrip retreated through the breach, and concealed himself under the dining-table in Mr. Forester's apartment. Mr. Forester succeeded in preventing Sir Gregory from being thrown after his myrmidons: but Sir Oran kept the fat Baronet a close prisoner

in the corner of the room, while the lovers slipped away into the inn-yard, where the chaise they had ordered was in readiness; and the cracking of whips, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of wheels, announced the final discomfiture of the schemes of Sir Gregory Greenmould, and the hopes of Sir Bonus Mac Scrip.

CHAP. XXXIX.

MAINCHANCE VILLA.

THE next day they resumed their perquisitions, still without any clue to guide them in their search. They had hitherto had the advantage of those halcyon days, which often make the middle of winter a season of serenity and sunshine; but, on this day towards the evening, the sky grew black with clouds, the snow fell rapidly in massy flakes, and the mountains and valleys were covered with one uniform veil of whiteness. All vestiges of road and paths were obliterated. They were winding round the side of a mountain, and their situation began to wear a very unpromising aspect, when, on a sudden turn of the road, the trees and chimneys of a villa burst

upon their view in the valley below. To this they bent their way, and on ringing at the gate-bell, and making the requisite inquiries, they found it to be Mainchance Villa, the new residence of Peter Paypaul Paperstamp, Esquire, whom we introduced to our readers in the twenty-eighth Chapter. They sent in their names, and received a polite invitation to walk in. They were shown into a parlour, where they found their old acquaintance Mr. Derrydown tête-à-tête at the piano with Miss Celandina, with whom he was singing a duet. Miss Celandina said, "her papa was just then engaged, but would soon have the pleasure of waiting on them: in the meantime Mr. Derrydown would do the honours of the house." Miss Celandina left the room; and they learned in conversation with Mr. Derrydown, that the latter, finding his case hopeless with Anthelia, had discovered some good

reasons in an old ballad for placing his affections where they would be more welcome; he had therefore thrown himself at the feet of Miss Celandina Paperstamp; the young lady's father, having inquired into Mr. Derrydown's fortune, had concluded, from the answer he received, that it would be a very *good match* for his daughter; and the day was already definitively arranged, on which Miss Celandina Paperstamp was to be metamorphosed into Mrs. Derrydown.

Mr. Derrydown informed them, that they would not see Mr. Paperstamp till dinner, as he was closeted in close conference with Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedeath, and Mr. Anyside Antijack, a very important personage just arrived from abroad on the occasion of a letter from Mr. Mystic of Cimmerician Lodge, denouncing an approaching period of public light, which had filled Messieurs

Paperstamp, Feathernest, Vamp, Killthedeath, and Antijack, with the deepest dismay; and they were now holding a consultation on the best means to be adopted for totally and finally extinguishing the light of the human understanding. "I am excluded from the council," proceeded Mr. Derrydown, "and it is their intention to keep me altogether in the dark on the subject; but I shall wait very patiently for the operation of the second bottle, when the wit will be out of the brain, and the cat will be out of the bag."

"Is that picture a family piece?" said Mr. Fax.

"I hardly know," said Mr. Derrydown, "whether there is any relationship between Mr. Paperstamp and the persons there represented; but there is at least a very intimate connexion. The old woman in the scarlet cloak is the illustrious Mother Goose—the

two children playing at see-saw, are Margery Daw, and Tommy with his Banbury cake—the little boy and girl, the one with a broken pitcher, and the other with a broken head, are little Jack and Jill: the house, at the door of which the whole party is grouped, is the famous house that Jack built; you see the clock through the window, and the mouse running up it, as in that sublime strain of immortal genius, entitled Dickery Dock: and the boy in the corner is little Jack Horner eating his Christmas pie. The latter is one of the most splendid examples on record of the admirable practical doctrine of “taking care of number one,” and he is therefore in double favour with Mr. Paperstamp, for his excellence as a pattern of moral and political wisdom, and for the beauty of the poetry in which his great achievement of extracting a plum from the Christmas pie is celebrated.

Mr. Paperstamp, Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedeat, and Mr. Anyside Antijack, are unanimously agreed that the Christmas pie in question is a type and symbol of the public purse; and as that is a pie in which every one of them has a finger, they look with great envy and admiration on little Jack Horner, who extracted a *plum* from it, and who I believe haunts their dreams with his pie and his plum, saying, "Go, and do thou likewise!"

The secret council broke up, and Mr. Paperstamp entering with his four compeers, bade the new-comers welcome to Mainchance Villa, and introduced to them Mr. Anyside Antijack. Mr. Paperstamp did not much like Mr. Forester's modes of thinking; indeed he disliked them the more, from their having once been his own; but a man of large landed property was well worth a little civility, as

there was no knowing what turn affairs might take, what party might come into place, and who might have the cutting up of the Christmas pie.

They now adjourned to dinner, during which, as usual, little was said, and much was done. When the wine began to circulate, Mr. Feathernest held forth for some time in praise of himself; and by the assistance of a little smattering in Mr. Mystic's synthetical logic, proved himself to be a model of taste, genius, consistency, and public virtue. This was too good an example to be thrown away; and Mr. Paperstamp followed it up with a very lofty encomium on his own virtues and talents, declaring that he did not believe so great a genius, or so amiable a man, as himself, Peter Paypaul Paperstamp, Esquire, of Mainchance Villa, had appeared in the world since the days of Jack the Giant-killer, whose *coat of dark-*

ness he hoped would become the costume of all the rising generation, whenever adequate provision should be made for the whole people to be taught and trained.

Mr. Vamp, Mr. Killthedeat, and Mr. Anyside Antijack, were all very loud in their encomiums of the wine, which Mr. Paperstamp observed had been tasted for him by his friend Mr. Feathernest, who was a great connoisseur in "Sherris sack."

Mr. Derrydown was very intent on keeping the bottle in motion, in the hope of bringing the members of the criticopoetical council into that state of blind self-love, when the great vacuum of the head, in which brain was, like Mr. Harris's indefinite article, *supplied by negation*, would be inflated with ænogen gas, or, in other words, with the fumes of wine, the effect of which, according to psycho-

logical chemistry, is, after filling up every chink and crevice of the cranial void, to evolve through the labial valve, bringing with it all the secrets both of memory and anticipation, which had been carefully laid up in the said chinks and crevices. This state at length arrived; and Mr. Derrydown, to quicken its operation, contrived to pick a quarrel with Mr. Vamp, who being naturally very testy and waspish, poured out upon him a torrent of invectives, to the infinite amusement of Mr. Derrydown, who, however, affecting to be angry, said to him in a tragical tone,

“ Thus in dregs of folly sunk,
Art thou, miscreant, mad or drunk?
Cups intemperate always teach
Virulent abusive speech*.”

* Cottle's Edda, or, as the author calls it, *Translation of the Edda*, which is a misnomer.

This produced a general cry of Chair! chair! Mr. Paperstamp called Mr. Derrydown to order. The latter apologized with as much gravity as he could assume, and said, to make amends for his warmth, he would give them a toast, and pronounced accordingly: "Your scheme for extinguishing the light of the human understanding: may it meet the success it merits!"

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

Nothing can be in a more hopeful train. We must set the alarmists at work, as in the days of the Antijacobin war: when, to be sure, we had one or two honest men among our opposers*—(*Mr. Feathernest and Mr. Paperstamp smiled and bowed*)—though they were for the most part ill read in history, and ignorant of human nature †.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 237.

† Ibid.

MR. FEATHERNEST AND MR. PAPERSTAMP.

How, Sir?

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

For the most part, observe me. Of course, I do not include my quondam antagonists, and now very dear friends, Mr. Paperstamp and Mr. Feathernest, who have altered their minds, as the sublime Burke altered his mind*, from the most disinterested motives.

MR. FORESTER.

Yet there are some persons, and those not the lowest in the scale of moral philosophy, who have called the sublime Burke a pensioned apostate.

MR. VAMP.

Moral philosophy! Every man who talks of moral philosophy is a thief and a rascal,

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 252.

and will never make any scruple of seducing his neighbour's wife, or stealing his neighbour's property*.

MR. FORESTER.

You can prove that assertion, of course?

MR. VAMP.

Prove it! The editor of the Legitimate Review required to prove an assertion!

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

The church is in danger!

MR. FORESTER.

I confess I do not see how the church is endangered by a simple request to prove the asserted necessary connexion between the profession of moral philosophy and the practice of robbery.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 227.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

For your satisfaction, Sir, and from my disposition to oblige you, as you are a gentleman of family and fortune, I will prove it. Every moral philosopher discards the creed and commandments*: the sixth commandment says, Thou shalt not steal; therefore, every moral philosopher is a thief.

MR. FEATHERNEST, MR. KILLTHEDEAD, AND
MR. PAPERSTAMP.

Nothing can be more logical. The church is in danger! The church is in danger!

MR. VAMP.

Keep up that. It is an infallible tocsin for rallying all the old women in the country about us, when every thing else fails.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 227.

MR. VAMP, MR. FEATHERNEST, MR. PAPER-
STAMP, MR. KILLTHEDEAD, AND MR.
ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

The church is in danger ! the church is in
danger !

MR. FORESTER.

I am very well aware that the time has
been when the voice of reason could be
drowned by clamour, and by rallying round
the banners of corruption and delusion a mass
of blind and bigoted prejudices, that had no
real connexion with the political question
which it was the object to cry down : but I
see with pleasure that those days are gone.
The people read and think ; their eyes are
opened ; they know that all their grievances
arise from the pressure of taxation far be-
yond their means, from the fictitious circula-
tion of paper-money, and from the corrupt
and venal state of popular representation.

These facts lie in a very small compass ; and till you can reason them out of this knowledge, you may vociferate “ The church is in danger ” for ever, without a single unpaid voice to join in the outcry.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

My friend Mr. Mystic holds that it is a very bad thing for the people to read : so it certainly is. Oh for the happy ignorance of former ages ! when the people were dolts, and knew themselves to be so *. An ignorant man judging from instinct, judges much better than a man who reads, and is consequently misinformed †.

MR. VAMP.

Unless he reads the Legitimate Review.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 226.

† Ibid.

MR. PAPERSTAMP.

Darkness! darkness! Jack the Giant-killer's coat of darkness! That is your only wear.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

There was a time when we could lead the people any way, and make them join with all their lungs in the yell of war: then they were people of sound judgment, and of honest and honourable feelings*: but when they pretend to feel the pressure of personal suffering, and to read and think about its causes and remedies—such impudence is intolerable.

MR. FAX.

Are they not the same people still? If they were capable of judging then, are they not capable of judging now?

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 236.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

By no means: they are only capable of judging when they see with our eyes; then they see straight forward; when they pretend to use their own, they squint*. They saw with our eyes in the beginning of the Anti-jacobin war. They would have determined on that war, if it had been decided by universal suffrage †.

MR. FAX.

Why was not the experiment tried?

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

It was not convenient. But they were in a most amiable ferment of intolerant loyalty ‡.

MR. FORESTER.

Of which the proof is to be found in the

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 226.

† Ibid. p. 228.

‡ Ibid.

immortal Gagging Bills, by which that intolerant loyalty was coerced.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

The Gagging Bills? Hem! ha! What shall we say to that?—(*To Mr. Vamp.*)

MR. VAMP.

Say? The church is in danger!

MR. FEATHERNEST, MR. PAPERSTAMP, MR. KILL-THEDEAD, AND MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

The church is in danger! the church is in danger!

MR. FORESTER.

Why was a war undertaken to prevent revolution, if all the people of this country were so well fortified in loyalty? Did they go to war for the purpose of forcibly preventing themselves from following a bad example against their own will? For this is what your argument seems to imply.

MR. FAX.

That the people were in a certain degree of ferment, is true: but it required a great deal of management and delusion to turn that ferment into the channel of foreign war.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

Well, Sir, and there was no other way to avoid domestic reform, which every man who desires is a ruffian, a scoundrel, and an incendiary*, as much so as those two rascals Rousseau and Voltaire, who were the trumpeters of Hebert and Marat †. Reform, Sir, is not to be thought of; we have been at war twenty-five years to prevent it; and to have it after all, would be very hard. We have got the national debt instead of it: in my opinion a very pretty substitute.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 273, *et passim*.

† Ibid. p. 258.

MR. DERRYDOWN *sings*.

And I'll hang on thy neck, my love, my love,
And I'll hang on thy neck for aye!
And closer and closer I'll press thee, my love,
Until my *dying day*.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

I am happy to reflect that the silly question of reform will have very few supporters in the Honourable House: but few as they are, the number would be lessened, if all who come into Parliament by means which that question attempts to stigmatize, would abstain from voting upon it. Undoubtedly such practices are scandalous, as being legally, and therefore morally wrong: but it is false that any evil to the legislature arises from them*.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 258.

MR. FORESTER.

Perhaps not, Sir ; but very great evil arises through them from the legislature to the people. Your admission, that they are legally, and *therefore* morally wrong, implies a very curious method of deriving morality from law ; but I suspect there is much immorality that is perfectly legal, and much legality that is supremely immoral. But these practices, you admit, are both legally and morally wrong ; yet you call it a silly question to propose their cessation ; and you assert, that all who wish to abolish them, all who wish to abolish illegal and immoral practices, are ruffians, scoundrels, and incendiaries.

MR. KILLTHEDEAD.

Yes, and madmen moreover, and villains*.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 249. It is curious, that in the fourth article of the same number, from which I

We are all upon gunpowder! The insane

have borrowed so many exquisite passages, the reviewers are very angry that certain "scandalous and immoral practices" in the island of Wahoo are not reformed: but certainly, according to the logic of these reviewers, the government of Wahoo is entitled to look upon *them* in the light of "ruffians, scoundrels, incendiaries, firebrands, madmen, and villains;" since all these hard names belong of primary right to those who propose the reformation of "scandalous and immoral practices!" The people of Wahoo, it appears, are very much addicted to drunkenness and debauchery; and the reviewers, in the plenitude of their wisdom, recommend that a few clergymen should be sent out to them, by way of mending their morals. It does not appear, whether King Tamaahmaah is a king by *divine right*; but we must take it for granted that he is not; as, otherwise, the Quarterly Reviewers would either not admit that there were any "scandalous and immoral practices" under his government, or, if they did admit them, they would not be such "incendiaries, madmen, and villains," as to advocate their reformation. There are some circumstances, however, which are conclusive against the *legitimacy* of King Tamaahmaah, which are these: that he is a man of great "feeling, energy, and steadiness of conduct;" that he "goes about among his people to learn their wants;" and that he has "prevented the recurrence of those horrid murders" which disgraced the reigns of his predecessors: from which it is obvious that he

and the desperate are scattering firebrands*!
 We shall all be blown up in a body: sine-

has neither put to death brave and generous men, who surrendered themselves under the faith of treaties, nor re-established a fallen Inquisition, nor sent those to whom he owed his crown, to the dungeon and the galleys.

In the tenth article of the same number, the reviewers pour forth the bitterness of their gall against Mr. Warden of the Northumberland, who has detected them in promulgating much gross and foolish falsehood concerning the captive Napoleon. They labour most assiduously to *impeach his veracity* and to *discredit his judgment*. On the first point, it is sufficient evidence of the truth of his statements, that the Quarterly Reviewers contradict them: but, on the second, they accuse him, among other misdemeanors, of having called their Review "*a respectable work!*" which certainly *discredits his judgment* completely.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 249.—The reader will be reminded of *Croaker* in the fourth act of the *Good-natured Man*: "Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dogs! all blown up! (*Reads.*) 'Our pockets are low, and money we must have.' Ay, there's the reason: they'll blow us up *because they have got low pockets*. . . . Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look

eures, rotten boroughs, secret-service-men, and the whole *honourable band of gentlemen pensioners*, will all be blown up in a body !
A stand ! a stand ! it is time to make a stand against popular encroachment !

MR. VAMP, MR. FEATHERNEST, AND MR.
 PAPERSTAMP.

The church is in danger !

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

Here is the great blunderbuss that is to blow the whole nation to atoms ! the *Spencean* blunderbuss !—(*Saying these words, he produced a pop-gun from his pocket* * , and shot

into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below, and above in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. *Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity.*—*Croaker* was a deep politician. The *engine to play upon the house* : mark that !

* This illustration of the old fable of the mouse and the mountain, falls short of an exhibition in the Honourable

off a paper pellet in the ear of Mr. Paper-stamp,

“ Who in a kind of study sate
Denominated brown ;”

House; on the 29th of January 1817; when Mr. Canning, amidst a tremendous denunciation of the parliamentary reformers, and a rhetorical chaos of storms, whirlwinds, rising suns, and twilight assassins, produced in proof of his charges—*Spence's Plan!* which was received with an *éclat* of laughter on one side, and shrugs of surprise, disappointment, and disapprobation, on the other. I can find but one parallel for the Right Honourable Gentleman's dismay:

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. *Paradise Lost*, X. 504.

This Spencean chimæra, which is the very foolishness of folly, and which was till lately invisible to the naked eye of the political entomologist, has since been subjected to a *lens* of extraordinary power, under which, like an insect in a microscope, it has appeared a formidable and complicated monster, all bristles, scales, and claws, with a “husk about it like a chestnut:” *Horridus, in jaculis, et pelle Libystidis* *versæ!*

which made the latter spring up in sudden fright, to the irremediable perdition of a decanter of "Sherris sack," over which Mr. Feathernest lamented bitterly.)

MR. FORESTER.

I do not see what connexion the Spencean theory, the impracticable chimæra of an obscure herd of fanatics, has with the great national question of parliamentary reform.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

Sir, you may laugh at this popgun, but you will find it the mallet of Thor*. The Spenceans are far more respectable than the parliamentary reformers, and have a more distinct and intelligible system †!!!

MR. VAMP.

Bravo! bravo! bravo! There is not

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 271.

† Ibid.

another man in our corps with brass enough to make such an assertion, but Mr. Anyside Antijack.—(*Reiterated shouts of Bravo! from Mr. Vamp, Mr. Feathernest, Mr. Paperstamp, and Mr. Killthedead.*)

MR. KILLTHEDEAD.

Make out that, and our job is done.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

Make it out! Nonsense! I shall take it for granted: I shall set up the Spencean plan as a more sensible plan than that of the parliamentary reformers: then knock down the former, and argue against the latter, *à fortiori*. —(*The shouts of Bravo! here became perfectly deafening, the criticopoetical corps being by this time much more than half-seas-over.*)

MR. KILLTHEDEAD.

The members for rotten boroughs are the most independent members in the Honour-

able House, and the representatives of most constituents least so*.

MR. FAX.

How will you prove that?

MR. KILLTHEDEAD.

By calling the former gentlemen, and the latter, mob-representatives †.

MR. VAMP.

Nothing can be more logical.

MR. FAX.

Do you call that logic?

MR. VAMP.

Excellent logic. At least it will pass for such with our readers.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 258.

† Ibid.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

We, and those who think with us, are the only wise and good men *.

MR. FORESTER.

May I take the liberty to inquire, what you mean by a wise and a good man ?

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

A wise man is he who looks after the one thing needful ; and a good man, is he who has it. The acme of wisdom and goodness in conjunction, consists in appropriating as much as possible of the public money ; and saying to those from whose pockets it is taken, “ I am perfectly satisfied with things as they are. Let *well* alone !”

MR. PAPERSTAMP.

We shall make out a very good case ; but

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 273.

you must not forget to call the present public distress an awful dispensation *: a little pious cant goes a great way towards turning the thoughts of men from the dangerous and jacobinical propensity of looking into moral and political causes, for moral and political effects.

MR. FAX.

But the moral and political causes are now too obvious, and too universally known, to be obscured by any such means. All the arts and eloquence of corruption may be overthrown by the enumeration of these simple words: boroughs, taxes, and paper-money.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

Paper-money! What, is the ghost of bullion abroad †?

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 276.

† Ibid. p. 260.

MR. FORESTER.

Yes! and till you can make the buried substance burst the paper cerements of its sepulchre, its ghost will continue to walk like the ghost of Cæsar, saying to the desolated nation: "I am thy evil spirit!"

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

I must say, I am very sorry to find a gentleman like you, taking the part of the swinish multitude, who are only fit for beasts of burden, to raise subsistence for their betters, pay taxes for placemen, and recruit the army and navy for the benefit of legitimacy, divine right, the Jesuits, the Pope, the Inquisition, and the Virgin Mary's petticoat.

MR. PAPERSTAMP.

Hear! hear! hear! Hear the voice which the stream of Tendency is uttering for elevation of our thought!

MR. FORESTER.

It was once said by a poet, whose fallen state none can more bitterly lament than I do:

We shall exult if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant ; not a venal band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

Poets, Sir, are not amenable to censure, however frèquently their political opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency*. The Muse, as a French author says, is a mere *étourdie*, a *folâtre* who may play at her option on heath or on turf, and transfer her song at pleasure, from Hampden to Ferdinand, and from Washington to Louis.

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI. p. 192.

MR. FORESTER.

If a poet be contented to consider himself in the light of a merry-andrew, be it so. But if he assume the garb of moral austerity, and pour forth against corruption and oppression the language of moral indignation, there would at least be some decency, if, when he changes sides, he would let the world see that conversion and promotion have not gone hand in hand.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

What decency might be in that, I know not: but of this I am very certain, that there would be no wisdom in it.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

No! no! there would be no wisdom in it.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

Sir, I am a wise and a good man: mark that, Sir; ay, and an honourable man.

MR. VAMP.

“ So are we all, all honourable men !”

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

And we will stick by one another with
heart and hand——

MR. KILLTHEDEAD.

To make a stand against popular encroach-
ment——

MR. FEATHERNEST.

To bring back the glorious ignorance of
the feudal ages——

MR. PAPERSTAMP.

To rebuild the mystic temples of venerable
superstition——

MR. VAMP.

To extinguish, totally and finally, the light
of the human understanding——

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

And to get all we can for our trouble !

MR. FEATHERNEST.

So we will all say.

MR. PAPERSTAMP.

And so we will all sing.

QUINTETTO.

MR. FEATHERNEST, MR. VAMP, MR. KILLTHE-
DEAD, MR. PAPERSTAMP, AND MR.
ANYSIDE ANTIJACK.

To the tune of “ *Turning, turning, turning, as
the wheel goes round.* ”

RECITATIVE. MR. PAPERSTAMP.

Jack Horner’s CHRISTMAS PIE my learned nurse

Interpreted to mean the *public purse*.

From thence a *plum* he drew. O happy

Horner !

Who would not be ensconced in thy snug corner ?

THE FIVE.

While round the public board all eagerly we
linger,

For what we can get we will try, try, try :

And we 'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,

We 'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. FEATHERNEST.

By my own poetic laws, I 'm a dealer in applause

For those who don't deserve it, but will buy,

buy, buy :

So round the court I linger, and thus I get a

finger,

A finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we 'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,

We 'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. VAMP.

My share of pie to win, I will dash through thick

and thin,

And philosophy and liberty shall fly, fly, fly :

And truth and taste shall know, that their ever-
 lasting foe
 Has a finger, finger, finger in the CHRISTMAS
 PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we 'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
 We 'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. KILLTHEDEAD.

I 'll make my verses rattle with the din of war
 and battle,
 For war doth increase sa-la-ry, ry, ry :
 And I 'll shake the public ears with the triumph
 of Algiers,
 And thus I 'll get a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we 'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
 We 'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. PAPERSTAMP.

And while you thrive by ranting, I 'll try my luck
 at canting,

And scribble verse and prose all so dry, dry, dry:
And Mystic's patent smoke public intellect shall
choke,
And we 'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE FIVE.

We'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

MR. ANYSIDE ANTIJACK:

My tailor is so clever, that my coat will turn
for ever,
And take any colour you can dye, dye, dye:
For all my earthly wishes are among the loaves
and fishes,
And to have my little finger in the CHRISTMAS
PIE.

THE FIVE.

And we 'll all have a finger, a finger, a finger,
We'll all have a finger in the CHRISTMAS PIE.

CHAP. XL.

THE HOPES OF THE WORLD.

THE mountain-roads being now buried in snow, they were compelled, on leaving Mainchance Villa, to follow the most broad and beaten track, and they entered on a turnpike road which led in the direction of the sea.

“ I no longer wonder,” said Mr. Fax, “ that men in general are so much disposed, as I have found them, to look with supreme contempt on the literary character, seeing the abject servility and venality by which it is so commonly debased *.”

* “ To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice, is to destroy the distinction of good and evil. Many have no other test of actions than general opinion ; and all are so far influenced by a sense of reputation, that they are often re-

MR. FORESTER.

What then becomes of the hopes of the world, which you have admitted to consist entirely in the progress of mind, allowing, as you must allow, the incontrovertible fact of the physical deterioration of the human race ?

strained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have lost their power; nor can any species of prostitution promote general depravity more, than that which destroys the force of praise by showing that it may be acquired without deserving it, and which, by setting free the active and ambitious from the dread of infamy, lets loose the rapacity of power, and weakens the only authority by which greatness is controlled. What credit can he expect who professes himself the hireling of vanity however profligate, and without shame or scruple celebrates the worthless, dignifies the mean, and gives to the corrupt, licentious, and oppressive, the ornaments which ought only to add grace to truth, and loveliness to innocence? EVERY OTHER KIND OF ADULTERATION, HOWEVER SHAMEFUL, HOWEVER MISCHIEVOUS, IS LESS DETESTABLE THAN THE CRIME OF COUNTERFEITING CHARACTERS, AND FIXING THE STAMP OF LITERARY SANCTION UPON THE DROSS AND REFUSE OF THE WORLD."—*Rambler*, No. 136.

MR. FAX.

When I speak of the mind, I do not allude either to poetry or to periodical criticism, nor in any great degree to physical science; but I rest my hopes on the very same basis with Mr. Mystic's fear—the general diffusion of moral and political truth.

MR. FORESTER.

For poetry, its best days are gone. Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton, will return no more.

MR. FAX.

Lucretius we yet may hope for.

MR. FORESTER.

Not till superstition and prejudice have been shorn of a much larger portion of their power. If Lucretius should arise among us in the present day, exile or imprisonment

would be his infallible portion. We have yet many steps to make, before we shall arrive at the liberality and toleration of Tiberius*! And as to physical science, though it does in some measure weaken the dominion of mental error, yet I fear, where it proves itself, in one instance, the friend of human liberty, it will be found in ninety-nine, the slave of corruption and luxury.

MR. FAX.

In many cases, science is both morally and politically neutral, and its speculations have no connexion whatever with the business of life.

MR. FORESTER.

It is true; and such speculations are often

* *Deorum injurias diis curæ. Tiberius apud Tacit. Ann. I. 73.*

called sublime: though the sublimity of uselessness passes my comprehension. But the neutrality is only apparent: for it has in these cases the real practical effect, and a most pernicious one it is, of withdrawing some of the highest and most valuable minds from the only path of real utility, which I agree with you to be that of moral and political knowledge, to pursuits of no more real importance than that of keeping a dozen eggs at a time dancing one after another in the air.

MR. FAX.

If it be admitted on the one hand, that the progress of luxury has kept pace with that of physical science, it must be acknowledged on the other, that superstition has decayed in at least an equal proportion; and I think it cannot be denied that the world is a gainer by the exchange.

MR. FORESTER.

The decay of superstition is immeasurably beneficial: but the growth of luxury is not therefore the less pernicious. It is lamentable to reflect that *there is most indigence in the richest countries* * ; and that the increase

* “ Besides all these evils of modern times which I have mentioned, there is in some countries of Europe, and particularly in England, another evil peculiar to civilized countries, but quite unknown in barbarous nations. The evil I mean is *indigence*, and the reader will be surprised when I tell him that it is *greatest in the richest countries*; and, therefore, in England, which I believe is the richest country in Europe, there is more indigence than in any other; for the number of people that are there maintained on public or private charity, and who may therefore be called *beggars*, is prodigious. What proportion they may bear to the whole people, I have never heard computed: but I am sure it must be very great. And I am afraid in those countries they call rich, indigence is not confined to the lower sort of people, but extends even to the better sort: for such is the effect of wealth in a nation, that (however paradoxical it may appear) it does at last make all men poor and indigent; the lower sort through idleness and debauchery, the better sort through luxury, vanity, and extravagant expense. Now

of superfluous enjoyment in the few, is counterbalanced by the proportionate diminution of comfort in the many. Splendid equipages and sumptuous dwellings are far from being symbols of general prosperity. The palace of luxurious indolence is much rather the sym-

I would desire to know from the greatest admirers of modern times, who maintain that the human race is not degenerated but rather improved, whether they know any other source of human misery, besides vice, disease, and indigence, and whether these three are not in the greatest abundance in the rich and flourishing country of England? I would further ask these gentlemen, whether in the cities of the ancient world there were poor's houses, hospitals, infirmaries, and those other receptacles of indigence and disease, which we see in the modern cities? And whether in the streets of ancient Athens and Rome there were so many objects of disease, deformity, and misery to be seen, as in our streets, besides those which are concealed from public view in the houses above mentioned. In later times, indeed, in those cities, when the corruption of manners was almost as great as among us, some such things might have been seen, as we are sure they were to be seen in Constantinople, under the later Greek Emperors."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 194.

bol of a thousand hovels, by the labours and privations of whose wretched inhabitants that baleful splendour is maintained. Civilization, vice, and folly grow old together. Corruption begins among the higher orders, and from them descends to the people; so that in every nation the ancient nobility is the first to exhibit symptoms of corporeal and mental degeneracy, and to show themselves unfit both for council and war. If you recapitulate the few titled names that will adorn the history of the present times, you will find that almost all of them are new creations. The corporeal decay of mankind I hold to be undeniable: the increase of general knowledge I allow: but reason is of slow growth; and if men in general only become more corrupt as they become more learned, the progress of literature will oppose no adequate counterpoise to that of avarice, luxury, and disease.

MR. FAX.

Certainly, the progress of reason is slow, but the ground which it has once gained it never abandons. The interest of rulers, and the prejudices of the people, are equally hostile to every thing that comes in the shape of innovation; but all that now wears the strongest sanction of antiquity was once received with reluctance under the semblance of novelty: and that reason, which in the present day can scarcely obtain a footing from the want of precedents, will grow with the growth of years, and become a precedent in its turn*.

MR. FORESTER.

Reason may be diffused in society, but it is only in minds which *have courage enough*

* “Omnia, quæ nunc vetustissima creduntur, nova fuere. Inveterascet hoc quoque: et, quod hodie exemplis tuemur, inter exempla erit.”—TACITUS, *Ann.* XI. 24.

*to despise prejudice, and virtue enough to love truth only for itself**, that its seeds will germinate into wholesome and vigorous life. The love of truth is the most noble quality of human intellect, the most delightful in the interchange of private confidence, the most important in the direction of those speculations which have public happiness for their aim. Yet of all qualities this is the most rare: it is the Phoenix of the intellectual world. In private intercourse, how very very few are they whose assertions carry conviction! How much petty deception, paltry equivocation, hollow profession, smiling malevolence, and polished hypocrisy, combine to make a desert and a solitude of what is called society! How much empty pretence, and simulated patriotism, and shameless venality, and unblushing

* Drummond's Academical Questions—Preface, p. 4.

dereliction of principle, and clamorous recrimination, and daring imposture, and secret cabal, and mutual undermining of "Honourable Friends," render utterly loathsome and disgusting the theatre of public life! How much timid deference to vulgar prejudice, how much misrepresentation of the motives of conscientious opponents, how many appeals to unreflecting passion, how much assumption of groundless hypotheses, how many attempts to darken the clearest light and entangle the simplest clue, render not only nugatory but pernicious the speculations of moral and political reason! pernicious, inasmuch as it is better for the benighted traveller to remain stationary in darkness, than to follow an *ignis fatuus* through the fen! Falsehood is the great vice of the age: falsehood of heart, falsehood of mind, falsehood of every form and mode of intellect and intercourse: so that it

is hardly possible to find a man of worth and goodness of whom to make a friend: but he who does find such an one will have more enjoyment of friendship, than in a better age!; for he will be doubly fond of him, and will love him as *Hamlet* does *Horatio*, and with him retiring, and getting as it were under the shelter of a wall, will let the storm of life blow over him*.

MR. FAX.

But that retirement must be consecrated to philosophical labour, or, however delightful to the individuals, it will be treason to the public cause. Be the world as bad as it may, it would necessarily be much worse if the votaries of truth and the children of virtue were all to withdraw from its vortex, and leave it to

* Ancient Metaphysics, vol. iii. p. 280.

itself. If reason be progressive, however slowly, the wise and good have sufficient encouragement to persevere; and even if the doctrine of deterioration be true, it is no less their duty to contribute all in their power to retard its progress, by investigating its causes and remedies.

MR. FORESTER.

Undoubtedly. But the progress of theoretical knowledge has a most fearful counterpoise in the accelerated depravation of practical morality. The frantic love of money, which seems to govern our contemporaries to a degree unprecedented in the history of man, paralyses the energy of independence, darkens the light of reason, and blights the blossoms of love.

MR. FAX.

The *amor sceleratus habendi* is not pecu-

liar either to our times or to civilized life.

Money you must have, no matter from whence, is a sentence, if we may believe Euripides, as old as the heroic age: and *the monk Rubruquis says of the Tartars, that, as parents keep all their daughters till they can sell them, their maids are sometimes very stale before they are married* *.

MR. FORESTER:

In that respect, then, I must acknowledge the Tartars and we are much on a par. It is a collateral question well worth considering, how far the security of property, which contributes so much to the diffusion of knowledge, and the permanence of happiness, is favourable to the growth of individual virtue?

* Malthus on Population, book i. chap. vii.

MR. FAX.

Security of property tranquillizes the minds of men, and fits them to shine rather in speculation than in action. In turbulent and insecure states of society, when the fluctuations of power, or the incursions of predatory neighbours, hang like the sword of Damocles over the most flourishing possessions, friends are more dear to each other, mutual services and sacrifices are more useful and more necessary, the energies of heart and hand are continually called forth, and shining examples of the self-oblivious virtues are produced in the same proportion as mental speculation is unknown or disregarded: but our admiration of these virtues must be tempered by the remark, that they arise more from impulsive feeling than from reflective principle; and that, where life and fortune hold by such a precarious tenure, the first may be risked, and the second aban-

done, with much less effort than would be required for inferior sacrifices in more secure and tranquil times.

MR. FORESTER.

Alas, my friend! I would willingly see such virtues as do honour to human nature, without being very solicitous as to the comparative quantities of impulse and reflection in which they originate. If the security of property and the diffusion of general knowledge were attended with a corresponding increase of benevolence and *individual mental power*, no philanthropist could look with despondency on the prospects of the world: but I can discover no symptoms of either the one or the other. Insatiable accumulators, overgrown capitalists, fatteners on public spoil, I cannot but consider as excrescences on the body politic, typical of disease and prophetic of decay: yet

it is to these and such as these, that the poet tunes his harp, and the man of science consecrates his labours: it is for them that an enormous portion of the population is condemned to unhealthy manufactories, not less deadly but more lingering than the pestilence: it is for them that the world rings with lamentations, if the most trivial accident, the most transient sickness, the most frivolous disappointment befall them: but when the prisons swarm, when the workhouses overflow, when whole parishes declare themselves bankrupt, when thousands perish by famine in the wintry streets, where then is the poet, where is the man of science, where is the *elegant* philosopher? The poet is singing hymns to the great ones of the world, the man of science is making discoveries for the adornment of their dwellings or the enhancement of their culinary luxuries, and the *elegant* philosopher is

much too refined a personage to allow such vulgar subjects as the sufferings of the poor to interfere with his sublime speculations. *They are married, and cannot come!*

MR. FAX.

Εψαυσας αλγεινοτατας εμοι μεριμνας*! Those *elegant* philosophers are among the most fatal enemies to the advancement of moral and political knowledge: laborious triflers, profound investigators of nothing, everlasting talkers about taste and beauty, who see in the starving beggar only the picturesqueness of his rags, and in the ruined cottage only the harmonizing tints of moss, mildew, and stone-crop.

MR. FORESTER.

We talk of public feeling and national

* Sophocles, *Antigone*, 850. (Ed. Erfurdt.)

sympathy. Our dictionaries may define those words, and our lips may echo them : but we must look for the realities among less enlightened nations. The Canadian savages cannot imagine the possibility of any individual in a community having a full meal, while another has but half an one* : still less could they imagine that one should have too much, while another had nothing. Theirs is that bond of brotherhood which nature weaves and civilization breaks, and from which, the older nations grow, the farther they recede.

* " It is notorious, that towards one another the Indians are liberal in the extreme, and for ever ready to supply the deficiencies of their neighbours with any superfluities of their own. They have no idea of amassing wealth for themselves individually ; and they wonder that persons can be found in any society so destitute of every generous sentiment, as to enrich themselves at the expense of others, and to live in ease and affluence regardless of the misery and wretchedness of members of the same community to which they themselves belong."—WELD'S *Travels in Canada* ; Letter XXXV.

MR. FAX.

It cannot be otherwise. The state you have described, is adapted only to a small community, and to the infancy of human society. I shall make a very liberal concession to your views, if I admit it to be possible that the middle stage of the progress of man, is worse than either the point from which he started, or that at which he will arrive. But it is my decided opinion that we have passed that middle stage, and that every evil incident to the present condition of human society will be removed by the diffusion of moral and political knowledge, and the general increase of moral and political liberty. I contemplate with great satisfaction the rapid decay of many hoary absurdities, which a few transcendental hierophants of the venerable and the mysterious are labouring in vain to revive. I look with well-grounded

confidence to a period when there will be neither slaves among the northern, nor monks among the southern Americans. The sun of freedom has risen over that great continent, with the certain promise of a glorious day. I form the best hopes for my own country, in the mental improvement of the people, whenever she shall breathe from the pressure of that preposterous system of finance which sooner or later must fall by its own weight.

MR. FORESTER.

I apply to our system of finance, a fiction of the northern mythology. The ash of Yggdrasil overshadows the world: Ratatosk, the squirrel, sports in the branches: Nidhogg, the serpent, gnaws at the root *. The ash of Yggdrasil is the tree of national

* See the Edda and the Northern Antiquities.

prosperity: Ratatosk the squirrel is the careless and unreflecting fundholder: Nidhogger the serpent is POLITICAL CORRUPTION, which will in time consume the root, and spread the branches on the dust. What will then become of the squirrel?

MR. FAX.

Ratatosk must look to himself: Nidhogger must be killed: and the ash of Yggdrasil will rise like a vegetable Phoenix to flourish again for ages.

Thus conversing, they arrived on the seashore, where we shall leave them to pursue their way, while we investigate the fate of Anthelia.

CHAP. XLI.

SALGA CASTLE.

ANTHELIA had not ventured to resume her solitary rambles after her return from Onevote; more especially as she anticipated the period when she should revisit her favourite haunts in the society of one congenial companion, whose presence would heighten the magic of their interest, and restore to them that feeling of security which her late adventure had destroyed. But as she was sitting in her library on the morning of her disappearance, she suddenly heard a faint and mournful cry like the voice of a child in distress. She rose, opened the window, and listened. She heard the sounds more distinctly. They seemed to ascend from that part of the dingle immediately beneath the shrubbery that fringed

her windows. It was certainly the cry of a child. She immediately ran through the shrubbery and descended the rocky steps into the dingle, where she found a little boy tied to the stem of a tree, crying and sobbing as if his heart would break. Anthelia easily set him at liberty, and his grief passed away like an April shower. She asked who had had the barbarity to treat him in such a manner. He said he could not tell—four strange men on horseback had taken him up on the common where his father lived, and brought him there and tied him to the tree, he could not tell why. Anthelia took his hand, and was leading him from the dingle, intending to send him home by Peter Gray, when the men who had made the little child their unconscious decoy, broke from their ambush, seized Anthelia, and taking effectual precautions to stifle her cries, placed her on one of their

horses, and travelled with great rapidity along narrow and unfrequented ways, till they arrived at a solitary castle on the sea-shore, where they conveyed her to a splendid suite of apartments, and left her in solitude, locking, as they retired, the door of the outer room.

She was utterly unable to comprehend the motive of so extraordinary a proceeding, or to form any conjecture as to its probable result. An old woman of a very unmeaning physiognomy shortly after entered, to tender her services; but to all Anthelia's questions, she only replied with a shake of her head, and a smile which she meant to be very consolatory.

The old woman retired, and shortly after re-appeared with an elegant dinner, which Anthelia dismissed untouched. "There is no harm intended you, my sweet lady," said the old woman: "so pray don't starve yourself." Anthelia assured her she had no such inten-

tion, but had no appetite at that time; but she drank a glass of wine at the old woman's earnest entreaty.

In the evening the mystery was elucidated by a visit from Lord Anophel Achthar; who falling on his knees before her, entreated her to allow the violence of his passion to plead his pardon for a proceeding which nothing but the imminent peril of seeing her in the arms of a rival could have induced him to adopt. An-thelia replied, that if his object were to obtain her affections, he had taken the most effectual method to frustrate his own views; that if he thought by constraint and cruelty to obtain her hand without her affections, he might be assured that he would never succeed. Her heart, however, she candidly told him, was no longer in her power to dispose of; and she hoped, after this frank avowal, he would see the folly, if not the wickedness, of protracting his persecution.

He now, still on his knees, broke out into a rhapsody about love, and hope, and death, and despair, in which he developed the whole treasury of his exuberant and overflowing folly. He then expatiated on his expectations, and pointed out all the advantages of wealth and consequence attached to the title of Marchioness of Agaric, and concluded by saying, that she must be aware so important and decisive a measure had not been taken without the most grave and profound deliberation, and that he never could suffer her to make her exit from Alga Castle in any other character than that of Lady Achthar. He then left her to meditate on his heroic resolution.

The next day he repeated his visit—resumed his supplications—reiterated his determination to persevere—and received from An-thelia the same reply. She endeavoured to reason with him on the injustice and absurdity

of his proceedings; but he told her the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub and Mr. Feathernest the poet had taught him that all reasonings pretending to point out absurdity and injustice were manifestly jacobinical, which he, as one of the pillars of the state, was bound not to listen to.

He renewed his visits every day for a week, becoming, with every new visit, less humble and more menacing, and consequently more disagreeable to Anthelia, as the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, by whose instructions he acted, secretly foresaw and designed. The latter now undertook to plead his Lordship's cause, and set in a clear point of view to Anthelia the inflexibility of his Lordship's resolutions, which, properly expounded, could not fail to have due weight against the alternatives of protracted solitude and hopeless resistance.

The reverend gentleman, however, had

other views than those he held out to Lord Anophel, and presented himself to Anthelia with an aspect of great commiseration. He said he was an unwilling witness of his Lordship's unjust proceedings, which he had done all in his power to prevent, and which had been carried into effect against his will. It was his firm intention to set her at liberty as soon as he could devise the means of doing so; but all the outlets of Alga Castle were so guarded, that he had not yet been able to devise any feasible scheme for her escape: but it should be his sole study night and day to effect it.

Anthelia thanked him for his sympathy, and asked why he could not give notice to her friends of her situation; which would accomplish the purpose at once. He replied, that Lord Anophel already mistrusted him, and that if any thing of the kind were done, how

ever secretly he might proceed, the suspicion would certainly fall upon him, and that he should then be a ruined man, as all his worldly hopes rested on the Marquis of Agaric. Antheia offered to make him the utmost compensation for the loss of the Marquis of Agaric's favour; but he said that was impossible, unless she could make him a bishop, as the Marquis of Agaric would do. His plan, he said, must be to effect her liberation, without seeming to be himself in any way whatever concerned in it; and though he would willingly lose every thing for her sake, yet he trusted she would not think ill of him for wishing to wait a few days, that he might try to devise the means of serving her without ruining himself.

He continued his daily visits of sympathy, sometimes amusing her with a hopeful scheme, at others detailing with a rueful face the formidable nature of some unexpected obstacle,

hinting continually at his readiness to sacrifice every thing for her sake, lamenting the necessity of delay, and assuring her that in the mean while no evil should happen to her. He flattered himself that Anthelia, wearied out with the irksomeness of confinement and the continual alternations of hope and disappointment, and contrasting the respectful tenderness of his manner with the disagreeable system of behaviour to which he had fashioned Lord Anophel, would at length come to a determination of removing all his difficulties by offering him her hand and fortune as a compensation for his anticipated bishopric. It was not, however, very long before Anthelia penetrated his design; but as she did not deem it prudent to come to a rupture with him at that time, she continued to listen to his daily details of plans and impediments, and allowed him to take to himself all the merit he seemed to assume for

supplying her with music and books ; though he expressed himself very much shocked at her asking him for Gibbon and Rousseau, whose works, he said, ought to be burned *in foro* by the hands of *Carnifex*.

The windows of her apartment were at an immense elevation from the beach, as that part of the castle-wall formed a continued line with the black and precipitous side of the rock on which it stood. During the greater portion of the hours of daylight she sate near the window with her harp, gazing on the changeful aspects of the wintry sea, now slumbering like a summer lake in the sunshine of a halcyon day—now raging beneath the sway of the tempest, while the dancing snow-flakes seemed to accumulate on the foam of the billows, and the spray was hurled back like snow-dust from the rocks. The feelings these scenes suggested she developed in the follow-

ing stanzas, to which she adapted a wild and impassioned air, and they became the favourite song of her captivity.

THE MAGIC BARK.

I.

O Freedom! power of life and light!
Sole nurse of truth and glory!
Bright dweller on the rocky cliff!
Lone wanderer on the sea!
Where'er the sunbeam slumbers bright
On snow-clad mountains hoary;
Wherever flies the veering skiff,
O'er waves that breathe of thee!
Be thou the guide of all my thought—
The source of all my being—
The genius of my waking mind—
The spirit of my dreams!
To me thy magic spell be taught,
The captive spirit freeing,
To wander with the ocean-wind
Where'er thy beacon beams.

II.

O! sweet it were, in magic bark,
On one loved breast reclining,
To sail around the varied world,
To every blooming shore ;
And oft the gathering storm to mark
Its lurid folds combining ;
And safely ride, with sails unfurled,
Amid the tempest's roar ;
And see the mighty breakers rave
On cliff, and sand, and shingle,
And hear, with long re-echoing shock,
The caverned steeps reply ;
And while the storm-cloud and the wave
In darkness seemed to mingle,
To skim beside the surf-swept rock,
And glide uninjured by.

III.

And when the summer seas were calm,
And summer skies were smiling,

And evening came, with clouds of gold,
To gild the western wave ;
And gentle airs and dews of balm,
The pensive mind beguiling,
Should call the Ocean Swain to fold
His sea-flocks in the cave,
Unearthly music's tenderest spell,
With gentlest breezes blending
And waters softly rippling near
The prow's light course along,
Should flow from Triton's winding shell,
Through ocean's depths ascending
From where it charmed the Nereid's ear,
Her coral bowers among.

IV.

How sweet, where eastern Nature smiles,
With swift and mazy motion
Before the odour-breathing breeze
Of dewy morn to glide ;

Or, 'mid the thousand emerald isles
That gem the southern ocean,
Where fruits and flowers, from loveliest trees,
O'erhang the slumbering tide :
Or up some western stream to sail,
To where its myriad fountains
Roll down their everlasting rills
From many a cloud-capped height,
Till mingling in some nameless vale,
'Mid forest-cinctured mountains,
The river-cataract shakes the hills
With vast and volumed might.

v.

The poison-trees their leaves should shed,
The yellow snake should perish,
The beasts of blood should crouch and cower,
Where'er that vessel past :
All plagues of fens and vapours bred,
That tropic fervors cherish,

Should fly before its healing power,
Like mists before the blast.
Where'er its keel the strand imprest,
The young fruit's ripening cluster,
The bird's free song, its touch should greet,
The opening flower's perfume ;
The streams along the green earth's breast
Should roll in purer lustre,
And love should heighten every sweet,
And brighten every bloom.

VI.

And, Freedom! thy meridian blaze
Should chase the clouds that lower,
Wherever mental twilight dim
Obscures Truth's vestal flame,
Wherever Fraud and Slavery raise
The throne of blood-stained Power,
Wherever Fear and Ignorance hymn
Some fabled dæmon's name !

The bard, where torrents thunder down
Beside thy burning altar,
Should kindle, as in days of old,
The mind's ethereal fire ;
Ere yet beneath a tyrant's frown
The Muse's voice could falter,
Or Flattery strung with chords of gold
The minstrel's venal lyre.

CHAP. XLII.

CONCLUSION.

LORD ANOPHEL one morning paid ANTHELIA his usual visit. “ You must be aware, Miss Melincourt,” said he, “ that if your friends could have found you out, they would have done it before this ; but they have searched the whole country far and near, and have now gone home in despair.”

ANTHELIA.

That, my Lord, I cannot believe ; for there is one, at least, who I am confident will never be weary of seeking me, and who, I am equally confident, will not always seek in vain.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

If you mean the young lunatic of Red-rose Abbey, or his friend the dumb Baronet, they are both gone to London to attend the opening of the Honourable House; and if you doubt my word, I will show you their names in the Morning Post, among the Fashionable Arrivals at Wildman's Hotel.

ANTHELIA.

Your Lordship's word is quite as good as the authority you have quoted.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

Well, then, Miss Melincourt, I presume you perceive that you are completely in my power, and that I have gone too far to recede. If, indeed, I had supposed myself an object of such very great repugnance to you, which I must say (*looking at himself in a glass*) is quite unaccountable, I might

not, perhaps, have laid this little scheme, which I thought would be only settling the affair in a compendious way ; for, that any woman in England would consider it a very great hardship to be Lady Achthar, and hereafter Marchioness of Agarie, and would feel any very mortal resentment for means that tended to make her so, was an idea, egad, that never entered my head. However, as I have already observed, you are completely in my power : both our characters are compromised, and there is only one way to mend the matter, which is, to call in Grovelgrub, and make him strike up “ Dearly beloved.”

ANTHELIA.

As to your character, Lord Anophel, that must be your concern. Mine is in my own keeping ; for, having practised all my life a system of uniform sincerity, which gives me

a right to be believed by all who know me, and more especially by all who love me, I am perfectly indifferent to private malice or public misrepresentation.

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

There is such a thing, Miss Melincourt, as tiring out a man's patience; and 'pon honour, if gentle means don't succeed with you, I must have recourse to rough ones, 'pon honour.

ANTHELIA.

My Lord!

LORD ANOPHEL ACHTHAR.

I am serious, curse me. You will be glad enough to hush all up then, and we'll go to court together in due form.

ANTHELIA.

What you mean by hushing up, Lord Anophel, I know not: but of this be assured,

that under no circumstances will I ever be your wife; and that whatever happens to me in any time or place, shall be known to all who are interested in my welfare. I know too well the difference between the true modesty of a pure and simple mind, and the false affected quality which goes by that name in the world, to be intimidated by threats which can only be dictated by a supposition that your wickedness would be my disgrace, and that false shame would induce me to conceal what both truth and justice would command me to make known.

Lord Anophel stood aghast for a few minutes, at the declaration of such unfashionable sentiments. At length saying, "Ay, preaching is one thing, and practice another, as Grovelgrub can testify;" he seized her hand with violence, and threw his arm round her waist. Anthelia screamed, and at that

very moment a violent noise of ascending steps was heard on the stairs; the door was burst open, and Sir Oran Haut-ton appeared in the aperture, with the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub in custody, whom he dragged into the apartment, followed by Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax. Mr. Forester flew to Anthelia, who threw herself into his arms, hid her face in his bosom, and burst into tears: which when Sir Oran saw, his wrath grew boundless, and quitting his hold of the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub (who immediately ran down stairs, and out of the castle, as fast as a pair of short thick legs could carry him), seized on Lord Anophel Achthar, and was preparing to administer natural justice by throwing him out at the window; but Mr. Fax interposed, and calling Mr. Forester's attention, which was totally engaged with Anthelia, they succeeded in rescuing the terrified sprig of nobi-

lity; who immediately leaving the enemy in free possession, flew down stairs after his reverend tutor; whom, on issuing from the castle, he discovered at an immense distance on the sands, still running with all his might. Lord Anophel gave him chase, and after a long time came within hail of him, and shouted to him to stop. But this only served to quicken the reverend gentleman's speed; who, hearing the voice of pursuit, and too much terrified to look back, concluded that the dumb Baronet had found his voice, and was then in the very act of gaining on his flight. Therefore, the more Lord Anophel shouted "Stop!" the more nimbly the reverend gentleman sped along the sands, running and roaring all the way, like Falstaff on Gads-hill; his Lordship still exerting all his powers of speed in the rear, and gaining on his flying Mentor by very imperceptible gradations:

where we shall leave them to run *ad libitum*, while we account for the sudden appearance of Mr. Forester and his friends.

We left them walking along the shore of the sea, which they followed, till they arrived in the vicinity of Alga Castle, from which the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub emerged in evil hour, to take a meditative walk on the sands. The keen sight of the natural man descried him from far. Sir Oran darted on his prey; and though it is supposed that he could not have overtaken the swift-footed Achilles*, he

* "The civilized man will submit to the greatest pain and labour, in order to excel in any exercise which is honourable; and this induces me to believe that such a man as Achilles might have beat in running even an oran outang, or the savage of the Pyrenees, whom nobody could lay hold of, though that be the exercise in which savages excel the most, and though I am persuaded that the oran outang of Angola is naturally stronger and swifter of foot than Achilles was, or than even the heroes of the preceding age, such as Hercules, and such as Theseus, Pirithous, and others mentioned by Nestor."—*Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iii. p. 76.

had very little difficulty in overtaking the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, who had begun to run for his life as soon as he was aware of the foe. Sir Oran shook his stick over his head, and the reverend gentleman dropping on his knees, put his hands together, and entreated for mercy, saying "he would confess all." Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax came up in time to hear the proposal: the former restrained the rage of Sir Oran, who, however, still held his prisoner fast by the arm; and the reluctant divine, with many a heavy groan, conducted his unwelcome company to the door of Anthelia's apartments.

"O Forester!" said Anthelia, "you have realized all my wishes. I have found you the friend of the poor, the enthusiast of truth, the disinterested cultivator of the rural virtues, the active promoter of the cause of human liberty. It only remained that you

should emancipate a captive damsel, who, however, will but change the mode of her durance, and become your captive for life.”



It was not long after this event, before the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, and the old chapel of Melincourt Castle, were put in requisition, to make a mystical unit of Anthelia and Mr. Forester. The day was celebrated with great festivity throughout their respective estates, and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe was *voti compos*: that is to say, he had taken a resolution on the day of Anthelia's christening, that he would on the day of her marriage drink one bottle more than he had ever taken at one sitting on any other occasion; which resolution he had now the satisfaction of carrying into effect.

Sir Oran Haut-ton continued to reside

with Mr. Forester and Anthelia. They discovered in the progress of time, that he had formed for the latter the same kind of reverential attachment, as the Satyr in Fletcher forms for the Holy Shepherdess*: and An-

* See Fletcher's FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS. The following extracts from the Satyr's speeches to Clorin will explain the allusion in the text.

But behold a fairer sight!
 By that heavenly form of thine,
 Brightest fair! thou art divine!
 Sprung from great immortal race
 Of the gods; for in thy face
 Shines more awful majesty,
 Than dull weak mortality
 Dare with misty eyes behold,
 And live! Therefore on this mould
 Lowly do I bend my knee,
 In worship of thy deity.

Act I. Scene I.

Brightest! if there be remaining
 Any service, without feigning
 I will do it: were I set
 To catch the nimble wind, or get

thelia might have said to him in the words of
Clorin :

Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty,
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.

Act IV. Scene II.

Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! Tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack? or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes

“ —They wrong thee that do call thee rude :
Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny-
hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair,
As his who boasts himself born only heir
To all humanity.”

His greatest happiness was in listening to the music of her harp and voice : in the absence of which he solaced himself, as usual, with his flute and French horn. He became likewise a proficient in drawing ; but what progress he made in the art of speech, we have not been able to ascertain.

Mr. Fax was a frequent visitor at Melincourt, and there was always a cover at the table for the Reverend Mr. Portpipe.

Of many colours ? Get thee fruit ?
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute ?
All these I 'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Act V. Scene V.

Mr. Hippy felt half inclined to make proposals to Miss Evergreen ; but understanding from Mr. Forester, that, from the death of her lover in early youth, that lady had irrevocably determined on a single life *, he comforted himself with passing half his time at Melincourt Castle, and dancing the little Foresters on his knee, whom he taught to call him "grandpapa Hippy," and seemed extremely proud of the imaginary relationship.

Mr. Forester disposed of Redrose Abbey to Sir Telegraph Paxarett, who, after wearing

* " There are very few women who might not have married in some way or other. The old maid, who has either never formed an attachment, or has been disappointed in the object of it, has, under the circumstances in which she has been placed, conducted herself with the most perfect propriety; and has acted a much more virtuous and honourable part in society, than those women who marry without a proper degree of love, or at least of esteem, for their husbands; a species of immorality which is not reprobated as it deserves."—MALTHUS *on Population*, book iv. chap. viii.

the willow twelve months, married, left off driving, and became a very respectable specimen of an English country gentleman.

We must not conclude without informing those among our tender-hearted readers, who would be much grieved if Miss Danaretta Contantina Pinmoney should have been disappointed in her principal object of making a *good match*, that she had at length the satisfaction, through the skilful management of her mother, of making the happiest of men of Lord Anophel Achthar.

THE END.



