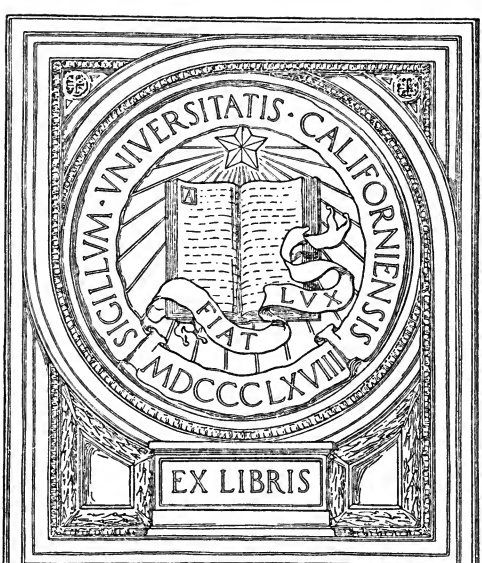

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MORTON'S HOPE:

OR

THE MEMOIRS OF A PROVINCIAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

By J. L. Motley

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MORTON'S HOPE.

BOOK I.

Malvolio. "Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a graft is before 'tis a peasecod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis with him e'en standing water between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him."

Twelfth Night.

MORTON'S HOPE.

CHAPTER I.

MY AUNT.

I AM of honest parentage,—with this, if I obeyed the dictates of my own judgment, I should dismiss the subject.

The prejudices, however, of a respected relative, now deceased, made an early impression upon my mind; and although, to say the truth, there were obstinate symptoms of a carpenter, among my immediate ancestry, yet my aunt, who was fond of heraldry, was not to be deterred by such trifles from vindicating the antiquity of her race.

She elbowed her way accordingly through the mob of operatives, who are apt to encumber the path of a genealogically-inclined American, with vast adroitness; and at last, after some trouble, settled herself to her satisfaction at the end of a line of reputable, nay, I may add, of showy ancestors.

Fostered by her care, our family, which to all appearance, was but a scrub of its species, flourished like a Banian.

Hence it will be seen, that if I had believed all the legends and traditions which she had carefully collated, I might now have much entertaining matter to relate, concerning the ancient history of the Mortons.

I own, however, it always seemed to me a little absurd, if my ancestors had been such eminent people as she supposed, that nobody in the world should ever have heard of them. It is very certain that if they were in reality as illustrious as she would have it, they always kept it to themselves. She was the only person I ever heard of who interested herself at all in the matter. The delight, however, which she took in her favourite subject was ineffable. It was amusing to see her hopping and chattering like a bobalink from twig to twig of the above-mentioned family-tree; but unfortunately when she was fairly perched upon the top, there was no possibility of bringing her down again into the regions of common sense.

Accordingly the information I derived from her was, after all, of no great value. It seems pretty certain, however, that the Mortons had always an unlucky facility for getting on the wrong side. In Cromwell's time they were said to have

been staunch Cavaliers, and so forfeited half their estate; and just as the tide was turning, they seemed to have turned too, and so lost the other. The Roundhead gentleman of one generation soured into a Puritan in the next. The Puritan dwindled into a dissenter, and the dissenting clergyman, after having in vain endeavoured to learn Dutch, and smoke meerschaums with the Congregationalists of Leyden, finally shipped himself for America, and landed in the merry month of November on the genial shores of Newfoundland. Fortunately the climate proved even too severe for the frigid constitution of the Nonconformist—for if my respectable ancestor had not thought proper to remove to a trifling distance from the Arctic regions, where he first landed, it is probable that his descendant would have been a white bear by this time, instead of the compiler of this pleasing autobiography.

Of my father, I shall, after this chapter, have very little to say, at least till a future period. There was a mystery about him which I was a long time unable to solve. He walked in a cloud, and there seemed to be a mark upon his forehead. My mother, I never knew; for she died in my infancy. But in order to put an end to this unnecessary branch of my subject, I may as well mention that I consider my maternal lineage more illustrious than my paternal

one. My mother was the direct descendant of an ancient and royal race. As, however, her birth belonged to the description of those

"At which the herald smiles,"

I suppose I am likely to derive but little benefit from it.

Not to keep you in suspense; she was an Indian princess. Her family was of the best blood of the Six Nations, and the tombs of the last of her forefathers, who were converted to Christianity, may still be seen, upon a lovely plain in one of the sweetest spots of New-England.

The race, however, has of late fallen into decay; and ill-natured acquaintances have even gone so far as to affirm in my hearing, that they have met with Sachems of the Uncas family in the kitchens of certain opulent *parvenus*.

One evening, late in the Autumn of the year 1760, I was sitting in the parlour of my uncle, Joshua Morton, with whom, I trust, the reader will soon become better acquainted. It was at his villa, some ten miles from Boston; a huge and grotesquely constructed palace of clap-boards and shingles.

I was then about six years of age, and on the evening I speak of, was amusing myself with an occupation, which was considered among the prominent proofs of my infant talents. I

was seated in the corner of the room, directing an exhibition of a puppet theatre. Probably there is not a child in ten, that has not manifested the same uncommon genius in the same uncommon way; but the plays that I enacted, and the wonderful characters that I invented or selected, were the constant themes of admiration for my uncle and aunt, and the rest of my relations. I was considered a prodigy of dramatic talent—mechanical ingenuity—epic invention—the Lord knows what. On this occasion, I was representing an ingenious comedy, of which I recollect nothing but that the devil and French king were the two most prominent characters. It was during the war of Great Britain with France, and as my uncle was a staunch loyalist, this extraordinary effort of invention was hailed as a proof of his nephew's incipient patriotism, as well as a purely intellectual phenomenon. As I was repeating my drama over and over again for the old gentleman's gratification, the report of a pistol was heard from without. My uncle jumped up; a crackling of leaves near the house betrayed the hasty steps of a stranger; they came nearer; presently one of the windows, which reached to the ground, was thrown violently open, and a stranger suddenly sprang into the room nearly oversetting my uncle in his haste,

CHAPTER II.

TWO BROTHERS.

I HAD never seen the personage who made his appearance so unceremoniously. I never saw him again for years, but the first impression he made upon my mind was indelible. He was tall, and dressed in a sort of mixture of the military and the Indian costume. He had no hat, and a torrent of auburn hair fell over his shoulders half way to his waist. His eyes were large and blue, and soft as a woman's; his face was regular, but the lower part was almost entirely concealed by immense mustachios and beard. He had a red uniform coat with the British button, together with leather leggins and moccasins; a blanket was hung round his left shoulder, and a rifle was in his right hand. As he entered the room, he was about to address my uncle, who seemed to regard him with a look of surprise and horror, when suddenly his eyes lighted upon me. To my utter dismay, he bounded towards me like a tiger, and his eye gleamed with joy. He caught me in his arms, pressed me to his

heart, and covered me with frantic kisses. For a moment I hung motionless in his embrace, still holding the devil firmly by the tail, in an ecstacy of astonishment and fear. Presently, I began to roar with anger and to cuff my new acquaintance, with all the impotent malice of an infant's rage. Finding his situation uncomfortable, the stranger strode towards the window, with evident intentions of taking me with him. He was intercepted, by my uncle, who advanced toward him with a pistol in his hand.

Upon this, the stranger, smiling with perfect sweetness, stopped suddenly, and said, "Joshua Morton, lest you should seek further to intimidate me, the only way in which you can possibly excite the evil spirit, which towards you at least, has long been dormant within me, I will release the child." The stranger's voice was like a silver clarion, and the tones haunted my memory for years. As he finished, he placed me gently on the ground.

"Joshua Morton," continued he, advancing close to my uncle, "I have long dismissed all thoughts of violence towards you and yours. I came here, through a thousand dangers, actuated by a single hope. For the love of God, grant me the child!"

My uncle seemed almost suffocated with conflicting emotions. For an instant, as he yielded

to the strange fascination of the other's voice, he seemed to hesitate; but suddenly his hatred and anger again obtained the mastery. "Serpent — vulture — fiend!" he exclaimed, "you are even more hateful to me in this aping of forbearance — I hate you less when you are at least not hypocritical. Why should the wolf fear to show his fangs, however smeared with blood?"

"Morton — Morton," replied the other, "I am not what you think me, — guilty I am — blood-stained — damned. But I was not always what fate, circumstances, nay, what you yourself have made me. — Every day, every hour, I become worse — I feel my heart freezing within me — give me something to love — indeed, indeed, I am not quite a fiend!"

"Do not prate to me of love. If you would soften me, speak to me, as you are.—Do I not know you full of hate and of deceit?—Have I not found you subtle as a serpent—and ferocious as false? Will you ask of me something that you can love — of me, who know every line of your history?"

"One day you will discover how much of that history was false — but I scorn to explain. All that for a moment can reconcile me with my nature, is that I do not pardon myself. I know myself too deeply laden with crimes that are my own, to care to cast off the imputation of

others which do not belong to me. My back aches with the burden, but I have strength to bear all till the end. One day — you will learn how much you have wronged me — you will discover when it is too late, that you might still have loved me — have still reclaimed me to virtue, if not to happiness. But I am willing in part to atone for my own follies and crimes, by wearing the brand of those I was incapable of committing — if I had time I would even now—"

A gun was fired at a slight distance from the house. It seemed to be a signal for the stranger, for he resumed, hastily and earnestly—"Morton—Morton—I have but an instant's time—oh! do not drive me back into myself. Grant my prayer—give me something external, around which my affections may cling. My heart is crushed—but not dead. Give me the child—Let me still love—Pity me — for the love of our mother, pity me."

"If you were writhing in the last agony at my feet," replied the other, "I would not reach forth my hand to wipe the death-sweat from your face. If you hung before me on the cross, I would not moisten your throat with one single water-drop. If with your expiring voice you sought me for forgiveness, I would not soothe the parting pang by one merciful look. Is it you — is it Maurice Morton that asks for pity — the criminal

whose hands are dyed to the bone in the blood which is dearest to me, that dares to ask for pity?"

"If I were not criminal, should I ask to be forgiven?—Is it not because I am a wretch, that I sue for compassion? If I were not guilty, should I fear myself? I ask not to be restored to happiness—not even tranquillity—nor peace. I ask for the child, that I may once more know a human feeling. I say not a word in extenuation of my crimes; but hear me swear that I do not hate you. You rejected my love, which still renewed itself for you: you have answered my entreaties with curses—my repentance with scorn—my love with hatred.—Be it so. Be it so. I have retreated into myself—for years I have not known one human sympathy—the blessed tone of my native tongue has not once penetrated my ear. I have been leagued with savages, with desperadoes, with demons; and I have dwelt in the wilderness with beasts, and with men more savage than beasts. But even now I have not quite lost all feeling of humanity. If I could be protected from myself, I might yet become a man. My time is expiring—an instant and I must be gone. Pity me, Morton. Do not drive me back into my own heart. It is filled with spectres that scare me—it is a fearful dungeon filled with every thing foul and frightful; and I have

dwelt within it till I am almost mad. Pity me — let me take the child."

He turned again towards me. "Hold," cried my uncle, "every word has passed idly by me. Not a sound from your deceitful lips can ever again penetrate my heart. Every cold, heartless, hypocritical lie, has been told entirely in vain. Begone! or remain an instant longer at your peril—you know too well the penalty!"

At this instant, a third gun was discharged almost close to the house, and the stranger threw himself half frantic at my uncle's feet: "Hear me—hear me!" he almost yelled, as he grovelled on the ground, — "save me — save me from this abyss! I hang suspended over the gulf of hell. By the mother who nestled us both in her bosom— by the father who held us both on his knee— by the love they bore us both—by the love you once felt for me — by the hundred benefits you heaped upon me when a child, nay more, by the blessed name of ———" A smothered whoop sounded close to the house, a step was heard, and presently a dark form appeared at the window. The stranger sprang to his feet, cast one last imploring look at my uncle, read his sentence in his rigid look, clasped me once more convulsively in his arms, and vanished through the window.

As soon as he was gone, my uncle fell upon the sofa in a paroxysm of tears. Those who suppose from the scene which has passed that he was of a stern nature will be mistaken. He had succeeded, at the expense of much real agony, in maintaining the iciness of demeanour which his judgment told him was his imperative duty. But it is only the soft and liquid in nature that can freeze; and my uncle's heart was as gentle as a girl's. The iceberg melted into a torrent, and Joshua's heart found relief in a flood of tears.

As for me, I soon blubbered myself asleep on the floor.

I may as well remark that the eccentric individual in the blanket, was no less a personage than my father.

CHAPTER III.

MORTON OF "MORTON'S HOPE."

My uncle Joshua had been bred a merchant. He had been, however, engaged in trade but a few years, and with indifferent success. When my grandfather died, Joshua and my father were the only surviving children; and as the latter, by his erratic course of life, and various and sundry misdemeanours, which at present I shall only hint at, was no great favourite with any one, it was considered highly reasonable by every body, but the person most interested, that the scapegrace should be disinherited, and the bulk of my steady old grandfather's fortune go to his eldest son, Joshua.

Joshua of course left off trade. His disposition and tastes were literary and scientific. He had received a tolerable education for the provinces, and he now took himself off to the Old World to complete it.

He remained many years in England and upon the Continent; cultivating the arts and sciences, pursuing various whimsical schemes,

from one time to another, and in short, leading much the same sort of life, which an indolent man of easy fortune and respectable talents is apt to lead, in any age or country. He returned to his native province a few years before my birth, resolutely repulsed all advances of matrimonial alliances from the most distinguished colonial families, the Deputy Governor's and innumerable members of the Council among the number; built himself a huge castle of pine planks and shingles, which he dignified with the title of Morton's Hope, and there shut himself up with his schemes and oddities. He had been disappointed in an early passion, and had become shy of women. He had had two sisters, Miss Plentiful Morton, who had married a schoolmaster from Passamaquoddy, and died about a year before his return, leaving an enormous progeny, every one of whom he religiously hated; and Miss Fortitude Morton, who had remained in single blessedness, and whom he now took with him to the Hope, as his housekeeper. My aunt, Forty, was the genealogical relative whom I have spoken of in the first chapter. As for myself, I shall not now relate the singular course of events which made me the third inmate of the Hope; suffice for the present, that I was adopted by my uncle at a very early age.

It would be very difficult for me to sketch the character of my uncle, and on the whole I shall not attempt it. It seems to me that every one must have known him, and to explain his character seems to be like explaining any one of the natural phenomena, which we assume as being known instinctively by every one. A few of his leading characteristics may be, however, traced in as many lines. He was a bundle of contradictions, or rather he was through life possessed with the desire of preaching what he never once thought of practising. He was the most kind-hearted man in the world, and he invariably talked like an ascetic; he was idle, self-indulgent, luxurious, and would talk to you by the hour, of the necessity of industry, comment on his mercantile career, and recommend Spartan diet, and penitentiary soup, when you knew he ransacked the country for luxuries for his table. He was indefatigably charitable, but always railed against the pernicious practice of alms-giving, and would praise what he called the dignified policy of the ancient nations, who gave the poor and the aged to the dogs, instead of locking them up in hospitals. I have known him brow-beat a pauper who asked an alms, and make a speech to him, on the necessity of industry, till the beggar was fairly worried out of his patience, and have then seen him

sneak back to give him five times as much as any one else would have done, out of pure soft-heartedness.

In short, he made amends as he thought, for doing just what he chose, and allowing every body under his charge almost every kind of indulgence, by preaching the most rigid and ascetic doctrines. If you heard him praise a person, you might have been sure that he was the very reverse of himself in every particular; if you heard him recommend any line of conduct, or praise any particular doctrine, you would be sure that he would act directly contrary in every respect. If you heard him animadvert on any sort of extravagance, he was certain not to rest till he had been guilty of it himself. It may be easily inferred that in regard to all matters touching my education and management, he was likely to be absurdly rigid in theory, and as ridiculously indulgent in practice. I may add to all this, that my uncle's head was constantly full of some scheme, or some "theory," (to use a favourite phrase of his own) which occupied most of his attention for a short time, and then was thrown aside forever. Sometimes they were good, sometimes preposterous, and sometimes indifferent; but they were always thrown aside for others before they had time to ripen.

As for my aunt Fortitude, she was the reverse

of her brother in most respects, and she always maintained a great influence over him. She was, as we have seen, most eminently conservative in her political principles, and it was lucky for her that she was, from the very conformation of her character, conservative in every thing. Joshua would have burned down his house, or baked me in a pasty, if he had taken it into his head that either was necessary for the furtherance of any theory, or scheme, that might have employed him; but Fortitude was always ready to resist any very extravagant innovations. She managed with the most consummate skill, gave him his head, when she saw that he would kick up his heels and play the devil if she did not, but generally succeeded in breaking him in at last. She never argued with him or anybody; if necessary to dispute, her only instrument was contradiction. She met her antagonist half way, knocked him down with a flat denial, and then left him to pick himself up as he could. With her brother, Joshua, she lived in the main in perfect amity; she humoured him in his whims, except when she thought it absolutely necessary he should be checked. When he mounted any one of his hobbies—and he kept a stud of them —she contented herself with getting out of the dust.

Morton's Hope stood, as I have said, some

ten miles from the capital of the Bay Province. Like most New England country-seats, even to the present day, it was nothing more than a huge deal box. It was very spacious, with wide entries and large parlours; for if a man chooses to live in a packing case, he may at least have room. There was a smart colonnade at one end which rose to the third story, and supported a small portico, placed there, apparently, for no reason but that the columns might have something to support,—and a huge flight of marble steps at the other, led up to a wooden terrace, which ran round the whole edifice, and was stuck round with a miscellaneous collection of broken-nosed statues, purchased at auction, and at a bargain. Joshua had studied the fine arts in Italy, and resolved that he would make his house a model of a villa: he accordingly occupied himself for six months previous to the erection, by a careful perusal of Scamozzi and Palladio, drew two or three dozen plans, and just as the architect called upon him to execute his designs, he became possessed with an absurd mania for the useful, turned his back upon the architect, left his villa at sixes and sevens, and commenced erecting a miniature cotton factory on a brook that ran through his estate.

This happened to be at the exact epoch when the first and imperfect attempts in this species

of manufacture were beginning to excite attention in the old country; and my uncle was always peculiarly interested in any new display of human ingenuity. So great, too, were his emulation and his industry, that his own efforts outstripped the progress actually made at that period; so that even at a later day, he would have been considered no contemptible cotton-spinner.

The architect accordingly had the whole business of building to himself, and in due time completed what he supposed to be a copy of the Temple of Theseus at Athens; and was proceeding to make it as uninhabitable on the inside as it was preposterous on the out, when he was confronted on the threshold by Fortitude, who insisted that the house was intended as a dwelling-place, and who accordingly took care that it should be arranged in conformity to such intentions. In consequence, the house was comfortable enough, and Joshua contented himself with declaiming about the villas of Vicenza and the palaces of Michael Angelo.

As the Grecian taste had been entirely consulted in the erection of the mansion, it was thought proper to construct the stables upon a Gothic model. Unfortunately, however, as my uncle's enthusiasm had cooled before the completion of the establishment, the stables were left to the architect's discretion; and as Fortitude, who was

a financier, refused to make any further allowance upon the contracts, there was consequently only as much Gothic put upon the stables as the builder could afford for the original price.

Thus both the Grecian temple and the Saxon cathedral presented on the whole a much more pretentious than complete appearance.

The house stood at the base of a conical hill, the centre of a considerable range, which occupied most of the Morton estate. Immediately behind, and around it, rose a primeval forest, which Joshua protected with a paternal care, and which stretched as far as eye could reach. I was accustomed to run wild in these woods for the first and happiest years of my life;—I shall never forget their magnificence:—and since I have been a sojourner in the Old World, I have learned to prize and admire the forests of the New.

It was a stately congregation of maples, chestnuts, and evergreens. Above your head a canopy of the densest and most variegated foliage almost shut out the sun, and allowed only its chequered beams to slant in upon a twilight as solemn and mysterious as a Druid's wood. Below, the decayed leaves and branches formed a supernaturally rich mould, rife with vegetation, from which sprang flowers and berries, and creeping vines, in endless succession.

As you wandered through it, you saw no sights, and heard no sounds save those of Nature. The dried branches crackled under your feet, the music of a thousand birds resounded through the boughs; the lizards shot to and fro in the patches of sun-light, and the robins went hopping and whistling about in the shade almost at your feet; the squirrel chattered complacently to himself as he sat on the top of a tree and dropped his nut-shells on your head; the misanthropic cat-bird poured out a moody note or two as you intruded on his privacy;—and towards evening, under the shadow of an ancient stump, you might even catch the retiring form of some anchorite raccoon, as he made his frugal supper of roots and herbs, at the door of his cell. At twilight, a golden shower of fire-flies illuminated the air, the whip-poor-wills sang a few staves of their lackadaisical ditty, and the slender notes of half a dozen tree-toads piped out in faint accordance with the sonorous croak of a whole swimming school of frogs in a neighbouring marsh. On the skirts of the forest, the Anisippi, a full and rapid brook, describing many evolutions, and passing in front of the house, threw itself in a series of natural cascades through a deep dingle brim full of rocks, moss, tall weeds, and flaunting wild flowers; thence it went sputtering and singing to itself towards the meadows below, gradually

swelled to a river, and whirled the wheels of Joshua's cotton factory, before it lost itself in the ocean.

I could ramble through this forest for ever — but as my readers are not so familiar with its charms, and have not so many associations connected with it, I will stop before I have quite exhausted their patience; hoping that the present chapter has fulfilled the purpose of making them a little acquainted with my uncle and aunt, and the domain of Morton's Hope.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PAGODA.

Close by the cascade of the Anisippi, and on the brink of the little dell which I have described, stood the Pagoda. This was a summer-house in the Chinese taste. It contained a large tea-room, with one or two chambers, and was christened in honour of the Emperor of China. — The room was furnished coolly and comfortably with straw sofas and couches, while a huge figure of a mandarin, with pipe, moustachios, and tea-caddy complete, sat rolling his head about on a sort of throne, at one end of the room, and looked like the presiding deity of the place. So far all was in keeping, but Joshua had got tired of China before he completed the apartment, and had in the most incongruous manner completed the furniture, by thrusting into it a collection of casts from celebrated statues, and copies from celebrated paintings, which he had procured in Italy, for the purpose of making a private gallery. There were the Aurora, the Transfiguration, and the Beatrice Cenci, half-a-dozen Cleopatras and Sibyls,

and Virgins innumerable; in short, a good collection of copies, for Joshua had a taste in pictures, and could descant to you upon them an hour by Shrewsbury clock; but as for his gallery, it was likely to remain for ever an appendage to the tea-room. The statues were orthodox also: the Borghese Gladiator "fought his battles o'er again" in one corner, and the Laocoon struggled in the coils of what Fortitude, with more historical accuracy than she knew of, called the sea-serpents, in the other; the mandarin, with a face of decent gravity, sat lolling his head complacently to and fro, from the Venus de Medici on one side, to the Niobe who was protecting her child from the hurtling arrow on the other; while the elegant cause of her dismay, the naked dandy of the Vatican, stood very much in everybody's way, with his threatening hand stretched toward the tea-table.

One day — I was then some dozen years old — my uncle had taken me out with him, to give me what he called my first theoretical lesson in the art of riding. I had been allowed to run wild all my days, and had ridden at pleasure every horse, cow, and pig on the estate, so that I considered myself an adept, and felt insulted at the proposal. Joshua had prepared himself for six months beforehand, by a diligent perusal of the Duke of Newcastle and Geoffrey Gambado

and one fine morning we set forth. After a short ride, we came to a low rail-fence, and Joshua, first ordering a halt, took his note-book from his pocket, and commenced reading the duke's instructions on the topic of leaping, accompanied by a running commentary. He signified his intention of clearing the fence in the most approved style, and told me to lead the way, mentally resolving, I suppose, if there seemed to be any difficulty, to keep himself out of the scrape. As for me, I was mounted on a double-jointed pony, called Pocahontas, in honour of my paternal family, and we scrambled over the fence without any difficulty. My uncle, attired in a bob-tailed seersucker coat, and pepper-and-salt small-clothes, was perched on the top of a tall camelopard of an animal, which had about as much agility as a clothes-horse. He was determined not to be outdone; pricked towards the fence; the horse stumbled clumsily against the rails — floundered, and my uncle, describing a parabola through the air, alighted in a thicket of barberry bushes, with his arms and legs bruised to a jelly, and the bob-tailed seersucker torn to rags. I picked him up, as well as I could, and with the assistance of some labourers, carried him home.

The next afternoon he was sitting in the Pagoda, when Fortitude began briefly advising him to despatch me to school.

"I'm sick at the sight of him — he's doing no sort of good — learning nothing, and for ever in mischief; why don't you send him to school?"

"A school is an improper place for him," said my uncle; "I tell you he knows more than all the schoolmasters in New England already. Where can he gain more instruction than here, under my own peculiar superintendence?"

"Well," said Fortitude, "it's particular that you should consider yourself a proper schoolmaster for him. Do you teach him every thing as systematically as you do riding?"

"Psha!" said Joshua, wrathfully, "I will not talk with you on that subject. It was always a theory of mine, that women were incapable of an opinion on any matter connected with horsemanship; but as to the boy's education, why, where can we do better?—a boy with his imagination, his brilliancy of intellect — than in this very room, surrounded by the fairest works of genius which have illuminated the world. Why, Fortitude, why," continued Joshua, getting oratorical — "why is it that the Greeks were the most refined, the most cultivated of the ancient nations?—Because, Fortitude, the images of their gods, of their deified heroes, of their living fellow-citizens, embalmed in the deathless beauty of sculpture, stood ever and around, inciting them to emulation and to equal heroism. Why—why is

it that the Italians still surpass the whole modern world, and are the tutors of the whole school of art? Because religion has taken art to her bosom—because the rudest peasant, as he bends before the shrine of the Madonna, beholds the seraphic features of a Raphael's creation looking down upon him, as if from heaven. Because beauty is the chosen handmaid of divinity. Yes—yes—I am determined that my nephew shall, as far as in my power lies, reap the advantage of this theory of mine. I am determined that visions of immortal beauty shall melt and mingle with the earliest dawnings of the intellect; that they shall form a brilliant halo around the sunrise of his soul."

Joshua was becoming very enthusiastic, and very eloquent, when he was interrupted by Fortitude, who observed that she had hitherto seen very little effects of the fine arts upon Uncas; but only some of his influence upon the specimens in the room; "for instance, his intercourse with the naked creature in the corner has not been very beneficial to one party," said she, pointing to the fighting Gladiator.

This was very true. My uncle, a few years previous, when I was very young, was possessed with a curiosity, something like that of king Psammeticus, to see whether works of art would not have a manifest effect on the infant that was

exposed alone to their influence; so one day he locked me up in the Pagoda, and marched off with the key in his pocket. When he returned, after half an hour, he found that I had vented my rage, at being imprisoned, on the objects within my reach. I had assaulted the Niobe, tooth and nail; kicked Apollo; and when he entered, he found me in personal conflict with the Borghese Gladiator, the consequence of which to Chabrias (as Lessing proclaims him to be) had been the loss of three fingers of his sword-hand, and a fraction of his nose, which I had reached by means of the mandarin's pipe-stem.

"Psha!" said Joshua again — "you take a delight in annoying me. Was it my fault that the statues were not of stone, which would have been good, or bronze, which would have been better, and would have then resisted the boy's attempt at assault and battery. Besides, recollect how young he was; other children would have been frightened to death; you see he was excited to deeds of arms."

"Then, again," said Fortitude, not caring to pursue her triumph on this point; "then again, there's this profane stage-playing which you encourage him in. Pious children ought not to be taught such wicked doings," said Fortitude, who was as Puritanic as a pilgrim.

"Ridiculous woman!" said Joshua, "are you

not aware that the drama in ancient times,—nay, in the early period of the English—"

Fortitude cut short a long historical oration on the subject of the drama, by exclaiming, "Well, pious or not; 'tis sinful to waste so much money on your green-house, and then turn all the exotics out of doors into the snow bank, to make the green-house a theatre for Uncas."

"Why, the fact is, Fortitude, that I found the green-house business too expensive, and so I thought it a good opportunity to get out of the scrape, and the room being vacant, why, you know Uncas's theatre might do as well there as any thing."

"You might have done what I begged you, and made a family portrait gallery. I'm sure there would have been room enough."

"Family fiddlesticks! Where the devil are the portraits to come from? Except the profiles of Plentiful's children, done by Josiah Brewster, and the portrait of my brother Jeroboam, with the sextant under his arm, and the spy-glass in his pocket, done at Rotterdam, when he commanded the 'Amiable Jezabel;' I don't know where you would find materials for your gallery."

Here Joshua obtained the mastery. It was one of Fortitude's weak points, and he knew it, and he went on chuckling and laughing, and

making game of her ridiculous affectation, till he was tired. Nobody, however, that knew my uncle, will be surprised when I tell them, that the very first thing he did the next day, was to purchase a quantity of fancy portraits at auction, which he made room for by thrusting a parcel of stuffed monkeys and pickled alligators, which he called his cabinet of natural history, into the garret, and depositing the pictures in their place.

Just at this crisis I entered the room with a petition to my uncle, to attend the performance of a play which I had on hand. Ever since my puppet-show days I had been flattered into the belief that I was wonderfully gifted with the dramatic talent, and now at the mature age of twelve, I considered myself second to no one in the world as author, actor, and stage-manager.

Notwithstanding the warm eulogium which my uncle had just been making upon every thing connected with the drama, it will not be considered singular that, instead of granting my request, he instantly began a harangue upon the pernicious effect of stage plays. After reading me a long lecture, he concluded by declaring with the most rigid expression of countenance, that he entirely disapproved of all such proceedings, and before he had time to finish, I had bounced out of the room in a huff.

CHAPTER V.

VASSAL DEANE.

In spite of my uncle's oration, I went on with the preparation. The day came, the actors were assembled, and we determined to perform. I went to my aunt Fortitude with an invitation, but she repulsed me with horror. I then hunted high and low for my uncle. I was near giving him up, when I heard him sneeze in his dressing-room. I pushed open the door, and there he was, surrounded by all the maid-servants and sempstresses of the house, engaged in making what I immediately recognized to be a royal costume for Polonius. He looked marvellously ashamed of himself as I came in, and tried to shuffle into his pocket a roll of written paper which was lying near. I caught it, however, and found it was neither more nor less than a prologue for our play, written by himself; and all this after his oration to me on the pernicious effects of stage playing! I was used to such inconsistencies, and ran down stairs in high glee, and my uncle soon sneaked down after me, rallied

himself, and then proceeded in great state to the theatre, where he took his place in a dignity chair which I had provided for him, in the first row of the audience seats. He had given up all idea of acting, and I promised to spout the prologue.

I have no intention of detailing the events of the performance, and in fact I recollect almost nothing about it. The play I remember was Hamlet, and in a fit of unusual modesty, I believe I contented myself,—besides the principal character which was mine of course,—with only the characters of Ophelia and the grave-digger in addition. Hamlet was dressed in boots and a red military coat, and Ophelia in an old morning gown of my aunt's, with a garland of dried apples on her head. The only good acting was that of Polonius, which was represented by a fat, foolish boy, who made grimaces and squinted naturally, and thus embodied in his own person all the comic talent of the company.

I should not even have mentioned the whole affair, except for the purpose of introducing Vassal Deane, an early friend of mine. This was a boy whom I always respected, and of whom for many years I was almost in awe: yet he was not a boy of brilliant talents, at least according to the general acceptation of the phrase. Nobody ever called him a genius; he never wrote plays,

nor poetry, and yet he contrived always, without any apparent effort, to obtain a complete ascendancy over the mind of every body about him. Of mine, he very soon obtained the mastery. He was a boy some four years older than myself, rather short, but compactly built, with no pretensions to beauty, inexpressive features, light coloured eyes, and flakes of cotton-coloured hair.

He was remarkable at this early age for great bodily strength, and a phlegmatic and composed demeanour. At moments when others were excited, his countenance and manner were composed and inscrutable.

He had taken no part in the play, but was there by my particular request, as auditor and critic.

While the rest of the boys were squabbling and boxing each other's ears, as they hunted through the confused green-room for their every day's clothes, I approached Deane, full of elation at my success. He was standing quietly whistling, with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Deane," said I, rubbing my hands conceitedly, "don't you think it went off pretty well?"

"Not I," said he gravely, without taking his hands from his pockets.

"Why," said I, a little mortified, "don't you think we all acted pretty well?"

"No, I don't," he replied.

"But," said I, pushing the point, "don't you think it was a remarkably brilliant way of amusing ourselves?"

"If you ask my advice, I think it was all damn'd nonsense."

"You are envious," said I; "if you acted as well as my uncle Joshua thinks I do, you would think differently."

"You know no more of acting than I do, and your uncle Joshua is an ass."

"You lie!"

Hereupon Deane took one of his hands out of his pocket, and calmly knocked me down.

He was a great deal bigger and stronger than I, but I picked myself up, and tried to show fight;—so he knocked me down again.

"I suppose you will listen to reason now," he continued, composedly, after I had got on my legs again, and given up the point. "So I will tell you that all I do and say is for your good. I like you very well (he was pleased to add;) but the fact is, you are getting to be an ignorant and conceited little jackanapes; and instead of having been brilliant, as you call it, you have been making an ass of yourself this afternoon."

The plain-spoken truths of my friend (for he was my friend) began to carry conviction to my mind. With the quick revulsion of a childish temper, I felt convinced that I had not only not

acted well, but that I had acted ill. I believed that I had been making a fool of myself—that they had been laughing at me instead of applauding—that I was a laughing-stock—a butt—a dolt—an ass—an idiot. My cheeks grew hot—I clenched my fists—I glared about me like a maniac—I stamped in a frenzy. Seeking something to vent my rage upon, my eyes lighted on the squinting buffo; I sprang upon him most gratuitously, and floored him in a twinkling. He scrambled out of my way, and I then sprang like a tiger upon the inanimate monuments of my folly. I kicked over the scenes, smashed the lamps, demolished the palace, trampled on the dried apples, and tore the ghost's winding-sheet to pieces. After nearly exhausting myself in this manner, I threw myself on the floor, roaring and kicking like a madman.

After a moment or two, the busy fiend again urged me to my feet. I danced about for an instant, and then swept down stairs like a simoon, at the imminent peril of my neck, and to the total discomfiture and overthrow of a house-maid, who was trudging up with a pail of water. Thence I rushed out of the house, and never stopped till I had thrown myself upon the ground, sobbing and panting with mortification and rage in the very thickest thicket of the forest.

The young philosopher remained talking composedly to himself in the dark.

CHAPTER VI.

MORTIFICATION FISK.

After this adventure, I requested my uncle to send me to school. I had got to be a lubberly boy by this time, and even Joshua was tired of me; so that I found no difficulty in obtaining permission.

After remaining a requisite number of years at school, I was removed to College. Here I should likewise have continued the usual term, but for an unlucky adventure.

Some members of my class amused themselves one night with setting fire to the college chapel. This was a little gingerbread cathedral of pine boards, in the Gothic taste, and painted in fancy colours. Its architecture was considered so admirable, and its destruction so heinous, that the strictest measures were taken to punish the perpetrators. As, moreover, the incendiaries had aggravated their offence by tarring and feathering six tutors who had endeavoured to extinguish the conflagration, the crime was considered the most desperate one in the annals of the college.

Fancy, then, the rage of the Reverend Mortification Fisk, (at that time the most influential and hard-hearted of the professors) when he found himself unable to discover the criminals.

Not having it in his power to punish the culprits, he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the spectators; and as I had unfortunately been taken with a bucket of water in my hand, in the very act, as they said, of aiding and abetting at the fire, the faculty resolved upon my expulsion.

I accordingly returned to the Hope, whither a detailed account of the affair, together with a bill of damages for the whole expense of the cathedral, had preceded me.

The bill and the letter, however, much to the disgust of the Reverend Mortification Fisk, remained unpaid and unanswered. Joshua, who was as arbitrary as the ace of trumps, resolutely refused to pay the slighest attention to the animadversions of the faculty.

I found that the whole affair occasioned but very slight annoyance; for it afforded him an opportunity for a little oratorical display, of which he was very fond.

Accordingly, after having made me an oration the first morning of my return, in which he condemned our whole system of education,

and made a flourish about the university of Padua and the gardens of Plato, he became good-natured by his own eloquence, and dismissed the subject forever.

CHAPTER VII.

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

For the next two years I remained at the Hope. Joshua had become more full of projects than ever. The resolutions passed in Boston a year or two previous, recommending, in consequence of the imposition of extravagant duties on imported articles, the attention of the colonists to domestic manufacture had had their effect upon him. He devoted himself assiduously to his cotton-mill, and he had besides already instituted a soap-boiling establishment and a starch manufactory. As for me, I heard or heeded nothing of the events that were going on around me. The air was already murky with the gathering clouds of the revolution; but retired within my own childish egotism, I was unconscious of the coming storm.

I was always a huge reader; my mind was essentially craving and insatiable. Its appetite was enormous, and it devoured too greedily for its health. I rejected all guidance in my studies. I already fancied myself a misanthrope. I had

taken a step very common for boys of my age, and strove with all my might to become a cynic.

I read furiously. To poetry, like most infants, I devoted most of my time. I had already revelled in the copious flood of modern poetry, and I now thirsted for the fountains whence the torrent had gone forth. I was imbued with the common passion for studying, as I called it, systematically, and my next step was antiquarianism. From Spencer and the dramatists, I got back to Chaucer and Gower. If I had stopped here, it would have been well enough; but these, though rude, I found already artists. From Chaucer and Gower I ascended through a mass of ballads, becoming ruder and more unintelligible at every step, to the first beginning of English vernacular poetry, and still determined to thread the river to its source. I mounted to the Anglo-Norman, and was proceeding still farther, when I found myself already lost in a dismal swamp of barbarous romances and lying Latin chronicles. This Slough of Despond I mistook for the parent lake, and here I determined to fix. I read the wild fables of Jeffrey of Monmouth with real delight, and the worthy friar introduced me to a whole fraternity of monks. I forced or fancied myself into admiring such grotesque barbarians as Robert of Gloucester, Benevil, and Robert Mannyng, and quoted some hideous couplets from

the "Prickke of Conscience" by the Hermit of Hampole, as the very prosopopeia of a graceful lyric. I got hold of the Bibliotheca Monastica, containing a copious account of Anglo-Norman authors, with notices of their works, and set seriously to reading every one of them. I fell into the common error of boyish antiquaries, and admired as venerable that which was only old, and persuaded myself into considering that as quaint and beautiful, which was merely grotesque and rude. I had not learned that art, in its earlier stages, is interesting as matter of history, but its monuments useless in themselves; and that to consume time and labour in mastering the monastic and fossil remains of the barbarous age of poetry, was as absurd as for an amateur of the fine arts to fill his museum with wooden statues in the manner of Dedalus, or of paintings in the style of the early Pisans.

One profit of my antiquarianism was, however, an attention to foreign languages. Having mounted, in my literary inquiries, to the confluence of the English and French languages,—to the fork where the two rivers flow into each other, I found myself obliged to master the French before I could get any farther. As I was on the subject, I applied myself to several others; but my literary studies in other languages were as falsely directed as in my own. In French I occupied myself

only with the works of the earlier Trouveurs; in Spanish, with the oldest ballad-mongers; in Germany, neglecting the wonderful and stupendous fabric of a single century which comprised most that is brilliant in that literature, I confined myself to the Heldenbuch and the Niebelungen Lied, and to the farcical productions of the ancient tinkers and tailors. As for the Italian literature, it was too classic and too finished for my taste, and I returned from them all to the barbarians I loved.

After floundering for a time in this stagnant pool of literature, I had at last the good sense to extricate myself, and with my wings all clogged as they were, I set off upon a higher and more daring flight. From the modern poets I ascended to the ancients, and from Latin I got to Greek. It was a blessed transition! When I read the odes of Pindar, and the immortal dramas of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, I felt as if I had ascended to the iced mountain-tops of poetry, and felt in a purer and sublimer atmosphere. I found that the perfection of poetry was in the perfection of art. It seemed strange to me that these were *ancients*. I could hardly realise that the men, from whose clutches I had just rescued myself, had lived centuries after the Greeks, and Greece itself had died. I could not understand that a nation had so nearly reached perfection

in literature and art, and then expired. I saw the magnificent mausoleum which art and poetry had reared upon the grave of Greece; but I was bewildered with the reflection that it covered a mouldering corpse. I read the name and the glorious epitaph, and could not realise that all below were only bones and dust. The mortifying truth, that a bound was set to human intellect, now forced itself for the first time upon my mind. I saw that Greece had been born, and had illumined the world, and then had died and been buried; and that, centuries after, other nations had arisen only to do the same. I felt, as I occupied myself with the study of Greece and her literature, as if I had been transplanted to a deserted planet, filled with cities and temples, and palaces indeed, but whose inhabitants had all died — which still revolved and shone in the universal system, but in which there was no life.

I could have revelled in Grecian poetry for ever, but I had become possessed with the ridiculous desire of arriving at the beginning or the source of poetry. I forgot that its source was the human heart, just as the source of heat, in all climates and all ages, is the sun. I sought for the beginning of poetry. I might as well have sought for the beginning of the circle. From Greece I got to Asia. I studied the history of

the Oriental languages, and became convinced of the necessity of examining them for myself. I already fancied myself learned, and in the course of a breakfast conversation, in which I already manifested considerable contempt for my aunt Fortitude's intellect, I announced to Joshua my intention of studying Hebrew and Chinese, and requested a tutor. My uncle, being a little startled at this index to the copiousness of my studies, saw fit to catechise me a little, and finding me as deplorably ignorant on all necessary subjects as I was intensely learned on matters, in his estimation, not worth a half-penny, begged me seriously to turn my attention to history.

The ground-work of my early character was plasticity and fickleness. I was mortified by this exposure of my ignorance, and disgusted with my former course of reading. I now set myself violently to the study of history. With my turn of mind, and with the preposterous habits which I had been daily acquiring, I could not fail to make as gross mistakes in the pursuit of this as of other branches of knowledge. I imagined, on setting out, a system of strict and impartial investigation of the sources of history. I was inspired with the absurd ambition, not uncommon to youthful students, of knowing as much as their masters. I imagined it necessary for

me, stripling as I was, to study the authorities; and, imbued with the strict necessity of judging for myself, I turned from the limpid pages of the modern historians, to the notes and authorities at the bottom of the page. These, of course, sent me back to my monastic acquaintances, and I again found myself in such congenial company to a youthful and ardent mind, as Florence of Worcester, and Simeon of Durham, the venerable Bede, and Matthew Paris; and so on to Gregory and Fredegarius, down to the more modern and elegant pages of Froissart, Hollinshed, Hooker, and Stowe. Infant as I was, I presumed to grapple with masses of learning almost beyond the strength of the giants of history. A spendthrift of my time and labour, I went out of my way to collect materials, and to build for myself, when I should have known that older and abler architects had already appropriated all that was worth preserving; that the edifice was built, the quarry exhausted, and that I was, consequently, only delving amidst rubbish.

This course of study was not absolutely without its advantages. The mind gained a certain proportion of vigour by even this exercise of its faculties, just as my bodily health would have been improved by transporting the refuse ore of a mine from one pit to another, instead of coining the ingots which lay heaped before my eyes.

Still, however, my time was squandered. There was a constant want of fitness and concentration of my energies. My dreams of education were boundless, brilliant, indefinite; but, alas! they were only dreams. There was nothing accurate and defined in my future course of life. I was ambitious and conceited, but my aspirations were vague and shapeless. I had crowded together the most gorgeous, and even some of the most useful and durable materials for my woof, but I had no pattern, and, consequently, never began to weave.

I had not made the discovery that an individual cannot learn, nor be, every thing; that the world is a factory in which each individual must perform his portion of work:—happy enough if he can choose it according to his taste and talent, but must renounce the desire of observing or superintending the whole operation.

My passion for self-instruction was carried to an enormous and unwholesome excess.—From scorning all assistance and inquisition from the friends about me, I even dared to deride the learning and the labour of the master minds of literature. From studying and investigating the sources of history with my own eyes, I went a step further; I refused the guidance of modern writers; and proceeding from one point of presumption to another, I came to the magnanimous

conviction that I could not know history as I ought to know it, unless I *wrote* it for myself. I knew now where the stores lay, and I could select and arrange according to my own judgment. I abjured allegiance, accordingly, to the graceful moderns, to immerse myself in the barbarous learning of the darker ages. I voluntarily dashed down the lantern, for no other purpose but that I might grope by myself in the dark. It would be tedious and useless to enlarge upon my various attempts and various failures. I forbear to comment upon mistakes which I was in time wise enough to retrieve. Pushing out, as I did, without compass and without experience, on the boundless ocean of learning, what could I expect but an utter and a hopeless shipwreck?

Thus I went on, becoming more learned, and therefore more ignorant, more confused in my brain, and more awkward in my habits, from day to day. I was ever at my studies, and could hardly be prevailed upon to allot a moment to exercise or recreation. I breakfasted with a pen behind my ear, and dined in company with a folio bigger than the table. I became solitary and morose, the necessary consequence of reckless study; talked impatiently of the value of my time, and the immensity of my labours; spoke contemptuously of the learning and ac-

quirements of the whole world, and threw out mysterious hints of the magnitude and importance of my own projects. In a word, the youth, who at fifteen, confessed himself a sated libertine, was, at seventeen, transformed into a most intolerable pedant.

In the midst of all this study, and this infant authorship, the perusal of such masses of poetry could not fail to produce their effect. Of a youth whose mind, like mine at that period, possessed some general capability, without perhaps a single prominent and marked talent, a proneness to imitation is sure to be the besetting sin. I consequently, for a large portion of my earlier life, never read a work which struck my fancy, without planning a better one upon its model; for my ambition, like my vanity, knew no bounds. it was a matter of course that I should be attacked by the poetic mania. I took the infection at the usual time, went through its various stages, and recovered as soon as could be expected. I discovered soon enough that emulation is not capability, and he is fortunate to whom is soonest revealed the relative extent of his ambition and his powers.

My ambition was boundless; my dreams of glory were not confined to authorship and literature alone; but every sphere in which the intellect of man exerts itself, revolved in a blaze

of light before me. And there I sat in my solitude, and dreamed such woundrous dreams! Events were thickening around me which were soon to shake the world, — but they were unmarked by me. The country was changing to a mighty theatre, on whose stage, those who were as great as I fancied myself to be, were to enact a stupendous drama in which I had no part. I saw it not; I knew it not; and yet how infinitely beautiful were the imaginations of my solitude! Fancy shook her kaleidoscope each moment as chance directed, and lo! what new, fantastic, brilliant, but what unmeaning visions! My ambitious anticipations were as boundless as they were various and conflicting. There was not a path which leads to glory, in which I was not destined to gather laurels. As a warrior, I would conquer and over-run the world. As a statesman, I would re-organize and govern it. As a historian, I would consign it all to immortality; and in my leisure moments, I would be a great poet and a man of the world.

In short, I was already enrolled in that large category of what are called young men of genius, — men who are the pride of their sisters, and the glory of their grand-mothers, — men of whom unheard-of things are expected, till after long preparation, comes a portentous failure, and

then they are forgotten; subsiding into indifferent apprentices and attorneys' clerks.

Alas! for the golden imaginations of our youth. They are all disappointments. They are bright and beautiful; but they fade. They glitter brightly enough to deceive the wisest and most cautious, and we garner them up in the most secret caskets of our hearts; but are they not like the coins which the Dervise gave the merchant in the story? When we look for them the next morning, do we not find them withered leaves?

CHAPTER VIII.

CERTAIN COLONIAL MATTERS.

One evening in June, 1768, there was a riot on Hancock's Wharf. Every one knows that this was the period in which the exorbitant taxes on various foreign articles had begun to excite in the colonists much enmity towards the mother country.

Unfortunately, the instruments, by which the dictates of a mistaken policy were enforced, only increased the difficulty, the comptrollers and custom-house officers were impertinent, and took pains to make themselves noxious to the merchants.

From the commencement to the conclusion, there was something respectable in the American revolution. It was not a local tumour, swelling into a convulsion of the whole system; it was not a sudden row by the rabble, nor an ebullition of Jacobinism. The government began by thrusting its fingers into the pockets of the wealthy merchants, and as such an attack is sure to irritate even the most peaceably disposed, it was not singular that these gentlemen, after

making a series of temperate remonstrances, resorted to the last measure left them, and took the law into their own hands. In short, the whole matter was not sans-cullotism, but, on the contrary, a sober resistance to arbitrary measures made by decent substantial burghers in velvet small-clothes. It was, however, very natural that the other and lower classes of society—the gentlemen out at the elbows, namely, who have every thing to gain and nothing to lose by a revolution, and who are, consequently, always ready for a squabble,—should choose to side with those who, possessing a stake in society, were yet ready to risk every thing upon the cast.

As I said, one wet evening in June, 1768, there was a row on Hancock's Wharf. The custom-house officers had seen fit to seize a sloop belonging to John Hancock, which was lying there. So far all was well enough; it was their duty—or they considered it so—to make the seizure, and the owner had no intention of opposing the measure. A ship of war, however, happened to be lying in the stream, and one of the officers of the customs thought proper to make signals to her captain, who accordingly sent his boats to the sloop. The fast was cut very unnecessarily, and sloop carried under the guns of the frigate. This impertinent exercise of power irritated a parcel of loungers on the wharf, and a few peb-

bles were thrown at the men in the boats. Some of the sailors, at this tried to mount on the wharf and attack the townsmen. Two of them got their hands to the uppermost plank, and were endeavouring to scramble upon the wharf, when a gentleman-like-looking young man, in a rough great-coat, who happened to be standing near, coolly put out his foot and kicked their hands till the men lost their hold and dropped back into the boat. At the word of the commanding officer the business was finished, and the boats rowed back to the frigate. Upon this the little tumult subsided, and the custom-house gentlemen, after having been hustled a little, made the best of their way home.

Now the son of the collector, who happened to be present, was a saucy young man: he observed that the mob was dispersing, and the evening growing dark, and thought it a safe opportunity to exert a little authority, so he bustled up to the gentleman in the great-coat, whose person was unknown to him, but who happened to be the reader's acquaintance, Vassal Deane. He was sitting composedly upon a cask, glancing now at the frigate and now at the mob on the shore.

"A chilly evening for the season?" said the collector's son.

The other looked carelessly at him a moment, nodded assent, and began to whistle.

"I dare say you find your wrapper comfortable even in summer?" resumed the collector.

This interesting observation seemed to exite little emotion in the mind of the person addressed, who continued to whistle without making a reply. The collector's son was nettled, and he resumed in a little squeaking tone of authority, "Let me advise you to follow the example of the rest of the mob, and go about your business," said he.

"I never take advice," said the other, without even looking at him.

"Then I must command you," said the stripling, looking ferocious, and putting his hand on the breast of the other's coat. "Go home, instantly?"

"You should never lay your hands on a gentleman's dress," said his antagonist, slightly rapping the intrusive knuckles, with a little stick he held in his hand.

The youth lost command of himself, and again attempted to lay hold of the other. "Do you know who I am?" said he in a rage. "I am the son of Mr. Tomkins, the collector!"

"And you seem to be as great a puppy as your father. But you are getting troublesome, and as you will not go home, you must take the consequences;" so saying, he lifted up the young man as if he had been a kitten, carried

him, in spite of his struggles, a few steps up the wharf, and then quietly dropped him overboard. It was nearly low tide, the water had retreated, and the pugnacious Tomkins, was left sticking breast-high in the mud. His roars for assistance attracted the attention of several of the crowd, who had watched with great satisfaction this scene from its commencement to its conclusion. They answered his supplication with jeers and coarse witticisms.

By this time the mob had again increased. The gentleman in the mud was generally recognized, and a proposition to follow up the joke by an attack on the comptroller-general's house, which happened to be hard by, met with universal applause.

The multitude swept on to the house, and sticks and stones began to fly in profusion, half a dozen windows were smashed in, the inmates were alarmed, and presently the comptroller appeared at the door, and demanded a parley. Half a dozen blackguards, having no relish for discussion, rushed forward to seize him. In a moment the unfortunate comptroller would have been torn into twenty pieces, when suddenly Deane sprang to his assistance. Acting with promptitude and irresistible energy, he beat down the assailants before they were aware of his attack, thrust the master of the house inside the

door, pulled it to hastily, and then turned round to face the multitude.

The foremost assailants, disappointed of their prey, turned furiously upon him. Deane, nothing daunted, faced them, with his back against the door, and with a perfectly composed manner, exclaimed in a voice, whose clear and commanding notes rang through the whole assembly:

"For God's sake, no violence! The youth in the dock came there by his own impertinence, and is sufficiently punished. The comptroller is innocent — he has done his duty — and the first man who assaults this house, deserves the penalty of the law." Then, moderating his voice to a placid, temperate, but resolute and impressive tone, he continued, "In the name of reason, what has this comptroller done? Why are you here assembled, magnanimously pelting his doors with pebbles, and breaking his window frames with sticks? Are you men? Have you heard of certain arbitrary measures of the government? — are you aggrieved? — do you feel yourselves insulted by stupid and unreasonable rulers? Very well, very well. Is this the way for men to right themselves? What is this comptroller? Why is he selected as the mark of your noble indignation? Is he your ruler? Is he a tyrant or a tool? Shame on ye, shame! that ye come here like squabbling children to vent your

rage on the senseless rod that whips you, instead of husbanding your wrath till with it you can annihilate the master. Are you dull, noisy clowns, or are you reasonable and determined citizens? I tell you to be quiet. Waste not your energies on tools! If ye are men, there will be work enough for men. The thunder-clouds are now hanging over us; the very air is sulphurous and unwholesome; but the light is breaking forth, and I tell you to mark my words. There shall be work enough. Be quiet now. Go home and wait. Waste not your wrath on windows and doors; I tell you there is a throne we know of, that ye shall crush — a sceptre stretched over our heads that ye shall break as easily as I now break this staff."

And so saying, he snapped his walking-stick in two, and with this practical metaphor he concluded his oration, and descended from the steps.

The crowd had been composed, convinced, and a little ashamed, and they greeted the orator with murmurs of applause. Some of the nearest grasped his hand warmly, and after he had repeated his advice to disperse, they gradually separated.

As soon as the last straggler had disappeared, the comptroller came down-stairs, opened the door a little, peered stealthily out, and seeing

no one remaining but Deane, who was quietly looking at the moon with his hands in his pockets, — cried, "Sir, sir, a word with you, if you please."

"Sir, a whole history," said the other, quoting Hamlet, and walking up the steps.

The comptroller had not heard Deane's oration, or perhaps his gratitude would not have been so unbounded; he knew only that Deane had constituted himself his champion at a critical moment, and he wished to be civil.

"Have the kindness to walk into the house, my excellent young friend," said he. "Let me beg you to join me in a bottle of particularly fine Carolina Madeira, that I may have the opportunity to express my obligations to your bravery more at length."

"Thank you," said Deane, "I never drink Madeira, especially with custom-house officers — spare your compliments I beseech you; and if you are anxious for a companion, let me recommend to your notice, a young gentleman whom you will find in the mud underneath the lower end of Hancock's wharf;" so saying he turned on his heel, wished the comptroller politely good evening, and strode off.

"It begins to work," he muttered to himself; "there will be rare doings in a year or two.

Thank God! there will be a chance for us all to show the metal we are made of."

As he went home, he took a bundle of printed bills from the pocket of his over-coat, and busied himself for half-an-hour in affixing them on conspicuous places, in the principal streets.—They were notifications for the "Sons of Liberty" to meet the next day at Liberty Hall, at ten in the morning.

When this was done, he went quietly home to bed, and repaired to the appointed place the following morning. The concourse was, however, so great, and the weather so stormy, that the multitude adjourned to Faneuil Hall. Here a legal meeting was moved and appointed by the select-men, to take place at three o'clock in the afternoon.

At the appointed time the crowd again assembled, but in such overflowing numbers, that they were obliged to adjourn to the old South Church. Here many of the most respectable citizens calmly addressed the assembly. The whole meeting was conducted with decency and propriety; and on motion of Deane, a petition to the Governor was unanimously adopted, and a committee of twenty-one appointed to present it. Of this committee, Deane, young as he was, was nominated chairman.

The petition, after a declaration of rights and injuries, concluded with the following words:—

"The town is, at this crisis, in a situation as if war was formally declared against it. To contend with our parent state, is an idea of most shocking and dreadful extremity: — but tamely to relinquish the only security we and our posterity retain for the enjoyment of our lives and properties, without one struggle, is so humiliating and base, that we cannot support the reflection.

"We apprehend, sir, that it is at your option, in your power, and we would hope in your inclination, to prevent this distressed and justly incensed people from effecting too much, and from the shame and reproach of effecting too little."

This petition, like most petitions, had little effect: it was graciously received, and graciously forgotten. The members of the House of Representatives for the time proposed a series of spirited resolutions, and just as they were going to act upon them in a spirited manner, the Governor thought proper to dissolve the House in consequence of a regal command.

A few months after this, viz. September 30th, 1768, "six ships of war sailed into the harbour, and anchored round the town; their cannon

loaded, and springs on their cables, as for a regular siege.

"At noon, on Saturday, October 1st, the 14th and 29th regiments, a detachment from the 59th, and a train of artillery, with two pieces of cannon, loaded, on Long Wharf, then formed and marched with insolent parade, drums beating, fifes playing, and colours flying, up King's Street; each soldier having received sixteen round of shot."

CHAPTER IX.

DIDACTIC.

It was about a year after these events, that I one day paid a visit to Deane. We had seen each other very little since college days, although a warm friendship which had immediately succeeded the unfortunate termination of my dramatic career, had never subsided on either side; our courses had, however, of late years, been distinct, and, in fact, I had been so much of a hermit, that I had seen no one.

I entered his room late in the afternoon, and found it vacant: as I had been assured that he would probably soon return home, I sat down to await his coming. While I was waiting, I had leisure to examine the apartment. Deane had been an orphan for some years, and had inherited a small independence from his parents. His apartments consisted of simply a study and a chamber, into the former of which I had entered. It was a tolerably large room, and furnished plainly and comfortably. Its condition

was a sort of index of the inhabitant's character. One side was entirely occupied from the floor to the ceiling, with a set of dusty bookshelves, on which were heaped a mass of rusty looking volumes, almost entirely on subjects connected with the law. On the table were a pile of boxing gloves, half a dozen fencing foils, and a mass of heterogeneous books of all shapes and sizes.

I took up some of them, which seemed to have lately occupied his attention. A small and much-thumbed copy of Juvenal, was stuck as a mark in a large folio treatise on Artillery. The Memoirs of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, a copy of Cæsar, and a volume of Peere Williams's Reports, lay together in a heap, surmounted by the Memoirs of Faublas. A delicate-looking *billet doux*, directed in a lady's hand to Deane, projected from a copy of Ferguson's Surveying, which, with half a dozen other mathematical works, completed the collection on the table.

A drawer was left carelessly open, which seemed to be stuffed full of papers in Deane's hand-writing, and a miniature of a young and exquisitely beautiful female dangled by its chain, as if caught by accident to the handle of the drawer. Over the fire-place was a picture of the armorial bearings of Deane, wrought in a sort of embroidery, and on the mantel-piece

were carelessly lying a case of mathematical instruments, a pair of spurs, and a diamond ring, apparently of some value.

I had hardly finished my survey, when Deane made his appearance. He seemed glad to see me; shook my hand heartily, and without further preface, began in his sententious way.

"You are going abroad, I hear?"

"Yes; I have nearly made up my mind," said I.

"When?"

"Early in the spring."

"Why?"

"Because," said I, "I am weary. I hardly think I shall ever return. To say the truth, I wish I was any sort of thing but a provincial,—a colonist. If I had been born any where else, if I had been placed in a fit sphere of action, I might have been something. But I am convinced," continued I, pathetically, "that I am not made for this age, or this country."

"What the devil are you made for?" said Deane. But checking himself, he muttered "The usual silly cant of the indolent and the dreaming. There will be plenty for you to do," he continued, aloud, "and plenty to interest you, in the affairs of the country."

"Ah! I take no interest in these provincial squabbles. A few months, and they will be

settled. A dozen regiments will set matters to rights."

He seemed not to heed my answer — mused a moment, and then resumed, "Yes — you may as well go. You will perhaps return — there will be a country to return to. The sin is, that we are not national. Our thoughts from childhood cross the ocean every instant. How many centuries will pass before the infant America is weaned from its mother Europe? But yet why should we regret it? We *are* Europeans — transplanted Europeans Politically, we shall soon become a distinct nation — socially and morally, we shall continue to be Europeans. And why not? Were not the Syracusans and the Agrigentines, Greeks? Did not Pindar flourish at the court of Hiero?"

"Well," said I, with great magnanimity, "perhaps I may some day return. One cannot resist a sneaking regard for the place of one's nativity. But, after all, Europe is the only place for a gentleman to live in."

"For God's sake," he replied, "endeavour to rid yourself of such plebeian notions as fast as you can. Do not confound yourself with the grovelling and the vulgar-minded, who think themselves in the dark unless their farthing candles are lighted at a court-chandelier. Let us endeavour to emit the light ourselves, not

to revolve on the edge of obscurity — the thousandth satellites of an orb above us. Let us understand our mission. Leave to the imitators — the ordinary herd, to ape the manners, and hanker after the refinements which, even if they were born to them, they would lack the intellect to appreciate."

He laid his finger on my shoulder, and assumed a grave demeanour as he continued, "Morton, remember this. If you have any ambition, any desire for distinction, its field and its satisfaction must be sought for in your own neighbourhood. The material out of which one must carve the statue of his reputation must be sought for in the earth beneath his feet — the only quarry of enduring marble you will find in the soil of your country. Study your age — study your country — and investigate and work upon the materials you find. It is only the imbecile who complain of their unfitness for their age or country; — the master spirits seize the times, and mould them to their will."

"Well, well," said I, beginning to be bored with this homily. "Time enough;—time enough. We are both young—there is no hurry."

"There again," said he, quietly. "There is another vulgar error. I tell you, Morton, that the only difference between intellects, between characters, between men, is simply the difference

between *thinking* and *acting*. Any one can think — any one knows what one ought to do to become great. But few act — few do. A catalogue of actions is the only history and the only biography worth heeding. If you tell me that a man is clever — is a genius — I shall ask you simply, what has he *done?* To do is the only proof that I will accept of genius. No hurry — no hurry, you say — very well. But recollect, that while you are shivering and hesitating on the brink, another will have breasted the waves, and crossed the torrent; — while you are bundling and sharpening your arrows, another will have struck the deer."

As I got up to go, I was surprised that Deane looked pale. I asked him if he was ill. He said no; but believed that he had been bleeding a little. I asked for an explanation, and he showed me his arm, which was bound with his pocket-handkerchief. There was a sword-wound directly through the fleshy part of his shoulder, and the handkerchief was saturated with blood.

"What, in the name of wonder, have you been about?" I asked.

"Nothing of note," said he. "A scuffle in the British Coffee-house in State-street. You have probably heard of the offensive introduction of my name in a paper lately published

by the Commissioners of the Customs. In consequence of this, the other day, I denounced the whole set of them as liars. This evening I came into the coffee-room; I found one of the commissioners sitting there with a parcel of his friends. An altercation ensued. I knocked him down. His friends took his part, and a few of the by-standers sided with me; there were, however, a dozen to one against us. Young *Tomkins*, a youth who owes me a grudge for having stuck him in the mud one day, joined with half a dozen officers in an attack. Some of them drew their swords. There was a scuffle. We were, of course, overpowered. I received this cut. We were finally thrust from the house. No matter, a day of reckoning will come."

"Do you know from whom you received the wound?"

"Yes, perfectly well — from a certain Captain Carew of the 29th. His hour will come; — there is no hurry. I pride myself upon my good memory."

The conversation lasted a little longer; but the topics remained the same. The Old South clock struck twelve as I passed through the deserted streets to my home.

CHAPTER X.

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

It was about this time that a number of balls were given by the Governor and the leading members of the Council, as well as by the officers of the regiments quartered in the town. My uncle, after a great deal of talk about the rights of man, and sacred privilege of representation had ended as he began, by warmly espousing the Royal cause.

As has been seen, I meddled little with politics. Whatever bias I had, was on the Tory side of the question. As for the gaieties of the town, however, I mingled but little with them.

My character was still pulp-like and undetermined. The infant's cartilage had not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. I was of the age, when a youth imagines it magnanimity to despise society; — when a sullenness of demeanour is mistaken for superiority of character. I thought that my spirit walked not with those of other men; but I had not yet learned that it

was because it was jostled from the path by stronger spirits. I had not learned that an unsocial deportment was a proof of imbecility, and not of romantic superiority, and that the talent for society is nearly allied to the most dignified and most robust qualities of character. I was yet a boy. I had studied a little and thought a little; but I had not yet felt or done.

There is a flood of passion, which sooner or later sweeps over each human soul, sometimes to refresh and fertilize, sometimes to overwhelm and destroy. It is not till the tide has flowed and ebbed, till the character has felt the full force of love, of passion, and has again been deserted and left bare, that we can learn what parts of it were firm; that which has resisted the shock and remained on the beach unshattered, may bid defiance to a future storm. The tideless Mediterranean of the mind which succeeds, swells not beyond its natural limits; and even if the retiring waves have left nothing but sand and sea-weed, still it is better. That which could not resist the flood had better have been swept away, and then you may build, regardless of a future storm. Man loves — passionately loves but once.

I was destined soon to feel. In compliance with a request from my uncle Joshua, that I

would leave my books occasionally, I went to a ball at the Governor's.

I wandered through the rooms, listened to the fiddles, looked apathetically at the various lovely forms which flitted by me, conversed with an acquaintance or two, and was already excessively bored, when, turning accidentally to an inner room, my attention was arrested suddenly. It was a woman, a girl more lovely than any I had ever dreamed of. I was startled. She was standing near a column, and gazing vacantly round the room. As I entered we were close to each other — our eyes met — the vacant look disappeared; the casual glance became on both sides by a sort of fascination, a full, earnest, almost an impassioned gaze. It was but a moment, — the lady coloured slightly, and dropped her eyes. A vague, delicious sensation stole around my heart — I stood in a spell.

I awoke in a moment from my trance, and found myself standing on the Governor's toes.

"If you are ready," said he, smiling.

"Certainly," said I, politely, and I shuffled off.

The people still danced and supped, and danced again. I heeded it not. I wandered up and down in a dream. My imagination was as violent as is usual at my age; something had been given it to work upon, and it wrought.

Those deep blue eyes had sunk deep into my heart, and I almost feared to look at them again. I revelled in the feeling that she was near me, and it was enough; I yielded without a struggle to the spell of my first love. The music resounded through the brilliant halls, and sparkling eyes and lovely forms floated by me in the dance. I thought of her, and there was intoxication in the very air. I thought of her, and the music breathed bewilderingly in my ear, stole into every fibre of my system, and caused my heart-strings to vibrate responsively back.

I was startled from my reverie by the conversation of an indifferent acquaintance; when it was ended, I looked around. Not seeing her, as I thought I must the instant I lifted my eyes, I gazed wildly and rapidly round. In the twinkling of an eye, I had scanned the features of every woman there—I found her not. My heart, that was so buoyant, changed to lead. I felt it sink in my bosom. The scales fell from my eyes; the enchantment of the scene was broken; the fiddles were no longer archangels' lyres. The spermaceti candles no longer illumined a hall as dazzling as Aladdin's palace. There was no medium in my youthful nature between rapture and despair, otherwise I should not have been so miserable, because, as

I found five minutes afterwards, the lady had only gone into the next room. I marched into it, and there she was, — let me describe her.

Her profuse hair was as black as night, and dividing simply on her forehead, was drawn backward and knotted behind with a wreath of snow-white flowers. A single ringlet depended from behind the tiny and transparent ear, towards the exquisitely moulded throat.

The mould of her features was faultless. I held my breath lest all should be dissolved, and the phantom float away. The low forehead, the delicate, decided brow, the perfect nose, the short lip, the sculptured chin, the matchless shoulders, the snowy bosom, the softly swelling proportions of the whole form in earliest womanhood, the fairy foot, the dazzling arms, the liquid, noiseless motions, all passed in quick review before me, and I lingered over each individual charm, lost in a delicious intoxication. But all vanished — all was forgotten as she once more raised her eyes, and I felt my heart leap and tremble as I once more gazed upon them. I glided up close to her, without feeling or knowing that I moved, and it seemed, as I looked, that my thoughts could penetrate through those cloudless depths into the very bottom of her soul.

In the course of these proceedings, our eyes

again met, presently I saw her touch the arm of a gentleman who stood near, and say something in a quick low voice, while at the same time she looked earnestly, almost inquiringly towards me I fancied that the sudden fascination had been mutual, and took it for granted she was saying something sweet about the youth that had enslaved her. I was mistaken — she was only asking the name of the booby who had been gaping at her for the last ten minutes. I felt conscious of the impropriety of my behaviour, and so I inquired of Captain Carew, who was near me, the name of the lady.

"Miss Mayflower Vane — a confounded little rebel," was the answer.

"Please to introduce me."

After my introductory bow, I remained standing in the third position. Having nothing to say, I began gracefully to twirl my thumbs.

"I will thank you to leave staring at me, as if you were an Indian, and try to amuse me," said Mayflower.

"I am an Indian," said I; and, pleased to find myself on such an interesting topic as myself, I began to talk; and I explained to her the dignified descent on which I prided myself.

After this we got on. She told me she detested the government, and only came to these

entertainments to torment the officers, all of whom were in love with her.

From talking of other people, we came to talking of ourselves; and from talking of her, we got to talking of me. She thought proper to flatter me, and there was the mischief. It was all over with me. I dare say she was only making a fool of me, but I took it all for sincerity.

Ah! — flattery is a sweet and intoxicating potion, whether we drink it from an earthen ewer, or a golden chalice; but when we inhale it fresh and sparkling from the red lips of beauty, it changes in the bosom to the subtlest poison. Woman — beautiful woman — a woman like Mayflower Vane, is used to flattery, and it is harmless to her. She forgot that though she could feed harmlessly on poison, it might not be so with me. Flattery from man to woman is expected; it is a part of the courtesy of society; but when the divinity descends from the altar to burn incense to the priest, what wonder if the idolater should feel himself transformed into a god!

Mayflower was an anomaly. She had a heart, but she was a coquette — a natural coquette. The mischief was, she did not know she was one. Her admiration and her interest were easily excited, and she had a natural de-

sire for winning as many hearts as she could, not for the sake of wearing them, and displaying them, but for their own sake. Her heart was overflowing, and she loved the whole world. Her swift affections swarmed from her heart like bees, but only to return at night to their fragrant home, more sweetly laden than ever.

After I returned from the Governor's I found I could not sleep, so I sat up, scribbling sonnets till day-break. I threw myself then on my bed and slept. The syren, memory, seized her lyre, and sang the honied words of flattery, which had already charmed my ear. I slept — and that most musical of mortal voices still sounded in my ear, and attended my dreams to the divinest harmony.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND CALICO.

I awoke in love. In tropical hearts a passion shoots up to perfection in a single night, like a flower. The elements of my whole nature were inflammable, and love was the torch which was now to light them into a beacon fire to guide and guard my whole existence, or to a devouring flame which was to consume and destroy,—I heeded not which; but the flame was lighted, and the fire glowed. My whole nature, to its lowest depths, was illumined. Feelings and hopes, which had long lain dormant in my bosom, now crept out like torpid insects, to warm themselves in the genial influence of my love. My whole character seemed to alter suddenly—to acquire impulses and qualities, natural, indeed, but which had never shewn themselves before.

I have no wish to linger on the details of this period of my life. Suffice—I saw Mafy very often, and became desperately in love.

She was pleased with the passion of a boy, and thought herself partly in love with me. Besides, her imagination was excited, for I told her I was a genius, and wrote her a great quantity of verses.

By a singular combination of circumstances, Mafy came to make a visit at Morton's Hope. It is not necessary to explain any more, than that her father, who was an old friend of my uncle's was obliged to make a visit of business to the southern provinces, and as he was anxious that his daughter should not be exposed to the fatigues of rapid journeying at this inclement season, he appointed my uncle her temporary guardian.

When I heard this from Mafy's own lips, I trembled for joy. I could hardly believe that the Hope was to be turned into such a paradise. It was true, and she came.

She came — and my doom was sealed. Could it be otherwise? Was it not necessary that I should give myself up, blindly, recklessly, to my passion, — being daily, hourly, by the side of that enchanting woman? Was it unnatural, too, that in spite of her reason — in spite of my extreme youth, and the childishness of my character, she began to return a passion which was enforced with such unchanging vehemence.

She did return it, and I was happy. She

acknowledged to me that she loved me, and at that moment I felt myself an immortal. Swiftly flew those hours; they flew — but their wings were woven from the plumage of paradise. Unheard and unheeded falls the foot of time in the summer of our love, for his steps are muffled with flowers. Alas! alas! — how soon these flowers fade!! — and how soon comes the season when his every footstep is painfully distinct, as he strides over the crumbling leaves, and the decayed and crackling branches! and alas! the last season of all, when his progress is again unheard, but because his path is covered thick with snow.

Mafy loved me, and I was satisfied. There was an occasional fit of abstraction, and once or twice I found her in tears; but, in general, she was gay and happy. I had put my whole destiny in her hands. I had poured forth to her the whole suppressed tides of my inmost nature. Every hope, wish, aspiration — all the hoarded ingots of my heart — I gave — recklessly gave — to her keeping.

We were ever together in that blessed retirement. She made me speak gravely, and look definitely at the things which had been going on around us. I have said she was a rebel, and she made me one in a moment. She could mould me as she wished. There was my bane.

She found she influenced me too much. A woman cannot pardon in her lover a strength of character inferior to her own.

"Did you make Uncas go without his dinner to-day, uncle Joshua, that he is so ill-natured?" cried Mafy, one evening. The old gentleman heard or heeded not the question. He was standing in the corner of the room. Before him was an immense box, in which he had arranged all sorts of wheels and cylinders, and shuttles — had supplied it with water from a cistern — causing an artificial river and dam, and waterfall: in short, it was a whim to which the recent events in the colonies had made him rather more constant than he otherwise would have been. And as the gout and the bad weather had kept him from his great establishment in the Anissippi, he had been employing himself a month in constructing a calico factory, with which he could amuse himself within doors.

"A plus B divided by C, raised to the N power, are equal to an unknown quantity represented by X. Now, if the unknown quantity be the Piston No. 1, and 2 minus Z, be, ——," cried Joshua, reading from a book of problems, and referring to his machinery.

"Lord, Joshua," cried Forty, "I wish you could be cured of that provoking habit of read-

ing aloud anything that you may be busy with. If there are forty people in the room that know nothing of the subject, you insist on lugging them all in by the ears to your assistance. Now, what do you suppose I, or Uncas, or that little provoking Mafy——"

"You shan't abuse Mafy," said the old gentleman, drawing himself up with great dignity, "and moreover, you are not to suppose that every one has as little taste or talent for abstract science as yourself. The fact is, you do not at all appreciate the immense advantage you might have derived from a continual intercourse with a man like myself — a man, who has devoted himself, I may say, to the cause of science, and——"

"There's Hiram the carpenter coming in; so you'd better talk science with him," answered Forty, leaving the room on business of the family.

The old gentleman and his confederate went off to the calico, and were soon buried deeply in mathematical calculations.

"Now, come with me to the piano," said Mayflower, "and I will sing the pretty song you wrote for me."

And we went, and she sang the pretty song I wrote for her, and twenty others that I had written for her, and twenty more that I did

not write for her; and we had been a long time together, and had become very sentimental, and I had got hold of her hand under the piano, and was kissing it diligently. "Dearest Mayflower," said I——

"Come here both of you," said Joshua, suddenly marching up, and seizing Mafy by the arm. "Come directly — there is one cogged wheel, and one wheel without cogs, the theoretic adaptation of which I did not explain to you yesterday. I will do it now; and I have had the cistern filled with water; and Hiram the carpenter is come; and I shall set the whole system in motion. You shall see it, both of you. What can be more delightful?"

"Damn the carpenter and the cogged wheels," muttered I, in a pet, at being interrupted at such an interesting moment by such an annoying proposal. It is on such trifling occasions that a man seldom entirely commands himself, and a woman always. Woman is trained so early to concealment of feeling, that she slips on a decent outward demeanour as easily as a glove.

"Hush, Uncas," said Mafy, "you must go. Perhaps you are not aware that uncle Joshua is as much in love with me as you. I am not sure which I shall decide for. How should you like me for a step-mother?" So she smiled

upon Joshua, took his arm, and they were soon over head and ears in the mill-pond, while I solaced myself with a fit of sulks in a corner.

After this business was over, and we were left alone, I pressed my suit. The vehemence of my boyish eloquence, my prayers, and my passionate tears, softened her soul. She took a slight ring from her finger, and we broke it between us. She tied my fragment to a tress of her hair, and hung it round my neck. She kissed me fondly, and promised to be mine for ever.

That raven braid — that broken ring, lie now before my eyes. They are all that remind me of thy plighted love, Mayflower.

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I was just preparing to return home, after a few weeks' absence, — my heart full of hope and happiness, — when the following letter was put into my hands: —

"Dear Uncas;

"You are going to hate me. I am prepared for it. Alas! you have too much cause. What shall I write? My thoughts are wild and fluctuating as the sea, and my reason is tossed about at their mercy. My brain is whirled round by conflicting passions, till it is sick and giddy. You have often complained of my coldness, my abstraction; but could you have dreamed of the extent of my crime? Never. I have only made you the victim of a foiled attempt at self-sacrifice. Dearest Uncas, I do not ask you not to hate me. I implore your curses; but, at least, hear me to the end. I have but a word to say.

"When we first met, I looked upon you as a boy — a serious thought of you never crossed my brain. My imagination was touched with the fantastic passion of a child, — nothing more. By and by, I began to realize the intenseness and reality of your passion. The depths of your nature were revealed to me. I saw all that was good, and all that was fearful in your character. It terrified me to reflect that I, a weak woman, held your whole existence in my hands. I am not vain; and it was always difficult for me to believe that I could work that mischief, which I know is but too often wrought by woman. But I began to feel that I had been unwittingly trifling with a passion and a character, both beyond their own control and mine. I felt that I had wronged you, and I felt too, that I could indeed be the cause of unhappiness to one so young and so gifted.

"It was then that I thought of reparation, — it was then, that to cure one error, I committed one ten thousand times greater. It was then, that by a fatal mistake, I determined to atone for my coquetry, by a still greater crime, and, in a moment of hesitation, weakness, self-reproach, despair, I plighted myself to you; I vowed to love you when I knew I loved you not. I then began to struggle with myself. I

strove to persuade myself that I loved you. I ascribed to my heart, impressions traced only upon my fancy. I endeavoured to distort my admiration for you into love. Fool, that I was, not to know, that the moment a woman begins to reason, she has either never loved, or has ceased to love.

"Ah! if I could believe you would hate me, I should, I think, be happier. For God's sake, do not, do not forgive me. It is my only prayer. If you do, I shall be miserable indeed.

"But I hesitate, — I linger, — the worst is yet behind. Why do I now feel that I can never love you as I hoped, as you deserve, as you will be loved and worshipped, I know and prophecy, by some being superior to me in body, heart, and mind. I will tell you, — for I know you have the nerve to bear it. Listen, and shrink not. I love another. Yes; I love, — I am pledged to another. I have broken all my vows, and with your parting kiss hardly cold upon my lip, I have given myself to another. Will you know that other's name? You know him well. It is your friend, Vassal Deane! There, I have driven the arrow to your heart. One single word more. Do not allow yourself a ray of hope. There is no hope for you. I have never loved you, — not an instant. I wished to make reparation. I strove to sacrifice

us both. Miserable mistake! I did not know myself. I have, at last, met the man who has disclosed me to myself, — who has revealed to me the deep and awful feeling of which I always deemed myself capable, but never realized till now. Passion has slumbered within me always; but it dreamed, — it dreamed, — but it has at last awaked. I tell you, Uncas Morton, that I adore him. If you should descend to the lowest depths of my soul, you would find it filled to overflowing with the blessed light of his love.

"I dare say all this to you. It is at least, a consolation to me to know that you have already begun to hate me. At least, I have never sought to palliate my own conduct. Farewell, Uncas, dearest Uncas; I shall never cease to pray for your happiness; but I do not ask you to forgive me, either in this world or the next. Hate me, — hate me, — I implore you.

"MAYFLOWER VANE."

I read it through without flinching. The paper dropped from my hands. I began to whistle, as if nothing had happened. For an instant, not an emotion was excited in my mind. I walked mechanically to the door, and locked it. I sat down, and remained a moment in a stupid bewilderment. Suddenly the whole

horrible truth burst with a glare of light upon my mind. I read my fate by the conflagration of my ruined hopes, — and then I cried aloud in my agony, — I tore my hair, — I threw myself upon the ground, — I blasphemed Mayflower, — I poured out execrations — I raved myself into a frenzy, — I fell alternately from delirium to exhaustion, and from exhaustion to delirium. At last, I was worn out. I lay on the ground, motionless, hopeless, helpless; panting like a struck deer, writhing like a crushed worm, under the weight of one horrible, sickening remembrance. Hour after hour, I lay in that room in a trance, and felt each moment as it passed, enter my heart like a barbed arrow dipped in memory's poison. With the break of the morning, a light shot through my brain; the demon stirred within me. Pride roused itself like a lion in my breast, and love shrank away like a scourged slave. I thought of revenge, and I became calm and happy. I determined to return, to discover my rival, and to pluck out his heart, and then to annihilate Mayflower by my scorn.

I went down stairs, and breakfasted like a famished vulture. I then set out immediately for home.

It was evening when I arrived in Boston. I went immediately to her house. It was at

the then court-end of the town, and on the same square with the Governor's, where I had met her first. The house is standing now. A large three-story wooden building, with an open enclosure, and two or three trees before it. I rang the bell, — Miss Vane was out, — engaged, — in short, I could not see her. I gnashed my teeth, and turned from the door. I perceived that there was a light in Mafy's own parlour, and that the shutters were not closed. I climbed into one of the trees, and looked in. There was a light cambric shade on the window, so that I could not distinguish clearly; but I sat in the tree, hoping to see my beloved. By-and-by there came a shadow on the window, — my heart palpitated, — I knew that shadow, dearer to me than the reality of all the world besides. Presently there came another shadow, and the second was not that of a female figure; and the two shadows approached nearer and nearer, — they came close, — they joined, — they intermingled — they remained long entwined, — then the quick, indistinct hum of eager and passionate words, sounded faintly on my ear; and then, as the shadows separated, I heard a light laugh; I mistook it not, — 'twas Mafy's; but that most musical laugh rang in my ears like a demon's cry. I felt transfixed, — I sat motionless, — straining my

eyes to see all, — holding my breath to hear all. Again the shadows approached, again the murmured accents of love jarred upon my ears, — the male figure came close to the window, — I thought I recognised it, — it stretched out its arms. I saw a head resting on a shoulder. I sprang from the tree and saw no more.

And I stood there, had seen it all and breathed. It was indeed Mayflower, and I had seen her in another's arms. The thought was maddening, my brain seethed, my blood boiled, every nerve quivered, the air felt thick and choking, — I was growing mad.

I turned from the place, — it was snowing violently — I heeded it not, — I determined to walk the ten miles to Morton's Hope. The storm drove furiously in my face, as I proceeded, — I welcomed it, — I was fleeing from my own horrible thoughts. Those kisses were ever hissing in my ears like adders' tongues, — I staggered blindly on through the savage tempest. At last I became wearied, my feet were clogged, my knees trembled; I sank in the snow; I wrapped my cloak placidly round me, and placed my head upon a drifted heap; I hoped that my hour was come. Alas! I courted Death, and he spurned me. The fever of my heart was proof against the elements. Instead of growing torpid, I felt my brain again

consuming. The whole pack of my insane and devouring thoughts came on again in full cry, and I sprang to my feet, and fled like an Acteon before them. On, on I drove, faster and faster; I reached the Hope, burst open the door, ascended to my own room. As I passed in, with a lighted candle in my hand, I suddenly confronted myself in the glass, — It was my ghost! — I was horror-struck: — pale with watching, haggard with fatigue, with jaws fallen, lips livid, teeth chattering, the unexpected apparition to myself of myself, (a thing startling to every one,) was frightful. I thought I saw my wraith, and, half frightened, half exhausted and bewildered, I sank heavily on my bed, and slept a long and dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY UNCLE'S FETE.

When I awoke, it seemed as if I had only slept three minutes. It was day-light, however, and I felt no inclination to sleep.

I rang the bell, and learned from the servant that Joshua had been absent a few days, and was expected this afternoon; that Fortitude was confined to her chamber with the rheumatism; and that to-day being my uncle's birth-day, there was to be a ball, in commemoration of that, and of the approaching marriage between Mayflower and Vassal Deane.

Being sufficiently refreshed, I walked out into the air. The snow-storm which I have commemorated, had left but few traces: there was, however, an enormous quantity of snow and ice still left upon the ground. It was one of those warm, dissolving days, not uncommon in the early part of March. A southerly wind, and a thawing sun, had caused the surface of the country to glisten; and I heard the twitter-

ing of a thousand cheated birds, and the tinkling of a thousand streams under the prodigious masses of snow and ice which the winter had accumulated, and which were now sinking beneath the sun. The atmosphere was bright and glorious, the air was flooded with light, as if there were some magnificent festival in Heaven, and its supernatural brilliancy blazed through the sky.

I had not walked far, when I perceived a small cavalcade making its way to the Hope. Joshua, attired in a brown wrapper, and furred boots, an India handkerchief round his neck, and a bear-skin cap on his head, led the procession, mounted on the reader's acquaintance, Sleepy Solomon. Mayflower and Deane riding side by side, completed the party. Joshua, as the servant told me, had taken it into his wise head to give a fête, in honour of his own birthday. The festivities were to conclude with a ball and illumination, and he had brought from town a quantity of squibs and Congreve rockets for the occasion.

He was a singular figure, as he jolted up and down upon the gigantic horse. His wrapper, with one yawning pocket filled to the brim with the fire-works that were to explode that evening, and the other stuffed with a brown paper parcel of passion-flowers, which he had pur-

chased to make Mafy a wreath with, flapped heavily against his horse's flanks. Under his arm he clutched a bundle of flannel petticoats, purchased in town for Aunt Fortitude, and with one hand he jerked testily his horse's head at every tormenting jolt, while in the other fluttered the newspaper, which, with his spectacles bobbing down to the tip of his nose at every step, he was most preposterously endeavouring to read aloud for the edification of the lovers.

"It is a favourite theory of mine," said he, turning back towards his auditors with a sublime countenance, "that one should accustom oneself to do as many things at a time as possible. Cæsar, you know, could read, write, and dictate to a dozen all at once; — and you see that I, without pretending to be as great a man as Cæsar, can rein a restive horse, carry as many bundles as a baggage-wagon, and read these proceedings of the General Court, all at once, while each of you have enough to do to keep your seats on your horses."

Just as he concluded this vain-glorious speech, his horse stumbled heavily in a rut. Joshua pulling awkwardly at the bridle with one hand, flapped the paper in his eyes with the other. The horse, resenting this insult, kicked up his heels, and Joshua, alarmed, dropped newspaper,

bundles, and all, and clung to Solomon's neck with both hands.

Upon this I advanced from a thicket, picked up the bundles, and greeted Joshua, who had already tumbled from his horse, with surprise at my unexpected apparition. I nodded hastily to Deane, — avoided Mafy's eye, who was anxiously seeking to catch mine, and saying I would meet them all at the house, turned from the road.

They were not more than four or five miles from the Hope. The Anisippi, swollen beyond its limits to a quarter of a mile's breadth, was still frozen hard, and Joshua had been hitherto in the habit of riding across the ice, which shortened the distance a mile. The present thaw, had, however, lasted so long, that he was averse to crossing it at present; and, observing that the ice had already began to look blue and thin, he advised them all to ride round by the bridge.

Mayflower, however, at the moment I had left the party, had ridden rapidly forward alone, probably wishing to collect herself for the approaching interview with me.

She did not hear Joshua's advice, and thinking the ice strong enough to support an army, she touched her pony with the whip, and dashed on to it. She was already half-way across, be-

fore she heard their expostulations. Suddenly, all perceived that the ice in the centre looked very thin, and we stood, waiting breathlessly for the issue. It began to tremble. It was too late to recede; to rush rapidly forward, was her only chance. She hesitated, — she checked her horse, — the ice began to heave and sink in a wide undulating circle; it was already too late, — the horse became frightened and restive, — refused to obey the whip, — backed, reared, and then stood shivering from head to foot. Again the ice bent fearfully, — and the stream was heard curdling distinctly below, — the whole frozen sheet of the river swayed back again to its level, — again the horse started forward, — the ice sunk again, deeper than ever, — deeper and deeper still, — then a crashing sound throughout the whole surface, and then it broke into a hundred pieces, and rider and horse were seen struggling in the liberated waves. A cry of horror burst from every mouth. Mayflower clung almost senseless to the horse's neck. He swam blindly and desperately forward. The broken cakes of ice clogged across his path. In an instant he reached a point, where the river, making a rapid bend, was suddenly compressed into a narrower and deeper current. Here the violence of the torrent had long before swept away the ice, which bound it only in the

depths of winter. Mary lost all command of herself, and fell from the horse. All this was the work of an instant.

At the first bursting of the ice, I had sprung to her assistance, and thrown myself, half frantic, into the waves. She was borne up awhile by her dress. The current whirled her round and round, and hurried her rapidly down. I swam madly after her, — I gained upon her, — the bend in the river and a thicket of elder bushes hid her from my sight. On the other side of the thicket, the stream became very narrow. Deane, whose coolness and self-possession, had never for a moment deserted him, had galloped round to this point, dismounted, seized a rail from a Virginia fence, and standing on the bank, waited a few seconds. The current bore her straight towards him; another instant, and she would have been swept away; he thrust the rail dexterously before her, — she grasped it with the convulsive clutch of a dying person, — she touched the brink. Deane, leaning forward, seized her in his arms, and drew her upon the bank of the river without wetting the soles of his feet. They gathered round her, seeking by various means to revive her. In the meantime I was drowning.

In the confusion of the moment, I had been forgotten. Joshua had seen me spring into the

river. "Uncas! my boy!" shouted he, in agony. There was no answer. A death-like silence succeeded. I had sunk for a moment, cramped with the cold, and exhausted with my frantic exertions. I rose close to the ice; I grasped it feebly with both hands; they were slipping; — in an instant, I should have sunk, and been borne under, when Deane, perceiving my situation, rushed to my assistance, and caught me by the arm. I exerted myself with my remaining strength, and he succeeded in dragging me out. I tottered to the bank, and sank down exhausted. I recovered, however, almost instantly. I had been chilled and half frozen; but my frame was vigorous, and in a few minutes I was able to stand. They were all bent upon resuscitating Mafy.

A long time she lay, pale and rigid as a beautiful statue. They chafed her temples, and did every thing customary on such occasions, with but little success. At last, Joshua, who had heard of burnt feathers, and was a subscriber to the Humane Society, determined on lighting the plumes of her bonnet, and burning them under her nose. He extracted his tinder-box, and began composedly to strike a light. Crack! crack! crack! — A tremendous explosion succeeded. A Catherine's wheel whizzed out of his pocket, and the camlet wrapper was a sheet

of flame. A spark had fallen among his fireworks, and they exploded a few hours too soon. Deane, who was to be the hero of every scene that day, caught up the flannel petticoats, which lay providentially near, and wrapping them round Joshua, hugged him closely in his arms. The old gentleman lost his equilibrium, and they fell, and rolled together on the ground. The fire was extinguished, and no harm was done; but their faces were blackened by the smoke, and they presented a most absurd appearance as they sprawled together on the earth, locked together in a close embrace, and enveloped in the graceful drapery of the red petticoats.

In the meantime, I had hung over Mafy, despairing; forgetting all that was past, and seeing only that she, who was dearer to me than life, lay dying before my eyes. I chafed her temples, — I pressed her to my heart, — I kissed her pale mouth, her forehead, her eyes. When suddenly, — perhaps benefited by the various applications which had been tried, or perhaps aroused from her torpor by the discharge of Joshua's artillery, — she half unclosed her eyes, and stretching her arms faintly towards me, she murmured, "God bless you, dearest Vassal," and closed them again.

The words stabbed me to the heart. I had

forgotten every thing but her danger, — every thing but my despair, — every thing, but my still unchecked and undiminished love. The words recalled my awful, hopeless state; they recalled my vow of revenge. I commanded myself instantly, — called the attention of the rest to Mafy's improved situation, — said that I would hurry to the house for assistance, and then mounted one of the horses, that I might get home and change my dress.

In the meantime a litter of rails was formed, and Mayflower, nearly resuscitated, was borne, with the assistance of some labourers, slowly towards the Hope.

Mafy did not recover from the effects of this adventure till the next day. During all this time, with the exception of a long interview with Joshua, in which we decided I should immediately leave America to complete my education, I kept myself locked up in my room. The ball was put off till the next evening, and Joshua, who had never suspected the love passages betwixt Mafy and myself, had insisted upon my opening the dance with her. Not a soul had ever known of our engagement, or of its termination; and as for me, I would have died a thousand deaths rather than have divulged it to a human being. This night I determined to act; I determined to be joyous and

happy. It is only the effort in such cases that is painful. Chain down your heart for a moment, and it will lie still in its fetters. Swallow the first throb of your agony, and you may dance on the grave of your mother. But mistake not your feigned and frantic merriment for joy. The serpent shrinks and coils itself away, but only to meditate a new and more venomous attack. Think not that you have wrestled with your anguish till you have destroyed it. It is a cowardly foe, and slinks away when it is attacked; but wait only till you are quiet or exhausted, or asleep, and see if it does not return with a legion of fiends at its back.

I entered the drawing-room — the company were assembled — the fiddles were playing — all was ready. I approached Mayflower — she was pale and trembling. I looked her steadily in the face, and my eye did not quail, nor my lip tremble, nor my cheek blanch, nor my voice falter, as I said, — "Believe me, dearest Mafy, no one more sincerely sympathises with your happiness than I. No one more entirely admires the man of your choice than I. No one knows or loves him better. Do not distress yourself for the abrupt termination of our little flirtation. Believe me that I was but too glad to be released from my vows, even with a little wound to my vanity. It was but a boyish

affair. I was young and foolish, and had already repented my rashness. Thank God! you have saved me from its consequences."

Mayflower looked anxiously in my eyes; she seemed puzzled, and half vexed. She ventured, however, to allude to the events of yesterday, and began to express her gratitude for my efforts in her behalf. I begged her, rather peremptorily, I believe, not to mortify me by recurring to so ridiculous a topic, and then I began to caper. I was the whole evening in extravagant spirits, and said innumerable good things, which I have, unfortunately, forgotten.

I announced to every one that I was going to leave the country in two or three days. I was delighted with my success, and determined to leave the room now that the ball was near its conclusion, and I was at the height of my gaiety and indifference. As I turned toward the door, I felt some one touch my arm; it was Mayflower. She addressed me with a quivering lip.

"And will you leave your home, perhaps for ever, without saying one kind word of forgiveness to one who will weary Heaven with prayers for your welfare?"

I turned — I gave her one look of hate — quenchless, unforgiving hate, and then I turned on my heel, and left the place.

I occupied myself two or three hours after I left the room, in assorting and burning my papers. I wrote two or three letters. It was at last three o'clock in the morning. The ball had long been over. The house was still as death. I descended and walked a long time upon the terrace. The night was calm and bright. I looked upon the stars, and communed long and deeply with myself. I felt like one entranced. A strange and inexplicable tranquillity filled my soul. I endeavoured to analyse my feelings, but became bewildered in the attempt. Suddenly an awful resolution seemed to force itself against my own will upon me. It was the thought of self-destruction. I fought against it, but in vain. The resolution had fixed itself upon my heart, and I felt that my struggles were impotent against it. Still, however, I was perfectly calm. It seemed that I was impelled onward by an irresistible fate. As I gazed upon the stars, it seemed that I could read my terrible destiny in their bright and mysterious rays. I abandoned myself to an idea which I felt powerless to contend with. I felt that I had but a few days to live, and that strength would be given me to bear up through the remaining scenes of my short existence. I retired to my chamber at last, and slept calmly as a child.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MARRIAGE AND A MASSACRE.

It was the morning of the 5th of March, the day appointed for the marriage of Mayflower, at which I had promised to be present. I hurried through the town — I reached the church — the bells were ringing merrily — I entered with a stealthy step, and passed up the most retired aisle — I placed myself in the broad shadow of a column, and saw without being seen — I was very near the altar. The bridal group were assembled around it, and two forms were kneeling at the altar.

A moment only, I tottered and leaned against the pillar for support. It was but a moment — the pang passed away, and I felt suddenly composed. I had taken my resolution, and felt fearfully calm. Motionless as a statue, I leaned against the column, my eyes fixed calmly on the bridal pair — I heard every question and response — I saw the ring given, the hands joined, the blessing pronounced. They rose —

the bride cast a sudden glance around. She was a little agitated. Suddenly her eyes lighted upon me. It must have seemed a phantom — none other saw me. She almost shrieked, and turned as pale as death. I advanced with a smile. She trembled. I took her hand — it was icy cold. I kissed her lips — they were as pale and rigid as marble. I then turned from her, and with a manner almost too boisterous for the solemnity of the occasion, I shook hands heartily with Deane, wished him and his bride all manner of joy, and bade them all good morning as they left the scene.

I watched till the party had left the church, walked quietly after, and stationed myself under the portico. Two carriages stood before the door. The steps were let down, the bride and bridegroom ascended one, the rest of the party the other. The doors closed, the carriages drove off. I stood till the last sound of the retiring wheels died upon my ear. I awoke from my trance, and found that I was alone.

The resolution which had confirmed itself while I was in church, I now hastened to execute. I mounted my horse, and rode hastily to Morton's Hope. I went to my room, took my pistols, and walked quietly into the wood. I sat down on a fragment of rock, took off

my neckcloth, unbuttoned my waistcoat, laid bare my bosom, and placed against it the muzzle of the pistol. So far all was simple enough. I, however, now made the discovery, that killing oneself is the easiest matter in the world, till you come to the final particulars. I found these very troublesome. With a desperate effort, however, I drowned reflection, and pulled the trigger. The pistol flashed in the pan. I sank upon the ground in a state of wonder at my miraculous escape.

A moment after, I began to reflect: I began to think myself a lucky fellow, at being so well out of the scrape. I believe, that in that minute portion of a second, which intervened between the pulling of the trigger and the trifling explosion of the pan, I had run over all the thousand arguments against the propriety of the measure; in that infinitesimal fraction of time, I had seen unrolled before me all the thousand charms, and delights, and realities of life, just as it was too late, and my unhappiness and its causes shrank up into nonentity. Conceive of my delight on finding myself alive after all.

"But a few months ago," said I to myself, "I wandered through these woods; I dreamed of a future of glory and of joy; the sun-light lay warm and beautiful on the path of my

life; my way was strewn with roses; the heavens were bright, the earth was green; the flowers were gay, the birds sang merrily on every tree. My heart was full of happiness and hope; I had not then seen Mayflower, I dreamed not of her existence; yet was my present happy, my future glorious. Can the sun shine no more? Will not the woods renew their green? Will the flowers no longer bloom? Have the birds forgot to sing? Have I no longer a green world to rove through? Must the gates of the future be barred upon me, because I may not dwell in her arms?

"Fool! — if she sighs for your death, you will not hear; if she weeps, you will not kiss away her tears; if she dies, you will not be near her in the grave.

"Buffoon! can you not feel that her grief, if grief she feel, will pass from her heart, like a breath from a mirror, and leave no trace. Look beyond, — one year, — half-year, — three months, and lo! she is laughing, and dancing, and singing — and you have hardly rotted in your grave.

"Try time, — try time: in one little year, the arrow will drop from the wound, and your heart will be whole. In one little year, you would stand over the grave of such a love-sick

child as your former self, and laugh his memory to scorn.

"Try time, — try time! Why this haste? — why this unseemly haste? If, when you have essayed Time's healing balsam, you find that the worm decays not, if your purpose is still unchanged, will there be then no more gunpowder, no more poison, no more halters, in the world? — away, then, with this unseemly haste."

I went through a long series of such pleasing reflections: but, I dare say, I have given the substance of them.

My love of life, and my fear of death, were both great; it was this that saved me, as it has hundreds, from voluntary death. My deliberation weakened and destroyed my resolve, so I put my pistols into my pocket, and walked quietly into the house.

It will be seen, but, I hope, pardoned for the present, that my nature, at this period, was utterly void of any thing like morality, or even regulation.

Unfortunately, the person whose influence over me was greatest, was as deficient as myself. His superiority was in his unconquerable will; in his concentrated and admirable energy of volition. If it be supposed that I recommend him as worthy of applause for other

qualities, than for the particular ones for which he was conspicuous, I shall indeed fail in one of the principal objects of this history. Under such a construction, the principles by which I have been guided in the description of characters and scenes, will have been set at nought.

Power, without principle, is in all cases an engine of evil rather than of good; and this undeniable and universal law it is far from my intention to combat or infringe.

As I came into my room, I saw a note, which I had not opened before, — it was as follows:

"DEAR MORTON,

"Come to me without fail at twelve to-day: — I shall be in ——— Street. It is a matter of life and death.

"Your Friend, V. D."

It wanted half-an-hour: — I rode furiously to town, and reached ——— Street five minutes before the time. Deane was already there.

"I have no time to lose," said he, abruptly seizing me by the arm, and hurrying me along the street. "Look through this note; I received it this morning."

The note was as follows:

"VASSAL DEANE, ESQ.

"Sir, — There are three things to be settled, and they may be done at one time as well as another — amicably, if you like — but certainly, suddenly. Bring a friend — Major Dalrymple will be with me. I know it is your marriage-day, but I cannot wait. I know you too well not to be sure that it will prove no excuse. The hour is half-past twelve. The place, the Providence House. Your obedient Servant,

"L. E. O. CAREW, 29th Regt."

I looked up in perfect and profound ignorance.

"Ah! I see you are surprised!" said Deane; "there is a long story — I have no time to tell it yet. A love passage, (for you know that Captain Carew was an unsuccessful suitor of Mafy,) a political intrigue, and some other matters, all mixed up together in the most incongruous manner. You see I must have a friend, and I know no one so tried, so firm as you. I hardly know how the matter will end. You will think it strange that I have left my bride so soon; in fact, I left her at the house without getting out of the carriage. The matter brooks no delay; I deceived Mayflower with a plausible lie, which will serve three hours. After that — but first I will tell you briefly the whole story. You must know that three weeks ago,

I went — but stay — what tumult is this? Listen to those bells — see what a concourse of citizens. I hear drums — cannons!"

We had reached State-street, it was thronged with citizens; shouts and execrations rang through the air. The dense mass fluctuated hither and thither, but the direction seemed to be toward the head of the street. We hastened our pace. We came near the corner of Exchange-lane, and nearly in front of the Custom-house. It was the place where the main guard was always stationed. There were a large number of soldiers; they were hemmed closely in by a vast and excited crowd of townsmen. The plumes of several officers were waving in the midst of the mob. There seemed to be a tremendous excitement. Execrations, threats, and taunts were showered upon the soldiers by the citizens. An officer was struck down in the crowd. A thousand hoarse voices rent the air; a thousand confused and contradictory orders were given by those in command. The townsmen pressed upon, and insulted the soldiers. The soldiers presented their muskets. A crisis was approaching.

"Premature, stupid, heedless rabble, ever acting like beasts from impulse, from instinct!" muttered Deane between his teeth. "Can ye not wait? Will ye, — must ye cast and crush

yourselves beneath the scythed chariot of despotism, when ye might collect your might to overturn and shatter it? Stay, I will try; perhaps it is not yet too late." He pressed forword.

"Fire, fire if you dare!" shouted a townsman to the military.

The soldiers insulted — chafed — terrified — maddened — bewildered — mistook the orders of the officers. They raised their muskets — hesitated a moment — fired — and the streets of Boston were wetted with the first blood of the revolution.

Deane was hurrying forward. As the soldiers raised their muskets, he grasped my arm. As they fired, his clutch became suddenly like an iron vice. It slackened in an instant — I turned to him — he had sunk upon the ground — a ball had pierced his heart.

I dragged him to the British Coffee-house, on the opposite side of the street. My best friend lay dead, but I shed not a tear. Impelled by a mysterious, but, as it now seems to me, an inevitable impulse, I rushed straight to the house of his bride. I felt greedy for more horrors — I longed to glut myself with her despair.

I opened the street-door, a light step bounded down the staircase.

"Vassal dearest, dearest Vassal!" cried Mayflower, with outstretched arms, and then seeing me, she turned as pale as a ghost — "Morton — Uncas Morton!" she faltered, with a bewildered look.

"Vassal Deane is dead!" cried I.

"Where is my husband? — speak — quick — Why does he not come? I have waited long, too long. Why has he deserted his bride? My brain has been filled with horrible forebodings, and now my husband comes not; but my offended lover."

"Your forebodings were all just; I tell you Deane is dead!"

She stared vacantly at me for an instant. Suddenly she comprehended me, she sprang toward me, caught my arm, and glared wildly upon me.

"I tell you it is a lie, a foul, wicked lie!" she shrieked. "Tell me, tell me it is a falsehood," she continued in the same tone, and shaking me with both her hands with her utmost strength.

I shook my head — I laughed outright — in obedience to the promptings of the devil within me. The whole horrible scene which, when I think over it now, chills my very heart, struck me then as ludicrous and trivial. It seemed to me all a fiction.

My laugh appalled her, there must have been something awful in my merriment, for she began to tremble from head to foot. She lowered her tone from anger to supplication.

"Say, say, dearest Morton, that it is false, that it is a jest, to punish me for my heartless conduct towards you! By the love which you vowed to me — by the vows and the plight I have broken — I implore, I conjure you, to relieve me from this horrible fear. Say it is false — say so — speak!"

She writhed upon the ground — she kissed my feet — she raised her eyes streaming with tears to my face — she heard me say once more in a decided tone, "Vassal Deane is dead, — there is no hope" — and then she sank upon the floor. Her swoon was like death.

I summoned assistance for her in the house, and vanished like an evil spirit.

The next night I was tossing upon the Atlantic.

BOOK II.

"Langen wir doch nach den längsten verzögerlichen Einreden und Vexirzügen endlich zu Hause und am Ende an, wo die Kehrausleser hausen; so haben wir unterweges alles, jede Zoll- und Warn-Tafel und jedes Gasthofschild gelesen und jene Nichts, und wir lachen herzlich über sie."

Jean Paul—Dr. Katzenberger's *Bade-Reise.*

"*Jaques.*—And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

"*Touchstone.*—I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

"*Jaques.*—Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie?

"*Touchstone.*—O, Sir, we quarrel in print by the book; as you have books for good manners, I will name you the degrees."

As you like it.

CHAPTER I.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR.

"Hip—hip—hurrah! Three glasses all round!"

They were drunk rapidly.

"Trump, my boy, I drink you three glasses."

"Drink, old fellow—I take them, and three more"

"Drink."

"Lackland,—I drink you a third of this *bocale* of Liebfrauen-milch," said Trump

"All d——d humbug," said the Englishman. "However, it is your custom. Drink, in God's name."

"Dummberg, I drink you this whole *bocale*," shouted Rabenmark.

"Fox—fox!" growled Dummberg, a student of at least forty-five. "You forget yourself. A fox must never presume to challenge an old *bursch* like me. The crass fox may aspire to the 'burnt fox,' but there his ambition must stop. Wait till I drink to you, Rabenmark, and be wiser in future," concluded the veteran, with a pull at a very seedy pair of moustachios.

"I deny it," said Rabenmark, "I deny it; I as-

sert my right," and he prepared to drink off the *bocale.*

"Listen, young man," said Dummberg, drawing a little greasy book, printed on very brown paper, from his pocket; "Listen to the text of the 'Universal Beer Drinker's Code.' The code for drinking beer applies equally to wine; and as I had myself a hand in preparing this volume for the press, you may have no doubt of the accuracy of every one of its precepts. Let me see—let me see. Ah, here it is—Section IV.—division 8. 'Foxes among foxes enjoy the same rights as burschen among themselves; they may drink to each other any number of glasses. No fox, however, is allowed to challenge to drink either a young bursch or an old one.' So, you, who are yet in your first semester, at the University, and, consequently, a raw 'crasser' fox, will hardly now maintain your right to challenge me, who was a 'bursch' before you were born."

Rabenmark accordingly sat down abashed; and before he gets up again, I may as well describe, in a word or two, the scene in which I found myself engaged.

Auerbach's cellar was celebrated as the scene of one of the most singular events in the notorious Dr. Faust's biography. At the time when I first visited Leipzig—and I dare say it remains much the same at the present day—Auerbach's "Haus and Hof" was a house of tolerable dimensions, communicat-

ing by a small open court with one of the larger cross-streets of the great bookseller's paradise.

Göthe had not yet written Faust; but the wild fable which was the foundation of that wonderful drama, was as well known as now. The cellar proper, in which my companions and myself were seated, was a small wine-vault, rather more commodiously furnished than cellars usually are. It had white-washed walls, a little the worse for wear, a boarded and sanded floor, and sundry antique and particularly uncomfortable chairs and settles. On opposite sides of the wall were two pictures, in marvellously shabby fresco; the one represented the interview of Dr. Faust and Mephistopheles with Messieurs Frosch, Siebel, and other worthy plebeians of Leipzig: the other, the conclusion of the debauch instituted by Mephistopheles, with the bewilderment of the same confederacy, and the abrupt elopement of Mephistopheles and his learned pupil, who, commodiously seated astride the same wine cask, are represented as flying out of the cellar-window, to the great edification of their late boon companions.

We had got through the story of both pictures, which the garrulous waiter and cicerone *would* tell every stranger, as his ancestors before him had done, (all offices are hereditary in Germany, from an emperor to an executioner,) and were now diligently investigating the comparative merits of the Rhenish of the previous century, and of our own.

With one exception, my companions were inti-o mate friends of a day's growth. The exceptin

was, the Englishman, whose acquaintance I had made at the country-seat of a Pomeranian gentleman, where we had both been spending some weeks.

As this person became very intimately connected with me, and took a prominent part in the events which I have preserved of this portion of my biography, it will be as well to describe him in a few words.

Sansterre Lackland was about ten years older than myself, and, consequently, a little nearer thirty than twenty; he was of high descent, and small property—the youngest son of the youngest brother of the Earl of Agincourt. The features of Antinous were not more accurately moulded, nor more beautiful than his; and his tall figure and distinguished address were worthy of his nation and his race.

With him I was sitting a little apart from the rest of the company, with most of whom he was tolerably well acquainted. There were six students from Göttingen, and half-a-dozen others of Leipzig who had been making what is technically called a "beer journey," during the Pentecost holidays, and as the ostensible and only object of such a pilgrimage (which usually conducts the party from one university to another) is to drink as great a quantity of beer and Rhenish at each stopping place, as human beings are capable of, they had not unwisely made Leipzig the last stage of their journey, where they had been revelling in the most glo-

rious intoxication, till it was time for them to return.

These journeys are always made on foot. A knapsack contains a change of linen; and as at each university town they are accustomed, according to universal usage, to quarter themselves upon their respective friends among the students there, the only use to which their scanty supply of Fredericks-d'or is applied, is to pay for the wine and beer which form the objects of the journey.

As their Fredericks had nearly all flown, they were to take their departure next day; and as both Lackland and myself were idle men, without aim or object, we had agreed to study a phenomenon of human nature that was new to us, and had determined to return with this party to Göttingen.

Among these students, there were two who are connected with certain adventures, which I propose to relate. These were Otto Von Rabenmark, and Hermann Leopold Caspar Bernard Adolph Ulrich Count Trump Von Toggenburg-Hohenstaufer.

Rabenmark was the "fox" (the slang term for a student in his first year) who had just been challenging the veteran student to drink. He was very young, even for a fox; for at the time I write of, he was not yet quite seventeen; but in precocity of character, in every respect, he went immeasurably beyond any person I have ever known. As to his figure, I certainly have seldom seen a more unprepossessing person at first sight, though on better acquaintance, after I had become warmly attached to

him, I began to think him rather well-looking. He had coarse scrubby hair, of a mixed colour, something between a red and a whity-brown. His face was peppered all over with freckles, and his eyes were colourless in the centre, and looked as if edged with red tape. An enormous scar, the relic of a recent duel, in which like a thorough fox, he was constantly engaged, extended from the tip of his nose to the edge of his right ear, and had been sewed up with fourteen stitches, every one of which (as the "Pauk Doctor" had been a botcher at his trade) was distinctly and grotesquely visible. As every one of the students present was tatooed and scarified in the same way, like so many New Zealand chiefs, his decoration of itself hardly excited attention; but as, to heighten the charms of his physiognomy, he had recently shaved off one of his eyebrows, his face certainly might lay claim to a bizarre and very unique character. His figure was slender, and not yet mature, but already of a tolerable height. His dress was in the extreme of the then Göttingen fashion. He wore a chaotic coat, without collar or buttons, and as destitute of colour as of shape; enormously wide trowsers, and boots with iron heels and portentous spurs. His shirt-collar, unconscious of cravat, was doubled over his shoulders, and his hair hung down about his ears and neck. A faint attempt at moustachios, of an indefinite colour, completed the equipment of his face, and a huge sabre, strapped round his waist, that of his habiliments. As he wrote Von before his name, and was de-

scended of a Bohemian family, who had been baronized before Charlemagne's time, he wore an enormous seal ring on his fore-finger, with his armorial bearing. Such was Otto Von Rabenmark, a youth, who, in a more fortunate sphere, would have won himself name and fame. He was gifted with talents and acquirements immeasurably beyond his years. He spoke half a dozen languages — Heaven knows when he had picked them up — was an excellent classical scholar, and well read in history; played well on the violin and piano; and if not a dexterous was at least a desperate and daring swordsman. He was of undoubted courage, and a little of a renomist, (or swaggerer,) a defect which his extreme youth excused, and from which he very soon recovered.

As for Count Trump Von Toggenburg, there was hardly a crowned head in Europe with whom he was not allied, excepting perhaps some two or three parvenu sovereigns, whom he thought unworthy of his relationship. He traced his family, with great accuracy, up to the Deluge; but that catastrophe seemed, among other injuries to the human race, to have obliterated most of the land-marks of the Toggenburg genealogy. He contented himself accordingly with declaring, that the direct line of his family was lost among the antediluvians, and he kept himself conversant with all the geological researches that were made, in the hope, I am convinced, of discovering some fossil remain of a mammoth Toggenburg among the newly-discovered

relics of the ancient world. His family was the main object of his thoughts. He noted down as carefully as a parish clerk every new addition to any of its numerous branches. As there were no less than twelve distinct branches of the Toggenburg family in North Germany, and as each branch was very poor, and consequently very prolific, this single occupation employed most of his time. He carried with him always a little book, which was written by a Count Toggenburg in the 10th century, and which purported to be an essay on the rise and progress of the Toggenburg family. This he asserted was a very rare work, and to prove it, he affirmed that he had inquired of almost every bookseller in Germany for a copy, and could never find one who had ever heard either of the book, the author, or the author's family. His father, who had only his salary of privy councillor to support him, —for although he wrote himself on all occasions Ritterguts-Besitzer, (proprietor of a knight's estate,) no one could ever discover the exact location of his manor,—was only able to allow him five hundred rix dollars for his wechsel, or annual allowance. This was not brilliant; but he, nevertheless, contrived to play a very tolerable fiddle with it; for five hundred rix dollars go farther in a German university than any where else; and allowed him to keep, if not a pair of horses, at least a pair of spurs, of very respectable dimensions, which he sported on all occasions, and which, whether he rode or not, he considered to be an indispensable article of dress

to one of his chivalrous descent. For the rest, Count Trump was a good-natured, amiable, young man, a good deal of a bore, when on his favourite topic, that is, for four-fifths of the time; but in other respects an agreeable companion. He was pale, and thin, with fair hair, and an aquiline nose; wore a magnificent bag-cap of red velvet, with a broad band of purple, green, and gold round the brim, and a dress of a less republican and more worldly cut than the rest of his companions. He was smoking a porcelain pipe, on which were printed sixteen quarterings of the Toggenburg arms, and from whose long cherry stick there dangled a pair of tassels of the same colours as the band around his cap. These colours were the badge of his club — the most aristocratic one, he assured me, in Göttingen, in which there was not a single member who had not a Von to his name.

Dummberg was the student of five and forty, a fat, and shabby-looking individual, with a shock head of hair, and beer-colour mustachios. He was short, with an enormous paunch, and was often known to drink thirty-five bottles of beer, or a dozen of hock, at a single sitting. He was one of that nondescript class which are always hanging round a German university — a superannuated student, living from Semester to Semester, making his appearance regularly at the Kneipe and the Fechtboden, (the drinking-room and the duelling hall,) without occupation, and without visible means of support. He was a constant gambler in a small

way; and as he always joined in every party of Zwicken or Landsknecht with an empty pocket, he was sure to lose nothing, and usually contrived to win a few guldens. This was the only natural way of accounting for his subsistence, and it was winked at by many, out of regard to his age and venerable appearance.

Affenstein, the last of the Göttingen gentry, was a junior Bursch, (junger Bursch,) or student in his third Semester. He was a dark-complexioned youth, with very black hair, and a beard of formal cut. His mouth was enormous; but as it was nearly concealed by his moustachios, he would have been very well looking, if he had not, unfortunately, wanted a nose;—this had been shorn off in a duel, so closely, as to leave his face as smooth as his palm, and the deficiency, combined with his other attractions, reduced his personal pretensions, it must be confessed, to a very low mark.

Besides these, were a number of the aboriginal students of Leipzig, all with moustachios, club caps, polonaise coats, pipes, tassels, and poodles.

It was getting very late; a great many bottles had been uncorked, and the old cellar-vault rang with their uproar and their songs.

> " Und kommt der Wechsel heute
> So sind wir reiche Leute
> Und haben Geld wie Heu
> Doch morgen ist's vorbei—"

sang Affenstein.

"He—ri—Hei—ro—Hei—ri—Hei—ro—
Bei uns gehts immer so—oo—"

roared the chorus.

"Psha!" said the veteran Dummberg; "why waste your time in singing such unnecessary songs? If you will sing, sing at least a song that has a drinking part to it. Listen; we will sing the round songs to our sweethearts. I will begin." And so he sang, in a grumbling base, the first stave of the well known song—

"Es geht ein Sauf Comment
An unserm Tisch herum—um—um
Drei mal drei ist neune—weisst du wie ich meine
Es geht ein Sauf Comment
An unserm Tisch herum—um—um."

"Rabenmark! dein Liebchen heisst?"
"Gretchen!" shouted the fox, in reply.

"Gretchen soll leben—soll leben."

And so went the song round the table. The uproar and drunkenness increasing at every step, till all the Gretchens, and Mariechens, and Justinas, and Minnas, all the sweethearts of the company, had been duly toasted in bumpers of Liebfrauenmilch.

"You students are most potent at potting," said I, to Trump Von Toggenburg, who sat next me,—for Lackland and I had accepted an invitation to join the table.

"Pretty well!" said he; "but perhaps the greatest wine drinker that ever was in Germany, was my great-grandfather, Count Ullrich Trump Von Toggenburg, who was a colonel in the Austrian service, in the year of our Lord 16—. You are probably acquainted with his name."

"Oh! most intimately," said I, wishing to avoid a memoir by his descendant.

"Well," said my neighbour, "my great-grandfather was so noted for his drinking capacity, that hardly any of his brother officers ventured to compete with him. If they did, they were sure to be comfortably laid under the table before he had fairly begun to drink. One evening,—it was shortly after the seige of ————, in which the colonel particularly distinguished himself, as you doubtless recollect—"

"Perfectly," said I.

"One evening,—it must have been, I think, late in February, or it might have been in the beginning of March.—the siege I know began in January, and was not raised till the 20th of February, by the appearance of Donnerberg with 20,000 troops, from beyond the Elbe. One evening, a party of officers,—my great grandfather, then about thirty years of age, among the number,—were making a night of it at the 'Golden Stag' in Munich. They had drunk a good deal of champagne in compliment to the French officers who were present, and were now busily engaged in discussing Bochsbeutel and other potent wines of the Palatinate. They

sat long, and drank deeply; but towards one o'clock in the morning, they began, one by one to drop off, and before two, they were all snoring in their chairs, or on the floor, excepting my respectable ancestor, and an officer in a foreign-looking uniform, whom he had never before seen.

"'I hear you are as celebrated at the banquet of Bacchus, as in the camp of Mars,' said the stranger, very classically, at the same time bowing politely to my ancestor. The latter always described him as a pale, gentleman-like looking man, of middle age, with a Roman nose, a satirical expression about the mouth, and a just discernible limp in his gait.

"'If that be the case,' continued he, 'I suppose you are willing to prolong our symposium a little longer than these milksops have been disposed to; and if you have no objection, we will order another bottle.'

"The colonel assented; a fresh bottle was brought, together with a plate of caviare. The officer, who appeared to be a man of various information, and agreeable manners, entered into an interesting conversation, during which, bottle after bottle was drained, till my ancestor began to find his head growing a little dizzy.

"Perceiving, however, no corresponding indication on the part of his companion, he bore up manfully against his weakness, and again, bottle after bottle disappeared. Towards four o'clock, however, he became convinced that he must give in very

soon. His head whirled like a windmill; the bottles and glasses staggered about the table; the chairs and sofas danced round the room. He could not distinguish his mouth from his glass; himself from his companion. Every thing was mixed up in his mind in a preposterous and confused manner; and all the time, the stranger, who had drunk twice the quantity of wine that he had, was giving, with a composed demeanour, and with a face whose pale colour had not been a shade heightened by his tremendous debauch, a detailed and minute account of the siege of Eckendorff, by Tilly, in the thirty years' war. Of what it was apropos, it would have puzzled my relation to say, for his brain was so muddled that he had long lost the thread of the conversation; but there he sat, with his lines of circumvallation made with little bits of biscuit, and a puddle of Rhenish floating neatly round a citadel of anchovy toasts; marching and counter-marching, making breaches and repairing them—attacking here, defending there, and talking of parapets, palisadoes, breast works and half moons, as gravely as if assisting at a council of general officers; and ever and anon, swallowing whole goblets of Rhenish, while my poor progenitor was at the last gasp, and just sinking upon the floor.

"'Let us drink the Emperor,' said the stranger, putting an end to his demonstration, and filling up for his companion and himself.

"My ancestor made a last convulsive effort; seized his beaker, drained it, and sank heavily upon the

floor. As he was falling, however, he saw his companion stroke his hair placidly back from his temples, and at the same time,—now mark the singularity of the adventure!—he beheld a column of pale blue smoke ascend into the air, from a hole in the stranger's head.

"'The devil's in the fellow!' muttered my ancestor, with his last breath, as he rolled fairly on the ground.

"'You've hit it! you've hit it! roared the other, springing from his chair, and applying a vial to the colonel's nose, who, feeling suddenly refreshed, picked himself up, and sat down again as fresh and thirsty as if he had never seen the bottom of a bottle.

"'You are a gentleman of penetration,' continued the stranger, filling up the glasses, 'and I made, long ago, a determination to reward the first man who should retain his senses long enough to see the wine fumes escaping from my head in the singular way you have beheld. It is not till I am hard pushed, that I make use of my peculiar secret. For your recompense, take this,' said he, tapping him on the temple with his forefinger. 'Now, whenever you have finished a bottle, and you wish to be free of its disagreeable effects, you have but to thrust your finger through your hair, turn the little screw you will find concealed above your temples, and you will soon find the fumes evaporated.'

"My ancestor, wishing to thank him for his kind-

ness, turned to him with outstretched arms, when, behold, he had vanished! not a vestige of him remained (though both the doors and the windows were bolted,) excepting a slight smell of brimstone. which was discernible in the apartment.*

"The events of this remarkable evening were never disclosed by my great-grandfather during his life-time: but were embodied into the 'Essay on the Rise and Progress of the Toggenburg family,' from posthumous memoir on the subject, left by the celebrated colonel himself.

"Perhaps you have read the book?" interrupted he, thrusting his hand in his pocket.

"A thousand times," said I; "what an instructive work!"

"Ah! well," said he with a sigh, "otherwise I would have lent it to you. But to resume.—

"My ancestor, after this event, became celebrated throughout Europe for his capacity for drinking. I believe he made a bet once, that he would drink the whole of the Heidelberg tun at a sitting, and won it, and he was observed besides, to be very fortunate in every thing he undertook; he was always rolling in money, and married the daughter of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria.

"He disappeared, however, one night in an awful thunder-storm, and was never heard of. Twenty years afterwards, however, a skull was found in the cellar of Toggenburg Castle, in which a hole exact-

* The hint to this adventure will be found, I think, in one of Hauff's novels.

ly a quarter of an inch diameter was drilled, and neatly stopped with a silver screw. This was all we ever could gather on the subject."

During this long-winded recital the company had been growing very uproarious. Rabenmark had jumped upon the table, where he danced about among the bottles and glasses, mouthing and chattering like a monkey.

"Cease buffooning, you ape!" growled the morose Dummberg, to the fox.

"Ass! ass! yelled Rabenmark, springing to the floor again. "I will not permit such language. I am not an ape; and the insult can only be washed out in wine. I challenge you to a wine-duel. To do this, I presume you will not deny my right?"

"Certainly not," growled the other; "choose your second."

"I choose Toggenburg," said Rabenmark.

"And I Schnappsberger," said Dummberg.

Here the two combatants in this singular duel (in which the object of each party is to drain his goblet in a shorter time than his antagonist, without drawing breath, and without spilling a drop,) received each a tumbler of equal size, holding about a pint, and filled to the brim with Rhenish.

"Are the weapons equal?" demanded one second.

"Equal they are," responded the other.

"Sieze your weapons," cried Toggenburg.

Each grasped his glass.

"One—two—"

Each glass was at the lip, and a long breath drawn.

"Three, and away!"

The eyes were set,—the breath held,—and the convulsive swallowing began. The event of the conquest, however, was not a moment doubtful. Dummberg, an old stager, drank with slow, deep, and measured swallows; while Rabenmark,—his eyes rolling almost out of his head,—clutched the goblet in both hands, swallowed spasmodically, sputtered in his glass, bit off the rim, and fell into a coughing fit that nearly choked him, at the same moment that Dummberg turned his glass quietly upon his nail.

"Beaten!" cried all the company, "The fox must pay six bottles." So Rabenmark ordered the half-dozen.

"No matter, little Rabenmark," said Toggenburg, "you have done very well for a fox. Come, we will drink Schmollis together."

"Very well," said Rabenmark, and so each filled his glass, drained it at once, and hugging each other lovingly round the neck, kissed each other with such a hearty smack, that the cellar resounded.

"Be my friend," said Toggenburg.

"Be my brother," said Rabenmark; and they were "thou-brothers" from that moment.

The main article in this mystic bond of union is that the parties shall always address each other as

"thou" in the second singular, instead of the formal third person plural.

The fox, being negligent, and very drunk, forgot all this very soon; and in speaking to Toggenburg a quarter of an hour after, he addressed him in the third person plural.

"Fox, thou hast broken our schmollis," said that worthy. "Thou must pay the forfeit. I call a wine convention. It shall consist of Affenstein, Dummberg, and Schnappsberger."

The three sat down together in committee. Affenstein, to add dignity to the convention, drew from his waistcoat pocket an artificial nose of silver, and of brilliant hue. This, he assured me, he wore only on state occasions, contenting himself ordinarily with one of pasteboard.

"What have you to state to the convention?" said he, as President, to Trump Von Toggenburg.

"Simply," said the party addressed, "that the fox, Von Rabenmark, has drunk schmollis with the junior bursch, Count Trump Von Toggenburg, and has broken it within half-an-hour."

"What have you to say in your defence?" said Affenstein.

"Nothing at all," said Rabenmark, "except that I am very drunk."

"*Crimen non minuit ebrietas*," said the President. "In what were the schmollis drunk?" he continued.

"In Marcobrunner," said Trump.

"Fox Rabenmark, you must order six bottles of Marcobrunner for the company. The convention is dissolved."

So here were six bottles more forfeited by the fox. Experience is the only school-mistress.

Having such a plentiful supply of wine, in addition to that which they had already contrived to make away with, the uproar increased. The conversation became animated, but they seemed always to discuss the same eternal subjects. Duels, dogs, drinking-matches; beer, wine and women, together with freedom, the rights of man, and the German republic, were jumbled promiscuously together. Then a dozen songs were sung at once; a dozen stories were told and nobody listened. The uproar was furious. Glasses were broken, bottles thrown at the waiter's head, tables kicked over, and windows demolished, when suddenly a postillion's bugle sounded in the street.

Rabenmark jumped up with a yell, and rushed out of the cellar, followed by the whole pack, while Lackland and I accompanied them to see what they were about. It was about ten o'clock, and bright starlight.

A diligence stood in the street, just ready to start. It was only waiting for the conductor and the postillions, one of whom was already there, and just about to mount. Rabenmark rushed into the street, jumped upon the postillion, floored him, seized his bugle, and then scrambled, like a monkey, into the saddle. Another student mounted one of the three

horses, the rest tumbled themselves helter skelter into the vehicle, and the self-elected postillions spurred the horses into a gallop. Away rumbled the diligence through the silent streets of Leipzig, Rabenmark playing on the postillion's purloined bugle like mad, till the night-caps of the quiet burghers of Leipzig popped out of every window in the town.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONDUCTOR.

PRESENTLY the conductor came out of the post-house, with his chronometer round his neck, and his hands full of butterbrod, (bread and butter,) while, directly afterwards, the whole set of passengers, in dressing-gowns and cotton night-caps, (the universal travelling costume of a German diligence,) made their appearance.

"Oh the scoundrels!—Oh the Spitzbuben!" cried the conductor.

"Spitzbuben—Spitzbuben?" echoed the miserable travellers.

"Have you any idea who or what the scoundrels were?" said the conductor, turning to us.

"None in the world," said Lackland, coolly; "probably some drunken Philistines."*

"Philistines!—students most likely!" said the indignant conductor, and then turning to the other postillion, who having just arrived, was standing with an untasted glass of schnapps in his hand, and his mouth wide open in stupid astonishment.

* "Philistines" is the contemptuous expression for one who is not a student, as "Pagan" with the Romans meant one who was not a soldier.

"See, booby!—see the effects of your eternal swilling. If you had been in your saddle, all this would not have happened."

"Potz—sacrament!" swore the postillion.

"Sacrament indeed!" said the conductor, kicking him lustily.

"Donnerwetter!" swore the postillion again, kicking the hostler.

"Thousand devils!" said the hostler, returning the compliment.

So there was a squabble—the conductor knocked down the postillion, and the postillion the hostler; and several of the passengers interfering to keep the peace, knocked down the conductor, and received broken heads for their pains.

The battle raged—blows fell thick as rain, and execrations rent the air. In the meantime Lackland, seizing a moment when no one observed him, smashed the solitary lamp that illumined the scene. Total darkness ensued, during which the Englishman, who had possessed himself of a whip which hung in the court-yard, amused himself with bestowing sundry hearty thwacks on the whole party as they struggled together on the ground. Having belaboured them till he was exhausted, he tossed the whip on the ground, and then returned with me to the cellar.

"I suppose after they have finished their battle they will get into another diligence, and proceed on their journey?" said I.

"Probably," said he; "and as for those drunken

students, they will drive on very pleasantly till they overturn the diligence; and then, if they don't break their necks, they will sleep quietly in the ditch, till the next day, and then proceed to Göttingen."

"But if they are discovered?" said I.

"No matter," said he, "the students are the strongest party, and it is the interest of the conductor, who belongs to Göttingen, not to offend them. If any damage is done, the students will pay for it, and a good drinkgeld to the conductor settles the whole matter. Take a glass of wine."

"This 'milk of our blessed Lady,' (Liebfrauenmilch)" said I, "is rather a thin potation; there must be better hock in this famous cellar."

"Oh yes," said he; "and as we have neither of us drunk so many tuns as the rest of the party, let us try the virtues of the favourites before we go back to the hotel."

The waiter accordingly brought a bottle of Steinberger and pledged himself that such another was not to be found in Germany.

The cork was drawn, and an odour as from a bank of violets, stole into the air.

"Aha!" said Lackland, smacking his lips, "this tastes of the sunny side of the castle — taste it."

As we were discussing our Steinberger, I asked Lackland about the various characters who had been in company with us. His remarks were pithy and a sort of good-natured sarcasm seemed to pervade his conversation.

I repeated, in a few words, the singular story that Trump had told me.

"Ah," said he, "I plucked you by the elbow once or twice to get you out of the scrape. When you know him better, you will know better than to listen to his stories, if you can avoid it. The first time I ever saw him was at a dinner party given at Berlin by a certain Vicomte de Millefleurs, an attaché of the French embassy.

"After dinner, the Frenchman who was of course an '*homme aux bonnes fortunes*,' told us a story about a garter, of which he himself was the hero. Several similar anecdotes were related by various members of the company; and at last poor Trump, not wishing to be outdone, and having no personal adventures to relate, began a story about an amour of his great-grandmother with an ancient emperor of Austria, which lasted to such an intolerable length, that the company one by one dropped away, and last of all, the host himself, leaving the count and his great-grandmother, to say nothing of the emperor of Austria, all alone in the dining-room."

"What was the consequence?"

"Oh, the next day Trump sent Millefleurs a challenge; protesting, at the same time, that he did not feel personally hurt, as he had finished his dinner, and was on the point of going away himself, but that the insult to his great-grandmother could only be washed out in blood. The affair was, however, so ridiculous, that it was made up, and Mille-

fleurs cemented a perfect reconciliation, by listening to the whole story again the next day, from beginning to end. This has now become his favourite story, although I believe there is not one of his ancestors, direct or collateral, of whom he has not at least a dozen as delightful anecdotes to relate."

We conversed together till we had finished our bottle, and then went quietly back to our hotel. Before we parted for the night, we agreed to take a post-chaise the next day towards Göttingen.

CHAPTER III.

GÖTTINGEN.

On a bright afternoon in June, Lackland and myself stopped at Einbeck to change horses. This is the next post town to Göttingen.

A straggling student that happened to be lounging about the hotel, informed us that Rabenmark and Co., had passed through a few days before on their way to the university.

From Einbeck to Göttingen, the road lies through a valley enclosed by hills, which are picturesque enough, and which from the advanced guard of the grand chain of the Hartz, which rise on the right hand to a considerable height, with the ghost-beloved Brocken, towering above the whole. As we drew near our journey's end, we passed on the left the desolate and weather-beaten remains of Hardenberg castle, and a little farther on the ruined and romantic towers of Castle Plesse, which, overgrown with weeds and briars, and embedded and entangled in luxuriant foliage, looked down upon us from a neighbouring hill. Half an hour afterwards, we found ourselves at the Weender gate of Göttingen. The corporal of the guard marched out, twirled his

moustachios, demanded our passports, (which were in English,) put on a pair of iron spectacles, and commenced reading them very gravely. As I observed however that he held them upside-down in the most unsuspecting manner, I supposed he would find interpretation necessary. After a few moments, however, he returned them to us, observing with a polite bow, that they were perfectly in order. We begged his acceptance of a gulden, which he received with another pull at his moustachios, and another polite bow; and then the postillion blew a shrill blast on his bugle, and rattled us into the town as fast as his rats of horses could carry us.

Göttingen is rather a well built and handsome looking town, with a decided look of the Middle Ages about it. Although the college is new, the town is ancient, and like the rest of the German university towns, has nothing external, with the exception of a plain-looking building in brick for the library, and one or two others for natural collections, to remind you that you are at the seat of an institution for education. The professors lecture, each on his own account, at his own house, of which the basement floor is generally made use of as an auditorium. The town is walled in, like most of the continental cities of that date, although the ramparts, planted with linden-trees, have since been converted into a pleasant promenade, which reaches quite round the town, and is furnished with a gate and guard at the end of each principal avenue. It is this careful fortification, combined with

the nine-story houses, and the narrow streets, which imparts the compact, secure look peculiar to all the German towns. The effect is forcibly to remind you of the days when the inhabitants were huddled snugly together, like sheep in a sheep-cote, and locked up safe from the wolfish attacks of the gentlemen highwaymen, the ruins of whose castles frown down from the neighbouring hills.

The houses are generally tall and gaunt, consisting of a skeleton of frame-work, filled in with brick, with the original rafters, embrowned by time, projecting like ribs through the yellowish stucco, which covers the surface. They are full of little windows, which are filled with little panes, and as they are built to save room, one upon another, and consequently rise generally to eight or nine stories, the inhabitants invariably live as it were in layers. Hence it is not uncommon, to find a professor occupying the two lower stories or strata, a tailor above the professor, a student upon the tailor, a beer seller conveniently upon the student, a washerwoman upon the beer-merchant, and perhaps a poet upon the top; a pyramid with a poet for its apex, and a professor for the base.

The solid and permanent look of all these edifices, in which, from the composite and varying style of architecture, you might read the history of half a dozen centuries in a single house, and which looked as if built before the memory of man, and like to last for ever, reminded me, by the association of contrast, of the straggling towns and villages of

America, where the houses are wooden boxes, worn out and renewed every fifty years; where the cities seem only temporary encampments, and where, till people learn to build for the future as well as the present, there will be no history, except in pen and ink, of the changing centuries in the country.

As I passed up the street, I saw on the lower story of a sombre-looking house, the whole legend of Samson and Delilah rudely carved in the brown free-stone, which formed the abutments of the house opposite; a fantastic sign over a portentous shop with an awning ostentatiously extended over the side walk, announced the café and ice-shop: overhead, from the gutters of each of the red-tiled roofs, were thrust into mid-air the grim heads of dragons with long twisted necks, portentous teeth, and goggle eyes, serving, as I learned the first rainy day, the peaceful purpose of a water spout; while on the side-walks, and at every turn, I saw enough to convince me I was in an university town, although there were none of the usual architectural indications. As we passed the old gothic church of St. Nicholas, I observed through the open windows of the next house, a party of students smoking, and playing billiards, and I recognized some of the faces of my Leipzig acquaintance. In the street were plenty of others of all varieties. Some, with plain caps and clothes, and a meek demeanour, sneaked quietly through the streets, with portfolios under their arms. I observed the care with which they turned out to the left, and avoided collision with

every one they met. These were camels "or studious students" returning from lecture — others swaggered along the side-walk, turning out for no one, with clubs in their hands, and bull-dogs at their heels — these were dressed in marvellously fine caps, and polonaise coats, covered with cords and tassels, and invariably had pipes in their mouths, and were fitted out with the proper allowance of spurs and moustachios. These were "Renomists," who were always ready for a row.

At almost every corner of the street was to be seen a solitary individual of this latter class, in a ferocious fencing attitude, brandishing his club in the air, and cutting quart and tierce in the most alarming manner, till you were reminded of the truculent Gregory's advice to his companion; "Remember thy swashing blow."

All along the street, I saw, on looking up, the heads and shoulders of students projecting from every window. They were arrayed in tawdry smoking caps, and heterogeneous-looking dressing gowns with the long pipes and flash tassels depending from their mouths. At his master's side, and looking out of the same window, I observed, in many instances, a grave and philosophical-looking poodle, with equally grim moustachios, his head reposing contemplatively on his fore-paws, and engaged apparently, like his master, in ogling the ponderous housemaids who were drawing water from the street pumps.

We passed through the market square, with its antique fountain in the midst, and filled with an admirable collection of old women, some washing clothes, and some selling cherries, and turned at last into the Nagler Strasse. This was a narrow street, with tall, rickety houses of various shapes and sizes, arranged on each side, in irregular rows; while the gaunt gable-ended edifices, sideling up to each other in one place till the opposite side nearly touched, and at another retreating awkwarly back as if ashamed to show their faces, gave to the whole much the appearance of a country dance by unskilful performers. Suddenly the postillion drove into a dark, yawning doorway, which gaped into the street like a dragon's mouth, and drew up at the doorstep of the "King of Prussia." The house bell jingled—the dogs barked—two waiters let down the steps, a third seized us by the legs, and nearly pulled us out of the carriage in the excess of their officiousness; while the landlord made his appearance cap in hand on the threshold, and after saluting us in Latin, Polish, French, and English, at last informed us in plain German, which was the only language he really knew, that he was very glad to have the honour of "recommending himself to us."

We paid our "brother-in-law," as you must always call the postillion in Germany, a magnificent drinkgeld, and then ordered dinner.

CHAPTER IV.

FOX RABENMARK.

THE next morning I lounged up the Weender Strasse. The day was fine, and the streets were thronged with more than the usual number of Students and Philistines. As I got near the end of the street, I saw one or two small boys, and half-a-dozen house-maids, looking with wonder at a strange figure, preceded by a strange dog, that was passing along the side walk.

On looking at him at first, at a short distance, I took him for a maniac, escaped from the lunatic asylum. He wore a cap embroidered in crimson and gold, shaped like a shaving-bason, and of the sort usually denominated beer-caps,* a dressing-gown of many colours, strapped tightly about his loins with a leathern girdle, in which were thrust two horse-pistols, and a long basket-hilted "schläger," or duelling-sword, and on his feet a pair of red Turkish slippers. His neck was open, and his legs bare from the ankle to the knees. In one hand he brandished an oaken cudgel, and in the other he

* Cerevis-mütze.

held a small memorandum-book. He was preceded by a small dog of the comical breed called "Deckel," a kind of terrier, which considerably resembles the English turnspit. The individual one which now presented itself, was, like all its class, as ugly as a dog can well be. His body was very long, and his legs very short; his colour was a mixture of black and a dirty red; his tail curled itself as gracefully as a pig's, his knees were bowed parenthetically outwards, and he turned out his toes like a country dancing-master. In order to heighten the effects of these personal charms, his master had tied a wreath of artificial flowers round his neck, and decorated his tail with fancy-coloured ribbons.

Attired in this guise, the dog and his master proceeded gravely down the street, apparently without heeding the laughter of the admiring spectators. There seemed to be no students in the immediate vicinity, and the Philistines were beneath his notice. As I approached him, I observed something familiar in his countenance, and, immediately afterwards, the singular individual caught me by the hand, and kissed me affectionately on both cheeks. It was Rabenmark, my Leipzig acquaintance. He invited me to accompany him to his rooms, and smoke a pipe. I complied, and turned about with him; and we continued our walk down the street. I was not sufficiently intimate with him to expostulate with, or to interrogate him with regard to the peculiar costume in which he had thought proper to array himself, and I accordingly took his arm as

gravely as if he had been the burgomaster of the town, in his holiday suit. We had not gone far, before I perceived a group of students approaching. I was curious to observe if he would treat their animadversions with the same indifference as he had done those of the town's-men. The terrier was about a rod in advance of us, and on his passing the students, there was an universal laugh. Rabenmark hastened toward them. They were four stout fellows, in blue-and-silver caps, and on observing the absurd appearance of my companion, they all began to laugh the louder.

"What the Devil are you laughing at?" said Rabenmark, ferociously, with his arms a-kimbo; "I see nothing to laugh at!"

"I was laughing at your dog," said the first student.

"I was laughing at his master," said the second.

"And I—" "And I—" said the third and fourth.

"Have the kindness to tell me your names?" said Rabenmark to the second, third, and fourth.

"Pott,"—"Kopp,"—"Fizzleberg," answered the three, consecutively.

"Your addresses?" continued Rabenmark.

The addresses were given, and Rabenmark wrote them all carefully down in his note-book.

"Now," said he, "allow me to observe, Messieurs Pott, Kopp, and Fizzleberg, that you are all three stupid boobies (dumme Jungen)!"

This epithet, "dumme Jungen," like the "drole," in French, is an insult, or a "touche," and requires a duel of twelve rounds (Gänge) to revenge it. There is, however, another insult, which is a grade beyond it, and which is about equivalent to the pleasing epithet, in English, of "infamous scoundrel." This may be retorted, and the consequence is a challenge of twenty-four "gangs," from the opposite party.

"*Your* name?" demanded the second student.

"Von Rabenmark," answered my companion.

"You are an infamous Hundsfott!" said Pott.

"You are an infamous Hundsfott!" said Kopp.

"You are an infamous Hundsfott!" said Fizzleberg.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Rabenmark: "very well, indeed: all perfectly in order.—You shall hear from me this afternoon, or to-morrow morning," and he politely touched his cap, as if it was the most agreeable thing in the world to be called an infamous Hundsfott.

"As for you, sir," continued Rabenmark, turning to the first student; "our quarrel is not so easily settled. I care not much for insult to myself, because I can defend myself: but an insult to my dog, to little Fritz, is cowardly; for Fritz, according to the 'Comment,' cannot resent the injury. Fritz, sir, as you perceive, bears the name of the immortal hero of Prussia, 'Frederick *the only*,'—a monarch for whom I have the most profound re-

spect, and I request you instantly to apologise to Fritz."

The student laughed in his face.

"Your name?" said Rabenmark.

"Weissbier," said the student.

"Well, Mr. Weissbier, I request you instantly to repair with me to my apartment. Choose either of your three friends for your second; here is mine," said he, pointing to me; "and we will settle Fritz's quarrel with these instruments, at three paces, and no barrier," he concluded, touching his pistols.

Weissbier began to look serious.

"What a devil of a renommist," said Pott, shaking his head.

"Shocking!" said Kopp and Fizzleberg, shaking theirs.

"I shall accept no such challenge," said Weissbier; "I do not feel myself bound thereto by any code of honour. I will fight you with sabres, without caps or duelling-breeches, if you choose. I will accept no other challenge."

"Ah, you are not fond of gunpowder. I am sorry you met Fritz this morning. He is, perhaps, foolishly strict on this point. I am not near so exacting myself; but Fritz is inexorable. I am sorry, sir, but I shall be obliged to post you publicly: you will be expelled from your club;" and Rabenmark was moving away.

"Stay—" said Weissbier, looking very pale and very foolish, "if there is no alternative—but how am I to apologise to your cursed dog?"

"Ah,—now you are beginning to be reasonable; and I shall be very happy to assist you in your endeavour to appease Fritz's wounded honour. You will readily understand that it would be of little consequence to apologise to him in words, because he would not understand you. There is, however, a very simple method. Fritz is fond of jumping—he is fond of a companion in his sports; and if you will have the kindness to afford him your company, his anger will be extinguished at once.—Here, Fritz—Fritz!" cried he, calling to the terrier.

The dog came to his whistle, and Rabenmark held his stick, a foot's distance from the ground.

"Hopp, Hopp!" said Rabenmark, and the dog jumped over the stick.

"Now sir," he continued, "if you will have the kindness to place yourself on all fours, and jump over the stick in like manner, I pledge my honour to you that Fritz will be perfectly satisfied."

"Thousand Donner Wetter!" roared Mr. Weissbier, in a rage, "what upon earth do you take me for, Mr. Von Rabenmark?"

"A coward, sir — only a coward! If you are willing, however, to prove I am mistaken, I shall be very happy to show you the way to my rooms; but really I must request you to hasten your decision, for time presses, and I have many things to attend to."

I believe that Weissbier thought he had really got hold of the devil. He had become very pale, and his teeth began to chatter.

"In the name of God, is there no way of getting out of this infernal scrape?" said he, looking round in despair.

His companions turned their backs upon him.

"Well — well, I cannot have my brains blown out for this miserable dog. Hold out your stick, Mr. Von Rabenmark, if it be Heaven's will."

So Mr. Von Rabenmark, as it was Heaven's will, held out his stick — down plumped the miserable Weissbier on his hands and knees.

"Hopp — hopp!" said Rabenmark, — over jumped the detected bully—and, jumping up again, fled rapidly up a narrow lane.

"Good morning, Mr. Weissbier," said Rabenmark: — "good morning, Messieurs Kopp, Pott, and Fizzleberg. You shall hear from me this afternoon;" and so saying, he gravely continued his promenade.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOX'S DEN.

A FEW minutes' walk brought us to his lodgings. We ascended two flights of stairs, and entered his apartment. The sitting-room was tolerably large, and, in its furniture and arrangements, a perfect specimen of a regular "kneipe." The floor was without carpet, and sanded; and the household furniture consisted of a table, a sofa, and half-a-dozen chairs of the most unpretending kind. The great expense had been, however, evidently made in providing the pipes, pictures, and other student-luxuries. A large and well-executed engraving of a celebrated duel, which, from the notoriety of the combatants, and its tragical issue, had become historical, hung on the right side as you entered. On the left, the wall was covered with a large collection of "silhouettes." These are a peculiar and invariable characteristic of a German student's room; — they are well executed profiles, in black paper on a white ground, of the occupant's intimate friends, and are usually four or five inches square, and surrounded with a narrow frame of black wood.

Rabenmark's friends seemed to be numerous, for there were at least a hundred silhouettes, ranged in regular rows, gradually decreasing by one from the bottom, till the pyramid was terminated by a single one, which was the profile of the "senior" of the Pommeranian club. Most of the worthies represented possessed (as it is not uncommon with profile portraits) a singular similarity with each other. All had variegated club-caps, moustachios, and bows of ribbons in their button holes, and looked as if they might have been furnished by an upholsterer in "lots to suit purchasers." A scarf of scarlet and gold was suspended in graceful festoons from two nails, so as to form a sort of triumphal wreath for the whole.

The third side of the room was decorated with a couple of "schlägers," or duelling swords, which were fastened crosswise against the wall. The schläger is a sword, I believe, of perfectly unique formation; the blade is between three and four feet in length, and of finely tempered steel; its breadth is about three quarters of an inch, and the point, or rather end, is square and blunt; its edge on both sides, for about nine inches, from the extremity, is as sharp as the most carefully polished razor. The rest of the blade is comparatively dull, and the heel is screwed securely into a basket-hilt, of large dimensions, covered on the outside with cloth of the owner's club. The hilts of Rabenmark's were of blue, scarlet and gold.

On the fourth side of the room were ranged a collection of pipes, which were the pride of his hearth.

They were about twenty, ranged in a systematic row. The bowls were of porcelain, exquisitely painted; some with portraits of pretty women, some with copies from Ostade and Gerhard Dow, and some with the arms of his intimate friends. The stems were about three feet in length, and of a fragrant polished cherry. The tassels were large, and rich, and of every combination of Landsmannschaft colour. Besides these were half a dozen meerschaums, of all the different kinds: there was the "milk-meerschaum" from Vienna, exquisitely carved, and delicate as sugar work; the "oil meerschaum" from Hanover, carefully polished, and scientifically embrowned towards the bottom by its own smoke; besides the "wax meerschaum," the "raw meerschaum," and various others.

Besides these articles, there were some half-dozen engravings in frames, a fowling-piece, a sabre, and two or three different species of caps hanging in different parts of the room.

"There," said Rabenmark, entering the room, unbuckling his belt, and throwing the pistols and schläger on the floor. "I can leave my buffoonery for a while and be reasonable; it's rather tiresome work, this renommiring."

"Have the kindness to tell me," said I, "what particular reason you have for arraying yourself and your dog in such particularly elegant costumes; and for making such an exquisite exhibition of yourself during your promenade?"

"No particular reason," he answered; "but it

is about the most simple way of arranging matters on the whole. I am a fox. When I came to the university three months ago, I had not a single acquaintance. I wished to introduce myself into the best Landsmannschaft, but I saw little chance of succeeding. I have already, however, become an influential member. What course do you suppose I adopted to gain my admission?"

"I suppose you made friends of the president or senior, as you call him, and the other magnates of the club," said I.

"No. I insulted them all publicly, and in the grossest manner. Look here," he continued, taking down one of the schlägers from the wall, and showing me the list of the duels he had already perpetrated, written, according to an universal custom, on the white leathern lining of the hilt. The number of entries was already about fourteen. "See," said he, "these first half-dozen are the senior, con-senior, and some other members of the Pommerania; they were my first six duels."

"I suppose you got well peppered by such old stagers," said I; "but I hardly see how that was to expedite your admission."

"Oh! that was a very simple matter," replied Rabenmark; "for in the first place, you are wrong in your flattering supposition. Instead of being peppered, I was very successful; and after I had cut off the senior's nose, sliced off the con-senior's upper lip, moustachios and all, besides bestowing less severe marks of affection on the others, the

whole club, in admiration of my prowess, and desiring to secure the services of so valorous a combatant, voted me in by acclamation."

"Do you find any particular satisfaction," said I, "in your club, and the university life?"

"Oh, it is boy's play," said he; "but then I am a boy, in years at least. I have a certain quantity of time on my hands. I wish to take the university as a school for action. I intend to lead my companions here, as I intend to lead them in after life. You see I am a very rational sort of person now, and you would hardly take me for the same crazy mountebank you met in the street half-an-hour ago. But then, I see that this is the way to obtain superiority. I determined at once, on arriving at the university, that, to obtain the mastery over my competitors, who were all extravagant, savage, eccentric, was to be ten times as extravagant and savage as any one else. You do not suppose I derived any particular satisfaction from tying up Fritz's tail with ribbons; but then it is as good a way of bullying as any other, and besides, these student-duels are capital exercise."

"Suppose, however, that Mr. Weissbier had happened to be a less tractable person than he proved to be?"

"Why, I should have been obliged to shoot him."

"You forget the less agreeable alternative. He might have done you the same favour."

"Oh no,—impossible. I shall not die till I am

nineteen years and nine months old. If I pass that period, I shall live some twelve or thirteen years longer; I forget the exact number; but I have it written down in my common-place book somewhere."

This I found afterwards to be a settled conviction. Nothing could induce Rabenmark to admit the possibility of his death, till that age. It was a prediction in his family, by some gipsy, I suppose, for he was, as I have said, a Bohemian. His age was, at the time of which I am writing, exactly eighteen and a half.

"Perhaps," said he, politely, "you would like to see a duel or two. They are very pretty gladiatorial exhibitions. There are always plenty going on every day, and they are quite as amusing as the *combats des animaux* at Paris."

"I should have no objection," said I, "as it seems customary to admit spectators."

Here Rabenmark threw open the window, and called to a passing acquaintance. "Katt! do you go 'los' to-morrow afternoon?" (To go los, or loose literally, is the cant expression for fighting.)

"Yes; with Poppendorf," was the answer.

"Very well. Oh! by the way, have the kindness to step to a certain Pott of the Bremen club, and to Kopp and Fizzleberg of the Brunswick, and challenge them each for me, on twenty-four gangs, small caps."

"Very well. I shall see you at the Kneipe to-night?"

"Yes. Adieu."

"Adieu."

"There, Mr. Morton," continued Rabenmark. "you see in five minutes a student's whole life. A young man usually spends three years at the university. As most of the German universities are in coalition, whatever time he spends at one, is counted for him at the next, and he consequently usually passes a whole year at one, the next term at another, and so on. The first two years of the three, a student generally employs in fighting duels and getting drunk. After he has fought his fifty or a hundred duels, and drunk as much beer as he is capable of, he usually, at the end of his second year, leaves his club, and spends his third and last year in diligent study. His examination,—and a very strict one it is,—succeeds: and if he can pass it, he receives his doctor's degree, whether of theology, philosophy, law, or medicine, and retires into private life."

"But, I suppose, he remains a long time, a troublesome and ferocious individual?"

"On the contrary. Nobody ever hears of him. It is a singular anomaly,—the whole German student existence. The German students are no more Germans than they are Sandwich Islanders. They have, in fact, less similarity with Germans, than with any other nation. You see in them a distinct and strongly characterized nation, moving in a definite, though irregular orbit of its own, and totally independent of the laws which regulate the rest of

the social system of Germany. It presents the singular phenomenon of a rude, though regularly organised republic, existing in the heart of a despotism. In fact, every one of the main points of the German's character is directly the opposite of those of the German student. The German is phlegmatic,—the student fiery. The German is orderly and obedient to the authorities—the student ferocious and intractable. The German is peaceable,—the student for ever brawling and fighting. The German is eminently conservative in his politics,—the student always a revolutionist. The government of all the German states is despotic,—the student's whole existence is republican. The German is particularly deferent to rank and title. In the student's republic, and there alone, the omnipotent 'Von' sinks before the dexterous schläger, or the capacious 'beer bummel.' Lastly, the German is habitually sober, and the student invariably drunk."

"But how, in God's name, is it, that this community of desperadoes does not at last overwhelm the whole of Germany? How is it that they do not set the whole empire in a blaze?"

"Why, the process of evaporation seems after all, to be very simple. A certain number leave the university every year; and besides that they have already been subjected to a preparatory cooling of about a year, during which they have been preparing themselves for their examination, it usually appears that the number is so insignificant in comparison with the vast population in which they are

merged, that the mischief which might have been apprehended, seems impossible. They are at once extinguished in the ocean of mankind."

"Then it seems that this last year's study acts as a sort of safety-valve, and diminishes the danger?"

"Annihilates it entirely. Besides this, a great effect is produced by the sobriety of the citizen; nay, of the student himself, after his metempsychosis. A man, when he is tipsy, looks at all subjects and particularly political subjects, with much more enthusiasm than when he is sober. When the fumes of beer and schnapps have been dispersed, and he is once settled in private life, he finds it much better to pocket his wages as Referendarius, Auditer, &c., paid out to him by the despot's treasurer, and wait quietly till he receives his ultimate promotion, than to be quarrelling with the government, and losing his money and his head for his pains."

"Well," said I, getting up, "I am much obliged to you for your information, and I feel the sagacity of all your observations; but it's getting near dinner-time, and so I shall wish you a good morning."

"Good morning. By the way, if you are inclined to drink beer to-night, I shall be happy to take you with me to the Kneipe. I will call for you at six this evening if you choose."

"Very well. Adieu."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LIBRARIAN POPP.

At dinner I met Lackland, of course, and told him of my visit in the morning, and my intentions in the evening. He agreed to accompany me in the evening to the Pommeranian Kneipe, and in the meantime we strolled to the library. As we had both of us matriculated ourselves at the university, we possessed the right of using the books, as well as of attending any course of lectures for which we chose to pay a Frederick-d'or.

The library is a tolerably large, but wholly unpretending building, in the heart of the town, and is open at almost all hours. There are always one or two sub-librarians in attendance, and many students of the "camel denomination" are usually found, immersed chin deep in their lucubrations.

The principle that has been adopted in the construction and collection of the German libraries, is a good one. They buy the cheapest editions that are to be had of every thing; but they buy every thing. Perhaps one of the main original reasons was, the shabby style of printing and pub-

lishing, universal in Germany; a necessary consequence of the systematic and international piracy practised by the different states upon each other. The consequence is, that you find in all the university towns and in all the capitals, libraries, varying in number from 150,000 to 400,000 volumes, and it is very difficult for a man of any science, or any profession, to find himself in a situation, where he has not within his reach all the assistance that a library could afford him for his labours.

The principal-Librarian's-Sub-Librarian's-Deputy-Assistant's-Secretary's clerk, attended us from alcove to alcove. He was a fussy little man, very civil, but very important. He was, moreover, very proud of the library, and very well acquainted, with, at least, the outside of the books.

He was an odd sort of individual in appearance, but not unpleasing. His face was round, ruddy, and wrinkled, like a roasted apple; and his snow-white hair was parted on his forehead, and hung decently down over his shoulders. He wore a very light blue surtout, reaching nearly to his heels; and below he was immersed to his hips in an enormous pair of boots, with still more enormous tassels. The alertness with which he clambered up the library ladders in search of any work we mentioned, in spite of his age and his leather incumbrances, and the zeal with which he would blow the dust from the leaves, and fervently kiss the title page when it happened to be any of his favourite authors, were truly edifying. Hearing Lackland mention that I was an American, he

seemed excessively delighted, and flying down the steps, upon whose top he was perched, at the risk of his neck, he begged permission to embrace me, and then toddled off in his boots to another alcove. Presently afterwards he returned with a couple of books.

"You have undoubtedly seen these famous productions of the famous Professor Poodleberg?" said he to me.

"Not I."

He looked aghast for a moment. "However," he continued, "you are but recently arrived, I understand, and have hardly had time to familiarize yourself with the works of our great philologists. "This, sir," said he, opening the first book, "is a grammar arranged on the principles, of what the professor calls the comparative anatomy of philology, and is intended to exhibit, in a single work, the genius, the peculiarities of structure, with the international resemblances, and differences of the Choctaw, Cherokee, and other prominent North American dialects."

"Potz sacrament!" I exclaimed, having not hing else to say.

"You are, of course, familiar with all these languages, being an American," he continued; "and it will be therefore interesting to you to criticise and to admire the labours of our learned philologist. Allow me to wrap it in brown paper, and to send it with the other works you have selected, to your lodgings."

I was unwilling to destroy the pleasing illusions which he was under, respecting my own philological acquirements, and so assured him that nothing could afford me more unmixed gratification than to read that, and any other of Professor Poodleberg's works.

"Perhaps you would find this treatise by Professor Poodleberg, on the original inhabitants of America, showing satisfactorily that they are descended from the missing tribes of Israel, — to be also worthy of your attention?"

"Certainly, have the kindness to send that also!"

"You will perhaps think it a little strange," he continued, "that I am so enthusiastic on the subject of America. But you must know that I am on the eve of a great journey. I have already my trunks packed at home preparatory for my journey to Paris; and after remaining a sufficient time there to perfect myself in the languages, and enjoy my share of the pleasures of that bewitching metropolis," (and here the little octagenarian gave me a nudge of the elbow, and winked his eye wickedly,) "I shall proceed to America, whither I shall take with me the money I have been enabled to lay by in the course of a librarian's life, buy a farm, and enjoy the rest of my time in peace and quietness. By the way, do you advise me to take out my cash in Frederick-d'ors, or Prussian dollars?"

I told him I must take time to reflect on this important subject, before I presumed to advise him; commended his plan, and begged him to lose no

time in making such a valuable addition to the transatlantic colonists.

He then showed us other interesting works in different parts of the library, and amused us particularly by his chirping and vivacious commentaries upon them.

"May I be allowed the favour of calling upon you at your lodgings, and will you allow me the honour of exchanging addresses with you?" said he, as we were taking leave of him.

We gave him our addresses, and in return he gave us a pompous looking card, on which was engraved:

"The Principal Librarian's Sub-Librarian's Deputy's Assistant's Secretary, Popp,
"Weender Strasse."

"That's a very nice little man," said Lackland, as we passed from the door; but he labours under a singular delusion. He has told you that he is on the point of departing for Paris, and thence to America, and so he has told all his acquaintances every day for more than thirty-five years. The most singular circumstance is, that his trunk is in reality, as he tells you, already packed at home, and so it has been during all those thirty-five years. He formed the determination of emigrating when he was a comparatively young man, and ever since he has found some reason for deferring his journey from day to day, although he has no intention of giving up his

plan. It in fact amounts now to a monomania, while he remains perfectly sane on every other subject.

"But here we are at your rooms, and I see Rabenmark looking out of the window."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KNEIPE.

THE weather being fine, the tables were ranged under the linden-trees in the garden of the inn, where the club held their meetings.

I do not recollect that there was anything peculiar in the appearance of the company, to distinguish them from the mass of Burschen, with whom the reader has, I suppose, by this time become familiar. There were some thirty or forty individuals present, varying in age from eighteen to eight-and-thirty, and all wearing the club cap and club favour in their button-hole. Each had moustachios, pipes, and embroidered tobacco-bags, and each had a great glass of beer before him with a plated cover. They sat together in little knots, and conversed on the everlasting subjects — duels — drinking — dogs — beer — Rhenish — schlägers, and painted pipes.

"By the way, Rabenmark," said my old acquaintance, Dummberg, whom I had just recognised and greeted, "did you hear of the issue of Salzmaum's Paukerei, yesterday?"

"Yes, at the first gang, he received a cut across

the cheek, reaching from the end of the eyebrow to the chin."

"How many stitches?"

"Nineteen, I believe, but besides that, the tip of his tongue, which happened unluckily to have been thrust into his cheek at the moment, was taken off also — however, that goes for nothing, I believe.

I may as well mention for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the number of stitches which the doctor makes in sewing up a wound, is the usual method of ascertaining its importance.

"Did Spoopsmann go los yesterday, with Hartzberg?"

"Oh yes, and pitch enough he had." (Pech zu haben — "to have pitch," is a student's expression for all sorts of misfortune.) "At the very second gang, his nose was taken off in the middle. It fell on the floor of course, and just as Doctor Jacobus was about to snatch it up, that infernal poodle of Finkenstein's, which as ill-luck would have it, had contrived to remain in the room, pounced upon it and made for the door. Jacobus followed, and a battle-royal succeeded. After a good deal of struggling, the doctor came off victor with half of the fragment as his "spolia opima." He hastened to sew it on, in order to secure to his patient at least three quarters of his nose, but in the confusion of the moment and agitated I suppose by his battle with the poodle, he patched it on upside down. The consequence is, that poor Spoopsmann, who had a very respectable aquiline proboscis before, will make his appear-

ance after his recovery, with the most ridiculous pug nose in the world."

"Pitch, indeed!" growled old Dummberg. "Kellner, you infernal Hundsfott, bring me another quart of beer!"

I had not been long at the Kneipe, when my old acquaintance Count Trump Von Toggenburg made his appearance. He was dressed with the most elaborate elegance. His scarlet cap with a particularly resplendent tassel was placed jauntily on one side, his long sleek hair was combed carefully down each side of his face, and his moustachios were waxed and stiffened into an imposing rigidity. He wore a new Polonaise coat, the breast of which was covered with an ingenious and elaborate lattice work of cords and tassels, and he was smoking a meerschaum, which, as he informed us, he had just received a present from his cousin, Prince Toggenburg-Hohenstaufer.

He greeted me warmly on entering, and told the Kellner to bring his beer and tobacco into my neighbourhood.

"I do not consider it any impeachment to my exalted rank in the social world," said he to me, in a confidential tone, "to occasionally indulge myself in my Vaterland's luxury of beer. I hold it to be incumbent on every nobleman to encourage all real national habits and peculiarities. I hope next winter to induce you to spend a few weeks with me at Toggenburg. You will find there a profusion of Vaterland's luxuries, but few extraneous. Wild-

boar's ham from Westphalia—plovers' eggs from Hanover — smoked geese from Pommerania — venison from Prussia — sausages from Brunswick — wines from the Rhine and Neckar — beer from Bavaria — nothing else."

I expressed myself perfectly satisfied with such a bill of fare, and the general conversation proceeded.

"I hear that Ulrich, the innkeeper, has procured several casks of Cassel March beer — is it true, Dummberg?" asked a fox of the veteran.

"Yes — but not so good as the last; and in fact, the Cassel beer is not worth the trouble. When I was a fox, it was held a point of honour with the seniors of the respectable clubs, when they were on the eve of a grand commerz, to send a deputation to Munich, or to Wurtzburg at least, with full plenipotentiary powers to taste and to purchase an indefinite quantity of the best beer to be found in all Bavaria. Yes," he continued, while a glow of virtuous enthusiasm lighted up his face; "yes, I have myself, when con-senior of this very club, been appointed to head a deputation of forty-five clubs from Göttingen, Heidelberg, and other universities, to proceed, at the expense of a fund expressly provided for the purpose, to Cassel, Wurtzburg and Munich, and to purchase fifty casks at each city for each society — fifty casks!" he concluded, hammering with his fist on the table.

A low murmur of generous and sympathetic admiration ran round the assembly.

"Alas!—times are sadly altered; the tastes of our students are degenerating. Never shall I see a university as I recollect Göttingen twenty years ago," concluded Dummberg, with a sigh.

And so the conversation went on, and the beer went off—quart after quart; and as the fumes ascended to the head, the conversation became more boisterous, and the drinking songs and chorusses went gaily round.

In the course of the evening, a student, who sat nearly opposite, requested Trump to introduce him to me.

"You will excuse the liberty," said he, when the favour was accorded him,—"but I heard you were an American, and I wish to ask after some near acquaintances who have been there for ten years, and of whom you, doubtless, have heard."

"Their names?" asked I.

"Zinzindorf."

"I hardly recollect any one of that name in my part of the country. In what province do they happen to reside?"

"I am not sure; but it is either Brazil or Buenos Ayres," was the reply.

"Ah, indeed," said I, "I do not happen to have met them very lately; but in my next letters, I shall not fail to make inquiries, and have no doubt I shall be able, when I receive the answer, to afford you the most satisfactory information."

"I shall be exceedingly obliged to you," gravely

returned my new acquaintance; "allow me to drink to you half a quart of beer."

In the meantime the company had become all more or less tipsy, and Trump among the rest. He proposed to drink Schmollis, or Brotherhood with me, and, of course, I was but too happy to avail myself of so distinguished an honour.

"Few — very few are the persons," said he, with great dignity, "whom I am willing to admit to the intimacy which 'Du and Du' expresses. Out of my own club, I believe there are not six persons in the university with whom I am on these terms of familiarity, and of the whole number, you are the only one to whom I have proposed this mark of friendship; all the rest have made their advances to me. But you are a stranger — you are an American, and I rejoice that my rank allows me, occasionally, the privilege of extending my hand without fear of repulse or ingratitude;" and so saying, Count Trump Von Toggenburg drank what was left in his glass, and then, grasping me by the hand, kissed me fervently on either cheek.

"And now, my friend and brother," he continued, "let me advise you not to confine yourself exclusively to the society of the students. Believe me, the society of the wits and beauties even of this city, is not wholly unworthy the attention of a stranger; and I am very sure if you are inclined to make the experiment, that you will not be the less favourably received by being introduced under the auspices of Count

Trump Von Toggenburg;" and as he concluded, he placed his hand emphatically upon his breast.

"I shall be excessively obliged to you," I replied, "for so great a favour: are there any conversaziones or balls at present?"

"The gay season has hardly commenced—but in the meantime, you cannot do better than to attend the aesthetic tea-parties of the Frau Von Rumplestern, which take place every Wednesday evening. By the way, there will be one to-morrow—shall I have the pleasure of introducing you?"

"Most willingly," said I, "I shall hold myself in readiness."

"You must know, *mon cher amie*," continued Trump, who always tried to talk French when he was tipsy, "that I am not always occupied '*à faire le tapageur;*' on the contrary, I have many moments of deep feeling—many hours of pure and strong sentiment. You are, probably, not aware that I am in love?"

And so Trump, whom beer had rendered tender and sentimental, began confidentially to discourse to me about a love-affair of his, which, in its course and termination, afforded me some amusement, and which I shall have occasion in the course of these pages to lay before the reader.

"You must know, *mon brave*, that the house of Trump Von Toggenburg is a little reduced in its resources; and it is a natural consequence of the scrupulousness with which its members have followed the rule in noble families, of breeding in-and-in.

As it is not in our power to increase our fallen fortunes by trade, I have at length come to the determination that it will not be derogatory to my rank to ally myself to some wealthy female, whose family is not equal to mine, but who will be sufficienly illustrious by the splendour which will be reflected upon her by me."

"Have you any such person in your eye?" I inquired.

"You shall see. After due deliberation, and commuing with myself, as well as mature consultation with the various branches of my family, I at last decided on a lady, and was already making preparations for my marriage, when a new and most unexpected obstacle presented itself."

"And that was——" said I.

"The lady would not have me!"

"But of course you were not deterred by so trifling a difficulty. By the way, you have not told me the name of the lady?"

"It was a certain Miss Potiphar," he replied, "the only daughter of the wealthy Jew banker, Potiphar. The father has the impertinence to oppose himself to the match, and insists upon his daughter marrying a damn'd fellow named Maccabæus, a merchant of his own tribe.—Conceive the effrontery of the fellow!" continued Trump, indignantly. "After I had made up my own mind—after I had resigned myself to the disgrace of contaminating the pure ichor of the Toggenburgs with

his damn'd Jewish blood,—to think of the sausage-hating scoundrel's not jumping at the offer! However, the daughter is in love with me, I believe, and I shall have her in spite of the father. By the way, they will be to-morow at Madame de Rumplestern's, and I shall introduce you to her."

Soon after this, it had become late, and the company being nearly dispersed, Lackland and I took our way homeward. As I approached my door, I perceived some one seated on the steps. I could not divine the cause. On ascending the steps, I perceived Rabenmark, who was slightly drunk.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" said I. "Why don't you come in?"

"No, I thank you; I have business here," was the answer.

"Is it so important that it cannot be delayed?" I asked.

"Yes; I am catching."

"Catching!—What is catching?" said I.

"I will show you presently. Wait a little."

I waited a few minutes, and then we perceived a tall student advancing leisurely towards us on the same side of the way. "There's another!—he will do. You shall see me catch him;" and so saying, Rabenmark waited till the stranger was nearly abreast of us, and then suddenly thrusting out his leg, tripped him over. The student rolled in the gutter, and then sprang furiously to his feet.

"Dummer Junge!" he roared.

"Infamous Hundsfott!" replied Rabenmark.

"You shall hear from me to-morrow," and off he rushed.

"Good night," said Rabenmark, and then turning to me, he continued: "This is what I call catching. It is a little invention of my own. I have caught seven this evening—very simple, you see, and very little trouble. Good night."

"Sleep well," said I, and retired to my chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AESTHETIC TEA-PARTY.

I HAVE carefully abstained, in this part of my memoirs, from being the hero of my own work. It is my purpose, for the present at least, to carry out this plan. The events which I have detailed in the first book of this little autobiography could not fail to produce their effect. With time, however, the effects were less visible, not because they had been effaced from the surface, but because they had sunk below it; and at the period of which I now write, and which, as nearly as I can ascertain, was about a year after the death of Vassal Deane, I had attained an outward calm, very different from the dull melancholy with which I had been previously affected.

During this portion of my life, although personally engaged at times in certain turbulent and (as it will in the sequel perhaps appear to the reader) not very commendable transactions, I was, in all matters of the heart at least, a spectator rather than an actor.

Would that I had remained so during the whole period of my exile; but it is unnecessary to anti-

cipate what it will soon enough be my duty to record.

I wish accordingly, for the present, to interest the reader rather in others than in myself, and I shall therefore, while detailing whatever may seem worth preserving of my adventures, lay an attachment, as a lawyer would say, on all the sympathy he might otherwise have placed at my disposal in sentimental matters, for the benefit of others.

On the afternoon succeeding our visit to the Pommeranian Kneipe, I had been walking in the neighbourhood of Göttingen. I was returning about dusk through one of the most elegant streets to keep my appointment with Trump, when, as I passed under the balcony of a large and respectable-looking house, a bunch of violets dropped upon the pavement at my feet. I looked up, and just distinguished a female face at the window immediately over the balcony. She placed her finger on her mouth, shook her head playfully, and vanished.

"Donner wetter!" said I to myself.

The street was one of the most elegant in the town, and the house particularly imposing in its appearance. I was sadly puzzled.

I rang at the street-door. A servant in livery presented himself.

"Who lives here?" I asked.

"The Ablic-councillor, Privy-councillor Baron Von Poodleberg," was the reply.

"The devil!" I muttered. "What! not Professor Poodleberg?"

"At your service," said the lackey.

"Does the house belong to him?"

"Certainly."

"He has probably a large family then," said I.

"Only one daughter."

"But he has a wife?"

"Frau Von Poodleberg has been dead for some years. Old Mrs. Meerschaum, who has lived in his family some sixty years, is housekeeper and manager."

"Is the Professor at home?"

"He has just driven out."

"Thank you—I will call again," said I, and turned away from the door.

"One thing is certain," said I to myself, as I thrust the violets into my button-hole, and strutted homewards, "I have made a conquest of somebody; but whether it is the Professor's daughter Fräulein Poodleberg, or old mother Meerschaum, the housekeeper, time must show. Perhaps, after all, it is only one of the housemaids."

I had, however, no time to speculate further on the subject, for it was necessary to get ready for Frau Von Rumplestern's conversazione. So, with a determination to investigate the subject thoroughly as soon as an opportunity offered, I dismissed all thoughts of it for the present.

It was late when Trump and I made our appearance at the party. A small boy took our cloaks in the passage, and went forward to announce us.

"His Excellency Count Trump Von Toggen-

burg, and his friend and Excellency Baron Von Morton!" bawled the errand-boy at the bottom of the stairs, to the man-servant in livery at the top.

"Count Trump Von Toggenburg, and Baron Von Morton!" echoed the servant in livery, and a dead silence succeeded the buzzing and humming which we had heard from the saloon, in the midst of which we marched into the room.

It was a saloon of tolerable dimensions and neat appearance. The floor was, of course, without a carpet, and well polished. The curtains were of red taffeta. The chairs and sofas were covered with a sort of striped woolen material, and the rest of the furniture was of dark polished oak. An Albert Dürer, and two or three of Lucas Cranach's portraits garnished the walls, and a plaster cast or two from the ancient models stood in the different corners; a knot of men and women of all ages, with tea-cups in their hands, surrounded a chair placed on an elevated platform. The chair was at the moment without an occupant, but seemed to have been just vacated.

Frau Von Rumplestern moved out from the little crowd on our announcement to receive our obeisance. She was a short, pursy little body of fifty, with a red face, a brocaded gown, and a remarkably ugly cap.

"Allow me to recommend to you, gracious Madame de Rumplestern, my particular and distinguished friend, Baron Von Morton!" said Trump, with a great flourish.

"Delighted to make the acquaintance of any one who has the honour to be a friend of Count Trump Von Toggenburg!" said Frau Von Rumplestern. "Have you heard lately from your gracious father, Count Trump Von Toggenburg?"

"He is at present in Silesia, on a visit to our relation, Prince Hohenstaufer! Have you had much literature this evening?"

"Professor Funk has done us the favour to read us a passage from his new tragedy, but as it was only ten lines in length, of course there was not much time consumed."

"He has been some time engaged upon this tragedy, has he not?" I inquired.

"Twenty-five years of intense labour have been employed upon it, and he has as yet completed but two acts and a half. He, however, hopes to complete the remaining two and a half in ten years. And after all," said the lady, enthusiastically, "thirty-five years is but little time to spend on so vast, and so immortal a work!"

"I have heard that it was in the classical taste, but I must beg to be informed of the subject and the plan."

"Ah! you have a great pleasure to come," said the Frau, "but yonder is Professor Funk, let us walk forward, and I will introduce you to him."

"The great dramatist was standing near the reciting chair, which he had recently vacated. He was a thin, pleuretical looking man, upwards of fifty in appearance, with a pallid, unhealthy

face, large spectacles, and very grey hair, parted on the forehead and hanging wildly down over his shoulders. I observed that his coat was both rusty and dusty, and his black worsted stockings were full of holes. It seemed to be doubtful whether he had any linen; but he wore a very ample shirt-bosom of black silk which answered the purpose of a shirt, and saved washing. He was altogether what is called a very interesting man, and was surrounded by half a dozen admiring old ladies.

As we approached, I observed that he was descanting to his respectable audience on the superiority of his tragedy to any other, modern or ancient. I could not have selected a more favourable moment, and accordingly after Frau Von Rumplestern had carried me through the form of an introduction, I remained a silent listener.

"I first conceived the plan," said the Professor, "of, what my modesty forbids me to call, my immortal work, when only ten years of age. I, however, did not put pen to paper till I was twenty, and since then, I have been diligently employed upon it. It will be a grand jubilee, when the remaining portion is finished, and the labours of a life crowned with success"

"Great indeed!" said the six old women, enthusiastically.

"You must excuse the ignorance of a stranger," said I, "but I have but lately arrived in these regions, and have not had the advantage of becoming acquainted with the name and design of your work.

Great indeed was my mortification on arriving, to find that I had missed hearing the passage you have done us the honour to read."

"In compassion for your loss, which it must be confessed was excessive," modestly rejoined Funk, "I will in a few words state the design of my tragedy, or rather, to speak more correctly, my dramatic poem; for although, I have no doubt that the various theatres in Germany will be most anxious to represent it, yet it can hardly be called a tragedy in the modern sense of the term.

"My tragedy of 'Vulcan Degraded,' is an attempt to revive the Grecian drama. Vulcan, you may probably be aware, if your education has not been neglected, (but you come from a barbarous country, and excuses are to be made for you,)" continued Funk, who considered an habitual impertinence to be a privilege either of his genius or of his imbecile physical conformation—"Vulcan, according to the most received accounts, endeavoured to liberate his mother, who had been chained to a post in heaven by Jupiter, her husband, as a punishment for her obstinacy. The father of gods, seeing the attempt, kicked Vulcan down from heaven He fell for nine days, and at last alighted in Lemnos, where the inhabitants, seeing him in the air, caught him in their arms. Now, the only liberty I have taken with the history, is to shorten the duration of his fall from nine days to one; and you see at once the sublime simplicity of the whole plan. The action is the kicking of Jupiter, and the consequent

falling of Vulcan, both of which, as they are in reality only parts of the same proposition, may be naturally compressed into one and the same act. The unities are, as you may see, admirably preserved. In the first place, the unity of time—exactly one day;—the unity of place—you will observe that the scene is intended to represent only heaven, earth, and the intermediate space. Above is Olympus,—personages, Jupiter, Juno, Vulcan, and a chorus of gods and goddesses. Jupiter, and the chorus are naturally stationary from choice, so that they give me no trouble. Juno, who might be inclined to change her position, is carefully chained to a post. Vulcan, of course, in falling from heaven all the way to earth, may be supposed to violate this second unity; but as he is to represent the third unity, or the unity of action, he may be excused for the little impropriety towards the second. The devil is in it, if in making a man fall all the way from heaven to earth, (a journey of nine days according to the usual calculation,) I may not allow him to change his position?" said he, appealing to his audience.

"Quite right, quite right, Mr. Professor!" said the old women.

"Thus you see," he continued, "the whole state of the scene. Above is Olympus – Juno sitting—Jupiter kicking—Vulcan falling. In the centre, Vulcan falling—falling—falling. At the bottom, the inhabitants of Lemnos looking up with outstretched arms, all waiting to catch the god, and be instructed in horse-shoeing. This brings me to the

third unity, or the unity of action, which you see is perfect, and might at pleasure be compressed into an instant. It is simply—Jupiter kicks—Vulcan falls—the Lemnians catch—and all is over."

"It seems astonishing that a plot so simple in appearance, should require such intense labour, and so many years?" said I.

"Astonishing only to the ignorant," said the Professor, politely; "but on the least reflection the ten thousand difficulties will present themselves. For instance, I have been ten years writing the soliloquy of Vulcan which he utters in falling, and which in itself will occupy one act; as he is the principal personage in the drama, he ought certainly to speak more than any; but as the drama opens with his departure from Olympus, and closes with his arrival at Lemnos, no one of the other dramatis personæ could hear a word he said. It would of course, then, be superfluous, and a violation of the rules to make him utter any thing worth hearing. How do you think I get over this difficulty?" said he to me in a triumphant manner.

"I suppose you make him talk nonsense!" said I.

"Psha — psha!" resumed Funk impatiently, "I make him talk nothing but *Interjections!* Five years was I employed in devising this solution of my difficulty, and five more in carrying it into effect; and now, that it is done, it seems simple enough on looking back upon it. In effect, what could be more natural than for a person in Vulcan's disagreeable situation to vent his various emotions of hatred, rage,

fear, misery, despair, hope, joy, in a series of exclamations. But I assure you, it was a great difficulty to find all the interjections necessary to show the various shades, deepening at first from rage to despair, and then gradually and faintly heightening as he perceives assistance awaiting him on earth. I, in the first place, collected all the interjections of all the Grecian poets —

The pedantry of the Professor became at last (as Dogberry says) "most tolerable and not to be endured," so I turned away and sought amusement elsewhere.

The aesthetic party had become more numerous. From drinking and talking literature, they had taken to quadrilles and waltzing, and the company had been reinforced by a number of young and pretty women.

"Who is that old gentleman with the star on his breast, and half a dozen orders in his button-hole?" asked I of Trump.

"He, with his hair so nicely powdered, and so respectable a paunch?"

"Yes, talking in an authoritative kind of tone to that pretty girl?"

"That is the celebrated Professor Von Poodleberg!" said Trump.

"And the pretty girl?" said I eagerly.

"Is his daughter!"

"Ho ho!" said I to myself, "I am on the scent already:" so I lounged towards them, cast a most

mysterious glance at Miss Poodleberg, and then requested Trump to introduce me to her father.

He agreed to do so presently, but left me for a few minutes, during which I continued to cast sundry mysterious and passionate glances at Fräulein Von Poodleberg. The young lady took no notice of them, however, but looked at me as carelessly, as if she had never heard of my existence.

I determined I would sift the mystery, in one way or another, and so determined to gain admission to the house. Trump soon made his appearance, and we approached the famous Professor.

"Allow me to recommend to you, Baron Von Poodleberg, a young American, who has already commenced studying your famous work, and is so impatient for an introduction to you?" said Trump Von Toggenburg.

The great man nodded his head with all the dignity of Jupiter, and asked me how long I had been in Germany. We engaged in a most interesting conversation, and in the mean time Trump disappeared. I expressed my inclination to attend his course of lectures, assured him of my intense admiration for his great works, and talked a whole string of unmeaning gibberish, which I told him was the Narragansett language. He professed to understand it, although imperfectly, as his attention had been confined to the Choctaw, the Chicasaw and the other dialects connected with his work. In the end the Professor was so much pleased with my apparent admiration, that he concluded the con-

versation by inviting me to supper a few nights afterwards. This was what I wanted, and that business concluded, I turned to look around the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE HEROINES.

I REMARKED at once three pretty creatures of very different styles of beauty.

"Who is that tall dark girl, Trump?"

"Who? She that is waltzing with a little sneaking, bald-headed man?" he replied.

"Yes: a fat vulgar looking man is just whispering to her!"

"She! why, who you think she is?"

"How should I know?"

"Why, my dear fellow, that is Miss Potiphar, and in one glance, you have here my whole family party. The lady is my Judith, my Jewish Juno. The little blackguard that is dancing with her is Maccabäus, a money lender, and a friend of her father; and the large greasy looking plebeian whom you just saw speaking to her is old Potiphar himself.

"But you seem to be paying your court very negligently?" said I.

"Oh, I have had a quarrel with her father, and our courtship is carried on for the present in secret. It is for this reason that I feel certain of success. Now that there is a mystery thrown over the whole course of proceedings, her romance is awakened,

and I shall soon persuade her to marry me in spite of the whole synagogue. Go and waltz with her, and talk to her of me!"

Miss Potiphar was tall. Her features, although very Jewish, were very handsome. Her eyes were long and black as death; her nose was of the handsomest Hebrew cut, slightly aquiline, but thin and expressive; her mouth was a thought too large, and the lips might have been a trifle thinner; but as the teeth were snow, and the lips coral, it was a beautiful mouth after all. The dark shading on the upper lip was rather too decided; but you forgave it when you saw how it harmonized with her long lashes, and her glossy hair. Her figure was certainly superb, and the rounded luxuriance of the outlines, and the majestic fullness of the whole development, accorded well with her Eastern origin. Her feet, like her hands, might have been smaller, but they were well shaped, and she danced like a Miriam.

I was, on the whole, not astonished, that the prospect of inheriting fifty thousand rix dollars per annum, in addition to the personal charms of the fair Judith, was a sufficient inducement to Trump to mix his pure Gothic blood with that which formerly flowed in the veins of the Maccabæan kings. I was curious to find if the charms of her mind were equal to those of her person, and accordingly, in the pauses of the waltz, I entered into conversation with her. I soon discovered that she was a fool.

The little Fräulein Poodleberg was a very different kind of beauty. She had dark chestnut hair, which in the sun, was almost golden; hazel eyes, with a bewitching wickedness of expression, and very delicate and expressive features. The style of her face, joined to the fanciful and and antique character of her dress, gave her the look of an old-fashioned German picture. She wore a dark velvet boddice, nicely fitted to her plump and symmetrical little figure, with a dress of tawny satin. A veil of black lace was fastened to a high tortoise-shell comb at the crown of her head, and hung gracefully down about her neck and shoulders. The sleeves of her jacket reached to her elbow, and a fold of exquisite lace embellished the roundest and whitest arms in the world. I soon discovered that she was no fool. She was very sprightly, very poetical, and very coquettish; but, I was informed, was desperately, though secretly, attached to a young gentleman named Pappenheim, who was not present, and whom I had never seen. Why the deuce she should also make love to me in secret, and how she could manage to preserve her composure so perfectly in my presence, I could not imagine—I was more puzzled than ever.

But by far the loveliest woman in the room, and one of the handsomest I ever saw in the world, was the young Countess Bertha Wallenstein.

She was leaning on her father's arm, as I finished my conversation with the little Poodleberg, and

I was struck at once with the distinguished and superior air of father and daughter.

Count Wallenstein was a colonel, who had served in the wars of the immortal Frederick. He was a middle-aged man, of a tall, portly, and commanding figure; and one empty sleeve pinned to the breast of his military coat, showed that he had not escaped unharmed from the many campaigns he had been engaged in. He was military commandant of the town, and of a stern and unyielding character.

His daughter was, as I have said, eminently beautiful; perhaps, if there was any one charm which characterised her at first sight, it was her look of blood. You could no more mistake her thoroughbred air, than you could that of an Arabian filly. Every movement, every feature, every limb proclaimed it. She was tall and lithe, and though not at all deficient in *en bon point*, her motions were as light and graceful as an antelope's. Her face was of the highest Saxon beauty, and the features all exquisitely regular. Her complexion was of the most Teutonic purity, and the colour came, vanished, and changed at a thought, beneath the smooth and wonderful whiteness of her skin. Her hair was of the palest golden hue, and of the most delicate texture. She had large grey eyes, whose colour might have been too light for expression had they not been relieved by very long and very dark lashes.

Altogether Bertha Von Wallenstein was worthy of her name, for her father was, I believe, collaterally descended from the great Duke of Friedland.

The evening was drawing to a close. The seven baronesses Puffendorf, had indulged us with songs and music of all kinds. Professor Funk had been prevailed upon to recite again the last ten lines of his tragedy. Trump Von Toggenburg had nearly finished his stolen flirtation with Judith, and I was thinking seriously of retiring.

As I approached the door of the saloon, I heard a soft and gentle voice utter the words, "You will not forget, dearest Otto?" — and a voice that sounded familiarly to me, replied, — "In ten days — only ten days, my own Bertha." I turned to look at the lovers, and saw Bertha Wallenstein and Otto Von Rabenmark!

I never saw such a transformation in a human being, and for an instant could not believe my eyes. It was, indeed, fox Rabenmark, but instead of the savage, uncouth student, I saw an elegantly dressed young nobleman, of peculiarly graceful manners, and distinguished address. His hair was curled and arranged in a becoming manner, and his graceful and very handsome figure was displayed to the greatest advantage in a rich and well-fashioned suit. He wore lace ruffles, and a magnificent solitaire; a chapeau, in the prevailing mode, was under his arm, and a small court-sword was at his side.

Suddenly I perceived the father of the lady approaching, and his face wore an aspect of unusual severity. The pair clasped each other's hands, and exchanged a passionate look, and then the daughter left the room on the arm of her father.

"Frau Von Funkendorff's lantern stops the way!" bawled the servant, opening the door.

"Madame Poppenstein's lantern just arrived!" repeated he, renewing the operation.

The party was evidently breaking up.—Trump joined me, and together we made our obeisance.

On coming down stairs, I observed a whole string of men-servants and housemaids, with lanterns in their hands, and so discovered the meaning of the servants' announcing in the saloon. I watched party after party of ladies wrapping themselves in their cloaks, and then, preceded by their servants with the lantern, marching homeward through the gloom of the dimly-lighted streets.

In returning home, I felt myself interested in these episodes, as it were, of the epic of my own life.

Here was Trump's amour with the Jewess; Rabenmark's suddenly discovered and very singular connection with Bertha Wallenstein; and this extraordinary passion which Miss Poodleberg secretly entertained for the unknown Pappenheim and myself.

I determined, if I could, to discover and observe the progress of all. As for Trump, he had already made me his confidant, and I expected the same of Rabenmark, for he had taken occasion to request me to be at home the next day for an hour preceding the time appointed for the Paukerei.

CHAPTER X.

A PAUKEREI.*

"WHAT upon earth occasioned your singular transformation yesterday?" said I to Rabenmark, as he entered my room the next afternoon.

"There was nothing very surprising in it," he replied; "I tell you I am as well aware as any one of the absurdity of my usual dress, conduct, and habits, and I have told you my reasons for continuing them; but there is something I have not told you, and which I hardly understand why I should tell you now, except that I feel we are more than common friends, although acquainted so short a time. You saw the Countess Bertha Wallenstein last night?"

"The beautiful blonde you were speaking to just before I left the saloon?" — Yes.

"She is my betrothed."

"I thought as much; but what an extraordinary circumstance — you, a boy of seventeen, a fox. Who ever heard of a fox betrothed?"

"That is exactly what her father, old Wallen-

* Paukerei means, in the student's slang, a duel.

stein, is likely to think. He is a stern severe old martinet, and if he takes it into his head to oppose our union, he will continue to do so out of pure obstinacy; and yet what can be more unreasonable. My family is as ancient and noble as his own. A descendant of the great Friedland need not feel himself degraded by an alliance with a house whose ancestors once entertained Charlemagne with regal pomp at his own castle. My worldly expectations are also very good — quite equal to Bertha's, and in fact, there is no reason why we should not be united."

"I should, however, I own, be greatly surprised," I replied, "if you did not find the opposition from the father which you seem to expect. Your very commendable style of life — the impartial division of your time between drinking and duelling, your strict attention, in short, to the two great duties of a student's life, must render you particularly acceptable to the father of any marriageable daughter!"

"The fact is, my dear Morton," he replied, "I have given way to my natural impulses in these particulars, — the more willingly, because we wish for the present to conceal our mutual engagements from Count Wallenstein. It is impossible, under any circumstances, that we should be united for three or four years — a very short probation for us faithful Germans. Such however, is the resolute and unyielding character of Bertha's father, that nothing would induce him to consent to our union if he once opposed it. It is also highly improbable

that any thing could induce him to regard the engagement with a favourable eye; at present we desire, consequently, to give him no cause to suspect that such a thing exists."

"But what is to be the issue of the adventure?"

"In two years and a half I shall have completed my diplomatic studies, and shall have gone through with my examination; after which, through the influence of my uncle, Count Pappenheim, I hope very soon to be provided with a diplomatic situation at some of the foreign courts. I shall by that time, also, have completed my twenty-first year, and have come into the possession of a landed estate, worth at least 5000 rix-dollars a-year. I hope, in the mean time, with the assistance of Bertha, to overcome the resistance of old Wallenstein, and to convince him that I am, in reality, something better than the good-for-nothing desperado which he at present, in common with the rest of my acquaintance, takes me for."

"A very feasible plan; and in the mean time you enjoy yourself and your studenten-leben (student's life.) But does Bertha approve of all these doings?"

"Why, perhaps not exactly; but then, you know, there are certain subjects on which women cannot be expected to form so correct opinions as men. As long as she knows that I am faithful to her, and in all things do nothing unworthy of my honour as a man and a nobleman, all will be well. Besides, she is not altogether so squeamish as many other women on many subjects; and as she knows that I despise

as much as any one the very habits of life which I at present see fit to assume, she feels safe; and in my scrupulous and honourable fidelity to her, in body and soul, she feels she can confide."

"Well, she is a very sensible woman, and I see no obstacle to your eventual success."

"None in the world," he replied. "So now for old Kopp and Fizzleberg."

As we walked towards the inn, in the hall of which the duels almost universally take place, we continued our conversation.

"I think you said something of an uncle Pappenheim," said I. "By the way, is there not some one of that name at present in Göttingen."

"Certainly—my cousin Leopold—the son of that Count Pappenheim."

"Is he a student?"

"No; he made his examination last year, and is already attached *en attendant* to the 'foreign affairs' office in Vienna."

"Then why is he not at his post?"

"Because he is exactly in the same scrape as myself—he is in love."

"Well, I thought I heard something of the kind. Is not the little Poodleberg the object of his affections?"

"Yes; and old Poodleberg opposes, because he has become so puffed up with his own success, that he expects to marry his daughter to an arch-duke at least."

"And does the gentle Idâ return your cousin's devotion?"

"Yes; but here we are, at Keiser's; and I must be thinking of more ferocious matters."

I could not help being somewhat puzzled by the whole business of the Fräulein Poodleberg, but hoped still that time would unravel the mystery; and in the mean time, we entered the duelling-room.

The house where I now found myself was an inn of rather large size, and situated not more than a quarter of a mile from one of the gates of Göttingen. It had nothing in particular to distinguish it from other inns of the same class, and the room where we had arrived, after ascending the principal staircase, was simply the hall which was used as a dancing-room on Sunday afternoons by the maid-servants and peasants from the town and its environs, although on week-days it was the scene of blood and devastation.

It was a hall of very considerable dimensions, tolerably lofty, and lighted by two windows at each end. On each side, towards one extremity of the hall, was a small chamber.

As we entered, there were already some fifty or sixty students present, of all ages, sizes, and denominations. There had already been several duels that afternoon; but nothing of importance had taken place.

"Do you go los this afternoon, Rabenmark?" said Schnappsberger.

"Yes, if any of my men are here."

"Whom do you expect?" said Schnappsberger.

"Kopp and Fizzelberg are the two first on the list."

"What! Kopp the Westphalian?"

"Exactly."

"Thousand donnerwetters! why, he is senior of the Westphalian club, and the best schläger in all Göttingen."

"Sausage!"

This word *sausage* is a student's expression for indifference, and is one of the most frequent of their slang phrases. To say such a thing is sausage to me, means, I care nothing at all for it—it's all one—"*Je m'en moque.*" By the way, I may as well remark, that the German student's slang is almost as copious as the language itself, and is so totally distinct from it, that a very ample dictionary of it has been published.

"So you are going los with Kopp the Westphalian," grunted Dummberg, who was always present on these occasions.

"Yes; at your service," said Rabenmark.

"Why, he is senior of the Westphalians, and the best schläger in Göttingen. You will certainly get your nose cut off," returned Dummberg.

"Sausage!" repeated Rabenmark.

"Who else shall you fight this afternoon, if you get off from Kopp?" asked Trump Von Toggenburg.

"Fizzelberg."

"Fizzelberg! why he is consenior of the West-

phalians, and the next best schläger in Göttingen," said Trump, in dismay.

"Sausage!"

In the midst of these encouraging pieces of information, Rabenmark, nodding to me to accompany him, marched into the chamber belonging to the club.

There were some dozen students there belonging to the Pommerania. Three stood at a table, on which lay a box of sword-blades, with hammers, screw-drivers, and other accompaniments of the armourer's trade. One of them fussed up to Rabenmark with an important face, and held out to him a schläger.

"There," said he, "I have just picked out the best blade in the whole box of new ones, which we have just received from Solingen. I have screwed it in on purpose for you. Try it."

Rabenmark took the schläger, threw himself into a posture of defence, and cut a few slashes in the air.

"This will do for Fizzelberg; but old Kopp seems such a redoubtable customer, that I must have a look myself at the box."

The three opened the chest, and displayed their collection. Rabenmark poked among them for a few minutes, feeling the edge of one, the weight of another, and at last selected one, which the fussy personage with the important face immediately screwed into the hilt.

Rabenmark took off his coat and prepared to un-

dress, and dress himself for the conflict. Two or three other students, who appeared to have recently finished an affair of honour of the same kind, were resuming their usual habiliments.

"Got any thing to-day, Plattenheim?" asked Rabenmark of one of them.

"No cuts:—but that devil, Manlius, has beaten me with the flat most infernally.—He is a splendid schläger; but he cannot cut sharp," was the answer.

"Swine for you," said Rabenmark.

Swine (Schwein) is the reverse of Pitch (Pech) in the student's dialect, and is the elegant expression for all kinds of good luck.

"And you, Zinzendorf," said the fox, continuing to undress, "what was the result of your Paukerei with Stott?—It came off to-day, I believe?"

"Pitch enough," was the reply; "look here, under my arm:" and Zinzendorff showed a small cut, about an inch long, and hardly skin-deep, which had, however, been found exactly of sufficient dimensions to answer the requisitions of the "Comment," and consequently entailed the disgrace of discomfiture on him who received it.

Rabenmark had now divested himself of all clothing but his shirt and trowsers. The defensive armour, used in these student's duels was now brought him.

He first put around his neck a stock of silk, wadded very tightly, and nearly an inch in thickness. This effectually protected the throat, and its vital

arteries, from any sword-cut. Next he assumed the duelling-breeches. This elegant article of dress resembles an apron divided into two compartments, and perhaps it is a hyperbole to dignify it with the appellation of breeches. It is made of strong leather, padded to a great thickness, is strapped and buckled round the body and the legs, and reaches from the waist to the knees. His right arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, was then swathed with a kind of rope of old black cravats; and upon his head was placed a large and wadded club cap, with a large leather front-piece.

Thus it will be seen that the only parts of the combatant left exposed are the face and breast; and it is consequently these alone that are invariably found covered and tattooed with scars.

Affenstein, with his sinister and noseless visage, and Schnappsberger, who were to be Rabenmark's two seconds, had already assumed a sort of costume, less defensive than the principal's, which is always worn by the seconds. Affenstein looked into the room, and observed that the opposite parties were entering—upon which we made no delay, but hastened to the scene of action.

Rabenmark and his seconds marched stoutly into the centre of the hall, at the exact moment that Kopp and his friends appeared from the opposite door. Old Dummberg, who was to be umpire, was already there, smoking his pipe with perfect composure, and holding a bit of chalk between his thumb and finger. As soon as the combatants ap-

peared, he stooped down, and marked off with his chalk the proper places and distances. A ring was formed, and the five were left in the centre of a circle of some forty or fifty spectators.

"Join your blades," said Dummberg, in a sonorous tone.

The two principals threw themselves on guard, and crossed their weapons. The two seconds standing at opposite corners, did the same, and laid their blunt iron swords across the bright blades of the combatants.

"The blades are joined," said Affenstein.

There was a moment's pause.

The whole picture was peculiar, and would have been a fit subject for Caravaggio.—The costume of the students, (particularly the duelling-costume,) though wild-looking and bizarre enough, as may be supposed, is rather picturesque in its effect.

Both the combatants, and both the seconds, were tall, well-formed young men. The two Pommeranians wore bright red caps, with broad gold bands, and their scarfs and sword-hilts were of the same colours. The Westphalians wore dark green and silver. The four had thrown themselves into warlike postures of offence and defence, and the word was just to be given for the commencement of the contest.

It was after all a gladiatorial exhibition worthy the arena of a Roman amphitheatre; and the aspect of the spectators, with their bearded faces, singular

dresses, tasselled pipes, and doughty clubs, was in good accordance with the rest of the show.

"Join your blades," repeated Dummberg.

"Joined they are," responded Affenstein.

"Los!" roared the umpire.

In a twinkling of an eye the seconds withdrew their swords from the conjunction, and backed to the verge of the "mensura."

The principals were left alone, with their swords crossed.

For an instant they remained motionless, and eyed each other warily, but undauntedly. Suddenly Rabenmark raised his weapon, and making a feint at the head of his antagonist, directed a violent blow at his breast. It was skilfully parried by the opposite party, who retorted with a savage "quart," which, if successful, would have nearly severed him in two. The fox caught it on his sword, with a skill which I hardly believed him capable of, and then becoming animated, rained a succession of violent and rapid blows, now quart, and now tierce, upon his adversary. They were all parried with wonderful precision and coolness, till the last, when a tremendous "deep tierce" evidently took effect.

The seconds sprung in, and struck up the swords of the combatants.

"A hit, — I swear it was a hit!" roared Affenstein.

"No hit, — no hit, —" cried the opposite second.

"Umpire, — umpire, — I appeal to you!" vociferated both parties, equally inflamed.

"I think it was a hit; but am not sure where.—You may examine," said Dummberg, very calmly, without taking his pipe from his mouth.

Kopp's second now advanced, opened the bosom of Rabenmark's shirt, and searched carefully for any scratch or sign of the conflict. — There were none visible. — Affenstein did the same to Kopp. It was then discovered that the blow had really not been parried, but had alighted, however, on the padded leather, just below the breast. — It was of course harmless, and passed for nothing.

"Join your blades!" said Dummberg, chalking down one gang on the stem of the pipe he was smoking.

"Joined they are," said the seconds.

"Los!"

Away went the seconds, and furiously the antagonists renewed the conflict. Kopp, who, as we have already heard, was a celebrated champion, rendered furious at having been already so nearly wounded by a fox, now threw himself on the offensive. I trembled for Rabenmark, for I knew that he was bad at parrying, and that his only chance of success with his present adversary was in a desperate and furious attack. He was, however, now obliged to act on the defensive, and he stood his ground at first very well.

Kopp followed him up with tremendous ferocity. Now he struck half-a-dozen quarts in rapid succession, — then an unexpected tierce would nearly throw the fox off his guard, — and then he alternat-

ed all kinds of blows in the most bewildering and annoying manner.

I perceived that the dexterity of my friend was nearly exhausted, and expected every instant to see him stretched upon the floor. At last, Kopp aimed a prodigious blow at Rabenmark's head. It came within a quarter of an inch of the frontlet of the cap, before Rabenmark succeeded in beating it off with a desperate and successful back-handed stroke. The fox, now throwing himself entirely off his guard, rushed wildly upon his adversary. He beat down his sword before he had time to recover his posture of defence, and with one last, violent and tremendous effort, he struck at his adversary's head. It was unexpected, and too late to parry; the blow alighted full upon the cheek of the enemy. Its force was prodigious; the Westphalian, stunned and blinded, staggered a few paces forwards, and then his feet slipped up, and he fell upon the floor.

The seconds sprang in.

"I suppose you will allow that to be a hit?" said the fox, to his adversary's second.

"Little doubt of it, I am afraid," replied he, turning to his principal. He was bleeding profusely, and was already quite insensible.

As it is very seldom that the wounds received in these duels are so severe as to prevent the parties from walking home very soon after, it will be seen at once that this blow inflicted by Rabenmark was of more than usual magnitude. It is very rare indeed, to see either of the parties fall at all; but here was Kopp,

one of the strongest and most athletic men at the university, struck to the earth, and lying in a state of total insensibility.

I went up, and took a look at him. The Pauk doctor was busily sponging away the blood, and an assistant was applying restoratives to awaken him from his swoon. The side of the cap had been cut through by the violence of the blow, and a deep and ghastly wound extended from the top of the head across the temple and the cheek. The whole side of the face was laid open.

"He has enough for the next six weeks," said Rabenmark, coolly turning towards the dressing-room.

"Verfluchter Fuchs!" (cursed fox) murmured the wounded man, reviving at the sound of his adversary's voice for an instant, and then relapsing into his swoon.

"I suppose you are too fatigued for Fizzelberg now?" inquired I.

"Not a bit," he replied. "I shall finish old Fizzelberg at once. I have evidently swine to-day, and don't know how it may be to-morrow. Affenstein, go and ask him to get ready; in the meantime, I will rest myself a little."

He sat down by an open window to cool himself, and in the meantime Trump Von Toggenburg and others discussed the "paukerei" which had just taken place.

"That's a devilish good deep tierce of yours, fox,"

said Affenstein; "I have noticed that it is your favourite blow."

"I always put myself on guard in this manner," said Trump, seizing and brandishing one of the schlägers; "and I always strike this 'quart,'" continued he, making what he considered a very scientific stroke in the air. That deep tierce of Rabenmark's is dexterous, but my 'quart' is irresistible. I learned it of my grandfather. When my grandfather was a student at ——"

"Rabenmark! Fizzelberg is waiting for you!" cried Affenstein, fortunately interrupting Trump's biographical anecdotes.

"Very well," answered the fox; "here goes." And he again entered the arena.

It was a great exaggeration of Trump's to say that Rabenmark's present adversary was the second best schläger in Göttingen. In fact, Trump knew nothing about the matter; but as he was one of that sort of people who are always for knowing more than any one else upon every subject, he was in the habit of venturing assertions at haphazard, without knowing whether they were right or wrong. In the present instance, he was totally mistaken. Fizzelberg was neither con-senior of the Westphalians, nor a good schläger. He was, in fact, but a beginner in the science of defence. He was, moreover, I perceived, considerably fluttered by the tremendous discomfiture of his friend Kopp. He came

up to the scratch pretty manfully, however, and put the best face he could on the matter.

"Join your blades!"

"Joined they are."

"Los!"

Whack! — whack! — whack!

"Hold! hold!" cried the seconds, striking up the swords, after half-a-dozen blows and parries had been exchanged.

"A hit!"

"No, — no."

"Umpire?" appealed the seconds.

"Nichts," said Dummberg, and so they went at it again.

Whack! — whack! — whack!

Rabenmark had, on first commencing the conflict, conducted himself rather warily. He had heard falsely, as we know, of the high reputation of his new antagonist, and determined that his previous triumph over Kopp should not be thrown into the shade by a present overthrow. He, however, soon perceived how much he had been mistaken in the character of Fizzelberg, and felt himself secure of an easy victory. He accordingly contented himself for the present with parrying his adversary's blows, till he was roused to exertion by being nearly cut across the face by a successful quart from his opponent.

"Tausend Teufel!" he cried, as he barely contrived to parry it. "Take care of yourself now, Mr. Fizzelberg!" and forthwith began to make play in

the most vigorous manner. His adversary, however, held his own pretty well, and parried the strokes with tolerable success, till a back-handed tierce, something similar in its character to the tierce which had settled Kopp's business, although far less violent, took him inside his guard, and hit him just above the leather breeches.

The swords were struck up.

"A hit!"

"Yes," said Dummberg, marking the third gang on his pipe-stem. "Let the seconds examine."

Rabenmark was examined by his adversary's second, and found unscathed; while, at the same time, Affenstein clawed up the shirt of Fizzelberg.

"Bah!" said he, "what a trifle—but sufficient to decide the duel. It is a ——, at least," said he, using the usual student's expression for a wound of the requisite size and depth, but which is too coarse to be mentioned either in German or English.

"No, it is not," cried Fizzelberg's second.

"Umpire!"

"Let it be measured," pronounced Dummberg.

I must here mention, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the simple duel of twelve "gangs," or the more important one of twenty-four gangs, without any wound given or received, or before the completion of the exact number, by the reception on either side of a wound of a certain length and depth, and from which the blood flows within a given time. It is only, however, simple duels — that is to say, duels to revenge a simple insult, such as that which

passed between Rabenmark and his two antagonists - which are settled in so simple and trivial a manner. Quarrels of a serious nature are set led in a more important manner; as, for instance, a meeting without defensive armour, and for an indefinite number of rounds, that is, as long as the parties can stand on their legs. It was my lot to see, and it is my intention to describe, a very desperate encounter which took place some time subsequent to these proceedings, between Rabenmark and another, which was more serious in its nature and its effects; but at present it is necessary for me to return to the thread of my story.

"Let it be measured," said Dummberg.

"Have you a measure?" asked Affenstein of the adverse second.

"Yes; here is one," he replied, producing a little silver rule graduated in the minutest manner.

"Have the kindness to measure the wound, and satisfy yourself, then," said Affenstein. "Umpire, look at your watch."

Accordingly Fizzelberg's second advanced towards his principal, and looked on while Affenstein laid bare his breast. A ridiculous little scratch presented itself, from which the blood had hardly begun to flow. The second took the silver rule, and gravely adjusted it to the wound. It was discovered to be exactly one inch and one-tenth in length; and as the "Comment" only required one and one-twentieth, its size was declared sufficient.

"But the blood — the blood, my dear Sir," said the second. "Mr. Dummberg, please to approach with your watch."

Mr. Dummberg, plucked from his fob an antediluvian time-piece, and the seconds, the doctor, and the spectators crowded around, with anxious and important faces.

The scratch looked very dubious, and seemed hardly determined whether it would bleed or not. Just, however, as the umpire was about to declare the time expired, a few drops rolled slowly down from the wound.

"It suffices," said Dummberg solemnly, and returned the antediluvian repeater to his pocket.

"Gentlemen, the duel is at an end!"

"Psha!" said Rabenmark. "What stuff!"

"Yes," said Fizzelberg, "what stuff."

"Swine for you, my dear fellow," said his second, "that you got off so well from that ferocious fox. I am sure I shall see him cut off some one's head one of these days. What a tremendous 'deep tierce!'".

"What a tremendous 'deep tierce,' indeed!" said the principal, kicking off the breeches; and from that day Fox Rabenmark was the most renowned schläger in Göttingen.

I bade adieu to Rabenmark and the others, who intended making a night of it at the inn, and returned by myself to the town.

CHAPTER XI.

A MYSTERY.

It was nearly dusk when I entered the city, and quite accidentally I passed up the same street in which Baron Von Poodleberg lived. As I approached the house, I remembered the occurrence of the former evening, and began to walk slowly. Just as I reached the door-way, exactly as on the previous occasion, another bunch of violets fell on the pavement at my feet.

I looked up, and at the same window I saw the same smiling face. I was almost sure that I recognized the features of the little Ida, but in the gathering twilight I could not feel positive. She held her finger to her lip for an instant, and then made a succession of rapid gestures. It was some time before I could perceive what she intended; but after a little while I was certain that she was beckoning me to ascend. "The plot thickens," thought I; "however, it is a very agreeable mistake after all. I hope that infernal door is not locked. I have no inclination to make a confidant of that booby of a servant. To think of the little Ida nourishing a fatal passion for me, and then rumour ascribing it all to this Mr. Von Pappenheim." So saying, I tried at the door; it was not fastened, but opened to my hand. A cursed

bell, however, which, according to the prevalent German fashion, was fastened over the entrance, gave a jingle, and directly afterwards a puppy began to bark in the porter's room. I had got in, however, and it was too late to retreat; so I made myself as small as possible, and stuck myself in the darkest corner of the passage at the left side of the door.

"Run, Diedrich," said a female voice from the porter's room, "run to the door. I heard the bell ring—the master has come in, I suppose."

"Nonsense, Gretel," answered a voice, which I recognized as that of the servant who had opened the door for me; "the master has not been gone ten minutes, and he was to sup at the commandant's. He will not return before ten. Let me smoke my pipe in peace and quietness."

"Lazy fellow!" answered the wife. "How do you know that it is not some visitor, or even some robber? Well, I shall go and look into the business."

The door of the lodge opened. Luckily there was no light in the porter's room, or I must inevitably have been discovered. It was, however, now pitch dark in the passage. The porter's wife came out, and called towards the door.

"Is there any one there?" she demanded.

I nearly threw myself into convulsions by my efforts to resist a provoking inclination to sneeze and cough at the same moment; which inclinations, I have always observed, are sure to come upon one just when they are particularly inopportune. I continued, however, to make no noise, and the old wo-

man receiving no answer, began to think herself mistaken, and returned towards the room. As ill-luck would have it, however, the confounded cur, whose voice I had heard on first entering, now thought proper to turn his attention to the subject, and jumping out into the passage, commenced sniffling, and whining, and poking his nose into every corner, with an evident intention of thoroughly investigating the whole matter.

"Come here, Blitz,—come here, little dog," cried the old woman.

But Blitz would not hear of such a thing. He had already got up in the corner, and commenced hostilities, by catching me by the leg. I could stand it no longer; but making up my mind to be discovered, and abide the consequences, I indulged the infernal little beast with a kick, which sent him most rapidly into the impenetrable darkness of the other end of the passage.

"Hollo!—hollo!—hollo!" cried the porter.

"Ach! Herr Jesus!" cried the porter's wife.

"Blitz,—Blitz;—what the devil are you about?" asked the porter, of his four-footed ally. Blitz made no answer but by a deplorable whine.

The porter came out, with a lantern.

"Here's the devil to pay, to be sure," thought I; and as I supposed it impossible to escape, I prepared to bluster. Luckily, however, the first thought of the porter's wife had been to snatch up the much-injured little Blitz, and lug him into her room,—so I

was clear of that couple, at least, and had only to deal with one antagonist.

Very fortunately, as the porter came along with the lantern, he directed his attention to the right side of the door, instead of the left, where I continued to occupy my original position.—As he got close to the entrance, his back was towards me.—Watching my opportunity, I sprang upon him from behind, knocked the lantern out of his hand, which, of course, was extinguished in the fall, and then rolled him over on the ground. I then, by a sudden and lucky thought, threw the door hastily open, and slammed it violently to, making it appear as if I had evacuated the premises, and left them masters of the field of battle. In the mean time, I fled rapidly up the stair-case, which I was enabled, almost by a miracle, to find.—As soon as I reached the first landing, I crouched down into the obscurity, in order to find out what would be the issue of this last manœuvre.

"Thieves!—fire!—murder!—robbers!—rape!" roared the porter.

"Robbers!—rape!" screamed the porter's wife, hastening to the assistance of her husband.

As soon as she had assisted him to his legs, she received the information, that a whole gang of robbers had suddenly assaulted him, thrown him on the ground, picked his pockets, and then all fled out of the street-door. They magnanimously resolved to follow them, and so rushed together out of the house in pursuit of the fugitives.

These events occupied not more than five minutes. As soon as the coast was clear, I resolved to ascend to the presence of my inamorata.

I ascended two flights of stairs, and found myself in a tolerably spacious passage, lighted dimly by a single lamp.—Presently a door was thrown slightly ajar, and a female figure, which I knew to be Ida's, presented itself.

"Hush!" she said, in a very low tone, as I was preparing a speech; "Hush!—I know what you are going to say."

"Then you know a great deal more than I do!" thought I, but said nothing.

As she spoke, she came forward a little way out of the room, and caught me by the hand.—I squeezed it affectionately, and thereupon she made no more ado, but threw herself into my arms, and began to weep for joy.

"Dearest,—dearest,—" she murmured, "it is so long, that I have been dying to see you."

"Very long, indeed," thought I, "as I was never within three hundred miles of you in my life, till a week ago."

"You must not speak a single word," she repeated, playfully laying her pretty little fingers on my lips, as I prepared again to speak; "I am afraid to trust you a moment.—I heard all the noise below, and understood it perfectly,—that shocking little dog of Diedrich's,—he is so annoying.—One thing is certain:—my father has gone out, and will not return for two hours.—It is, however, so provok-

ing, that I could not get rid of that old Madame Meerschaum, in any way. There she is, snoring away in the next room, till supper is ready.—My voice does not interrupt her in the least, but if she hears a strange one, she is wide awake in an instant. So come in:—I will sit and sing to you for an hour, and then you must be gone.—I will drop you another bunch of violets, the next chance we have of meeting.—How cruel of you not to come the other day.—Ah! I forgot:—the door was locked, and you were obliged to meet the porter!—so come in:" and so saying, she extended me her hand, to pilot me through the twilight into her room.

It was so evident that she was making a mistake, and the perfect and confiding innocence of her appearance, made it so certain to me, that she thought herself admitting to these terms of intimacy only one to whom she was connected by the closest bonds, that I determined to explain myself, at all events, and tell her who I was.

"I see that ——" I began.

"Hush! — hush! — hush!—" said she, peremptorily; "my dearest Wolf, you must really not speak: it might cause us much embarrassment."

"Why then the devil is in it," thought I; "if you will not let me speak, I certainly cannot explain. — Well, you certainly have a talent for making acquaintances!"—and with these thoughts in my mind I gave her my hand, and she led me into the room.

"I feel the troth-ring on your finger," she whis-

pered; "mine is there too, you see, — and they shall never leave their places till they are exchanged for the only ones which are more sacred."

The room was not lighted except by the expiring embers of the fire, for she informed me that she was afraid to have candles there, as it was only under pretext of keeping Mrs. Meerschaum company, that she had been allowed to remain at home. I could accordingly only distinguish that the room was a little boudoir, evidently Ida's own peculiar sanctuary; and that it contained, among other things, a harp, a piano, and a table or two covered with books and music.

"There, Sir, you are to sit down there, and promise not to come any nearer," said she, placing me on a sofa, and then throwing herself at some distance on a low seat by the window. "And now I will sing to you the song you begged me to learn the other day."

Hereupon she took up her guitar, and began to sing a pretty German ballad. During this performance I reflected on the singular position in which I found myself. If I spoke, old mother Meerschaum would awake, and little Ida be exposed; and not only be exposed in the innocent intrigue which she was carrying on, but be discovered in intimate connexion with an entire stranger. It was evident that the mistake, whatever it was, had been made by my having been seen by Ida only in the twilight, and by the uncertain glimmering of a single lamp; and if I were once placed in full light, I should be recognized at once for the

wrong person. On the other hand, I could not reconcile it to my conscience to take advantage of the mistake of an unsuspecting little creature. Moreover, it was disagreeable to me to reflect, that I might at any moment be discovered, before I had time to discover myself, and so be upbraided for an impostor and deceiver. On the whole, I concluded to remain quiet for the present, and retire as soon as she was willing to release me; and determined to convey to her next morning a letter explaining the mistake she had made, and my innocent imposture.

When she had concluded her ballad, she said, "I know the song you are going to ask for, so don't say a word, and you shall have it; but stay, I must first look into the next room, and see what Mrs. Meerschaum is doing. Wait one instant, I shall return directly." And with this she slipped into the adjoining chamber.

When she was gone, I began to look about me. I suddenly seized the determination to disappear before she returned. I got up, and walked about the room. I hesitated a little, for I was anxious in spite of myself, to enjoy a little more of her charming society. In the mean time I walked up, as I thought, to a full-length mirror, and surveyed myself in the dim twilight with complacency. I began to fondle and arrange my moustachios, (at that period the objects of my tenderest solicitude,) and thinking the mirror rather dim, I reached out my hand to brush off the dust. In so doing, I found myself unexpectedly pulling the nose of a gentleman who stood in

the doorway, and whose wonderful resemblance to myself in air, height, figure, and costume, was so striking, that I had actually taken the open doorway, with his figure in the centre, for a large mirror with my own reflection.

"Well," thought I, hurriedly, "if the resemblance is strong enough to deceive me, no wonder that poor little Ida should have made this mistake in the twilight." It was no time, however, for deliberation. A rapid reflection passed through my mind that I had got into a scrape, and that I had better get out of it in a most summary manner. I felt how unable I was to account satisfactorily for my presence, and that my staying would not help to clear up the inevitable quarrel between Ida and her lover. Right or wrong, it was necessary to act promptly; so I determined to knock down my new acquaintance, and make the best of my way out of the house. These thoughts passed like lightning through my mind, and the execution was almost as rapid. I floored the gentleman without the least difficulty, for taken altogether by surprise, he offered hardly any resistance, and then jumping over his prostrate body, I rushed down the stairs like a whirlwind.

I reached the street-door in an instant. Judge of my dismay when I found it locked, and no key in the door.

"Damnation!" I muttered in excellent English. "What am I to do now?" I shall inevitably be discovered, and thrown into a common jail as a thief and a housebreaker. Very delightful prospect cer-

tainly! O, Ida Poodleberg!— Ida Poodleberg! — into what a devil of a scrape have you got yourself and me!"

In the first ebullition of my rage, I resolved to rush into the porter's lodge, where I could still distinguish the voices of my late antagonists, strangle Diedrich, his wife, and the poodle —find the key to the door, or, if I was unsuccessful, set fire to the house, and make my escape in the general confusion. Luckily, however, I hesitated a little to put these desperate measures into execution, and presently after a carriage drove up to the door.

"Run, Diedrich, man—run and open the door; I hear the Professor's carriage," said the portress; and presently the porter made his appearance again with a lantern. I gnashed my teeth in utter despair, and gave vent to my mingled feeling of rage, disappointment, and withal my sense of the ridiculous absurdity of the whole affair, in a horrid and unearthly sort of laugh.

"Ach—Herr Jesus!" shrieked the appalled porter, letting both lantern and house-key drop from his hand, and rushing back to his room as fast as possible. I hastened to take advantage of this lucky catastrophe, groped for the key, found it, fortunately, in an instant, opened the door, and danced out, half beside myself with joy at my final liberation.

I left old Poodleberg waiting patiently in the carriage, and fled hastily towards my own lodgings.

CHAPTER XII.

MY FRIEND THE EXECUTIONER.

A DAY or two after this, I went with Lackland to buy a dog. He informed me that he had recently seen one of a particularly fine Danish breed, which he wished to purchase, and had been told that there was a litter of puppies of the same sort at a dog-merchant's not far from the town. After passing a village about half a mile off, we came upon a comparatively solitary and deserted path. We proceeded along this road for about half a mile farther, without seeing a single habitation of any kind; but at last descried, at a few yards' distance from the road, a solitary house.

It was a long, low, scrambling kind of building, filled in with brick, and covered with a dingy plaster, with a large stork's nest placed majestically upon the red-tiled roof.

There were no trees or plantations of any kind in the neighborhood, and the whole household had a careless, untidy look.

As we came to a wicker gate by which the path leading up to the house was separated from the road, we were saluted by the baying of innumerable dogs. As we advanced, we discovered that there were a series of kennels placed at about a hundred yards from the house, and extending in a circle entirely

around it. The yard and all the intermediate space was filled with skeletons of horses, skulls of cows, and a miscellaneous and grotesque collection of thigh bones, ribs, and shin pieces.

The dogs were all carefully secured in their kennels, which was, as Dummberg would have expressed himself, "devilish swine for us;" for to judge by their savage looks, and ominous growling, we should otherwise have been made dog's meat of with great celerity.

A rough, red-headed, scarecrow of a boy, with half a pair of breeches, and no shirt, was seated on the ground, amusing himself with shying pebbles at a savage-looking dog, confined in one of the kennels.

"Where's the skinner?" demanded Lackland of this worthy.

"Who knows?" answered the ragamuffin, with a stupid stare.

"You know or ought to know, you black-guard," replied Lackland.

The boy sulked and said nothing. Lackland gave him a four groschen-piece, and repeated his inquiry.

"Well; the father told me to say he was gone out; but he is in the house I know, — he is tired, and is now refreshing himself with a game of cards with Crooked Skamp, the undertaker."

"Why is he tired so particularly to-day, that he cannot receive visitors?"

"O! he has been hard at work to day," answered the boy.

"Whose cow is dead?—whose donkey has been skinned?— whose cart-horse has foundered?" asked Lackland.

"Oh! none of such every-day work. But Teufel and Hanswurst, were executed to day."

"And who are Teufel and Hanswurst?"

"Why, don't you know?" The fellows who killed the old gentlewoman in the Hartz, and stole her fifty rix-dollars. To-day they were executed." And hereupon the boy began to cry bitterly.

"What are you blubbering about? Were these gentlemen relations of yours?"

"O no,—not that,—not that."

"What are you howling for then? Out of general benevolence, I suppose?"

"What did your excellency observe?" asked the urchin, evidently not comprehending the meaning of general benevolence.

"I say, I suppose you are crying because these criminals were your fellow-creatures? But no matter; remember that they deserved their fate."

"No; but the father said last year, that if I was diligent, and practised sufficiently, I should have a go at Hanswurst and Teufel myself. I worked as hard as I could, and cut off the strawman's head sometimes a dozen times in a morning, and yesterday I was all expectation that my father would say, 'Gottlob, thou hast been a good youth, — thou shalt be rewarded, — take my sword, go out and cut off Hanswurst's head, and be an honour to your family.' But instead of that, he only said, 'Gottlob, you lazy

beast, stay at home, and take the skin off Branmeier's two oxen that died this morning.' To think that I am sixteen years old, and have cut off nobody's head yet." And here the boy wept and roared again wofully.

"Hold your tongue, you lubber, and go in and tell your father that Mr. Lackland is here about the dog he spoke of yesterday," said my companion.

"In God's name, Lackland," said I, as the boy went into the house, "into whose respectable dwelling have you introduced me?"

"This—why this is my particular friend, the skinner, or executioner, or dog-merchant, which ever suits you the best, for he combines these three interesting professions. I had forgotten there was an execution to-day, or I should not have intruded upon him; but as we are here, we may as well settle our business."

"Why do you call him the skinner?" I asked.

"Because he is a skinner. If the cow, or the ox, or the ass of a peasant die on his farm, he would sooner die than flay him himself. He considers it as great a sacrilege as if he were to skin his own father. He sends him off at once to the executioner, and consequently the flaying of dead cattle has become almost as great a branch of his business, as chopping off criminals' heads."

"Is the disrepute of the executioner as great as it was in the middle ages?"

"No; it has become rather a joke than any thing else. It is seldom, however, that a peasant visits

sociably, and sits down in the house of the executioner. It is very seldom that he will ring glasses with him in drinking; but this is pretty much all that remains of the old superstition."

"The office is still hereditary?"

"Oh, yes. The interesting young gentleman whom you have just seen, is the first born and eldest hope of the present executioner, and you saw yourself how anxious he is to tread in the footsteps of his father."

"Here Gottlob appeared, and told us we might walk in. We walked through the kitchen, and came into a long low room, which seemed to be the principal if not the only sitting apartment in the house. It was decent enough in appearance, and less untidy than I expected. A glazed stove covered with blue tiles, was at one end, and an old-fashioned clock at the other. The floor was sanded, of course, and a long unpainted table was in the centre, upon which were a jug of beer, and two or three long glasses of some kind of "schnapps." Half-a-dozen crockery pipes, very dirty, and of the most ordinary description, stood in one corner of the room, and a fowling-piece, and a two-handed sword, were in another. Two men were seated at a table, earnestly engaged at the game of Landsknecht. One was dealing from a particularly dirty pack of cards, while the other was raking together, and counting a pile of small silver coin.

"Knave and lady!—knave and lady!—knave and lady!" cried the skinner, who was dealing.

He was a tall stout man, with a red head, like his son's, and a broad, jolly, good-humoured face. He was decently dressed, in a brown hollands blouse, fastened round his waist with a leathern girdle, and on his legs was a pair of leather spatterdashes.

"Knave and lady—knave and lady!" continued he, telling out the cards, one after another,—"Knave for you—lady for me. Come, madam—come dear little lady—lady! Psha—a cursed knave! Skamp, you win—deal the cards," he concluded, pushing over his money, and skimming the cards towards his antagonist.

"How d'ye do, Skinner?—how d'ye do, Skamp, old fellow?" cried Lackland, advancing.

"Ah, Count Lackland," said the excutioner, rising politely. "This is an unexpected honour;" and so saying, he dusted a chair for each of us, and begged us to be seated.

"I am afraid I have intruded upon you rather unseasonably," said Sansterre. "I was not aware, till Gottlob told me, that you had been engaged this morning."

"Oh, a trifle, your excellency—a perfect trifle. The two subjects I had this morning the pleasure of operating upon, gave me no manner of trouble. They were as gentle as lambs—quiet as kittens. They sat down, side by side in the execution chairs, with such docility, that it was a perfect pleasure to behold them. They conducted themselves with such perfect propriety, that I really felt proud of them. I am not the least fatigued. But as I always make

a holiday on these occasions, I invited Mr. Skamp, who was, of course, present in his official capacity, to accompany me home, and talk over the whole business over a pipe of good Kanaster."

Hereupon "crooked Skamp, the coffin-maker," as Gottlob had denominated him, arose, and with a bland smile, "hoped that his presence would not interfere with our business; if so, he would immediately withdraw."

He was a singular-looking individual, this Mr. Skamp, and I suspected immediately what the reader will soon find to be the case, that his vocation had not always been the grave and peaceable one of village undertaker.

He was a square-shouldered, broad-chested, powerful-looking man, with a head and bust resembling those of the Farnese Hercules. His hair and beard were jet black, luxuriant and curling. His ready smile exposed a set of teeth, as strong and white as the tusks of a blood-hound. The great blemish, however, to his personal appearance were his legs, which were short and stumpy, and were, moreover, bowed outwards to such a preposterous extent, that they had not unjustly obtained for him the appellation of "crooked," which we have noted. Altogether, however, his figure was remarkably strong and athletic, and together with his pleasant smile, and the merry leer of his little black eyes, consorted but oddly with the melancholy habiliments in which, conformably to the customs of his profession, he had arrayed himself.

He wore, namely, a long black fustian tunic, reaching to his knees, and fastened round his loins with a scarf of black crape; while black woollen small-clothes, and black worsted stockings, set off the peculiar beauties of his nether limbs. Shoes, with with large black buckles, were on his feet, and a small three-cornered hat of black beaver, with a broad crape banner waving and weeping from one of the ends, decorated his head. On his neck, lastly, he made an ostentatious display of a coarse linen neck-cloth, which he evidently mistook for white.

"Never like to intrude," continued this worthy; "it ill becomes a man of my cloth. I have but little concern with the secular affairs of this life. My thoughts are always bent on grave subjects," said he, draining off one of the glasses of Schnapps, and bagging the proceeds of his game by way of demonstration.

"Have you all your life been in this reverend and cheerful line of business?" asked I, of Skamp, who, during an earnest conversation which had commenced between my friend and the executioner, had very courteously seated himself near me, with an evident intention of doing me the honours of the house.

"Ever since I retired from the vanities of this world, which has not been long, by the way," replied the coffin-maker. "My biography, however, is rather too long and complicated a subject to begin upon just now; but if you will allow me to bring you next week a particularly fine haunch of veni-

son, which I can supply you with at a more moderate price than any butcher, I will relate to you some passages in my life, which, perhaps, may prove to you amusing and instructive. You need not be surprised that I have conceived this sudden friendship for you. I have long known you by reputation, and, moreover, I have the greatest respect and admiration for all Englishmen."

"But pray inform me, if it is usual for undertakers in Germany to unite the trade of butcher to their own respectable professions?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir. Do not suppose it is I who will provide your venison. I have a son, sir, who is the pride of my heart, and he is as sure, though I say it, with his rifle, as any lad in the Electorate. He has rendered himself such a favourite with several of the neighbouring noblemen, by his dexterous shooting, and his pleasant and respectful deportment, that he is allowed the privilege of shooting over their manors as much as he chooses."

"Hum—allows himself," thought I. "I have heard of a fellow called poaching Skamp, who has been punished half-a-dozen times for deer-stealing. It must be the hopeful son of my friend here.—Any time," said I, aloud, "that you have a spare haunch at your disposal, I shall be glad of it. I am very glad that your son is such a favourite."

"You have a taste in lace," continued Skamp, looking at my ruffles. "If you are willing to provide yourself with as nice an article as can be had in Germany, it is fortunately in my power to sup-

ply your wants;" and so saying, this extraordinary undertaker plucked from his bosom a small roll of the most exquisite Flemish lace.

"Your son is a lace-maker too, I suppose?" said I.

"Pardon me, your excellency. Although my second son is serviceable in the way of peddling my lace when it is made, yet neither Hermann nor Adolph is employed in the manufacture. No, sir, that lace is the fruit of the industry of my amiable wife and three dutiful daughters," said the coffin-maker, sentimentally.

"It looks as beautiful as any that ever came from Brussels," said I, buying enough for a pair of ruffles. "The price?"

"Ten Louis d'ors a-yard. It has, indeed, a resemblance to the Brussels; but my wife and daughters are careful to collect and copy from the best Flemish models."

"Yes: and to copy the best Flemish prices," said I, unwillingly forking out the money.

In the meantime Lackland and the executioner had gone out into the yard to discuss the subject of dogs more at their ease, and I proposed to follow them. We were preparing to go out, when a slight tap was heard at a door, that was almost concealed in an obscure part of the room. Presently afterwards, an individual, in a slouched hat and cloak, presented himself, crying out, eagerly:—

"Skamp!—my best Skamp!—sweet Skamp!—angel Skamp!—the jewelry is all safe and snug, and we——Holy father Abraham! whom have we

here?" concluded the stranger, hastily muffling himself in his cloak, and pulling his hat over his face.

It was too late, however, for I had recognized both the features and the accents of the Jew banker, Potiphar, the father of Trump's Judith. I forbore, however, of course, to manifest any signs of recognition, and the Jew evidently flattered himself that he had not been discovered. A moment after, Skamp begged me, in the most confidential manner, to withdraw for a moment, as he had particular business with this gentleman.

"I will join you, presently, in the yard," he added.

As I entered the yard, the skinner came up to me, leaving Lackland and Gottlob engaged with the dogs.

"The horse-skull, and the two skeletons, will be quite ready for you at the time you bespoke them for," said he to me.

"Horse-skull!—skeletons!" said I, in amazement; "what upon earth do you mean, Mr. Skinner?"

"You know you wanted them for your uncle, in Prague," he replied.

"My uncle in Prague!—I have no uncle in Prague.—I have but one uncle in the world, and he is in America!"

"Why, sir, you do not mean seriously to deny that you were here last Friday, and begged me to select the best horse-skull, and the two best skeletons of asses, I could find, as you wished to send them a

present to your uncle, who, you said, was the greatest naturalist in Bohemia.—I don't care so much for the trouble I have been put to; but I don't care to be made game of in this sort of way."

But here the impending quarrel with my formidable antagonist was averted by the appearance of a new personage on the scene.

This stranger brought with him a solution of the little mystery which had occupied me for the last few days, and that in the simplest manner.

As he advanced, the skinner looked surprised, puzzled, and then half-frightened; and I rubbed my eyes in absolute bewilderment, not knowing whether or no I was to believe the evidence of my senses.

It was, however, after all, only a natural phenomenon: a person, namely, who was the exact and perfect counterpart of myself, in face, figure, gait, and address. It was probably the suggestion of my vanity, but I remember I could not help thinking, at the time, that he was a particularly well-looking young man; and I have half a mind to describe him minutely, that the reader may likewise be of my opinion. On the whole, however, I believe all my friends must take my word for it, both with regard to Pappenheim, (for it was he,) and myself.

Although it created much wonder, and sometimes much merriment, it was not a very remarkable phenomenon. When it is recollected, that the only persons who were ever entirely deceived, were Ida Von Poodleberg, and the executioner, it will lessen

any extraordinary wonder that might have been created by the occurrence.

The executioner had seen Pappenheim but once, and was consequently not likely to note the appearance of his guest so accurately, but that he might have been easily deceived by a much less striking resemblance. As for Ida, it must be borne in mind, that she had been only deceived by my appearance at a distance, in the street, and at dusk; and that when we were in the house together, we were almost in total darkness. The reader may remember, that at Frau Von Rumplestern's conversazione, she had merely been struck by the singular resemblance, and with a passing comment had dismissed the subject; and that at both our memorable interviews in the street, it happened to be exactly that sort of incipient twilight, which is more deceiving than any other kind of light. Besides this, it was only our walking-dresses that corresponded so exactly,—the evening costume was different.

Pappenheim, as he advanced, seemed also bewildered by my appearance. Various emotions were visible in his countenance, as he advanced, and at last anger seemed to predominate.

He advanced rapidly, and prepared to address me.

"Stop, sir!" said I, "there has been a mistake; but no harm done. Let me tell you every thing in three words, and if you are not satisfied, then, it is for you to decide upon any other mode of satisfaction you choose."

I then took him aside, and told him the whole

story from beginning to end; showed how anxious I had been to explain to Ida her mistake, and how I had been prevented; and assured him I had been on the point of flying from my dangerous position, on that adventurous evening, at the very moment when I had encountered, and been obliged to assault him.

He seemed convinced, at last, and after a little hesitation, made up his mind to laugh at the whole affair. He held out his hand:—

"It is certainly a ridiculous affair altogether," said he, "and the best way for me to avoid being laughed at, is for me to keep my own secret, in which I am sure you will assist me. The honourable manner in which you have acted, throughout this affair, makes me think we shall be excellent friends, and I dare say we shall neither of us regret our singular acquaintance."

With this, my new acquaintance made me a polite bow, and begged to know my address. I gave it him, assuring him of my reciprocal and ardent desire of doing the same thing, and he gave me in return his own, on which was engraved, "Oscar Von Pappenheim." He then observed that he was somewhat hurried at present, and must beg me to excuse him, but that he should have the pleasure of meeting me at Baron Poodleberg's supper that evening. With that he hastened off, and began his conference with the executioner, touching his uncle's skeletons.

As Lackland had completed his purchase, and as

I saw no opportunity of renewing my conversation with the coffin-maker, we returned to town.

As we went along, I mentioned to Lackland this singular conversation with Skamp, and particularly the industrious and productive habits of his wife and family.

"He is certainly an extraordinary fellow, that Skamp," said Lackland, "and I should like to be acquainted with the whole of his real history. Besides being a coffin-maker and undertaker, he is the most desperate smuggler and poacher in all Germany; and yet so cunning a rascal, that he is never discovered. You have heard that he offers to supply you with venison and lace?"

"Yes," said I; "but his son is to shoot the one, and his wife and daughters to work the other."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Lackland, "what a lying rascal! He certainly is the most extraordinary fellow. His wife! he never had a wife in his life. Sons and daughters he may have in plenty, I dare say, but none that he knows any thing of, or who acknowledge, or who are acknowledged by him. The venison he steals himself, and the lace he smuggles, with a thousand other things, from all countries in the world."

"What do you think this Jew Potiphar, (for I am sure it was he that came into the room in a cloak and slouched hat,) was in search of?"

"Excellent! capital!" shouted Lackland. "I am glad you saw him. We shall have sport out of this yet. Why, Morton, I know enough of that old

Hebrew scoundrel to hang him. But be quiet; let us keep it to ourselves for the present. We shall have rare sport, and by the way, I think we may devise a plan to assist Trump Von Toggenburg, 'Count of the Holy Roman Empire,' (as he calls himself,) in his wooing."

"But here we are at our rooms,—*au revoir*. We meet, I believe, at Poodleberg's."

END OF VOL. I.