







Hannah Tiffin  
a New Years Gift  
from Grandfather  
1865



PRETTY TALES FOR PRETTY PEOPLE.











PRETTY TALES  
FOR  
PRETTY PEOPLE;  
OR,  
PICTURES OF LIFE.

DESIGNED CHIEFLY FOR  
THE PERUSAL OF YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. L. ARMSTRONG.

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# PRETTY TALES

FOR

## PRETTY PEOPLE.

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### INTRODUCTION.

NEVER, says a distinguished contemporary, did the venerable and well beloved Idler of old, utter an oracle so true, as when he declared—"The difficulty of a first address on any new occasion, is felt by *every* man in his transactions with the world." The aspiring politician, on his first presentation at court—the counsel, "learned in the law," on his first address to the bench—the actor, on his first appearance on the boards—and the writer of periodical essays, or ephemeral narratives, on his first address to the public, alike feel the truth of the Idlers' observation.

It is somewhat remarkable that of the innumerable multitudes who have sailed in the ocean of literature, in almost every age, not one should

have deemed it worth his labour to establish a course for succeeding adventurers. When the Spaniards discovered the golden coasts of Peru and Nombre de Dios, their principal care was to conceal the situation of, and the course to, these valuable possessions, and to magnify the difficulties and hardships of the voyage ; thus by multiplying the dangers, they deterred many from attempting to find, and by studiously concealing their situation, they prevented many from succeeding in their endeavours to find, the treasures which they claimed as their own. Our literary adventurers seem to have been actuated by a similar policy. As misers never acquire enough of riches, and therefore seldom declare by *what means* they acquired their wealth, lest others should step in and interrupt them, so authors are never satiated with fame, and are equally jealous of success in others.

It is true, indeed, that many of our most fortunate adventurers may be traced from island to island, but the mines which were, when by them discovered, in the highest degree rich and productive, are long since exhausted, and the succeeding adventurer has still all the dangers of the voyage, and the uncertainty of reward. The venerable Idler has indeed shewn us by *what means* Pope brought the transmuted ore of Homer to so fine and elegant a polish ; but not one of our successful navigators, not even the



Idler himself, has delivered any rules for the young adventurer to steer by. It is not to be expected that any established mode of introduction would suit *every* writer ; but were such a rule established, most young writers would be freed from their most disagreeable solicitude : to know that we are going on any established road is some consolation ; but to travel in a wilderness where there is no prescribed track, must be dreary and disheartening.

When the now forgotten writer of the Trojan war introduced his poem with—

“Fortunam Priami c antabo, et mobile bellum.”

he was ridiculed by Horace with the Fable of the mountain in labour ; and when Gray rushed abruptly into his subject, he was censured by the Idler with equal asperity : the proemial invocations of the ancients have fallen into disrepute : and prolix apologies are generally accounted indications of a conscious dullness ; no mode of introduction seems now better than another ; perhaps every former writer felt the task difficult ; and an attempt to trace the steps of any successful author, would be called servile imitation, and a proof of sterility.

In presenting himself to the public, the Editor of these PRETTY TALES merely wishes to observe that in a work like the present, which is designed to amuse as well as instruct, in its delineations of life and manners, he has not attempted to confine

himself to the cell of the ecclesiastic or the school of the divine, whose aim, both in their lives and in their writings, is not so much to depict life as it is, but as it *is not*, or rather as it should be ;—but he has selected his materials from the common scenes of life, the ordinary resorts of humanity—from the dwelling of the crowded city, the hamlet in the secluded valley, the “pomp and circumstance” of camps or courts, the abodes of professional industry, or narrow-minded prejudice, or close-fisted avarice,—depicted the seemings of thoughtless gaiety or heartless profligacy, the pretendings of pride or self-denyings of humility,—contrasted the lights and shadows of vicious and virtuous existence, to develop the workings of these antagonist principles ;—in short, by a faithful representation of the characters of individuals, and by pointing out their particular excellences or weaknesses, left the reader to be his own interpreter of the motives of the actors—to judge of the good or ill effects of their example on society, and thereby to discover the true road to his own happiness and intellectual improvement. This is, surely, to achieve the highest aim of the moralist, without the dictation of forms, or the fulmination of dogmas, which though grounded in wisdom and inculcated by prudence, have an air and carriage of ostentation, which instead of recommending them to youth, often counteract the force of their instructions.

Of these PRETTY TALES the Editor would only add, that several of them have been drawn by eminent *artists*, who have contributed their works to embellish his labours ; that the subjects are as various as the writers employed to produce them ;—and that, on the whole, a gallery of portraits is exhibited which, for variety at least, is unsurpassed within the same compass.

There is perhaps no “profession” so pregnant with incident and adventure, or from which more useful instruction may be drawn—especially by the young, who are but entering on the *stage* of life—than that of a player. In his introductory paper the Editor has endeavoured to recall a few such reminiscences as cannot fail to interest, whilst the reflections he endeavours to draw from them, or which will suggest themselves in the perusal, may be of service to the cause of morality and virtue : for “to amuse without contaminating—to interest without seducing from the path of rectitude—to instruct the mind, and at the same time to amend the heart,” is the chief object of his labours.

## THE STROLLER.

It was one fine morning in February that I passed through the villages of ———, situated about four miles south-west of ——— : it is a manufacturing village, and, though pleasantly situated, bears no traces of ruddy health or laughing content ; no athletic lads, no blooming lasses, were to be seen. I alighted at the sign of the *Swan*, chiefly with the intention of making a few inquiries concerning the place. As I dismounted, a man came from the house, whose dress and gait convinced me of his profession : he was an actor—a strolling player. “ There is,” observes a living writer, “ something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene ; their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only.”— Mine host and hostess were plain country people ; they had received nothing of the polish or pertness of the generality of publicans. I felt a little desirous of being partially acquainted with the *state of theatricals* in the village, and a writ-



ten play-bill hanging upon the chimney-piece, gave me the key of introduction. "I observe," said I, "you have players here." "Why, Sir," replied mine host, "they've been here nae less than a month come Friday." "Indeed," I rejoined, "they must have been successful, or, sure, they never would have remained so long." "Why, yes, they've been varra fortunate: they've frequently had thurty or forty shillings a-neet. But leyke meyst part o' sec fowk they spent it as they gat it."—At this moment my hero returned. His worn-out chapeau, and thread-bare surtout, for which apparently he had never undergone admeasurement, were faithfully *in character*; and he was starched most dandily: and his shirt-wrists reaching to his knuckles, and neckerchief that had seemingly long shunned the washerwoman's rage, bespoke a man of expanded and fashionable mind, and, I may say, of fashionable *means* also. "I presume, Sir," said I, "you are of the theatre?" "In your supposition, Sir," he answered, "you are right. To tread in the footsteps of Shakspeare and of Garrick—to hold the mirror up to Nature—to lash vice into virtue—to show Folly its own image—is the profession of your humble servant." "I trust, Sir," I rejoined, "there is nothing offensive in the remark, when I observe that of all species of folly, that of *strolling*, or *mumming*, as a player, is the the most perfect,



as it is attended with all kinds of hardships; and is looked upon as rather disgraceful." "Your remark," he replied, "is just; but, Sir, our natures are imbued with philosophy, and we are cheered on by Hope." After a little further conversation, I expressed a desire to know the particulars of his life: he acquiesced; and, after ordering him a glass of liquor, he drew towards the fire, and proceeded as follows:—

"I am a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was brought up to the trade of a confectioner; but soon the love of the buskin became my paramount feeling. I longed to provide for the mental appetite of the elegant, rather than pall their taste by an inundation of sweetmeats. I appeared at a private theatre, and was soon made to believe that the *stars* of the metropolis would hide their heads upon my bursting forth in the scenic horizon. This could not last long: the coloured bubble might float before bursting, and I determined to leave my mother's house (for my father was dead,) and dazzle the expecting world with a public exhibition of my splendence. I therefore procured a recommendation to Mr. Oxberry, in London, and, after saving a little money, I fixed the day of my departure. I resolved on a Sunday. Yes! *that* day I shall never forget. I rose early, and went to my mother's room. 'Good-bye, mother,' I said carelessly. She inquired where I was

going ? I replied, ‘ O ! only down to Shields.’ I had gone many further journeys without acquainting her, and she thought it strange, that I should bid her ‘ Good-bye ;’ and, in consequence, wished to prevent my departure ; but I shut the door, and ran off. That day, indeed, I shall never forget, for it was the foundation of my chequered fate ; and I never again saw my poor mother. I was an only and a spoiled child, and my running away laid the seeds of an hypochondriacal illness, which she never survived. But it is past.—Well, on arriving in London, I hastened to Mr. Oxberry, who, on reading the letter I presented to him, began to laugh immoderately, at which my pride was somewhat offended. ‘ Young man,’ said he, ‘ no doubt you are very clever ; but before you arrive at fame and fortune, you must go through the regular ordeal—you must go into the country, and see a little of *life*—you must *gag* it, my boy, as Kemble and Kean, as Munden and Fawcett, in fact, as we all have done.’ I had heard many anecdotes of the strolling days of these celebrated men, which, upon the mention of their names, came to my recollection, and threw a charm even around strolling. I thought of Kemble’s strutting as *Lord Townley* in a barn, the floor of which had been newly clayed ; and of his lordship, in his high-heeled shoes, sticking fast in the mud, to the great delight of the audience.

I remembered Munden's marching with recruits, and singing for ale and ha'pence ; and Kean's swimming across the Thames, because he had not a penny to pay the toll at Southwark bridge. And then, like the sun peering through dark clouds, it flashed upon me, that they *afterwards* had amassed immense wealth. Considering, therefore, a little strolling as the prologue to honour and riches, I readily consented to Mr. Oxberry's proposition of going into the country ; and next morning, with a letter from Mr. O., I set off for the west of England to join the company of a Mr. Foxall. On arriving at the small town where the company was performing, I inquired of some boys for the manager ; whom I found taking a walk of recreation : he was a very diminutive man, and wore a pepper-and-salt coloured coat and leather small-cloathes. With diffidence I approached so great a potentate, and, after a word or two, gave him my letter from Mr. Oxberry : I stood cap-in-hand : the manager viewed me : and at length informed me, that being in want of *gentlemen*, I should have an engagement ; in the meantime to step into his house, and take breakfast. A manager's lodging room bears every mark of vast business—it is like a slop-shop after a throng day. Whilst at breakfast, it turned out that the company consisted only of two gentlemen and their wives, and that it was a *sharing* company ; but



from Mr. Foxall's *hopes* there was every probability of it doing extremely well. And thus it is ever with strollers—the prospect of *to-morrow* amply covers the storms of *to-day*. The play that evening was *George Barnwell*, and I was to make my first appearance in *Blunt*. I felt humbled by this appointment ; but I took it for granted, that it arose out of the manager's ignorance of my talents. When the hour of performance arrived, I was assailed by the manager for the loan of my coat, in which to play *Barnwell* ; Mr. Hungerknear, the other member of our corps, obtained my waistcoat and trowsers ; and thus, though my clothes were then excellent, in less than a month, they were of the true professional complexion. None of the fruits of the line of life I had engaged in touched me whilst in our first town, because the money I had when I left home was not exhausted. Where we next settled we remained eight weeks ; (for strollers are like those insects that never leave the plant they light upon whilst a leaf remains ;) and upon closing the campaign, and summing up, I found that I had just received the sum of two shillings and sixpence per week. This short allowance put me to all the shifts of strollers, though I was not sufficiently *broke in*. In removing to the next town, a distance of eighteen miles, each had to take a part of the property, and my burden was a couple of scenes.

The day was in December, the ground was covered with snow, and the biting blast swept bitterly across a common that I had to pass. I then began to reflect on my folly. I threw off my load, and heedless of the elements, sat down upon it. I thought of the comfortable home and respectable profession I had exchanged for a vagabond's life ; and thought of my mother, and friends and companions, and wept aloud.—Our luck being bad in the next town, we were reduced to the degradation of going into companies, and asking them if they wished to hear a song. Many are the mortifications I have met with in this way ; but habit overcomes every thing, and in the end a man's feelings may be so far blunted, as to laugh at any misfortune whatever. The people of the town in which we next performed, were nearly all smugglers ; and it was of no use to play when a vessel was expected. We therefore hired ourselves as smugglers to a man who had made an immense deal of money in that line ; and I have lain for nights upon the beach, watching the arrival of a vessel by moonlight. I continued for two or three years in the west of England, occupied in a manner similar to what I have related ; and since (with the exception of being no longer a smuggler,) my life has been of the same thread. All my tender ties in society have been severed ; I still make an occupation I am sick of, subservient to the



obtainment of daily bread ; and sometimes, when I retire for an hour, I know I *live*, but my existence is a mere whirl. There is no description of misery to which a strolling player is not subjected. He experiences the sneer of the sneerer, and the scorn of the scornful ; the insults of the clown, and the suspicions of the prudent ; he has much labour, both bodily and intellectual ; and he suffers all the pains of hunger and hard travel.”—At this part of my new and frank acquaintance’s history, some company entered, upon which, after rewarding him for his narrative, I mounted my horse, and homeward steered, in reflection upon the strange infatuation that can cause any man to prefer a life of disgraceful (hoped-for) idleness, to one of honest and honourable industry. As a friend once observed to me, strolling-players are like people accustomed to eating opium : they cannot renounce the baleful fascination that is luring them to destruction.

When I was a few years *greener* than at present, I was—what I advise no young person to become—a dear lover of theatricals—and when I look back, I am free to confess, I have paid, upon the whole, *dearly* for my *love*. Among the professors of the “histrionic art” I have found very respectable, correct-thinking, honest, good-hearted, (as the term is usually applied) men and women—or, (begging their pardon) to

speaking more theatrically, good-hearted *ladies* and *gentlemen*; but, ah me! the number has been very small—very small indeed. “Pity ’tis, ’tis true.” I have been scurvily repaid for manifold favours. The player’s, like the politician’s gratitude, is generally for benefits *to come*. “Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we” go somewhere else,—is for the most part his motto. A fresh day demands a fresh deed—too often a fresh *victim*. Acting is what the “common people” call *living by wit*; and when a person takes to living upon the product of so precious a commodity, he should be well aware of his stock in trade. Too many, alas! are bankrupts at starting: the only question then is, “who shall suffer?”—for *suffering* is a sure consequent. The scene shifts—Hope tells a flattering tale—*presto!* the old *tricks* are stuffed into the new pantomime. Harlequin jumps through the key-hole—maugre close-watching—*minus* the landlady, and “all capital friends.”—(What a pretty little *story*! I wish it was with all my heart.)

Meanwhile the *profession* sinks,—and sinks,—and the *professors* wonder at the apathy of the public, and at the decline of *taste*. The stage may well exclaim, “defend me from my friends, and I will defend myself against mine enemies.” I am not here taking a *religious* view of the question, as that would lead me into controversy

with the advocates of the drama ; and it is not the intention of these papers to elicit disputation. The worms of decay creep from conventionalities, and from the mouldy volumes of Jeremy Collier ; but they also dwell and fatten among “the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations.” They are insidious little creatures. If you are not wary, ten to one but they find their way into your pocket. They have wonderful powers of digestion, too ; I have known them swallow pieces of gold and silver, and often (so common is the *performance*) quite forget, a few days afterwards, that they had done so. I am sure these *things* are practical over-throwers of the stage. They turn the stomach,—not of your Methodist, your Calvinist, your Evangelicalist,—no, no,—they sicken your *good* tradesman,—they tire out your jolly publican, and destroy *rump and stump* your dandies and mothers’ pets. They furnish their enemies with missiles wherewith to assail and demolish their friends.

Spranger Barry, that celebrated actor, had the pleasantest manner of *fleeing* his friends of almost any actor I ever knew. Those who were his dupes became so with a willing grace, and generally expressed contentment with their losses. I remember an instance of his happy manner of *managing* a dun when manager of the Dublin theatre. His stage tailor at Dublin had agreed, in order to secure to himself all the pro-



fits of his contract, to furnish materials as well as workmanship ; but the manager in process of time had got so deeply into his books, as to expose him to much embarrassment from his own creditors. Unwilling to offend *so good* a customer, the man had worn out all patience in the humilities of civil request and pressing remonstrance. At last, he was determined to put on a bold face, and become quite gruff and sturdy in his demands. But the moment he came into the manager's presence, his resolution failed him, for he was assailed by such powers of bows, and smiles, and kind inquiries after his family, such pressing invitations to sit in the handsomest chair, take a glass of wine, partake of a family dinner, or spend a Sunday at the manager's villa ; and all that he intended to say, in urging his claim, was so completely anticipated by apologies and feasible excuses for non-payment, that he could not find courage to pronounce the object of his visit. On his return home from these visits, his wife, who was of the *Xantipian* school, failed not to lecture him severely, as a *noodle* and a *ninny*, who had not the courage to demand and insist upon his right as a man ; as-severating, that if *she* had the management of the affair, she would soon have the money, in spite of the manager's palavering. The husband acknowledged his weakness, and said he would cheerfully resign the business to her care, but

predicted that, with all her fierceness, she would be conquered also. The good lady choose a morning for her purpose : advanced against the manager attired in all her finery, and armed with all her ferocity and eloquence, reached Barry's hall door, where her presence was announced by a thundering sonata on the knocker. The footman, guessing the nature of her errand, and anticipating a storm, from the fury of her countenance, said his master was not at home. Just at this moment, however, the voice of Mr. Barry was heard on the staircase, calling to one of his servants, and betrayed the official *fib* of the lacquey. "There," said the *sphynx*, "I knew you were telling me a lie ; he *is* at home, and I must see him directly ;" and immediately ran up the stairs. Mr. Barry, who had seen her before, kenned, at a glance, the object of her mission, and met her at the stairs' head, with a smile of ineffable kindness, welcomed her to his house, took her politely by both hands ; led her into the drawing-room (frowning like a bear), made a thousand kind inquiries about her good, kind husband, and her dear little children : shewed her his pictures ; consulted her judgment as to the likeness of his own portrait ; lamented her fatigue in walking so far in so cold a morning ; rang up his servants ; ordered fresh coffee and chocolate ; would hear no excuse, but insisted that she should take some



refreshment, after so long a ramble. The table was spread with elegancies : preserved fruits, honey-combs, liqueurs, and cordials, courted her palate to fruition, and a large glass of excellent cherry brandy, pressed on her with persuasive kindness, banished from her countenance all the stern array of the morning, and attuned her heart to such kindness, that all debts were forgotten, and all demands rendered quite impossible. The lady, overwhelmed with politeness, was about to depart, but Mr. Barry would not suffer this in an ordinary way, nor leave his victory incomplete. He insisted on giving her a set-down at her house, in his own carriage. He backed his request with another small glass of cherry brandy, to fortify her stomach against the cold air. The carriage was ordered, and, after a circuit of three miles through the principal streets of the metropolis, he set the lady down at her own door, with the kindest expressions of politeness and respect, and the highest opinion of his person and character. The husband, who awaited with eagerness the return of his wife, drily asked, "Well, my dear, I suppose you have got the money?" But the lady, finding in her own failure an ample excuse for the former weakness of her husband, fairly owned herself vanquished, and said that it was impossible to offend so sweet a gentleman, by dunning him for money.

“The business of plays,” saith Jeremy Collier, the great scourge of the English drama, “is to recommend virtue, and discountenance vice ; to shew the uncertainty of human greatness, the sudden turns of fate, and the unhappy conclusions of violence and injustice. ’Tis to expose the singularities of pride and fancy, to make folly and falsehood contemptible, and to bring every thing that is ill under infamy and neglect.” To do this effectually, it must surely be admitted, that the lives of the representatives of the drama should bear some conformity to the standard of morality it professes to exhibit. Were I properly qualified to judge of the question, I should say, (I am sure) that the immoral and dishonest and miserable conduct of “the professors” has done more to degrade “the profession,” than all the writings levelled against it. It signifies nothing mystifying or mincing matters ; truth, which in all things will ultimately prevail, may as well be allowed to walk quietly out at the door, as to escape at the window.

La Maupin, the successor of La Rochois, was the most extraordinary personage of the French opera stage : she fought like a man, and resisted and fell like a woman. Her adventures are, certainly, of a very romantic description. Married to a young husband, who was soon compelled to absent himself from her, to enter

on an office he had obtained in Provence, she ran away with a fencing master, of whom she learned the use of the small sword, and became an excellent fencer, which was afterwards serviceable to her on several occasions. The lovers first retreated to Marseilles, where necessity constrained them to solicit employment at the opera; and as both had by nature good voices, they were received without difficulty. She afterwards went to Paris, and made her first appearance on the opera stage in 1695, where she performed the part of Pallas, in Cadmus, with the greatest success. The applause was so violent, that she was obliged to take off her casque, to salute and thank the public, which redoubled their marks of approbation.

Dumeni, the singer, having affronted her, she put on man's clothes, waited for him in the Place des Victoires, and insisted on his drawing his sword and fighting her; which, he refusing, she caned him, and took from him his watch and snuff-box. Next day, Dumeni having boasted at the Opera House, that he had defended himself against three men who attempted to rob him, she related the whole story, and produced his watch and snuff-box in proof of her having caned him for his cowardice. Thevenard, another singer, was nearly treated in the same manner, and had no other way of escaping chastisement, than by publicliely asking her



pardon, after having concealed himself three weeks in the Palais Royal. At a ball given by Monsieur, the brother of Louis the Fourteenth, she again dressed herself in man's clothes, and having behaved impertinently to a lady, three of her friends, supposing La Maupin to be a man, called her out. She might easily have avoided the combat by discovering her sex, but on the contrary, she instantly drew and killed them all three. Afterwards returning very coolly to the ball, she related the story to Monsieur, who obtained her pardon. After various other adventures, she went to Brussels, and there became the mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. This prince quitting her for the Countess of Arcos, sent her a purse of 40,000 livres, with an order to quit Brussels. This extraordinary heroine threw the purse at the bearer's head, saying, it was a recompence worthy of such a scoundrel as he was.

After this she returned to the opera stage, which she quitted in 1705. Being at length seized with a fit of devotion, she recalled her husband, who had remained in Provence, and passed with him the last years of her life in a very pious manner, dying in 1707, at the age of thirty-four. I believe that every English reader will be of opinion that a more complete picture than this has seldom been given of a profligate unsexed female.

I have said, that among the professors of the histrionic art I have found very respectable, correct-thinking, honest, *good-hearted* men and women. In vindication of my remark, and which is barely doing justice to the subject, I shall add a splendid instance of the latter in the person of an actress of our own times, of eminence in "the profession." The picture besides being *English*, has superior claims upon our sympathy and admiration.

During Mrs. Jordan's stay at Chester, where she was performing to crowded and enraptured houses, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison. A small debt of forty shillings had, by the usual process of the glorious uncertainty, item, this, that, and the other, been worked up to a bill of eight pounds. As soon as this good creature heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid his demand, and observed with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume, "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, sent on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and, with a bow, made his exit. On the afternoon of the same day, the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow, with her three children, followed her, and just as she bad



taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a long kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and with difficulty exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my family from ruin." The children, beholding their mother's tears, added their plaintive cries, and formed together a scene too affecting for so sensitive a mind to behold without the strongest sensation of sympathetic feeling. I should conceive, a sort of heavenly pleasure not to be described, and felt but by those whom Providence has blessed with a soul of sufficient magnitude. The natural liveliness of disposition Mrs. Jordan was well known to possess, would not easily be damped by sorrowful scenes; nevertheless, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down the cheek of sensibility, and stooping down to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and, in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, now, it's all over; go, good woman; God bless you, don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but this good Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure, which, at last she accomplished, with sobbing forth thanks, and calling down blessings on her benefactress. It so happened that another person had taken shelter in the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as our heroine observed him, came forward, holding out

his hand, and with a deep sigh exclaiming, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord the world were all like thee." The figure of this man plainly bespoke his calling ; his countenance was pale and woe-begone, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered a figure thin and spare. The penetrating eye of our fair philanthropist soon developed the character and profession of this singular looking person, and with her wonted good-humour and playfulness, retiring a few paces, she replied, "No ; I won't shake hands with you."—"Why?"—"Because you are a methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil."—"The Lord forbid ! I am, as you say, a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed ; and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my great master, without feeling a spiritual attachment that leads me to break through all worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"—"Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say, but a—I don't like fancies ; and you'll not like *me* when I tell you who I am."—"I hope I shall."—"Well, then, I tell you I am a player." The preacher turned up his eyes and sighed. "Yes, I am a player ; you must have heard of me ; Mrs. Jordan is my name." After

a short pause, he again put forth his hand, and with a complacent countenance replied, "The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art ; his goodness is unlimited ; he hath bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit, and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, the rain having abated, they left the porch together, whilst the deep impression this scene, together with the fascinating address of our heroine, made on the mind of the preacher, overcame all his prejudices, and the offer of his arm being accepted, the female Roscious of the comic English drama, and the melancholy disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm, affording, in appearance at least, rather a whimsical contrast, till the door of her dwelling put a period to the scene. At parting, the preacher again shook her hand. "Fare thee well !" said he ; "I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be, for thou art the first I ever conversed with ; but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Lord will say to each, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*'"



## THE STRAWBERRY GARDENER OF BROADWATH.

IN the latter end of July last, being on a visit in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, Mr. D—— one evening proposed a ride to the Strawberry Gardens of BROADWATH. Turning from the public road at Warwick Bridge, we followed a retired and wooded lane parallel to the river Eden, and arrived at the village of Broadwath, as the haymakers were returning from their labour. Leaving the village to the north, we entered the little dale formed by the river Cairn, a retired stream overhung with willows, ashes, and alders ; and passing numerous inclosures, and crossing a circular meadow, the road abruptly turns to the right, and leads immediately to a bridge rudely constructed of wood and earth :—at its opposite end stands the gardener's neat white cottage, covered with honey-suckle and black currant bushes, with a plot of smooth level sward on its front, and the whole surrounded by perpendicular rocks surmounted by trees. The stream falling over a few large stones makes a gently murmuring noise—the only sound heard on entering this little Elysium.



A smiling girl came from the cottage, and fastened our horses beneath the extended boughs of a wide spreading tree, and before we had ceased to admire the beauty of the scene, she had brought a table and chairs to the cottage-door, and, with a low courtesy, invited us to eat some delicious strawberries that were placed on the board, in neatly wrought wicker baskets, made by her father and brothers. Having tasted her fruit, we left the cottage by the bridge, and following a path by the stream, entered the foot of the garden.

The valley at this point is contracted to the width of a gateway, but immediately beyond it opens and forms a patch of level land of more than an acre in extent, and separated into circular plots by the encroachments of the adjoining rocks. The garden, in the whole of its bounds, measures a little more than three acres, and is chiefly appropriated to the growth of strawberries, which meet a ready sale in Carlisle, and the surrounding neighbourhood. The fruit bushes cover the narrow glen, and creep into the different shelvings and winding hollows amongst the rocks. A high wooded hill runs the whole length of its southern boundary, and between this hill and the garden, the little stream of the Cairn finds its course, fringed with trees of various foliage; on its banks are placed wooden benches for the convenience of those

who resort here during the summer season, and a few rude though simple bridges afford an easy access to the deep shades of the opposing wood.

Whilst seated on a bench at the door of a willow arbour, which the gardener has planted in the centre of the glen, and in the midst of strawberry-beds and flowers of the sweetest perfume, we enjoyed one of the most delightful views this little fairy-land affords. The evening breeze at intervals gently moving the aspen leaves, and at times turning up the white foliage of the silver beech—the distant barking of a dog alone intruding on the gentle murmuring of the stream. Save these, all was silent, all was still. The whitened end of the cottage peeped up the vale, and its smoke wreathing from amongst the deep shades of the trees told the presence of man.

In the midst of this quietude and peace, and without the sound of a single preparatory note, there came borne on the breeze the music of a band of various instruments. Our first impulse was to hasten to the cottage from whence it proceeded. Our enjoyment, however, could not be increased by a nearer approach ; we continued therefore for some time to stroll up and down, listening to the plaintive, the warlike, and the merry tunes, as they came softened up the vale.

On returning to the cottage we found the band seated at its front, and if we felt pleasure from

the music, we experienced much greater gratification on finding that the performers were the gardener, who acted as leader, his two sons, and three young men from the hamlet below. The old man said it was their evening's recreation ; he was fond of music, it was pleasant and harmless, and he encouraged his sons in the practice. It was relaxation united with amusement, and concluded the day better than by gadding abroad, or visiting the alehouses ; "and these young men, gentlemen," he continued, having found out our evening's enjoyment, have joined us, and add greatly to our bill of fare. Once a week, a few others, acquaintances of my girls and boys, come up to our green, and we have a dance : this is the accustomed evening, we are now expecting them, and should your time allow it, I think you will receive pleasure from the sight of their happy faces.

We at once acceded to his invitation, and a few minutes brought across the bridge a troop of laughing villagers, youths and maidens, light of heart, as light of heel. The smooth-shaven green was soon covered with blithe and merry pairs, and we joined the dance, till the darkening shades of the evening told it was time to separate. The table still stood by the door, a few pottles of strawberries were hastily placed upon it, the company were invited to partake of them in honour of our being present, and then



with cheerful hearts returned to their different habitations.

We were so much interested in what we saw, that we became anxious to know something of the gardener's history, and remained with him, seated by the side of a fragrant bed of mignionette, as he recited the following particulars.

"Arrived at manhood," he said, "I looked around me for a partner, and the means of supporting a family : my choice was soon fixed on the first, but the latter was not so easily accomplished. Residing, however, in this neighbourhood, I had often occasion to pass the plot of ground now occupied by my garden : it was then *common* ground, and so rude and wild that, in the inclosure of the adjoining waste, it was not considered worthy appropriation, and remained unclaimed by any one. Part of it had been used as a stone quarry ; this little spot where my cottage stands, and where we are now seated, was hollowed out of that rock by the hands of the quarrymen. I fancied the place might be made interesting and profitable, if I could but obtain possession of it. After arranging my plans, I applied to the different land-holders in the parish for their consent, and what was of no value to themselves they readily granted to me.

"It is now fifteen years since I began the work of reformation, and patience and labour



have produced what you see. The bare hill and sandy rocks are made fruitful, and have become the resort of the country side. My children and the men that I employ, together with myself, attend the fruit garden, and my wife in the fruit season goes every day to Carlisle, although it is seven miles off, with a cart laden with strawberries packed in pottles of wicker work, which we make in the family ; we have, besides this constant demand, orders for the fruit from families, parties of pleasure, and for great entertainments. But as strawberries are productive only at one season of the year, we raise forest trees, and other garden articles ; so that all our time is profitably occupied, and with one thing and another we contrive to make a comfortable livelihood. My neighbours sometimes tell me I am getting rich, but," continued he, "these are not times to get rich, particularly in my small trade, and with so large a family, yet I am contented. My wife and children have no cause of complaint ; our wants are few and our recreations simple. Our evening parties, which," said he, emphatically, "*we do enjoy*, are the chief source of our amusements. My children are brought up in the paths of rectitude ; health and contentment I hope will be their portion ; and *then* they cannot fail of happiness."

Such is the outline of this little family's history, and it were well if we oftener met among

our peasantry men like the Strawberry Gardener of Broadwath.

This simple picture of rural contentment serves to awaken many useful reflections. True humility accompanied with industry, is ever productive of the truest happiness. How far short of its realisation are the endeavours of those who seek it in ambitious projects, or amid the circling gaieties, frivolities, and dissipations of fashionable life. Dress—equipage—talent—external greatness—these are not the only givers of contentment, if they confer it at all ;—they often promise but to deceive, and assume the semblances of what of themselves they are incapable of bestowing, and the absence of which only embitters their possession. True humility, therefore, is ever to be recommended, as it is the first step towards the attainment of what man in every situation is in quest of, however mistaken in the means of its accomplishment. The baneful effects produced by pride and self-conceit are such (especially when nourished with constancy in the bosom of an individual, who lives at a distance from the auspicious eye of the Deity,) as can admit of no appeal. The inundation of moral turpitude, and the innumerable train of evils, which naturally flow from this polluted stream, are unquestionably the most pernicious to the human mind ; and, as the poisonous serpent, lurking beneath the

grass, seizes upon the unwary traveller, these, though perhaps not so suddenly and unexpectedly, wound the conscience, and by slow degrees render the heart the receptacle of vicious principles, and the understanding so depraved as to be totally unfit for social intercourse. Hence public credit and private esteem fall into insignificance ; and the towering head becomes no longer a monument of fancy and erudition. Where, then, is the picture of hope ? Within whose walls are innocence and humility chiefly to be found ? In palaces or cottages ? The eye of reason more immediately directs us to the latter, where these two excellent virtues shine in the full blaze of meridian splendour. In this respect, the last are first, and the first last. But on what can such an assertion be grounded ? On truth, the best and surest foundation. For the character of the humble cottager is for the most part free and unimpeached : his conversation lively and facetious : in a word, all his actions bespeak a good conscience. His leisure hours are not employed in trifles of vanity, nor suffered to pass away in sloth and inactivity ; but, on the contrary, the oracles of divine authority, through the medium of which instruction and grace are conveyed, primarily engage his attention.

The recluse situation of a cottage, remote from the noise and strife of the world, is well



calculated for the purpose of religious meditation. Let the ocean of affliction be ever so wild and strong, and the cloud of adversity ever so obscure, still he perseveres in goodness, well knowing that ere long he will experience a full reward for his labours, when the storm entirely ceases, and when the clouds are all dispersed. So firm is he in the hours of adversity, that with propriety he may be painted like the Egyptian goddess upon a rock standing in the sea, when the waves come roaring and dashing against her, with this motto, "*semper eadem*," (storms shall not move me). It were to be wished that this could be said concerning us : more than thrice happy should we then be. But, alas ! how often do we refuse to drink the bitter dregs of the cup of sorrow, even when offered for no other purpose than that of curing the distempered body. Accordingly, the saying of Seneca is exactly true ; "most men neglect, or refuse that which is best." Could we, with the humble cottager, whose mind is adorned with the seeds of religion and virtue, perceive aright the evil consequences of pride—of too great an affection for the world, such a consideration would undoubtedly be productive of the most essential benefit to our happiness ; for then the necessary lesson of humility would be deeply impressed upon our minds : then indeed would we learn to know ourselves as we ought, and as a natural consequence, would strive to become tho-



roughly acquainted with Him, with whom we have to do. To the man whose mind is solely occupied in the pursuits of temporal advantages, and whose chief object is wealth, without the least mixture of virtue, or humility, can it be said with any degree of justice that happiness will redound? Industry, and a steady perseverance in the transactions of life are strongly to be recommended; but when, even here, "his innocency shines not forth as the light, and his righteousness as the noon-day," the character of the cottager is infinitely superior to his; nor will it cease to be otherwise until the excellency of the divine Nature be in all his thoughts and actions. For, view him at the close of life. After his labours in the wide field of the world are nearly exhausted, and when, it may be, his acquisitions of those things which formerly engaged his attention so much, are truly great, can he, even in these seemingly joyful moments—these affluent circumstances, enjoy the sweet repose of true and substantial happiness; the nature of things shows us that without humility, no exaltation—without a pious heart, no real enjoyment of happiness. Humility is an excellent virtue indeed! It matters not whether in the scale of society we be high or low—learned or not—rich or poor: no high station in life, no profound learning, no affluent circumstances perhaps, is the cottager possessed of, and yet, after all, he enjoys tranquillity of mind, and

a full measure of happiness, which grow and increase to a greater height of perfection with his humility ; which at once proves that the only way to be wise and happy, is to be truly humble.

## THE SHIPWRECK, AND THE SKELETON.

Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,  
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes  
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,  
With strong convulsions rends the solid oak :  
Ah, heaven !—behold the crashing ribs divide,  
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

It was one morning in December that I took a ramble along the sea-shore. The air was cold and piercing—a strong wind ruffled the glassy surface of the deep, and sighed in dismal melancholy as it shook the leaves of a few aged elms that stood at a short distance from the water side. I could perceive by the darkness of some distant clouds that the storm which had raged with inconceivable fury during the preceeding night had not subsided. That night I shall for ever remember, it is indelibly fixed on my memory—and such a night for the poor mariner as the light of day never broke upon—the wind roared with tempestuous fury, the rain and hail poured in torrents, the waves dashing on the rocks and the crashing of the woods, portended too true the the seaman's heart rending fate.

I continued to walk along, regardless of the approaching hurricane, and had turned the point of a promontory, or piece of land which extended a considerable way into the sea, when I beheld at a great distance, what I supposed to be the wreck of a vessel. A thrilling horror ran through my veins at the recollection of the past night, and the dangers the mariner has to encounter on the tempestuous ocean. How many human beings are there on yonder wreck ready to be swallowed up in the yawning abyss gaping to receive them—children clinging to their mothers, and wives to their husbands for safety—but alas ! the phantoms of death hover round them—they sink benumbed with cold—one faint struggle, and they are gone to rise no more. Lovers too, perhaps on a marriage excursion—full of sprightliness and gaiety, the ardour of youth glowing in their bosoms, and looking wistful for the time when they are to arrive at the destined port, to meet the friends of their youth, and enjoy that sweet communion which two fond hearts alone can feel. How soon, alas ! are the gay thoughts and anticipations of youth blighted—and how transient and visionary are the happiest moments we enjoy. The storm begins to rise, and the sea rolls with tumultuous fury, and hurls with dreadful rapidity the shattered bark against the sullen rocks—methinks I see her now strike, and hear their phrenzied cries and lamentations ;



all again is hushed, except the screaming of the gull as he takes his aerial voyage. In this state I was musing until the wreck came nearer, and with the aid of my glass I could perceive it to be the remains of a ship that had been totally wrecked, and was drifting to the shore, in the direction where I stood. I leaned upon my staff, and watched with eager anxiety its nearer approach. In a moment a tremendous wave dashed over the wreck, and it was lost to my view ; it was a considerable time before I saw it again, but how different,—before, it was a large mass, now it was literally shattered to atoms, and the loose pieces were drifting about in violent agitation. I continued to stand in the same melancholy attitude, my eyes insensibly fixed upon the floating fragments.—I thought, could there be any human being on the wreck before it was shivered to pieces.—At this moment a faint groan was uttered—I involuntarily started—and turning round, beheld an appalling sight.—One body had been cast out near me, and two others a considerable way off. Prompted by humanity, I immediately attended the dying sufferers : the first was clad in a sailor's habit, and from his appearance had been a midshipman—I raised him slowly upon my knee—alas ! the vital spark had for ever fled. I now hastened to the other, when, O God ! I beheld a truly heart-rending spectacle ; my heart sickened at the sight—a sudden trembling seized me—I staggered and

fell—a considerable space of time had elapsed before I recovered. The mist from my eyes began to vanish, and I gazed with unutterable anguish on the bodies of a young man and woman, clasped in each others arms, and sleeping in the cold slumber of death. Her head was resting on his breast, and one hand encircled his neck.—Her form had been cast in Nature's finest mould—her beauteous face was hid in his bosom, and her lovely auburn hair was flying in the wind; a tear started to my eye at the recollection of their sad misfortune. Oh what happy thoughts have once possessed your minds—what pleasing anticipations have you enjoyed—and what bright prospects ye have cherished, but alas! they were blasted in their bloom with the happy objects before me.

It was now useless standing musing over the lifeless forms, I therefore hastened home as fast as I could with the intention of procuring assistance to remove the bodies. But before I had proceeded half way, the impending storm burst over my head: I was obliged to seek shelter under a projecting rock, which promised a secure retreat. In this spot I continued nearly an hour before the storm abated, when I ventured from my hiding-place, and reached home very much fatigued.

After laying two days adorned with the sober garments of the dead, the bodies were interred at the foot of a neighbouring field, (there being no

church near for many miles,) with no other es-cutcheon to mark the grave, than a simple stone, on which were cut in rude characters the following inscription :

“ Here lie three unfortnnate people, they  
Were shipwreck'd in Lochlinnock Bay.”

This is a theme on which I might expatiate. I might speak of the cold boiling surge ; of the frantic despair of men perishing so near a place of safety. I might quote poetry—

“ Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell  
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave !  
And some leapt overboard with hideous yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave,  
And the sea closed around them like a hell.”

I might recall many an affecting reminiscence, but shall only linger upon one—*The Skeleton of the Wreck*.—I remember while Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchantship drove past. Her deck was just above water ; her lower mast alone standing. No soul could be seen on board ; but there was a cubhouse on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvass and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale ; but Sir Michael listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain



whether there was any being still surviving whom the help of his fellow-man might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mass ; and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object like in appearance to a bundle of clothes was observed to roll from the cubhouse against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength.—The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this miserable remnant of mortality, and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life, it tried to move, and next moment muttered in a hollow and sepulchral tone, "there is another man." The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck ; and looking into the cubhouse, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without a spark of



life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef, of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men ! they had starved on their scanty store, till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths ! The boat's crew having completed their last melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by their efforts to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have just life enough left to breathe the remembrance that there was still another man, his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow-creature, whom famine had stripped of every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes ; and at the end of three weeks more, the " Skeleton of the wreck " was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst ; and to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

## REUBEN AND EMMA.

WHATEVER may be our opinions of the state of refinement which the population of Cumberland may have reached, there can be but one concurrent tribute to their hospitality. Let us range where we will, always the same kindness, the same frank welcome, await our reception. It was when on a visit to a village situated on the delightful banks of the Caldew, in the parish of Sebergham—that parish, which an historian of our own day, describes as the most beautiful in the county—that I heard the tale I am about to relate : It was a tale that made a deep impression on my mind at the time of its relation, and though many summers have elapsed since then, I still recollect it with a freshness that occasionally throws a tinge of despondency over my soul, and prompts the painful and unbidden sigh.

REUBEN and EMMA were the children of reputable farmers, living about half-a-mile distant from each other, who were on a footing of the most friendly intimacy : for weeks young Emma would remain at Reuben's father's house, and sometimes Reuben would partake of the indulgences of the parents of Emma,—a custom very

prevalent in better days, and yet not altogether obsolete. Long ere the fancied sweets or corroding thorns of passion had crept into their bosoms, something that bore the semblance of love, seemed to exist between them ; but no ; it was the guileless and unheeded alliance of minds bent on infantine enjoyments. When Reuben had attained his fourteenth year, he was removed to a distant academy, to receive what is termed “a good education,” though no profession was fixed on for him by his parents.

After completing his education, and receiving a portion of that “varnish which the world lays on,” Reuben returned to his father’s : Emma was then in the height and bloom of beauty. What a change had five short years wrought in their behaviour towards each other ! Where was now the unstudied look—where the playfulness—where the leap of joy—the unrestrained gush of feeling ? Fled !—and changed for cold and formal compliments of respect. It used not to be so ! Both *knew not themselves* different from the period when they parted, and yet there was a manifest and wide alteration in each other’s deportment. Emma thought Reuben had grown proud and frigid, and Reuben thought Emma had become self-flattering and scornful. Both could see no necessity for deserting their former familiarity ; but both, at the same time, were convinced that it was of no import, and resolved



within their own minds to consider it as a matter undeserving of serious reflection.

Reuben was *certain* he was indifferent about Emma ; but still he felt restless and inclined to pensiveness. He plunged into the solitude of the woods :

“ He pored upon the leaves, and on the flowers,  
And heard a voice in all the winds.”

It was strange, that the image and reserve of Emma should ever intrude themselves on his reveries ; he did not seek such intrusion, because it gave him unhappiness ; yet the more he strove to banish it, the more ineffectual became his efforts. The struggle in Emma’s breast was of a different nature ; she had previously been beloved, and her feelings towards Reuben were fruit of the tree of which she had previously tasted. Things could not remain long in the situation I have described : their loves became united—the flame had lit—to come in contact was the consummation : like streamlets that run towards a confluence, the union of their minds was certain, notwithstanding any obstacles that might for a time intervene.

Months passed over in the luxury, and tenderness, and anxieties of love. The frame of Reuben’s mind was of a deep and gloomy cast, though finely toned. The woods, the waters, and the green vale in which his dwelling was embosomed, and the lofty grandeur of the distant



mountains, combined with the nature of his reading, had given to him an intensity of feeling—a sensitiveness—a morbidness of thought—that on the slightest crossing of his humour sunk into irritability. Once, when standing on the verge of the river, with arms knit, contemplating the declining sun in his gorgeous splendour, Emma laid her hand on his shoulder, and in the unguarded confidence of unsuspecting love, communicated to Reuben that once Henry and she had walked there. Ha!—If poison had been poured into his ears, it could not have shaken him more violently. Henry! who was Henry? shot across his mind—whilst his brow fell, and a changing hue suffused his face—but still he spoke not. She saw him agitated, and inquired the cause—and kissed his cheek—he heeded not. “Henry!” he iterated, looking on the earth, “and who is Henry?” He expected not an answer, but Emma, in thoughtlessness, or in the kindled pride of woman’s resentment, replied—“A lover of mine.” ’Twas enough. In *her* Reuben had garnered up his whole thoughts—in *her* he might live or not live at all. A breath had dissipated his hopes and sweet imaginings. The lip that he had pressed, had been another’s—the soul in which he had laid up his entire existence, had suffered the pollution of another’s addresses. Reproof followed, and mutual indifference was expressed :

“ Alas—how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity.”

Reuben resolved to leave his home, and to drown in absence the gnawing recollections of his unhappy passion. He was like a man on the wreck of a vessel on the wide ocean—to remain was death, and to throw himself upon the waves of a tumultuous world, in the hope of recovering his lost peace of mind, would most probably end by his perishing in the struggle. He embarked at Liverpool for the West India islands—those islands which had proved the grave of thousands of our aspiring countrymen. Still there lingered in poor Reuben’s breast thoughts of Emma. The hazards of the sea, the drudgery of a money-making life, and the unhealthiness of climate, he risked with pleasure ; because he fondly imagined the reward of his toils and constancy would be, in the mid-day of his life, the possession of his youthful companion. Alas ! how deceitful are the hopes of man ! how many are the pangs of those who love !

The emotions of Emma were those of deepest grief, but she appeared with a face of smiles, even whilst her heart was breaking. Some

months after the departure of Reuben, there was a dance in the neighbourhood, which Emma, with her companions, attended. On these occasions there is a rivalry who shall look most beautiful ; and though it must be admitted, the taste for dressing among our country maidens is not always of the purest kind, yet about Emma there was an elegance and loveliness that “ when unadorned, was adorned the most.” On the present occasion she appeared in a plain dress of white, and in her braided hair was placed an opening rose.—

“ Her beauty hung upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

There was present in this congregation of youth and light hearts, a rich stranger from a distance, who at first sight became a captive. He loved Emma—he told his love—Heaven ! had she forgot what had passed ?—was she made of such stuff as receive impressions, only to be wiped away with the next adulating breath ? Ah, no ! She still remembered Reuben ; but he was gone—he was her’s no more. Her new lover, whose name was Montgomery, supplicated, and her parents urged her to accept his hand. They pressed upon her his vast wealth, and how comfortable they would all be made. Emma yielded—they were wedded, and took up their residence near her father’s

The promising, supplicating lover, became a



harsh, proud, tyrannous husband. He scorned the lowly house which had given Emma birth, and, as it was unbecoming her new rank as his wife, forbade her to visit her parents. What availed it that she had a lofty mansion, it was to her a prison ;—when she arrayed herself in silks and jewels, she appeared but as one decked for a sacrifice. Then came upon her thoughts of former days—of Reuben—of the vows of eternal constancy they had made—and the burning reality of her unfaithfulness.

After some years of trouble, such as I have attempted to describe, a letter from Reuben brought the intelligence that he had arrived, and that with all speed he was hastening to lay himself and his acquired fortune at the feet of his Emma—that he trusted the past would be forgotten and forgiven—and that he looked with rapture to the moment of their sacred union.—He came—and Emma's parents tottered to meet him—with joy he embraced them—but where was Emma—his own parents had gone to the grassy tomb—but where was *she*, his hope, his joy, his very life ? Alas——

But why should I prolong the tale of affliction ? Enough to say, that Emma bore a withering heart in the midst of pomp and glitter ; and the shock Reuben received at the recital of her unlooked-for marriage threw him into a fever, from which he never recovered. He was attended in his



sickness by Emma's mother, and resigned his breath into the hands of his Creator with meekness and serenity—a man too sensitive to bear misfortune, yet too noble-minded to murmur at its inflictions.

The tale has a moral. Young persons placed in the situation of these two lovers, when a misunderstanding has unhappily arisen between them, should be communicative without reserve on the subject of their grievance, and not hastily adopt a resolution founded, perhaps, in a misconception of their real sentiments towards each other, which will entail future misery and disappointment, or—as in the case before us—life-long wretchedness upon themselves. It is in love as in friendship : The unhappiness of the lovers had its origin in the pride of incommunicativeness on the part of Emma, and the ungrounded suspicions of Reuben of her constancy and attachment ;—and the exercise of these unfriendly feelings has been the destroyer of numberless intimacies which in their proëmial budding gave indications of perennial bloom. “The northern blast that nips the ripening blossom of renovating spring, is not so chilly and so piercing cold as the tormenting ravages of heart-corroding jealousy.” I shall relate one or two instances, while they are fresh in my memory in amplification of the truth of this sentiment.

In a most beautiful vale, encircled with mountains, and embosomed in woods, stands the mansion of Mr. —. Nature and art seem to have combined to form one of those scenes of grandeur, so often described by poets, but seldom found, unless in the fancies of their brain. In the front of the house is an extensive lawn, interspersed with trees of various descriptions, as well useful as ornamental. The fragrant thorn, the spreading beech, and the branching oak, whose aged sides are clad with the climbing ivy, all conspire to afford a cooling shade, while the dashing noise of the rapid Esk, boiling with clouds of spray, among craggy rocks and stones, sometimes almost totally eclipsed by the overhanging foliage of the surrounding woods, and emerging again with redoubled grandeur, adds sublimity to the scene. The lofty mountains from behind, form an agreeable back ground; on whose craggy summits browse, in peaceful harmony, the fleecy charge of the rural swains. Mr. — had early in life entered the service of his country; and had distinguished himself in some of those naval engagements in which British valour wreathed to itself laurels, never to be unbound, so long as naval tactics shall continue to be used.

Being on a furlough in his native country, he became acquainted with a young lady of exquisite beauty, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman of distinction. Her soft and winning attrac-

tions were too much for our bold tar to withstand, and he permitted himself, at once, to yield to the silken charms of love. Impatient to have an opportunity of declaring himself, Arthur (for so we shall name our hero) availed him of every chance, which fate threw in his way ; and at length he had the good fortune of addressing the lady, whom we shall call Marian ; when he expressed his passion with so much frankness, that he was listened to with pleasure, and in a short time, the gentle Marian consented to become his bride.

Hitherto every thing conspired to crown the gallant Arthur with felicity. But how dark and intricate are the ways of fate ! And how often are we deceived in the very grasp of the bubble happiness. An express arrived from the Admiralty, enjoining Arthur to return to his vessel immediately, which was about to sail to Copenhagen, under the command of the renowned Nelson. The very day before he had appointed his Marian to meet him at the altar, to complete their mutual happiness, Arthur was necessitated to set out and join the fleet. How stung was his bosom on thus being disappointed, when Hymen, dressed up in his gayest robes, was preparing a bed of bliss for our hero ! His orders admitted of no delay. He appointed his father to meet his expecting bride, and to explain the particulars ; whilst he hurried up to London, to beg



a few days, to consummate his happiness. But how looked the lovely Marian at the news of the supposed slight ! It was too much for her tender spirits ! Despair in an instant shot through her vitals ; she ordered her coachman to make the best of his way home ; where, in the agonies of grief, she threw herself upon that bed, from whence she never rose. Thus Marian, who the day before had exulted in becoming the bride of one whom she adored above everything in life, became next day a loathsome corpse ; and instead of being enraptured in the embraces of a husband, was wrapped in winding sheets, and consigned to the cold tomb.

The distraction of Arthur may be better conceived than described, on being informed of the untimely fate of his fair love. There is such a fertility of ideas in the mind of the lover—he fondly looks forward to scenes of futurity, with a kind of doting anticipation ; and in every scheme of felicity, the object of his affections is so interlinked with all his pleasing hopes ; that if ever he be blighted in the hopes of that object, he is sunk inevitably in the gulph of despair. The state of a miser after hoarding a whole lifetime, and amassing heaps of wealth, when deprived of it, may bear some analogy to such a disappointment ; but still, there is a great disparity. In the one it is the aching of a sordid, in the other of a feeling bosom. Arthur, than whom never



mortal possessed a more feeling soul, finding himself overwhelmed with his loss, resigned his command and returned home, hoping that rural avocations would wear out the remembrance of his misfortune. But retirement only fanned the flame fermenting in his bosom. Did he walk in the woods, every tree, every bird waked reflections of his past happiness. If he amused himself in his gardens, the flowers in their innocent garbs raised in his mind the remembrance of his lost Marian. Every thing in nature was gaiety and liveliness, but the heart of Arthur was torn with anguish and woe. Disgusted with the cheerfulness around him, in which he could not participate, he yielded himself entirely to solitary reflections, secluding himself from the world, and remains to this day a pitiable and innocent spectacle of the havoc which love is enabled to make in the internal faculties of man.—

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I shall add one more reminiscence, of a more painful character; from which the reader may learn to guard against the indulgence of his passions—especially the monster-workings of jealousy—and not be hurried into a blindfold course of action, by which an innocent object may become the sacrifice of his groundless suspicions.

Mars, with the awful trumpet of battle, summoned the British warriors to the fields of Spain: the peaceful land that gave them birth, was ex-

changed for the awful front of contending Europe ; for the pleasures of rural and domestic enjoyments, were embraced the carnaged field and noisome camp ; and for the hand of beauty, ambition led them to grasp the chill of death.

Among the rest tempted by hopes of glorious fame, young Edward left his blooming wife, his heir, and his stately mansion to the protection of her brother. The morning of his departure was ominous of their future fate—the dark thick clouds obscured the rays of the rising sun, and all was still and silent as the grave. The heaving sigh, the convulsive sob, and the trickling tears followed in quick succession from his broken-hearted beauteous wife. In vain she pressed his hand to her bosom, and presented him their only child to urge his stay ; he scarcely suffered the feverish breath to pass the portal of his lips, till again he sighed for fame, and bade adieu : He joined the martial train—embarked and ploughed the foaming surge ; he banished the recollection of his weeping spouse, in the sparkling hopes of future glory.

These were his reflections—“ Thy shores, dear land, now die in mist before my sight, and hope’s dawning star leads us through the trackless waves. Renown ! glorious renown ! is my heart’s most ardent wish. Welcome the foreign clime in which I seek thee, till on the highest pinnacle of fame I sit. Farewell, dear land ! dear wife ! dear

child, farewell !” The sea, as if obedient to the God of waves, retired at their approach. They landed on the wished-for shore—young Edward’s burning soul led on the death-fraught charge ; and oft he saw the haughty Gauls writhing in their defeat, and Britons weltering in the bloody field. Time passed unnoticed to our hero’s view, as promotion in quick succession followed promotion ; hope, the *ignis fatuus* of his existence, had formed a paradise of airy nothingness. Six years had passed like a fleeting phantom, when the decisive contest of Waterloo put a stop to our hero’s warlike career.

Eager to wear in peace the laurels he had dearly bought in battle, he bent his way to his native home. He reached Britannia’s shores with marks of honour and victory. The last rays of the setting sun tinted with a golden hue the summits of his lordly edifice ; whilst from a neighbouring hill he viewed the scene, a something inexpressible swelled in his breast, as the last grey shadows of twilight were sinking into the obscurity of night. Edward approached with joyful heart his well known bowers, and pleasant walks—he dismounted, and gave his horse to a faithful servant, who hastened to the hall to tell of his master’s approach, whilst Edward wrapped in his roquelaure, slowly paced along the foot-path, reflecting on his unhappy parting, and anticipating soon to be reunited to his wife—a whis-



per from the bower reached his ear, he listened—'twas his wife ! He stood amazed—he heard her talking with a man, and saw her leaning on his arm ! They advanced towards him—jealousy, cankered by absence, triumphed in his soul—"it is, it must be—she has proved false," he said, and grasping his sword, he plunged it into her heart, a heart that truly loved him even in death. When she saw him, "Oh !" she cried, "my husband, 'tis my brother."—Her dying groans were so reverberated on the thrilling cords of Edward's soul, that distraction seized his fevered brain ; his hand was bent on self-destruction ; but he was prevented. In a few weeks, stung with grief and madness, he paid the debt of nature. It was her brother with whom she often had walked at eve, to mourn the absence of her Edward.

Their graves are visited by the stranger, and all who knew them mourn their fate. Their love, their jealousy, their hope and fear are now concentrated in the universal lot of mankind. Whilst their son, now the sole proprietor of the father's estates, by the rehearsal of this woeful tale oft 'sends his hearers weeping to their beds.'

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The most tragic instance I shall relate, of the dreadful consequences of unbridled passion, and of the guilt and misery which oftentimes accrue both to children and parents, from disregard to each other's feelings, is presented in the following



story, which, though founded on an actual occurrence ; has all the air of an extraordinary romance.

In one of those romantic vales that are so oftentobe met with in the northern part of Scotland, and whose picturesque scenery is scarcely to be equalled by any other country in the world—lofty mountains towering to the clouds, rocky glens, and falling cascades that empty themselves into some delightful river, the banks of which are adorned by the profuse hand of Nature with more than common beauty. It was in the bosom of a vale bounded on both sides by lofty hills, with a fertilizing river sweeping its majestic course along the base of a rocky mountain, covered with an impenetrable forest, until it lost itself in that grand and immense sheet of water called Loch Ness, where dwelt Donald M'Intyre and his two children. Donald had during his early life, been the chief or head of a clan, and was engaged in the wars against the unfortunate Stuart family, under that gallant general the duke of Argyll, and had merited the personal applause of so distinguished a nobleman for his undaunted resolution and bravery. Soon as peace had spread her olive mantle over the land, Donald returned home to spend with Edwin and Helen the remainder of his life in watching over their young minds, and teaching his son the road to honour and glory ; and, when the evening of his days should

come, to lay down his head in peace and happiness amid the glens and mountains of his native country. Alas ! Donald, thy grey hairs were to travel with sorrow to the grave ! Who can read in the mysterious page of nature's book the future events of life ? O man ! thy lot is just the change of joy to mourning !

Edwin, his son, was a promising young man, about twenty years of age, possessed of all the fiery ardour and stern bravery of his sire. He soon went into a foreign land to gain that glory which was denied him at home ; and after a short career of military fame, which crowned him with honours, he, foremost in the ranks of battle, " fighting, fell."

Helen, the lovely daughter of Donald, was now about that age when the beauty of woman begins to shoot forth in all its radiance. Her person was tall and majestic ; her features were of the finest form ; and her lovely hair fell down in Nature's ringlets on a neck as white as Italian marble. She was always dressed in Highland costume, and wore a handsome turban, adorned with a large plume of feathers, which added much to her dignity, and as she roamed over her native hills, was like some goddess traversing with aerial steps the mountains of that romantic place.

Among the proprietors of this vale lived a proud, wealthy, and usurping chief—the leading feature of whose character was revenge. There is

no country in the world where enmity is cherished as in the Highlands of Scotland. Some deadly feud had existed in former times between the powerful families of M'Intyre and Douglas (for such was the name of this hated chieftan); and which had been transmitted with increasing rancour from one generation to another.

Whatever animosity exists between parents, it frequently occurs that children are regardless of their commands, when the arrow of love pierces the heart; for when two kindred spirits are united by the strong tie of mutual affection, then the obligations of parental duty are neglected.

Douglas had an only son, just in the height of manhood: his form was tall and athletic, his countenance beamed with cheerfulness, and his manners and conversation were of the most endearing kind. He was possessed of a sound rational understanding, and a head stored with useful knowledge. He was fond of all manly exercises, and could wield the broad sword with a celerity scarcely to be equalled. His favourite amusements were hunting and shooting, which he very often diverted himself with. Ranging one day in eager pursuit of game, he unknowingly got into Donald's territory; and after a weary day's sport, as he was returning home through one of those beautiful woods which surrounded M'Intyre's mansion, he espied seated in a shady



harbour, the loveliest woman he had ever beheld. She was alone, and he advanced with cautious steps to see the fair unknown ; her quick eye soon perceived a stranger, and she arose. Henry stepped forward, and after apologizing for his intrusion, soon after took his leave, but not without gaining the consent of the fair maiden to renew his visit.

Often did Henry wander in secret to meet the lovely daughter of his severest enemy, (for it was Helen), and as often did they pledge to each other the vows of everlasting constancy. Alas ! that young and amiable pair, who were formed for the happiness of each other, were soon to taste the bitter cup of sorrow. After much solicitation, Henry obtained a reluctant consent from his adored Helen to a private marriage : the ceremony was performed by the *priest* of a neighbouring chapel, whom they employed for the purpose. This *sanctified* man, who was too truly "a wolf in sheep's clothing," in the hope of a large reward, informed Donald that his daughter had been married in secret to his old enemy's son ; and that Henry had engaged a vessel then lying in the nearest harbour, which would in a few days convey them from the shores of Scotland. During the recital of this invention, Donald's brow began to frown, his face turned black, and his whole frame trembled with rage and resentment. He snatched a dagger from his



belt, and ran with madness and fury depicted in his looks, into the room where the lovely Helen was, and found her asleep: at the sight of so beautiful a creature, his indignation began to cool; a heavenly smile was playing over the features of the maid, and as her father was sternly gazing on her, she unknowingly exclaimed, "O my Henry!" At these words the frantic father with a voice of thunder cried, "thou ungrateful and degenerate wretch, receive the reward of thy perfidiousness!" and suddenly plunged the dagger into her heart. A loud scream escaped from her lips, and all again was still as death. Life was quick flowing from the wound, and her last look was bent upon her murderer. With a faint voice, she articulated "may God be merciful unto thee, my beloved parent! and, oh, Henry, Henry, I now for ever in this world take a long farewell of thee!" Here her voice failed; and in a few moments she expired, breathing an everlasting blessing on her father. Green for ever will be the sod which covers the earth where sleeps in the cold slumbers of death the lovely Helen M'Intyre.

Poor Henry wandered often to the spot where first he saw the beauteous Helen, and often did he sigh over her untimely fate. His native country now became disgusting to him, and he shortly after bade adieu to his home, and went into a foreign land, never more to return.

Remorse of conscience fast brought old Donald's "grey hairs with sorrow to the grave;" but not before he had made a sincere repentance for the dreadful crime he had committed; and it is to be hoped he ascended to enjoy with his beloved daughter the delights of a heavenly abode.

## THE DREAMER.

### BEAUTY AND FASHION.

“ Beauty, thou pretty plaything.”

WHAT is beauty ? Is it real, or is it merely the creature of prejudice and education ? Can we discover any colour or complexion in art or nature which all men view with the same emotion ? Our countrymen love white teeth, and a fair face ! the Chinese prefer the former black, and the latter dingy ; the Japanese mother tortures her infant to make its head gracefully square ; the English nation would be struck with horror at such a skull ; the inhabitants of many islands in the Pacific Ocean consider a ring in the nose a great personal attraction ; we confine this decoration to the swinish multitude, but view a ring in the ear without disgust. Brick dust and rancid oil are used by the females of the last mentioned islands to heighten their complexion—ours adopt rouge and carmine. The Hottentot lady never excites the passion of love so strongly in the bosom of her ebon-faced suitor as when encircled by the smoking entrails of

beasts—our fair ones consider themselves very captivating when clad in the skins, or anything similar to the skins, of the same animals. The New Zealander would be hideous to the object of his idolatry, unless his face was deeply indented and shone gracefully green from the ceremony of tattooing; whereas even the marks of the small pox excite aversion in our damsels, and a green complexion would be absolutely nauseating. What is beauty then? Have we an exclusive patent of taste, and are all other nations wrong? I have an instinctive feeling to reply in the affirmative, and I almost hear a young lady exclaiming, “Nothing on earth should induce me to think black teeth, tattooed faces, long beards, green complexions, and ringed noses beautiful, or even endurable.” “What, my fastidious fair!” I reply, “would not the circumstance of your having been born or educated in China, New Zealand, Japan, Russia, or Caffraria, have induced you to think otherwise? Or do you suppose the belles of those countries inherited their attachment to the above mentioned artificial graces from nature? If so,” I continue, “how is it that you yourself have so frequently changed your opinion as to what constituted the most elegant and fascinating drapery you could wear? Within the last seven years I know you have adopted as many different dresses, and successively deemed each preceding garment frightful, unfashionable, and *outrè*.”



While thus I held converse with the fair one of my imagination, I found myself greatly disposed to slumber ; so taking off my newly curled wig, (which, by the way I have within a few years considered a great ornament to my bold pate, although in my youth I remember ridiculing the same,) I laid it carefully upon my table which stood conveniently near. Reclining my sides on the easy chair in my study, having my arms round my pillow, and my head thereon, I quietly submitted to the poppy-loving deity, with an indistinct dancing before my mental optics of one-eyed Cyclops, Patagonian giantesses, (I myself am five feet three inches high, a height not to be despised, considering the period which has elapsed since the days of Homer, from which according to many learned commentators, our fathers have gradually declined,) tun-bellied belles of Otaheite, long bearded Russian Adonises, breathing the sweets of garlic and train-oil, together with the national fashionables I have shortly described, all beautiful alike in their several days and generations. I had not been long in this semi-slumbering state, before I beheld, or thought I beheld, the door of my study open, and a little male being, like an Indian Deity, habited in the most singular costume, enter on all fours. When my surprise had somewhat abated, and I had requested his name and object in honouring me with a visit, he made a very polite congee, in a

manner approximating to an Eastern salame, and told me in a peculiar tone the following story :—

“ I was the fourteenth son of a celebrated Bishop, who denied the existence of matter, and considered a Chinese tea-pot and a church door to be nothing more than creatures of the imagination. Inheriting the bold, inquisitive, and inventive spirit of my father, and possessing what fools, who were my enemies, (for my friends never said so,) called a peculiar deformity of shape, I determined to discover in what beauty really consisted. For this purpose I studied closely the works of an eminent disciple of Confucius, a celebrated Hindoo Bramin, and a doctor of Laws and Logic in the university of Japan.—The first of these brought immediate conviction to my mind, and I decided for the benefit of taste, to make as many proselytes as I could. With this impression, I applied to a flower girl, who frequently attended at my father’s, and after slipping a *douceur* into her hand for loss of time, enlarged upon the extreme ugliness of white teeth, and the peculiar beauty of black ones—detailed some of the leading 149 arguments used by the Confucian *Ring-man-whong-tu*, and finally promised her five guineas every time I saw her, with jet teeth ; after some time she declared herself convinced, and appeared once a week for upwards of a month, with tusks as black as ‘ Satan’s ebon throne.’

This delighted me, and I hailed the Chinese as being not only the wisest, but the most polished people in matters of taste on the earth.—

At last, however, one of my domestics, who had learned the secret of the girl's constant attendance, informed me that she only blackened her teeth the moment she entered my room, rubbing it off immediately on retiring, and that the jade had actually spent part of the money in purchasing tooth-brushes and powder to make them as white as possible. Alas ! alas ! said I, most learned professor, thou art certainly wrong, for neither argument nor interest will induce an unsophisticated flower girl to believe thee. I afterwards applied to the wife of a poor peasant shortly after her *accouchement*, detailed the various erudite reasons of the Hindoo Bramin, and Japanese Doctor, to her astonished ears, and offered her one hundred pounds if she would make the child's head square like the one, and paint it white on the crown like the other—both of which propositions, notwithstanding her poverty and ignorance, and my wealth, and as she acknowledged, unanswerable arguments, she peremptorily refused. Since that period I have travelled throughout most of the countries of the world, exerting my logic to persuade the inhabitants of one to adopt the customs, dresses, and tastes of another. I have never, however, been able to succeed, and could not even prevail upon a Spaniard to wear



white when he rejoiced, or black when he mourned, although I convinced him that almost all Europe followed that fashion. Despairing, after repeated failures, to furnish any general standard of taste, I determined to discover for myself the original and constituent qualities of beauty. With this view I perused the volume of nature, and in its splendidly illuminated pages, I read the following words:—"That alone is intrinsically beautiful which is alike delightful to all." And what is that being, thought I; is it ought belonging to man? No; every thing belonging to that intellectual biped, excites the emotions of beauty, solely from its associations—the hut of the savage generates more delight in his mind, than the palace of the most polished statuary; the wretched miniature of an absent child, is infinitely more gratifying to the eyes of its mother, than the most exquisite production of the divine Raphael; and a simple song of rural life, elicits deeper and more permanent emotions in the bosom of a Swiss, than all the glorious harmony of the soul-awaking and heaven-inspiring Mozart. Where then is that being which excites the same emotions of beauty in all? Where shall I search for it, said I, despairingly—when lo! I saw the rainbow, with its thousand hues, glittering in the clouds:—I saw the stars rolling in all their effulgence and voluptuousness of glory;—I saw Apollo, with his golden hair streaming over the



farthest corners of the earth, and covering the mightiest mountains with a halo of ineffable brightness : these, thought I, must be beautiful ; but no ; I found beings who were rendered partially unhappy by each of them ; hence I concluded there was nothing intrinsically calculated to excite the emotion of beauty in the universe, but that the feeling so denominated was the mere consequence of habit, association, convenience, and enjoyment : this I was the more persuaded of, for in retracing the origin of the various fashions which from time to time have reigned in the world, captivating the hearts and affections of thousands, I discovered that most of them arose from personal convenience. “ Look here upon this picture which I have painted,” said he, “ and behold the origin of artificial decoration.” I looked, and behold I saw Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, concealing a large excrescence on one of his feet by wearing shoes with points two feet in length ; I saw a foreign fashionable, inventing patches in England, in the reign of Edward the First, to cover a wen on the neck ; I saw Francis the First having his hair cut short, owing to a wound he had received on the head ; I saw Charles the Seventh of France, introducing long coats to hide his ill-made legs ; I saw a French barber, called Duvillier, making full-bottomed wigs to conceal an elevation in the shoulders of the Dauphin in 1700 ; and I saw in all these

the origin of long shoes, (long worn,) black patches, (still longer,) cropt hair, (yet existing,) large coats, (not now fashionable,) and full-bottomed wigs, (at present scouted). "Such," continued the philosopher, "is the general origin of fashions, each of which has reigned paramount, and each of which had been denominated graceful, beautiful, and eminently attractive.—I, according to this doctrine, am a beautiful being, as at my birth, a certain worthy gossip, who assisted at the *accouchement*, assured my mother, notwithstanding I was dreadfully bandy-legged, had a twist of the mouth, and a cast of the eye, that I was the most beautiful babe they had ever beheld.—And why should they not be believed ?

"The graceful bend of my legs is at least as agreeable as those of my illustrious ancestors in the reign of Charles the First, encircled as they were by a certain *indescribable* garment, monstrously distended with wool and feathers ; and to say nothing of the amusement I have afforded to my young associates, by trunding their hoops between my elegant supporters, and allowing them to draw compasses by their figure, I have frequently escaped from stones which have been thrown at me, and once particularly a brick-bat, which a malignant butcher-boy aimed at both with such accuracy, that it grazed the sides of each without injuring either." (Here a fit of laughter seized me, dispelled the illusion, I awoke, and found that I had been *dreaming nonsense*.)

## THE UNFORTUNATES.

THERE is nothing of which we are more apt to complain, and perhaps with less reason, than of the want of memory ; while many things quite unimportant in themselves, would never, even if our lives were much longer than what is allowed to man, be erased from our minds. The fault is not in the memory ; the cause why we retain some things as if engraven on our hearts, while some others flit across the mind, as a shaft does through the air, is because the one is congenial with the temper of our minds, and consequently makes a lasting impression, while about the other we are totally indifferent, and its image is easily obliterated by other cares, anxieties, or pleasures. Any little circumstance, or accident that happened to us in our childhood, while our minds were crude, and our spirits ardent, we can, even in our old age remember with the freshness of yesterday ; while many things of but the other day, and of comparatively much more importance, are washed down the stream of oblivion, never to be recalled. Through all the varied scenes of life, whatever part it may be our fortune to act



upon the great stage of the world—amidst all the allurements, pleasures, cares, or dissipations of life, the mind will involuntarily wander back to the scenes and days of our youth ; which will impart a kind of balm to our sorrows, and cast our troubles and anxieties into the background ; while we, as in a sweet fairy dream, again live o'er our boyish days. The mind dwells with the fondness of first love, upon those days when all was rapture, and joy ; and any little unpleasant accident, that came like an unwelcome visitor, to cross our promised pleasure, vanished like an April storm, and left a vivifying freshness behind, like a shower in May, that gave a double zest to the succeeding scene.

Amongst the recollections of my early days, the uncouth appearance—the unshaven beard, and quick disordered step of old David, better known in the different villages through which he wandered, by the appellation of “*Dumb Davy*,” is not the least prominent. He received the above name, by which he was best known, in consequence of his rarely ever been known to speak, a circumstance which, added to the unpleasantness of his appearance, made him the dread of the young and the timorous. David, as might naturally be expected, was a terror to my youthful companions, and myself. At the name of “*Dumb Davy*,” we started, and fled at his approach as from a midnight spectre, or some hideous monster.



There is nothing in nature more affecting, or more calculated to command our commiseration than the overthrow of that noble structure, human reason. When the mind becomes a wilderness, as it were, and presents nothing but burning sands, raving hurricanes, and dreary desolate prospects on every hand : when the godlike faculties, by which man is distinguished from the brute creation, are destroyed ; such a state must indeed be one of the greatest ills that “flesh is heir to.” Of such a state the pen is too feeble to give an adequate description—the mind turns from the dreary scene with an involuntary shudder.

Poor houseless, friendless David, “how can thy unfed sides, thy loop’d and window’d raggedness, defend thee from seasons such as these ?” How oft have I seen thee, running shivering before the wind, and the beating hail and rain ! but how serenely calm was all without, compared to the storm within.

David was a native of Yorkshire ; but having lost his reason through misfortune ; an hereditary tendency, or as some would have it, through a disappointment in love, he left his native country, and settled in or rather wandered through several villages in Cumberland, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. Money, so highly prized by the rest of mankind, was of no value to David ; were it offered to him he would refuse it as if some deadly

bane ; he depended for a precarious subsistence on the charity of the humane and well disposed ; though the terror, that his manners and appearance inspired, often kept him at the door. The last time I paid a visit to my native place, David was still wandering in his accustomed rounds. At the sight of this poor old wanderer, who so often scared me in my youthful days, on accidentally meeting him, a thousand recollections of former times burst upon my mind. His body was much shrunk, but the same vacant stare, and the same unmeaning laugh, at intervals played upon his countenance as formerly. But many a year has rolled away since then ; and in all probability, ere this, his wanderings are terminated, and all his cares and troubles buried with him in the tomb.

This brief history of poor David, recalls forcibly to my recollection the story of YOUNG CAMERON, the Unfortunate, whose maniacal wanderings were chiefly confined to the Highlands of which he was a native.—His looks were haggard and wild. Matted locks of shaggy hair hung dishevelled over his tawned forehead, which anguish and woe had stamped with their indelible traces. The grief of his soul had torn from his face every mark—every line of feeling humanity. Darkness and despair seemed to howl through the wilderness of his bosom. Thus he stood when I first met him on the wild and flowery banks of Tarras

—with his eye fixed on the stream that rushed with a deafening noise amongst rocks and chasms, and made the woods re-echo with its incessant chasings. Oft have I trod the pastoral banks of the romantic Tarras, and listened to the moor game blurring amidst the brown waving heath ; and continued reports of the sportsman's gun, that echo handed round to echo, till the last faint reverberations were heard to die away on the summits of the surrounding hills ;—oft have I marked the turbid waters dashing fiercely and wildly through the rudest scenery of savage nature ;—yet never till now did I see the angelic features of man so debased as to accord with a scene so dismal. But the story of poor Cameron was distressing ; and especially so, when howled (not told) in a region so awful and wild.

Born to inherit a considerable patrimony in the Highlands—and possessing a brave, daring spirit, which made love his joy and war his pleasure—he entered at an early age the service of his country. But previous to leaving his native hills, he became enamoured of a neighbouring young lady, whom he wedded, and confided to the honour and protection of his paternal uncle. He then hied away to join his regiment, reaping harvests of glory under the command of Sir John Stewart, in the ardent plains of Sicily. We pass over the valorous deeds of our hero, in the many actions in which he was engaged, which were not



inferior to those of the most renowned of the gallant band in which he had the honour to become a fellow-soldier. The plain of Maida is a voucher sufficient to stamp the man as a hero, who dared to oppose, and had the valour to overthrow, the vaunted intrepidity of Gallia's choicest troops. Yes! while Britain shall present to the view of future ages the daring deeds of her sons, the name of Maida shall be as a watch-word to incite her soldiers to more heroic deeds of arms:—and amidst all the noisy din of war, none approved himself a more efficient soldier than did young Cameron.

After a series of glorious campaigns, the young chieftain obtained leave to visit again the mountains of the North. But who can describe what cheering prospects of bliss brighten on a generous mind, when years of honour and glory have intervened, about to return home to visit the spot where the thoughtless—the halcyon days of happy childhood recur to the glowing recollection at every step. Yet the prospect is ten times more endearing when heightened by the hopes of enjoying a mistress, lovely in beauty, and graceful in innocence. The blood thrills with anticipated delight. But how fatally were the hopes of poor Cameron to be blighted! He left his Isabella, pure as the snow that whitens on Ben Nevis—innocent as the dew-drop that glistens on the cheek of the healthy blossom. He found her, alas! the victim of vil-



lany—abandoned to despair. The uncle, incited as well by the desire of enjoying *her* person, as the possession of *his* property, formed a scheme against the innocence of the *one*, and the life of the *other*. After all the arts of villainous hypocrisy had been put in practice, the once spotless Isabella submitted to the foul embraces of the most wicked of mankind. Though sunk and debased in guilt, the recollection of her gallant officer would often fill her mind with pangs of bitterness and remorse, which her betrayer, skilled in every art of seduction, sought to wipe out by blandishments and caresses. But no sooner was he informed of Cameron's intended visit, than he began to develope the whole of his scheme, by urging Isabella to administer poison to her unsuspecting husband. He imagined that he had her so completely under his controul as to be able to induce her to perform whatever he desired. But the flagrancy of his request at once opened and overpowered her mind. The enormity of her guilt flashed on her awakened heart—and despair succeeded the thoughtlessness of folly. Horror and dread withered every spark of vitality in her now wasting fabric. Things were at this pass, when our luckless hero reached the domicile of his uncle. God of heaven ! what was his misery when the repenting and wasting Isabella told him the horrible story ! every chord of his heart was rent !—every nerve racked ! His bosom was a

hell!—and every pulsation darted a pang of fiercer agony through his parched and tortured frame! He challenged his uncle to the field; and fortune aggravated his woes by making him the victor—for “happy in my mind was he who died.” The monster breathed his last, imprecating curses on the unfortunate youth whom his guilt had made desperate and miserable. The young soldier sought in his mind for some softened feelings towards his fellow-sufferer, but his brain was maddened, and he shuddered to think of taking again to his arms, one who had been so debased with guilt and folly; nor could he abandon her, that had been “his dream by night and vision by day.” The thoughts of it were madness and distraction. But he was never destined to be put upon such a trial. Ere he had returned from taking vengeance on the unfeeling demon that had robbed him of his felicity, the soul of Isabella had taken its flight from its terrestrial tenement. He shed a flood of tears over her still beauteous though blasted form. His mind became unsettled. The villany of one made him detest the whole race of mankind; he shunned their society, and sought to calm his mind in solitude. But, alas! peace never more revived in his woe-worn heart. He became a maniacal wanderer;—And thus far had his excursions led him when I met him distracted and desolate on the wild and flowery banks of Tarras.—True it is, “man’s in-

humanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

I shall next relate a few particulars of an early intrigue of George the Fourth, as detailed in the "Fragment" of a *Literary Man*, which has come into my possession.

Queen Caroline, at one time, laboured under a very curious, and to me, unaccountable species of delusion. She fancied herself, in reality, neither a wife nor a queen. She believed her royal consort, George the Fourth, to have been actually married to Mrs. Fitzherbert; and she as fully believed, that his late majesty, George the Third, was married to Miss Hannah Lightfoot—the beautiful Quakeress—previous to his marriage with Queen Charlotte; that a ceremony of marriage was a second time solemnized at Kew (under the colour of an evening's entertainment) after the death of Miss Lightfoot; and as that lady did not die till after the births of the present king and his Royal Highness the Duke of York, her majesty really considered the Duke of Clarence the true heir to the throne.

Her majesty thought also, that the knowledge of this circumstance by the ministers was the true cause of George the Fourth retaining the Tory administration when he came into power. How the queen came to entertain such romantic suppositions as these, it is not for me to know. It may be, perhaps, regarded as a melancholy proof



of the principles and abilities of some persons, surrounding royal personages ; but that she did entertain them I know well ; and let any of her majesty's friends contradict me if they can. If they do, and they require me to mention my author, I will do so ; if called upon in a proper manner, and in a proper place.

Indeed, I was myself requested to call upon Mrs. Hancock, to make inquiries relative to what she might think on the subject, as she had the pleasure of being intimate with Miss Lightfoot. I was also requested to see the person who styled herself (whether justly or unjustly signifies little to the subject) Princess of Cumberland, to know if any of her real or presumed documents contained reference to that subject.

Having no knowledge of Mrs. Hancock, who, I understood, was a highly respectable lady, I could not presume to take so great a liberty as to call upon her on a subject so extraordinary. But knowing a friend who was intimately acquainted with the latter, I requested him to ask a question, which I felt I could have no right to ask myself. — The answer was, ‘that all her documents were in her own possession.’ This reply I sent to the personage I have alluded to ; and I also transmitted the following intelligence, with which Sir William — was so obliging as to favour me, viz. That Miss Hannah Lightfoot, when young, lived with her father and mother, who at the time of



Prince George's residence at Leicester-house, kept a linen draper's shop at the corner of St. James's market.

When Prince George went to St. James's, the coach always passed that way; and seeing the young lady at the window occasionally, he became enamoured of her, and employed Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, to concert an interview. From this time, frequent meetings were secured at the house of Mr. Per-rhyn, of Knightsbridge, who was, I believe, Miss Lightfoot's uncle.

The court having taken alarm at these circumstances; and Miss Chudleigh seeing the danger likely to ensue, privately offered to become a medium of getting the young lady married. With this view she got acquainted with a person, who was a friend of the Lightfoot family, named Ax-ford, and who lived at that time on Ludgate-hill. This person consented to pay his addresses to Miss Lightfoot, and even nominally marry her, upon the assurance of receiving with her a considerable dower.

Miss Lightfoot is supposed to have given in to the plan; for she was married at Keith's chapel in 1754, though the marriage was never consummated; for Miss Chudleigh, who had contrived the match (probably with the sanction of all parties), took her into a coach, as she came out of the church-door, and the husband pocketed the

dower, but never saw his wife afterwards. The mother, indeed, heard of the daughter once or twice before she died ; and Axford made inquiries after her, at Weymouth, Windsor, and Kew ; and once is even said to have presented a petition to the King on his knees, as his majesty was riding one day in St. James's park ; but no certain account was ever known from the period of her marriage-day.

She was taken, it is supposed, under the protection of Prince George, under an assumed name, and is said to have had a daughter, subsequently married to a gentleman of the name of Dalton, or Dalston, who afterwards received an appointment from the East India Company in Bengal, whither he went, where he died, leaving three daughters.

Mr. Axford, in the mean time not hearing any thing of his wife, and probably considering his marriage not strictly binding, since it had never been consummated, married another lady, named Bartlett, then living at Keevil, in North Wiltshire ; and, after the expiration of fifty-eight years, died without ever being able to obtain any intelligence of his first bride.

Three things are very remarkable in the history of this lady ; viz., that she was never personally known to the public, that her residence, while alive, was never publicly known ; and that so strict a secrecy was observed at her death,

that it is no where upon record, though it has been said that she died of grief in the parish of St. James's, and was buried under a feigned name, in the parish of Islington, where probably she may rest, without a stone to tell the history either of her life, death, guilt, innocence, splendour, or misfortune.

Such for the most part, is the history of royal favourites—they are UNFORTUNATES,—your Rosamond Cliffords, your Jane Shores, your Hannah Lightfoots, your Dora Jordans.—A word on the misfortunes of the latter after her separation from the late King, William the Fourth, then the Duke of Clarence.—In 1824 the attention of the public was, as it had been many times before, drawn, by notice in the daily papers, to the case of the late Mrs. Jordan, and much pains were taken to stigmatize the conduct of an illustrious personage, as it related to that celebrated and much esteemed favourite of the public.

These censures upon the conduct of the Duke of Clarence were often repeated, and as often treated with silence on the part of his Royal Highness's friends. This silence was however construed by many into an admission of the accusations ; till at length the stories so often told of Mrs. Jordan's having been obliged to leave her country, and fly to a neighbouring kingdom, where it was said, she died insolvent, for want of a trifling allowance being made to her by the duke, were assumed as facts.



It had gone on thus, until some persons exclaimed, "Has the Duke of Clarence no friend, who, if the accusations are groundless, can rescue the character of his Royal Highness from such gross calumny?"

All who knew the Duke or his connexions intimately, were acquainted with the truth; but none being so fully possessed of the whole case as Mr. Barton, his Royal Highness's confidential servant, he felt that any further forbearance would amount to a dereliction of duty on his part; and, therefore, in justice to a much injured character, he took upon himself to submit a statement to the public, acquainting them in the first place, that it was through his hands the whole transaction upon the separation of the Duke and Mrs. Jordan passed; that it was at his suggestion Mrs. Jordan adopted the resolution of leaving this country for France, to enable her the more readily and honourably to extricate herself from troubles into which she had fallen, through a misplaced confidence; and that he possessed a correspondence with Mrs. Jordan, subsequent to her leaving England, which corroborated his statement in the minutest points.

It appears, upon the separation which took place between Mrs. Jordan and the Duke, in the year 1811, it was agreed that she should have the care, until a certain age, of her four youngest daughters; and a settlement was made by



the Duke, for the payment by him of the following sums :—

	PER ANUM.
For the maintenance of his four daughters..	£1500
For a house and carriage for their use.....	600
For Mrs. Jordan's own use.....	1500
And to enable Mrs. Jordan to make a provision for three married daughters, <i>children of a former connexion</i> .....	800
In all.....	4400

This settlement was carried into effect. A trustee was appointed, and the monies under such trust were paid *quarterly* to the respective accounts, at the banking house of Messrs. Coutts and Co.

It was a stipulation in the said settlement that in the event of Mrs. Jordan resuming her profession, the care of the Duke's four daughters, together with the £1500 per anum for their maintenance, should revert to his Royal Highness—and this event actually did take place in the course of a few months, in consequence of Mrs. Jordan's desire to accept certain proposals made to her to perform.

Mrs. Jordan did resume her profession, and not long after, reflections were thrown out both against the Duke and herself ; whereupon Mrs. Jordan, indignant at such an attack upon his Royal Highness, wrote the following letter, which was published in the papers of the day :

“ Sir,—Though I did not see the Morning Print that contained the paragraph alluded to in your liberal and respectable paper of yesterday, yet I was not long left in ignorance of the abuse it poured out against me ; this I could silently have submitted to ; but I was by no means aware that the writer of it had taken that opportunity of throwing out insinuations, which *he* thought might be injurious to a no less honourable than illustrious personage.

“ In the love of truth, and justice to his Royal Highness, I think it my duty thus publicly and unequivocally to declare, that his liberality to me has been noble and generous in the *highest degree* ; but not having it in his power to extend his bounty beyond the term of his own existence, he has, with his accustomed goodness and consideration, allowed me to endeavour to make that provision for myself, which, an event that better feelings than those of *interest* make me hope that I shall never live to see, would entirely deprive me of.

“ This, then, sir, is my motive for returning to my profession. I am too happy in having every reason to hope and believe that under these circumstances, I shall not offend the public *at large* by seeking their support and *protection*—and while I feel that I possess those, I shall patiently submit to that species of unmanly persecution, which a female so peculiarly situated, must always

be subject to. Ever ready to acknowledge my deficiencies in every respect, I trust I may add, that I shall never be found wanting in candour and gratitude—nor forgetful of the veneration that every individual should feel for the good opinion of the public.

“ I remain, Sir, your much obliged,

“ Humble Servant,

“ D. JORDAN.”

It should have been before stated, that upon settling the annual allowance to Mrs. Jordan, every thing in the shape of a money transaction was brought to account, and that the most trifling sums, even upon recollection, were admitted ; and interest being calculated upon the whole in her favour, to the latest period, the balance was paid by Mr. Barton, on the part of the Duke, and for which he held Mrs. Jordan's receipt. It should also be understood, that up to the day of their separation, Mrs. Jordan had received a large annual allowance from his Royal Highness.

A cessation of correspondence between Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Barton ensued, until Sept. 1815, when he most unexpectedly received a note from her, requesting to see him immediately. He found her in tears, and under much embarrassment, from a circumstance that had burst upon her, as she said, “ like a thunder storm.” She found herself involved to a considerable amount by securities, which all at once appeared against



her, in the shape of bonds and promissory notes, given incautiously by herself, to relieve, as she thought, from trifling difficulties, *a near relation, in whom she had placed the greatest confidence.*

Acceptances had been given by her in blank, upon stamped paper, which she supposed were for small amounts ; but which afterwards appeared to have been laid before her, capable of carrying larger sums.

She was fearful of immediate arrest.—She wished to treat all her claimants most fairly and honourably, and to save, if possible, the wife and children of the person who had so deceived her, from utter ruin. She could not enter into negotiations with her creditors unless at large ; and apprehending if she remained in England that would not long be the case, she instantly adopted the resolution before mentioned of going to France.

A list of creditors was made out, and an arrangement was in progress to enable her to return to this country. All she required in order to set her mind at ease on the extent of the demands that might be out against her was, that the person who had plunged her into all these difficulties should declare upon oath that the list he had given to her, included the *whole*. This the party from time to time declined to do ; in support of which nothing can be more satisfactory or convincing than the following extract from a



letter, addressed by Mrs. Jordan to Mr. Barton, dated at Paris, 18th Jan. 1813 :—

“Dear Sir,—I have forborne writing to you, that I might occupy as little of your time as possible. My spirits are in so disturbed a state, that my weak hand is scarcely able to trace the still more feeble efforts of my mind. . . . He assures you that I am in possession of the names of my creditors, to whom he has made me answerable, by filling up those blank acceptances that I so unguardedly gave him, and *yet declines* making an oath to that *purpose*: this has caused me much uneasiness, for it appears to me *vague*, if not *equivocal*.

“I can solemnly declare, that the names I sent you are the only ones I know of, and the greater part of them utter strangers to me.

“I was in hopes that not only out of humanity and justice to me, but for his own sake, he would have done it voluntarily, as it would have been a means of removing, in a great degree, the unpleasant impressions such a determination might cause on the minds of those who still remain anxious for his future well-doing.

“I do not command or enforce it, but *entreat* it, as the only relief he can give to a being whom he has almost destroyed. . . . What interpretation can be put upon his refusal? If he says he will not take the oath it is *cruel*, and if

he adds that he cannot, what is to become of me ? Is it in nature possible for me to return to an uncertain home, with all the *horrors* I have suffered there fresh on my mind, with the constant dread of what may be hanging over me ? I really think (under those circumstances), that when my presence would be absolutely necessary, that it would not remain *in my own power* to encounter such misery.

“ It is not, believe me, the feelings of *pride*, *avarice*, or the absence of *those comforts* I have all my life been accustomed to, that is killing me by inches ; it is the loss of my only remaining comfort, *the hope I used to live on from time to time, of seeing my children*. The above assertion I can convince the world of, if driven to it, by leaving the bond (all I have) to the creditors, and the duke’s generous allowance to the decision of the law.

“ It is now, and ever has been, my wish to save ——— : for even now I feel a regard for him I cannot conquer ; but surely I may expect some return of gratitude from a man who, by a simple act, could relieve those fears which are nearly *insupportable*. The idea is shocking.

“ Excuse this long letter ; but I am sure you will see and feel the motives and the urgency. Once, dear sir, forgive and excuse your’s,

DORA JORDAN.”

Disappointed thus in the hope she had so fondly cherished of again returning to her country, and seeing those children for whom she had the most tender affection, she sunk under the weight of her afflictions, and in the month of June, 1816, died at St. Cloud !!!

In each of the foregoing sketches royalty appears to much greater advantage than in what I am about to relate, though the misfortunes of their favourites "claim from Pity's eye a tear," and serve "to point a moral to adorn a tale."

In the contrast of royal doings I have now to give, I must shift the scene of my narrations to a more distant clime, and request the reader to accompany me to Epirus. Ali Pacha of Janina, Vizier of Epirus, had never relinquished his purpose of extirpating the Souliotes ; but though he brought 12,000 men into the field, they repulsed him in several engagements. Surrounded on all sides, they were reduced to live on wild roots and the bark of the dwarf trees that grew among their rocks. For two years and a half these brave mountaineers maintained the contest against the power and numbers of Ali. When at length extraordinary preparations were made for their utter extermination, his wife threw herself at his feet to implore mercy for them ; the monster, drawing a pistol from his girdle, discharged it at her ; the ball missed her, but she was carried away in a swoon. Too late Ali repented his



madness. He watched by her side throughout the night, but in the morning she was a corpse.

In the mean time his son Veli had totally defeated the Souliotes. The only terms granted permitted them to emigrate with their whole population to Parga or the Ionian Isles. Nine hundred men still remained in the fortress of Aghia Paraskevi : these at length were compelled by famine to surrender. Their Polemarch, Samuel the Monk, remained with four soldiers for the purpose of giving up the military stores ; but when the officers sent by Veli Pacha descended with him into the subterraneous caverns in which the ammunition was deposited, with his own hand he fired the powder and in an instant the tower with all it contained, was blown to atoms. The ferocious Ali was no sooner informed of this than he ordered 5,000 Albanians to pursue and cut to pieces the two columns of emigrant Souliotes. The first division forming a hollow square, and placing the women, children, and cattle in the centre, cut a passage through their enemies. The second column, less fortunate, was attacked by the Vizier's troops near the monastery of Zalonga. There, intrenching themselves in the court-yard, they endeavoured to stand on the defensive ; the gates, however, were soon forced, and men, women, and children were immediately butchered without mercy. The few who escaped the car-



nage retired on Arta. About a hundred women, finding themselves separated from the men, and on the point of being surrounded, clambered up a rock at a short distance from Zalonga. Having gained the summit, preferring death to dishonour, and joining hand in hand, they began to sing and dance with that species of fury with which in the days of yore the Bacchantes are said to have been inspired : suddenly, as if in defiance of the Mussulmans, they raised a triumphant shriek, and the next moment precipitated themselves and children into the waters of the Acheron.

After attacking Mustapha Pacha, of Delvino, Ali by an emissary assassinated two of his sons who had fled to Corfu : he then seized on Delvino, reduced Argyro-Castro, and resolved to attack Gardiki, the inhabitants of which were included in the oath of vengeance he had sworn over his mother's body. His officer Abhanasi Vaia entered the town by storm. Seventy-two Beys and Agas, among whom was Mustapha Pacha, were taken prisoners and sent to Janina. Ali affected to receive them kindly ; assigned them quarters in his castle on the lake :—they were even permitted to retain their arms, their accustomed guard, and their domestics, the latter being praised by Ali for their fidelity. In short, they were all treated with that munificence which was one of his usual refinements of

cruelty, when he wished his victims to feel more acutely their reverse of fortune.

This was in the month of February, 1812. During the night of the 6th or 7th of March, a brisk fusillade was heard at the Castle of the Lake, followed by a dreadful cry, which too plainly informed the affrighted town that the hostages had been attacked. It was reported the next day, that the Vizier, with whom nothing was sacred, had endeavoured to assassinate them in the dead of the night ; but that, being on their guard, and intrenched within their apartments, they had fired on their assassins, which gave them the advantage of daylight to obtain quarter ;—that they had then surrendered their arms ;—that Ali, not daring to massacre them in sight of the public, had contented himself with loading them with chains, on the pretext of their having endeavoured to escape, and that he had removed them into the prisons of the monastery of Sotiras, situated in the middle of the lake.

Ali now announced his intention of repairing to Gardiki, for the purpose of re-establishing order, and organising an effective police. He visited the palace of his sister Chaïnitza at Libochobo, and was reminded of the vengeance he owed to her and her mother. At day-break heralds arrived at Gardiki and proclaimed a general amnesty ; at the same time ordering all

the males from the age of 10 years to repair to Chendria, to hear from the Vizier's own mouth the decree which restored them to happiness. The inhabitants were in consternation; but there was no alternative. They proceeded sorrowfully to Chendria, and prostrated themselves at the feet of the Vizier, who was expecting them in the midst of 3000 satellites. There they entreated his pardon, and implored his mercy by all that is capable of affecting the heart of man. Ali appeared softened; tears moistened his cheek; he raised the suppliants, encouraged them, called them his children; desired some whom he had formerly known to approach him; recalled to their recollection past battles, the times of their youth, and even the gambols of infancy. At length he dismissed them with apparent regret, desiring them to await his arrival in the inclosure of the Khan near Viliare, as it was there he would determine their future destination.

Two hours afterwards, Ali descended from Chendria in a palanquin, supported on the shoulders of his Valaques. Having gained the plain, he mounted his calash, ornamented with embroidered cushions and rich cachemires. Then, ordering his Tchoardars to follow him, he arrived at the Khan full gallop. Having made the circuit of it, as if to examine if there were any issue for flight, he caused all the prisoners to pass



in review before him one by one ; he asked their age, family, and profession, and then separated them into two bodies : the greater he ordered to be conducted to a place of security, and sent the other, amounting to 670, into the court-yard of the Khan, which is a square, enclosed on all sides.

Then placing himself in front of his troops, he took a carbine from the hand of a soldier, and cried out with a loud voice ‘ Vras !’ (kill !)—but the Mahometans remained motionless, and a low murmur was heard throughout the ranks : some even threw down their arms. Ali then addressed himself to an auxiliary corps of Mirdites ; but these also refused to massacre defenceless wretches. Ali foaming with rage, thought he was completely deserted, when Abhanasi Vaia, the most abandoned instrument of his crimes, said to him in a loud voice, ‘ may the enemies of my lord perish ! I offer him my arm.’ And at the head of his Greek battalions, he rushed towards the walls of the Khan, which enclosed his victims.

On the Vizier lifting his battle-axe, which was the signal, the massacre commenced by a general discharge of musketry : this was followed by dreadful and long-continued shrieks. Soldiers placed at the foot of the walls kept handing up to the murderers loaded muskets, so as to keep up a running fire, in the intervals of which were



heard the groans of the dying. Those who had as yet escaped the fatal ball, or were only slightly wounded, endeavoured to scale the walls, and were poinarded. The fury of despair furnished weapons to some : they tore up the stones of the pavement, and wounded several of their assassins with them. Others, thinking to escape the musketry, fled into an apartment of the Khan ; but the Greeks set fire to it, and the unfortunate fugitives perished in the flames. Not one of these unfortunates escaped. Their dead bodies, to the number of nearly 700, were left without burial on the spot where they suffered. The door of the enclosure was then walled up, and the following inscription placed over it : *So perish all the enemies of the house of Ali !* On the very day of this horrible butchery, Ali signed the death-warrant of the hostages whom he kept confined in the prisons of the monastery of Sotiras, in the middle of the lake : Demir Dosti, with 70 other Beys, suffered under the hands of the executioners.

Gardiki was razed to the ground—the miserable women were delivered over to the brutal violence of the soldiery, and then dragged before the implacable Chaïnitza, who haughtily commanded their veils to be torn away, and their hair to be cut off in her presence, then treading it under foot, she ordered the cushions of her divan to be stuffed with it. The poor wretches

were then turned out to perish in the woods and mountains ; and vengeance was threatened to whoever should give them raiment, food, or an asylum.

The details of this painful narrative instantly recall to my mind a most tragical event, the affecting circumstances of which, as avouched by the historian, may well entitle the chief sufferer in the melancholy drama—the beautiful PAULOWNA—to a place among the number of my Unfortunates.

An erroneous tradition had propagated the belief that the church of Saint Michael, in Moscow, the sepulchre of the Russian Emperors, contained immense riches. When Napoleon took possession of the capitol, some French grenadiers presently entered it, and descended with torches into the vast subterranean vaults, to disturb the peace and silence of the tombs. But instead of treasures they found only stone coffins, covered with pink velvet, and bearing a thin silver plate, on which were engraved the names of the Czars, and the dates of their birth and decease. Mortified at the disappointment of their hopes, they searched the very coffins, and seized every offering which had been consecrated by piety, and chiefly valuable from the sentiments of which it had been the pledge.

As they eagerly searched every part of the building, they perceived, at the end of a dark gal-

lery, a lamp, the half-extinguished light of which fell on a small altar. They immediately proceeded towards it, and the first object which presented itself to their notice, was a young female, elegantly dressed, and in the attitude of devotion. At the noise of the soldiers, the unhappy girl screamed violently, and fell into a swoon. In that situation she was carried before one of their generals.

As long as I have life I shall retain the impression which the appearance of that young lady, pale, and almost dying, produced on my mind. Her countenance, in which grief and despair were equally legible, was irresistibly interesting. As her recollection returned, she seemed to deprecate the care which was employed in recalling her to life. While we gazed on her lovely form, every bosom was inspired with pity, and we were all anxious to become acquainted with her history. The general in particular, but from very different motives, seemed eager to hear it ; and sending most of those who were present away, he begged her to relate to him her misfortunes.

“Of what use,” said she, “would it be to mention to you the wealth of a house that will soon be annihilated? suffice it that the name of my father is celebrated in the history of our empire, and that he is now serving with distinction in the army which is gloriously fighting in the defence of our country. My name is *Paulowna*. On the day



preceding your entrance into Moscow, I was to be united to one of the young warriors who had distinguished himself at the battle of Mojaïsk. But in the midst of the nuptial solemnities, my father was informed that the French were at the gates of the city, and taking my husband with him they hastened to join the army. As I sat with my afflicted family on the following morning, we heard the roar of cannon ; the noise evidently approached, and we no longer doubted that we must quit Moscow. We immediately fled, but when we arrived near the Kremlin, an immense crowd met us, and rushing hastily by, parted me from my mother and sisters. I endeavoured in vain to recall them by my cries. The noise of arms and the shouts of an infuriated populace, overpowered my feeble voice, and in an instant I was rendered truly miserable.—The French, meanwhile, penetrated into the town, and driving all before them, advanced towards the Kremlin. To find a shelter from their excesses, I, with many others, ran into the citadel, which was considered a place of security. As I could not mix with the combatants, I retired to the church of Saint Michael, seeking refuge among the graves of the Czars. Kneeling near their sepulchres, I invoked the names of those illustrious founders of our country, when, on a sudden, some brutal soldiers broke in upon my retreat, and dragged me away from an inviolable



and sacred asylum.”—When the unhappy girl had finished her history, she shed a torrent of tears, and throwing herself at the general’s feet, implored him to respect her virtue, and restore her to her relations. He was more interested by her beauty than her tears ; and pretending to pity her misfortunes, pledged himself to relieve them. He offered her his house as a protection ; and promised to use his utmost endeavours to discover her father and her destined husband. But as I knew the disposition of the man, I clearly perceived that this apparent generosity was only a snare to deceive the innocent Paulowna. There wanted nothing more to complete the horrors of that day, when he resolved to outrage virtue and seduce innocence.

The unfortunate Paulowna, deceived by an apparent generosity, was weak enough to place unlimited confidence in the general. This man well knew how to impose upon his innocent captive, by his assiduities and false pity ; and by feigning sentiments which he never felt, and taking advantage of the impossibility of discovering her parents or her lover, he persuaded her that she would find in him a friend and a protector. On the faith of repeated promises, this innocent female, after having spent several days in unavailing tears, became a victim to the artifices of her ungenerous lover. Alas ! the general was already married, and she who had

expected to become his wife, found herself only a dishonoured slave.

Paulowna, however, endured all our misfortunes and privations with the courage which her virtue inspired. Believing that she carried in her bosom a pledge of love, which she imagined to be legitimate, she was eager to become a mother, and proud to follow her husband. But he, who had pledged himself to her by the most solemn promises, having being informed in the morning that we were not to take up our winter-quarters at Smolensko, determined to break a connexion which he had regarded as merely temporary. Inaccessible to pity, he approached this innocent creature, and under some specious pretext, announced to her that they must part. At this intelligence, she uttered a cry of surprise and horror, and frantically declared, that having sacrificed her family, and even her reputation for him whom she regarded as her husband, it was her duty to follow him ; and that neither fatigues nor dangers should turn her from a resolution in which her love and her honour were equally interested. The general, little sensible of the value of an attachment so rare, coldly repeated, that they must part, since circumstances would no longer permit the women to remain with the troops ; that he was already married and that by returning speedily to Moscow, she might find the husband for whom her parents

had destined her. At these cruel words his interesting victim felt almost annihilated. Paler than when she rushed from the tombs of the Kremlin, she uttered not a word ; she sighed, she wept, and suffocated by her grief, fell into a state of insensibility. Her perfidious seducer took advantage of this to withdraw from her presence, not because he was overpowered by her sensibility, he, alas ! was a stranger to every tender and generous feeling, but to fly from the Russians, whose cries of vengeance he already fancied that he heard.—The fate of Paulowna I could never learn.

The reflections which the ingenuous reader will be induced to draw from the history of this Unfortunate, will be such as must necessarily lead *her* to eschew the tempter when he makes his approaches in the most seductive forms ; and *him* to stifle the risings of those evil propensities within him, the gratification of which would break down the barriers of virtue and innocence, and lead to the destruction of their possessors. The following succinct history *practically* embodies the substance of my advice ; which if duly considered will, (while it exhibits a victory honourable to its accomplisher,) in the estimation of every candid judgment, prove an example worthy of imitation.

“In our youthful days,” said Ugenio to his friend, (tenderly taking him by the hand,) “thou



canst not but remember my loved Amanda. Nature sure never formed a purer or more exalted mind. The face of heaven, however, was set against her felicity. Parental violence in her fifteenth year, forced her into the arms of a wretch. It was not, however, until her nineteenth year that I became acquainted with her. Time had already reconciled her to her misery : the hand of necessity, though bitter and oppressive, was quietly to be borne. She aimed at mirth, but, alas ! the struggle was oft-times too visible. Crushed in this manner by the mistaken fondness of her father, I could not but pity the moment I beheld her. Compassion led me to address her ; grief had added sweetness to her manner ; my efforts banished misery from her countenance, and in time she let me into the melancholy particulars of her tale. No saying, my friend, is more literally just, than that pity is the harbinger of love ; in my case it too decisively was verified. I loved her, forgetful of her situation, and I sought her happiness, never once reflecting on my own. In this manner rolled a pleasant year along. The purest intercourse of soul had banished every idea of reserve ; we lived but in each other ; while true to honour she proved still faithful to her husband. One fatal evening, however, flushed with wine, and burning with desire, I met her in the arbour in the garden ; the night was hushed, all



was blissful silence, while the glimmering rays of the bright luminary of the night twinkled wantonly over those beauties which youthful ardour urged me to possess : the trial was too much—virtue tottered under the temptation. I snatched a kiss. But oh, my friend, how can I express to you the feelings I experienced on finding her balmy lips closely joined to mine. Decayed as I am, my blood still feels a little of the extatic thrill. Suffice it, that I was too enchanted to think of reason, while she, loved girl, was almost equally as senseless. The providence of goodness, however, interposed to save her from destruction. ‘Save me, my Ugenio ! save me from wretchedness,’ she cried, ‘Oh ! arm against yourself. Nature is too susceptible within me. I cannot resist, but oh, my God ! my honour I know is dear to you : I know your heart—mercy ! mercy ! mercy !——’ Awakened thus, my friend, by loveliness itself, pleading for protection, I instantly sprang from my delirium. The beauteous victim still continued clasped in my arms ; I loosed, however, with suddenness, the bonds ; and flying from the spot, accomplished a victory, which has ever since afforded me the most heartfelt satisfaction and delight.”

## THE STORY-TELLER.

MRS. Moss, the actress, so well known in the north of England, was the most effective teller of a story I ever heard. I remember being in company with her at a friend's house one stormy evening, when frightful tales went round the social hearth, every one contributing his or her share of the entertainment. "Being," said Mrs. Moss, "in Carlisle a few years back, it was my intention to have raffled some small work boxes, and other trifling ornamental articles; and being told of a Mrs. Lighthead, near Wigton, who was represented as a kind fashionable lady, I resolved to go over to her house, and solicit her support. It was one fine November day upon which I set out for this lady's house—frosty, and the ground was covered with snow. I called upon several families by the way, and received their subscriptions; and this detained me so far, that it was past three o'clock ere I reached Mrs. Lighthead's. On that day she had a large party, and when I sent my name and business up, she desired me to wait a short time. I remained an hour before her ladyship came down

stairs, and after examining all my samples, and detaining me so long, she *politely* declined honouring me with her name, but at the same time offered me lodgings, as the night was far advanced. As I always made it a point to return, and being somewhat piqued at her behaviour, I intimated to her my resolution of going to Carlisle that night, betide me what would. She entreated me to stay, and painted in dismal colours the dreariness of the road, and the danger from the robbers. I persisted, however and at about eight o'clock I started. There was no light, save what beamed from the snow on the ground, and I plodded on my dark way, with a mind alarmed at the slightest shaking of the trees, and a heart as heavy as lead. I ruminated on the robbers, Mrs. Light-head spoke about, till wound up to the phrenzy of fear—the echo of my own footsteps terrified me,—a child might have overcast me. When I came to the road a little beyond Newby-Cross, between those thick wild plantations, ‘Here, I thought, is the very place for midnight murder ;’ the idea clung to me, like some hideous reptile—I could not for my life shake it off. With fear and fatigue, I travelled slowly—I wished I had remained all night. In the midst of all this—in the very climax of my alarm—two stout men sprung from the hedge side ! I involuntarily shrieked, but spoke not, and after a moment’s stop, went on. The men stood and consulted a short



while, and then walked on after me. Words cannot depict my feelings at this time. They came up to me, grumbled 'good night,' and walked on. I was almost petrified with terror, and scarcely knew whether it was a reality, or a fiction of the stage. About half a mile further, I again saw the men standing on the road before me, and you may be sure, that I was not slow in conceiving my destruction the theme of their conference. My fears now gave me strength, and I scrambled over a hedge towards a cottage; I looked through the window, and saw a very athletic man, undressing him for rest. I rapped at the window—'Who's there?' he naturally inquired—I told him my tale; he opened the door, and I went in. 'Sit down, good woman,' he said, 'and I'll slip on my coat, and set you on your road a-piece.' We proceeded on our way in perfect silence, until within a mile or so of the town, when my guide said, 'Now, good woman, you'll be safe now—good night,' and he left me. There was a reserve about this really worthy man, an abruptness in his leaving me, that excited my suspicions; and these suspicions were nigh confirmed, when in about three or four minutes afterwards, he exclaimed, 'Holloa, woman! stop!—' and immediately came up to me. 'I've rued,' he said; 'I think now I'll set you to the town,'—and onward to the town we came.

When we arrived at Caldewgate, the worthy



cottager said, 'Did you see me stop, ma'am?' 'Yes, and it rather frightened me.' 'Then you don't know why I stopt?' 'No, indeed.' 'You didn't see, then, two fellows skulking about yon house 'at we passed?' 'No.' 'Then I did, and so I thought as how I'd see you safe to't town.' I thanked him, continued Mrs. Moss, a thousand times, and desired him to call upon me the first time he should be in Carlisle. In about a week he called. I did all in my power to requite him for his protection; and whenever "Fortune in her spite" may summon me, I am sure I will ever-recollect with gratitude the kindness of the *Cumberland Cottager*.

My next reminiscence is of a less pleasing description, and presents a sad picture of the perversion of the best feelings of humanity, bereft of the instincts of our common nature.

Maternal love, it has been said, is an inherent principle of human nature;—nay, this hypothesis has been carried still further, for it has been said, that the love of their offspring is an innate feeling in the breasts of all animals. Be this as it may, there is no sight in the world more soft and soothing than a mother caressing her infant. The delight which almost every mother must feel when looking on her offspring cannot easily be described by words; but it is a delight clearly felt and understood. It awaits not the slow deliberations of reasoning; it flows sponta-

neously from the fountains of the feelings ; a quality of life, which though cherished as a passion, is altogether independent of the mental powers. It is an emotion of fondness returned in smiles of gratitude. It is the sacrament of nature in the heart of woman, by which the union of parent and child is sealed and rendered perfect in the community of love, and which strengthening and ripening with life acquires vigour from the understanding, and is most active and lively when most wanted.

These reflections passed across my mind the other day, whilst musing on the event I shall now relate.

Travelling in the north of England a few years ago, I found the inhabitants of one of the towns in which I meant to pass the night horror-struck at the murder of a boy about eight years of age, by his own mother. The inhuman wretch appeared to have conceived an intolerable antipathy against the poor child, for no reason which I could ascertain. Many and many are the times which she had beat the victim of her barbarity, until his body was blackened and bruised all over. Upon the day of his death, she had treated him in the most cruel manner ; she had fractured his skull, which alone would have produced his death ; but as if eager for his destruction, she, towards evening, struck him upon the breast with the handle of a brush, broke his breast bone, and terminated the

poor boy's miserable being. His cries ceased instantly ; and the iron-hearted parent fearing this would alarm the neighbours, and cause suspicion, threw the body of her murdered child into the coal-hole, in order to conceal the bloody evidence of her unnatural criminality. But, "murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ ;" and this poor child friendless when living, found numbers to avenge his death, by bringing his destroyer to shame and punishment.

The neighbours babbled their suspicions until the tale reached the ear of the parish overseer, who justly thought, that a matter so nearly touching the feelings of humanity, ought not to slumber uninvestigated. Accordingly, he obtained a surgeon, and had the dead body of the boy examined, and shocking to recount, they found it bruised and emaciated in such a manner as softened into tears all beholders, which were intermingled with bursts of indignation against the unnatural author of such barbarity. Even a police-man, "albeit unused to the melting mood," who had served in the wars, and been an eye-witness of many cruelties, wept as he stript the grave clothes from the poor innocent. Every part of the lifeless body evidenced inhuman treatment—the brain oozed through the fractured head ! A Coroner's jury patiently sifted every circumstance of the case, and the mo-



ther was committed to prison to take her trial for Wilful Murder.

Such are my recollections of this atrocious deed, which no one ever mentioned, but in terms of execration. It was one of those crimes which are handed down from father to son, and which lose not their hideousness through the veil of years ; but over which the stream of time rolls without obliterating one crimson drop.

The story I shall next relate, presents a simple picture of unsophisticated friendship, and withal possesses so mournful an interest, as cannot fail deeply to interest my readers.

Among those straggling cottages which are scattered along the delightful banks of the picturesque Eden, stands one now uninhabited, which arrests the attention of the stranger from its loneliness. The night-weed, the briar, and other noxious plants, usurp the place where once bloomed the rose, the carnation, and the tulip, under the fostering care of Mary Ann Howard. How changed now ! silent solitude hangs about this desolate abode, and nought save the croaking raven and the scream of the night-owl break on the stillness of the place.—O memory, why callest thou back the days of pleasure I have passed within those walls that are now mouldering away neglected? Alas ! Henry Seymour, the friend of my youth, has long been dead ; and sweet Mary Ann, too, after his death, soon



drooped and died. How painful is it to look back to the days of past happiness, when we are entering the declining vale of life, without a friend to cheer our lonely pilgrimage ! my head is now covered with hoary whiteness, and ere a few more years have passed away, I too will lie cold in the earth !

Listen, kind reader, and I will unfold to you the tale of Henry Seymour and Mary Ann Howard. It was one fine summer evening, and well I remember it, nature was all hushed in silence—not a breeze had wafted its refreshing gale to cool the intense heat that prevailed during the day—not a curl was to be seen upon the waters, all was as still as if nature had made a stand to contemplate her works. Such was the evening on which I strayed from my house to wander along the delightful banks of the Eden ; and I arrived at a spot where nature had been lavish in the distribution of her beauties. Standing on a little elevation, my eye imperceptibly wandered down a gentle declivity, and was arrested in its progress by a neat, though small, cottage, and beneath which, in the vale below, the river coursed in silent murmurs. A venerable forest of oaks which had long defied the hand of time, crowned the opposite bank of the river, and reared its majestic head in proud majesty over the surrounding woods. The sun was just taking his farewell for the day, and gra-

dually sinking to his briny bed in all his glorious beauty. I had just seated myself on a projecting piece of rock, when a young man issued from the house, and approached me ; it was indeed no other than my young friend, Henry Seymour, with whom I have so often in my boyish days wandered through the woods, and along the margin of the river. Now, manhood sat upon his brow. We soon recognised each other, and after mutual gratulations, on our thus meeting so unexpectedly, I was ushered into the house. In an arm chair sat Henry's mother, and extended on a sofa lay his cousin Mary Ann—for she had just recovered from a fever which had nearly cut her off from the world, a lovely flower in bud. Henry related that in his excursions in search of romantic beauty, he had accidentally discovered this secluded retreat, where all the sweets of rural scenery combined to form one of the most enchanting landscapes in universal nature, and here he had determined to retire far from the busy noise of the bustling world. His mother agreed to leave her native home, and retire to this sequestered spot, for recollection often called back the days of former greatness, when the ancient house of Seymour was in all its baronial pride and grandeur. Here they could brood over their fallen fortunes undisturbed.

Day after day passed away, and regularly I

visited my friends, and it was not till the shades of night began to descend over the earth, that I turned my back on their cottage, and hastened home with a heart full of happiness. Thus fled the sweetest moments of my life,—too sweet to last for ever !

It was on a night in the middle of winter that Henry proposed seeing me half way through the wood ; the ground was white with snow, which still continued to fall, and a strong wind drifted it into the hollows, and made the uneven path perfectly level. Although accustomed to the road, we were obliged to be wary and slow in proceeding, else by a false step, we might have been buried in some deep ravine.

Our parting was a melancholy one ; something like a long separation would at times intrude itself on my mind, and all my endeavours could not disperse the sadness which was gathering round me. An inward foreboding warned me of approaching loss. I soon retired to rest, but sleep fell not on my eye-lids, for busy fancy, ever on the wing, painted a thousand dreadful forms and realised conjectures, and fear, "*the great unreal.*" Morning came, and I hailed the return with more than wonted eagerness ; and long before the sun had risen over the mountain's top, I found myself hastening to the cottage. I was surprised to see Mary Ann and her aunt, they came running to me, and with tears in



their eyes, asked if I knew ought of Seymour, for he had not been seen since last night. I was startled at the question, and a mute horror thrilled through my frame. Where, or what had become of him, I could not tell. \* \* \*

Two days passed away in awful suspense, and at the close of the third Henry's body was found at the bottom of a deep glen ; he was not mangled ; only a single bruise was on his forehead ; his countenance was melancholy, yet mild even in death. He had accidentally fallen over the precipice, and was buried beneath the snow, where he had perished in the bloom of life. Mary Ann never recovered his death, she loved him, and him alone ; and when she saw his manly form stretched on the bier, no tears came to her eyes ; her's was that burning grief, which slowly, but too surely, undermines the seat of life, and hastens the dissolution of the soul and body. Two months, and she was no more ! she died broken-hearted.

Alas, who can paint the despair of the surviving Seymour ! My pen is too weak for the task. Suffice it, then, that she soon paid the debt of nature. Thus have my three friends passed away—to that still abode to which I am fast hasteninig, and which will soon enwrap me.

But let me quit the subject, while the recollections of youth press upon me. My succeeding reminiscences are of a neighbouring locality,



and of some events which will possess a touching interest to the reader.

Boys are often engaged in unimportant transactions, which take so strong a hold of their minds as never to be obliterated. I remember, in the days of my youth, once passing Cuddick Pool in the hay season, when the occupier of the field, in which the pool is, was gratifying his work-people with a telescopic gaze into the hidden mysteries of the deep. Although it was utterly impossible that they could discern aught beyond the surface, yet the force of fancy was such that each one inhabited the depth with monsters of his own creation, until the reptiles on the banks of the Nile shrunk into insignificance. I never passed the pool afterwards, without thinking of the imaginative haymakers, and the stagnant filthiness of the place was increased by the recollection of *their* hairy fish, eels with eyes of fire, and other *lusus natura*. There is, however, without the help of boyish terrors, a lonely dreariness about Cuddick Pool sufficient to kindle a dislike to it in tender minds; and yet two females in the opening bloom of life, when earth looks gayest, have sought its solitude as sweet ground upon which to encounter Death. Peace to their spirits! O may they have found in a better sphere, the bliss that was denied them on earth!

It was a fine summer evening, towards the mid-

dle of July,—the setting sun crimsoned the eastern sky, and threw a bright golden tinge o'er the Caldew's glassy breast, when the body of hapless Anna was dragged from the stagnant pool. Many were they who sighed for her fate, and ejaculated 'poor girl!'—but few reflected on that deep mental agony which could urge her to precipitately rush into the presence of God. The world contained nothing for her—at least, that world which was bounded by her information—all was desolate—no friends, no joys, no attachments. She commenced deliberately to settle her little earthly affairs,—as it were, she begun to make her own grave-clothes. All being completed, methinks I see her wandering in loneliness, with tearful eyes, and a full heart; feeling as though some demon pushed her to a deed repulsive to her soul. Then would she pause—was there no way to flee from her fate?—Yes; but that way led to the repetition of her miseries.

The sable mantle of night is cast over cottage, and wood, and field; the heavy dew presses on the grass and flowers; the sheep in the holmes have ceased their bleating, and the drowsy kyne ruminate their food; labour sleeps in death-like repose; wandering lovers have kissed and parted; nought is heard, but the shriek of the solitary owl, the murmuring of the Caldew over its "bays," or the splash of the prowling water-rat;

when a female form glides along the fields towards the pool, as it were silence personified. She steals along as fearful of prevention. Her mind is resolved. No matter what produced the resolution—real or imaginary woes—'tis fixed and sealed in the judgment-book of her own determination, that she must die.—Paths of my infant feet, ye bear a form resolved to perish by her own act!—the stile is passed—the pool is before her—the dark-green firs wave mournfully—the kindly bushes, that interpose their arms to save her, are brushed away—another moment, and the splash and bubbling cry of one in the struggles of death are heard—the agitated water beats its banks— —— no more ! —— ——

Oh, God ! whose will it is that insanity should creep about the earth, may the portals of thy mercy be wide for her, who sinned not through depravity of disposition, but who fell a victim to one of the weaknesses of our nature—an oversensitiveness of the heart.

When fate in angry mood has frown'd ;  
And gather'd all her storms around,  
The sturdy Romans cry,  
“ The great, who'd be releas'd from pain,  
“ Falls on his sword, or breathes a vein,  
“ And bravely dares *to die*.”

But know, beneath life's heavy load,  
In sharp affliction's thorny road,  
'Midst thousand ills that grieve ;



Where dangers threaten, cares infest,  
Where friends forsake, and foes molest,  
'Tis braver far *to live*.

The particulars of the circumstance I have next to relate, are of a more startling character than the former.

Margaret was her parents' pride—the soul of every company ; the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of ours : she was what is emphatically termed a BEAUTY. And she was as good as she was beautiful. Her well cultivated mind was of a strong but lively cast,—she was just nineteen, a time of life said by some to be the least guarded. It was then she formed an acquaintance with William, the son of a neighbouring gentleman. Margaret's parents were not poor, but they lived “far beneath the storm ambition blows,” and she was their only child. William was a few years her senior—he was tall and handsome, and of a good address and insinuating manners : he had apparently formed a strong attachment to Margaret, and after an ardent courtship, he gained her affections. She listened with too great confidence to his seducing arts, and had almost fallen a victim to her credulity.

A cow chanced to be grazing amongst some furze in a sequestered place, when its foot slipped into something like a grave—it was to have been the grave of Margaret ! A few times only



would the great luminary that gives light, life, and warmth to this nether world, have gone his diurnal course, ere she would have been a premature inhabitant of the tomb ; and her gentle limbs covered with unhallowed earth, by the ruthless hand of an assassin. The bleak winds of winter might have howled over her cold bed, unheard, unfelt, by its tenant ; and the stranger as he passed the spot would perhaps have heaved the involuntary sigh.

The story of the grave spread with the rapidity of lightning : people from Carlisle and the villages adjacent thronged to the place, to gratify their curiosity : their sympathetic feelings were aroused at the sight—and exclaimed, “is it possible ? can man be so base, so wicked ?—” I remember it well, though now forty years ago. I was in the hey-day of youth, when I went with a few acquaintances to view the place of mystery, for it was not then known who had made the hole. It was in a lonely corner of a large uncultivated field, known to the surrounding villagers by the name of the *Hunskins*, a few hundred yards above the mill, between H—t—n and L—k : the grave was dug a few paces from the margin of the smooth deep-running brook, that has its source above Scaleby Castle. It was neatly cut, and all the earth excavated out of it, was carefully borne into the rivulet ; not a particle was to be seen near the spot ; it was

slightly covered with twigs and turf, so that had it not been for the accident described, it, in all human probability, would not have been discovered, and Margaret would shortly have been no more.

William soon heard of the discovery. It smote his conscience ; a dagger, keener than the poisoned dart of the Indian, rankled therein. In the height of his remorse he flew to poor injured Margaret, and confessed the whole of his guilt ; on hearing which she was so thunder-struck with horror and surprise, that she instantly swooned away : on the return of her senses she was just upon the point of renouncing him for ever ; but the recollection of her former love for him, and her own situation, which could not long be concealed from the world, added to the distress, and evident contrition of William, made her pronounce his pardon, which he hardly had dared to hope. A reprieve to a criminal already upon the drop, could not be more grateful : it was just like the soothing voice of heaven speaking peace to the soul of the penitent. It lit up gladness in his heart ; but he was pensive ; a gloom, caused by a just sense of his former guilt, o'ercast his countenance. As soon as he could muster sufficient resolution, he pressed her to be joined to him in the bands of matrimony ; she consented ; and ere another day was passed, their fortunes were

united : and William during the remainder of their lives, endeavoured by kindness to make amends for his former crime—in short he made a most excellent husband, and she a most amiable and virtuous wife. The rest of their days were spent in happiness and mutual love. But they have now passed that “bourne from whence no traveller returns,” and gone to render an account to the Author of All.

My next reminiscence is of a circumstance which happened in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, and is a mournful record of guilt, depravity, and crime, and the uncertain tenure of human existence.

The bulk of mankind “shuffle off this mortal coil,” without ever once seriously saying to themselves, *Why do we exist?* The question is apparently so simple, that the self-satisfied, and drum-like coxcomb passes it with a laugh, and the cautious, calculating man of the world, treats it with indifference ; but the philosophic mind knows well its mighty bearing, and dwells upon it with all the varied emotions that animate or depress the spiritual machinery of the human frame. Generation after generation journey to the grave, and are heaped in equality ; still we live as though there were distinct and separate orders resident upon earth :—the asperities of our nature are not softened, nor its blindness diminished, though it is within the knowledge



of the most ignorant, that the instructed worm banquets alike upon the soul-departed relics of all.

My mind was wrapped in this sombre guise, as I sauntered the other evening beneath the ramparts of our weather-beaten Castle. No star twinkled in the heavens; the scowling clouds seemed ready to again drench the earth; the wind whistled shrilly among the shrubs that grow upon the bank; the many fields beneath were a "watery waste;" and the cough of the lone sentinel served to increase the dismal dreariness of the scene. It was then, whilst looking towards Etterby, where a dim light glimmered, that the murder of the ill fated Moll flashed across me.

"Poor suffering lost one! thy fate  
May claim from Pity's eye a tear."

This unhappy victim of lust and ferocious barbarity possessed none of the adornments of her sex: her features bore no traces of loveliness, and her mind was devoid of endearing virtues: alas! her days were spent in idleness, and her nights in the vices and the hopelessness of penury and prostitution—but her murder has almost immortalized her name; for oft in long winter nights, the venerable matron tells the frightful tale, and sends her youthful hearers weeping to their beds.

It was one chilling night in November,—the



mournful music of the Cathedral chimes was dying upon the ear—no light in heaven was burning,—when a sister in sin beckoned the unsuspecting Moll out of her lodging : who it was that lured her from that home to which she ne’er returned, no tongue nor circumstances ever revealed ; but they had proceeded unnoticed along the fields, till they reached where the Caldew and the Eden conjoin—then—in the dead of night—no mortal near—no shielding arm—the ruffian wretch beat in the brains of a pregnant woman ! Oh, God ! what hellish spirit could nerve the monster’s arm capable of perpetrating so demoniacal a deed ! What anguish must be his in life—what deep damnation in realms beyond the grave !—The screech-owl from the scar across the river echoed aloud poor Moll’s expiring screams. The vengeance of heaven was made manifest in the fury of the elements : The big hailstones fell thick upon the abodes of men ; the lightning left the cloud in which it had been sleeping, and whizzed around the murderer’s head : whilst the hoarse thunder rattled along the frowning sky, “making night horrible.”

The corse was found on the peaceful Sabbath morn, and the tidings sped like electricity ;—but none knew the murderer—he was deep hid in his lurking place, or mingled in the crowd with hands cleansed from blood. And thirty years have rolled away, and still he remains undiscov-

ered—still enveloped in the darkness of midnight gloom. Such is the appointment of Him “who erreth not.” The murderer was doomed to stalk the earth a discontented and repining wretch : the knowledge of his crime eating his heart like a cancer—preying upon his soul’s repose, like a vulture upon a decaying carcase.

A similar instance strikes me of concealed murder, which I shall mention not for the rarity of the case, but for the curious superstition which has grown out of it, and the popular notice of the inherent virtues or magical properties of certain plants.

It would be a useless task to attempt to give an account of the various superstitions which are attached to trees and plants. A glance at a few may suffice to give an idea of the whole. In some parts it is firmly believed that weak, rickety, or ruptured children may be cured by drawing them through a split tree, if the tree be afterwards so bound as to reunite ; in other parts a remedy for the hooping cough is found in passing a child thrice before breakfast under a blackberry bush, of which both ends grow into the soil. Onions were formerly, and perhaps are now, used by rustic girls, to divine the name of the man whom they are to marry. Various names were formed upon onions, which were then placed in the chimney corner, and the onion which sprouted first bore the sought-for

name. The plant mouse-ear given in any manner to horses, was believed to prevent them from being hurt in shoeing; mug-wort put into a man's shoes kept him from being weary on a long journey; moon-ear would open locks and bolts, and undo the shackles and shoes from horses' feet, a quality which must have rendered it very valuable to burglars and horse-stealers; and house-leek would shield from lightning any house on which it grew; this privilege of being thunderproof, is shared with the classical bay-tree. The mountain ash, rowan tree, or as it is called in the northern counties, the wigger tree, was of sovereign virtue as a preservative against the machinations of witchcraft.

Fernseed was thought to have the power of conferring invisibility on its possessor.

“ ————— I had  
No medicine, sir, to get invisible;  
No fernseed in my pocket.”

Thyme is an odoriferous plant, but what medicinal properties, or if any were attached to it by the ancients, a knowledge of their pharmacopœia does not enable me to decide. Its uses in cookery are manifold, and its aroma is grateful to the palate and the smell. The mandrake had a strange superstition attached to it, and was fabled to grow under a gallows or place of execution, and arose from the unctuous matter dropping from the wasting skeleton of the criminal. With



about as much reason, perhaps, it might be said that an extract of the essence of thyme carried about the person, would serve to point out the site of any murder ; and if not protecting the wearer from so horrible a casualty, would be a safe antidote against concealment of the crime if effected.

Long ago in the township of Farnley, in Yorkshire, a murder was committed on the person of a surgeon practising in the neighbourhood. When the body was found, on searching the pockets of the deceased, a bottle containing the essence of thyme was found to have been broken in the scuffle which ensued before the murderer completed his diabolical purpose. It was on a lonely part of the moor, where so much as a root of thyme, or odoriferous shrub could no where be found—in fact from the nature of the soil could not be indigenous. And yet, strange to say, there are pereons who allege at this day that a strong odour of thyme is exhaled in the particular locality. Even the writer in passing the spot, has fancied he inhaled a particular fragrance. So much does superstition take hold on the imagination.—

“ There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

In each of the cases here narrated, the murderer is allowed to escape without detection ; contrary to the popular belief which assumes that

in every instance, sooner or later, the murderer is brought to condign punishment. How far this hypothesis is founded in evidence the records of our domestic annals will shew, where oblivious concealment of the crime occurs, alas ! but too frequently,—but that the culprit may not be compelled to make confession of his guilt, under deathbed or other circumstances, before he leaves this world, is another question, and in my mind admits of proofs which amount nigh to certainty. Perhaps the best argument in support of this opinion will be the aduction of a few instances of self inculpation, which admit of no denial.

When Dr. Donne took possession of his first living he took a walk into the church-yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and throwing up a skull, the doctor took it up and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy shop ; an honest drunken fellow ; who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead the next morning. Had he a wife ? Yes. What character does she bear ? A very good one : only the neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried. This was enough for the Doctor, who, under the pre-

tence of visiting his parishioners, called on her. He asked her several questions, and among others what sickness her husband died of. She, giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, was tried, and executed.

Thomas Wynne, a notorious criminal, was born at Ipswich. Carrying on his villanies with impunity for many years, he at length resolved to rob a linen-draper, who had retired from business, and who, with his wife, was living upon the fruits of his industry. He accordingly one evening broke into their house, and, to prevent a discovery, cut their throats while they were asleep, and rifled the house to the amount of two thousand five hundred pounds; and, to prevent detection, sailed to Virginia with his wife and four children. —The two old people not appearing in the neighbourhood next day as usual, and the doors remaining locked, the neighbours were alarmed, sent for a constable, and burst open the doors, where they found them weltering in their blood, and their house pillaged. Diligent search was made, and a poor man who begged his bread was taken up upon suspicion, because he had been seen about the door, and sitting on the bench belonging to the house the day before. And although



nothing but circumstantial evidence appeared against him, he was tried, condemned, and executed before the door of the house, and his body hung in chains at Holloway.—Meanwhile Wynne, the murderer, was in a foreign land. It also happened, by the price of innocent blood, he prospered, and his riches greatly increased. After he had resided twenty years in Virginia, and his family having become numerous, and his riches great, he resolved to visit England before his death, and then return to deposit his bones in a foreign land. During his stay in London, he one day went into a goldsmith's shop in Cheapside, to purchase some plate that he intended to take home with him. It happened while the goldsmith was weighing the plate which Wynne had purchased, that an uproar took place in the street, through a gentleman running off from some sergeants who were conducting him to prison. Upon this Wynne also ran out into the street, and hearing some behind him crying out, "Stop him!" "Stop him!" his conscience instantly awoke; so that he stopped and exclaimed, "I am the man!" "You the man!" cried the people. "What man?" "The man," replied Wynne, "who committed a murder in Honey-lane twenty years ago, for which a poor man was hanged wrongfully."—Upon this confession, he was carried before a magistrate, to whom he repeated the same acknowledgment, and was

committed to Newgate, tried, condemned, and executed before the house where he perpetrated the horrid deed. In this manner the justice of heaven pursued the guilty wretch, long after he thought himself beyond the reach of punishment. Justice also overtook his family, who were privy to his guilt. Upon the intelligence of his shameful end, his wife immediately became deranged, and continued so to her death. Two of his sons were hanged in Virginia for robbery, and the whole family were soon reduced to beggary.

The foregoing relations are of a sombre character, and mindful of the precept of Horace, "*Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem*," we shall subjoin one or two of a lively description, which may amuse the reader. Truth is oftenest clad in the simplest garb, and the following narrative, simple in its outlines, has the merit of being a TRUE STORY.

JOE SIMPLE, the name by which I knew him, and that generally given to him by his acquaintance, was, certainly, in some respects, a very silly fellow; but not so much so as many accounted him. There were traits of character about him which shewed that had he been properly educated—mind, I do not mean to say he would ever have exhibited any thing like intellectual power, for his intellect was evidently of a low order, and assuredly he was not a *man*

*of genius*, for genius he had none—yet he would have appeared to much greater advantage. But, poor fellow, he was greatly neglected in his youth, and up to manhood. His parents were extremely poor, of indolent and improvident habits, ignorant and superstitious, and he never saw any thing in them that could tend to the improvement of his character ; besides, as he only associated with such as himself, it would have been unreasonable, unless he had possessed a mind that could have risen superior to his circumstances, to have expected he should have been much otherwise than he was. Joe's father was a cordwainer, and being but little skilled in the art of cutting and putting together boots and shoes, had but little demand for his labour. I have often been amused when examining articles of the above description he had made to order. They appeared like nothing on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, but were perfectly unique in form. Joe was early brought up in the mysteries of his father's profession, and is employed at this day, as often as he has the opportunity, in expending his skill in the repair of decayed boots and shoes, and in the construction of new ones.

The reader may be gratified with a description of Joe's person. He was five feet six inches high ; his hair was neither red nor brown, but of a dun colour, which he seldom washed or



combed ; his eyes were grey and dull in their expression ; his nose long and sharp, and in perfect keeping with the general outline of his face, which was meagre and elongated, his teeth were long and irregular, partly protruding beyond his lips, which were thin, and of an ashy hue ; his chin was small and tapering ; his feet large, flat, and partly turned inward, which latter appendages, when employed in walking, gave a kind of ambling motion to his whole person. The above description would not precisely apply to Joe now, who is still living, but much altered in his appearance—for the better ? no, but for the worse !

When Joe had seen something more than three and twenty summers, he determined to be like other folks, and have a sweetheart, that is, if he could get one. True, he was no beauty, but happily for him, as is generally the case with persons of like description, he was blind to his own defects. Some wags in the village, ascertaining his intentions, resolved to play him a prank. In pursuance of this they wrote him the following letter, purporting to come from a Miss B——, residing in an adjoining hamlet : \*—

“ Dear Joseph,—“ A few days ago, admiring some flowers in a neighbour’s garden, I saw you passing, and was so struck with your person, that I have had no rest since, and long to have an interview with you. Come to-morrow evening,

\* In the vicinity of Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

and see me. You can knock gently at the front door, and I will admit you."

"M. B——."

The letter Joe was unable to read, but got a friend to decipher it for him, who was as much astonished at the contents as the bearer himself, as he knew Miss B. to be a person of reputable character and considerable expectations. Joe was in raptures, for he suspected nothing, and jumping to the conclusion the fair writer would wish to be married as early as possible, went to the village clergyman, and abruptly said, "Sir, I want to be put in!" "Put into what?" inquired the good man, for such in verity he was. "Why, put in to be married," said Joe. "O you want the banns publishing! but who are you going to marry?" Joe, in his simplicity, told him the whole affair. The clergyman suspecting the hoax, informed him he feared all was not right, and declined having anything to do with the matter.

Joe, nothing daunted, returned home flushed with expectation, and the following evening, after a full hour spent in adonizing himself, proceeded to the house of Miss B. He knocked gently at the door, which was opened by the lady herself, who inquired what he wanted? "Why," said he, "I'm come about—" "O, father's boots," said the fair one, interrupting him, "but I don't suppose he will let you have

them, you mended the others so poorly." "I'm not come about the boots," stammered Joe, "but the letter." "What letter?" queried Miss B. "The letter you sent me, saying you were in love with me, and wished to see me." "You impudent fellow!" thundered the lady, "how dare you insult me. I send you a letter!" and pushing to the door with a force that nearly threw Joe on his back. The wags who wrote the letter had followed on the heels of Joe, and had placed themselves in a situation (it was not very dark) where they could witness his reception, which they no sooner saw, than they set up first a loud horse-laugh, and then a hip huzza! Joe was utterly confounded, and took to his heels, running as if a thousand furies were in chase of him.

But the joke did not end here. A second letter, written by one of the same party, was forwarded to Joe early the next morning, stating, for this also assumed to come from the lady in question, how sorry she was for the treatment he had received the previous evening; that she had taken him to be a person by whom she had been repeatedly insulted; but if he would come about the same time on the evening of the present day, she would fly to meet him. Joe took this letter to the friend who had read to him the former; and as soon as he heard what it contained,



“Hope, which springs eternal in the human heart,” rose high in him, and before the clock of evening had told eight, he was fingering the rapper attached to the door of the residence of Miss B.

The authors of this fun, which was no fun to the hapless wight at whose expense it was enacted, had taken up a position near the house where they could see him, though he could not see them, and having concluded beforehand what was likely to be the nature of his reception, had made preparation for giving him a more startling alarm

A female servant came to the door, and politely asked Joe his business? “Why,” he replied, “I’m come to see Miss B.” “O very well,” said the girl, “I shall acquaint her.” And proceeding immediately to the parlour, informed her mistress Joe Simple was at the door wishing to speak with her. “The idiot!” exclaimed Miss B. in anger, “what can he mean?—Bessy,” continued she, “fill a large pail with water, and take it up to the window directly over the front door.” Bessy did as she was directed, and Miss who was in the room almost as soon as the maid, bid her open the window, and souse the contents of the pail on the simpleton below. No sooner said than done. Joe was amazed—petrified. But before he had time to recover from his surprise, one of his tormenters without, fired off a pistol slightly loaded

with blank cartridge ; and another, who had a squirt filled with sheep's blood, discharged it in his face. "Murder ! murder !" cried the persecuted wretch : and off he set at almost greyhound speed. He reached home with difficulty, and was perfectly horrified when on viewing his face in a glass he perceived it besmeared with blood. It was some time before he could persuade himself he was not mortally wounded. This last catastrophe determined Joe never more to think of a sweetheart. Hitherto he has kept his resolution, for he is still a bachelor, and is likely to continue one.

Shakspeare says—

"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told ;" and if so, the history of a simpleton may be best told in the simplest language,—which if true, my readers may not object to the almost child-like simplicity of the foregoing narrative, wherein the "sound" is an "echo to the sense !!" Some crumbs of instruction may be gathered from it. Suffer, my readers, the "word of exhortation !" It will generally be found that persons of inferior understanding have the organ of self-esteem pretty largely developed, and there is a class of persons who are ever ready to take advantage of this infirmity. Of this we have a striking instance in the case of Joe Simple. To the lovers of fun and frolic, I would say, choose other objects for the subjects of your merriment,

and rather compassionate the half-witted and idiotic, than seek to make them the butts of unfeeling ridicule: nor wantonly impose upon the penalty of that imperfection with which he "who erreth not" hath seen meet to afflict them; but by affording them the benefit of your consideration and kindness, endeavour in every practicable instance, to improve their intellectual capacity: and where the nature of their malady excludes all hope of this, show yourselves their protectors from the scorns of the scornful, and the abusive treatment of the inhumane,—in short, sweeten, as far as in you lies, the cup of adversity which has been given them to drink of their Heavenly Father.

The individual I have next to introduce to my readers is the Wortley\* Knowing One, or the "*biter bitten*."

The Wortley Knowing One.— But before I proceed to speak of him, it may not be amiss to inform the reader, though it is likely he knows it already, that both in the north and south of England, the men in the West Riding are proverbial for cunning. But many things have been said of them in this respect which I feel persuaded are not true. That they are in general shrewd, and well fitted profitably to conduct any line of business in which they may embark, will not be questioned by any the least conversant with their

\* Wortley, near Leeds.



characters. Many of them have a large share of natural wit, and it is no uncommon thing to hear the most amusing expressions of it even among those who are the least educated. In the year 1828, I spent six weeks in London, and the gentleman at whose house I lodged, related to me a number of personal anecdotes illustrative of the above remarks, most of which since that time have appeared in print.

A Yorkshireman from the neighbourhood of Leeds, passing along Cheapside, was heard repeatedly saying, as if to himself, "I've fun a sovereign! I've fun a sovereign!" A smart dressed cockney, supposing him to be some simpleton, accosted him with the inquiry, "Have you found a sovereign?" "Yes," answered the Yorkshireman. "Then," said the cockney, "It is mine, for I have lost one." "Had thine a hoile in it?" inquired the other; "Ye—s," simpered the cockney, with a self-satisfied air, chuckling in imagination over his good fortune. "Then," said the other with provoking *nonchalance*, displaying the *coveted yellow one* in his palm, "this is not thine, sithee, for it has'nt a hoile in it;" and the cockney, crestfallen, fled before the artillery of a horse-laugh.—Another from the neighbourhood of Halifax, sought one evening to gain admittance to the House of Commons. Half-a-crown was demanded of him by the door keeper for being allowed access to the Strangers' Gallery. This

the Yorkshireman peremptorily refused, and in John Bull fashion began making some disturbance ; when an Honourable Member coming up, and tapping the Yorkshireman familiarly on the shoulder, asked him what he wanted." "Why sur," said the party addressed, "I wish to see the Heads of the nation." "Certainly, my good fellow," was the courteous rejoinder "come with me, and you shall see them." Accordingly, his parliamentary friend conducted him to the Strangers' Gallery, and throwing open the door, bade him enter. The Yorkshireman, just stepping within the door, glanced hastily around him ; and stepping back again into the lobby, said hurriedly, "Now I've seen the heads of the nation, I'll go whoam and work for them." The Honourable Member, struck with his apparent loyalty, inquired what trade he was ? The answer was characteristic of his burly protagé, "Why, sur," says he, "I'ze a *rope maker*." The reader will be at no loss to draw the inference, whose slumbers have not been scared with visions of *Jack Ketch*.

The Wortley Knowing One, as we choose to designate him, who was a respectable person in his way, was a noted *bird fancier*, and known for his eccentricities among his acquaintance. Partly for his amusement, and partly for profit—for he trafficked largely in eggs and chickens

—he kept a choice assortment of fowls of the description called *Golden Pheasants*. Proud was he and boastful, when he expatiated on the *uncontaminated strain* of his feathered bantlings. Had they been of princely extraction, or had the blood of an hundred emperors, to wit as many queens, run through their tiny arteries, he could not have been more lavish in his encomiums of their descent. For certain, he absolutely *crowed* over them: morning, noon, and night,

“As at his heels ran many a chirping brood,  
Or down his path in expectation stood,  
With equal claims upon his *strewing* hand,

or he saw them to roost regular as clock time, they were an exhaustless theme, his ever lasting hobby.

“Now from the woods, mistrustful and sharp-eyed  
The fox in silent darkness seems to glide,  
Stealing around us, list’ning as he goes,  
If chance the Cock or stammering cockerel crows,  
Or Goose, or nodding Duck, should darkling cry,  
As if apprized of lurking dangers nigh:  
Destruction waits them, Giles, if e’er you fail  
To bolt the door against the driving gale.”

What marvel if our Knowing One prided himself in his knowledge of poultry to such a degree as often to affirm that no one could deceive him as to the quality of hen or cock. One evening a little after sunset, a person calling at his domicile, asked him to purchase a hen. “What



sort of a hen is it?" said the Knowing One. "Why," replied the other, producing the hen which he had concealed under his apron, "its a bonny one, a varry bonny one in dayleet:" implying of course it was a chicken of the favourite brood videlicet, a *golden pheasant*. "What is the price of it?" inquired his interrogator: "One shilling and eightpence." "But what sort of a layer is it?" queried the man of the hencoop, who anticipated a bargain. "Why," returned the other, "few hens have laid so many eggs as it has, and it *never lays from whome*." The Knowing One, deeming it a hen of rare qualities, purchased it. But alas! for his judgment, it proved to be a hen of great age, and of doubtful origin, whose laying days were over; and hence no marvel that it *never laid from home*.

This narrative affords an apt illustration of the trite saying, that *every man has his hobby*: and the following relation of a "Smoaker," which, in glancing over my written reminiscences, I find recorded in his own words, serves to show how simple are some of our favourite pleasures apart from the circumstances which give them consideration in our experience, or engender our individual prepossessions.

"It was not the will of heaven," writes our Smoaker, "to endue me with superior intellectual qualities, nor have I been favoured on earth

with that ease which generally accompanies dull minds. My father quitting this vale of tears before I had grown out of my first dress, and my mother re-marrying, I was treated not strictly according to my own gentle opinions, and my thoughts became disturbed ; indeed, yet they are far from tranquil, though youth and manhood have flown. But amidst all the tossings and tumblings of this boisterous life, amidst all the sorrows and vicissitudes that have attended me, I have still found pleasure in a pipe ; and I consider that the finest passage in English poetry, wherein the humorous Dr. Syntax assimilates the smoky volume proceeding from his long lily tube, to the incense of a grateful heart rising to heaven in a dense and curling column. Early in life I became partial to the luxury of smoking, and my mother disapproving of it, I ran from home, and being subjected to great hardships, rather than starve, I broke stones on the highway for 8s. a week. In that situation, wet, dry, cold, or turned swarthy by the sun's rays, have I smoked my pipe, defying the malice of man and of the seasons ; I have knocked away, and with a "cutty gun" in my mouth, laughed at the pride and pomp of passers-by—from me they might have learned the lesson, how little serves to satisfy the thing called human nature. On a Saturday evening, when the week's toil was ended, how frequently has a well-charged

pipe produced a total oblivion of my humbleness ; seated in a village ale-house with a pot before me, and my valued friend (a pipe), I have puffed away all thought, the recollection of all injuries, all follies past, until my whole frame has partaken of a delicious gush, which, if it were not happiness, no such sensation is the inheritance of man.

I next bound myself apprentice to the captain of a merchant-vessel, which sailed from Whitehaven, and here a pipe was equally my friend and comforter. On a fine night, when no particular service was required about the ship, I have sat on her side, beneath the star-paved canopy of heaven, with the ceaseless and glittering ocean shining around me, and sent to the sky the curling volume as the assurance of my contentment. All my friends were estranged from me, and the earth produced no flower to gratify my sight. I flattered myself my heart was “insensible, but not the worse of being so :” but in the midst of such a vain desire, the unbidden tear-drop would fall upon my hand, and convince me of my self-deceit.

I soon left the vessel, and being totally destitute, I joined a body of people who made “some noise in the world”—they were itinerant show-folks. Here I experienced all the hunger, insults, and hardships, linked with the line of life I had been obliged to adopt ; but after I had beat the drum until my arms ached, and shout-



ed until hoarse, I often-times retired, and blurred the remembrance of the night's degradation, with the soporiferous influence of a pipe. I conceived myself unfortunate but not criminal ; I saw myself despised, but I still felt the dignity of man unextinguished within me. The temptations of my station never seduced me into vicious folly ; I envied not the gay nor the wealthy ; I longed not for power nor greatness ; and the chief springs of men's uneasiness fretted not me. My mind was to me my kingdom, and a pipe my sceptre ; and I pleased myself with the thought, that one day or other the sorrowful and the scorned, the proud and the prostrate, should alike be thrown together in one glorious equality.

Time witnesses many changes in the life of man. After innumerable buffetings, the reward of fortune came in the semblance of a snug legacy from an opulent uncle ; and now seated happily by my own fireside, with a family around me, I enjoy every comfort, and the recollection of past troubles heightens the meditative bliss of—A PIPE.”

The poet says truly

“ Man wants but little here below,  
Nor needs that little long.”

Who will say after reading this simple narrative, that it is not within the power of the humblest to ensure contentment WITH AN HONEST

MIND. The best use, perhaps, we can make of it is to reflect—How many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour. Look into his dwelling, where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies, he has the same tender endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, has the same flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and gladden his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station ; and I make no doubt in general, but if the true account of his betters was known, that the upshot would prove to be little more than this : that the rich man had more meat, but the poor man the better stomach ; the one had more luxury, more able physicians to attend upon him, and set him to rights, the other more health and soundness of body, and less occasion for their help ; that after these two articles between them were balanced, in all other things they stood upon a level ; that the sun shines as warm, the air blows as fresh, and the earth breathes fragrance upon one the same as the other ; and that they have an equal right in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

The “Confessions of a Resurrection Man,” with which I have been favoured, and which I shall here present to the reader, form a less pleasing picture than the foregoing, and afford us, at least, a bird's-eye view of the dark side of

human character. I shall allow him to speak for himself, merely premising, that only on condition of concealing the writer's name, am I at liberty to give his confessions to the public.

"In this age of confessions," he proceeds, "when the sensitive people of these realms have been troubled in mind, and perplexed by the crudities of an Opium-eater, of a Scribbler, a Footman, a Duellist, and other *confessors*, I am not acquainted with any good reason to prevent me from disburthening my heart to an attentive public. Before commencing my task, however, with your leave, I shall take a *swig* of *blue ruin*, that my courage may be strengthened, and my memory prove faithful.—I am the eldest son of a sexton ; a worthy man ; an industrious man ; who was equally at home in cobbling the *soles* of his friends, or in lending his assistance to convert them to their original constituent material. In my "boyish days" I was wont to follow my *papa* to the scene of his latter avocation ; then the people used to call me "Jacky ;" next I used to be termed "John"—that was when I first cocked my hat and my eye at the girls ; now I never receive any other appellation than plainly and pithily "Jack."—I have said I followed my father to the grave—by that I mean, of course, to make other people's graves ; for, to give my father his due, though he had frequently one foot in the grave and the other out, he con-



cerned himself as little about it, as he did about returning to *mamma* and *us*, when he got seated with a *chum* over a pot of porter. Many a time have I basked upon the hillocks, or plucked wild-flowers (for it was a country-churchyard,) whilst my *dad* was thumping and knocking about the skulls and bones of our progenitors. By this course of education I became more conversant with the depth and construction of graves, than with my primer; but when I gathered strength and years, my father found me other work. The awl, and hammer, and lapstone, were put into my hands, and with these I was to push my way through the world. But

———“Oh hard, hard their part  
Who earn their bread by the cobbling art.

For three long years I abided by the choice and interest of my father. About the end of that time he came home one evening in his *tantara-rums*, and dethroned me by force of arms, without any just cause for such an exercise of parental authority. Fired with indignation, I rose in open rebellion; and long and doubtful was the contest. The god of war at length decided against me, and not being allowed honourably to capitulate, I fled with precipitation. I became, for a while a vagabond upon the face of the earth; and my flight and absence, I have been since told, brought my mother untimely to the grave. I cannot allow myself to

dwell upon this. Hardened and wretched as I am, and "albeit unused to the melting mood ;" hated by myself, and scorned by others, still *Nature* will vindicate her sway within me, and, in solitude, the big and agonizing tear will roll over my cheek when I think of the death of my poor mother.—I became, I say, like the first born of woman, a vagabond upon the face of the earth. I mixed with the dregs of men. At twenty, I entered the sea service, where my heart became ossified, and my feelings blunted. It would occupy too much space to tell the scenes of death and slaughter I have witnessed. Frequently, from the yard-arm, have I been compelled to cast my fellow-creatures into eternity ; frequently have I witnessed men *walk the plank*, and with indifference seen them swallowed up by the merciless ocean. When peace resumed her reign, I was dismissed from the service, and thrown, with hundreds, upon the raft of chance, and suffered to steer my way without rudder or compass. Being young, strong, and not deficient in personal courage, I entered the prize ring in a pitched battle for 25 guineas aside ; my opponent was West Country Dick. I was vanquished ; which terminated my pugilistic career, for I could never afterwards find a backer.

One afternoon, whilst sitting in a low pot-house in a dark alley in London, did the fiend

fasten on me that first lured me into my present *profession*. It was a wet and drizzly afternoon, and the room wherein I sat was filled with tobacco-smoke, and noise and uproar reigned lords of the ascendant. My mug of beer was nearly drained dry ; I sucked in every drop slowly, in order to prolong my stay, for I had not money to get my mug again filled. Whilst sitting ruminating here, with a woeful countenance, and a weighty heart, Jim Husset fixed his eye upon me ; he was a ferocious looking fellow, and every way fitted for his grovelling occupation. By design, he got himself shifted to my left arm, and by degrees poured into my ear the insidious poison of his propositions. Forlorn, hopeless, pennyless, as I was, I agreed to join him that evening, and to go with him about seven miles out of London to “fetch up” a *subject*. The night was cloudy, but the moon sailed in the heavens. It was midnight ere we reached the abode of death—the mansions of dust and ashes. I have continued a body-stealer since that night ; true, I have lived free from want, and untired with labour ; I have been engaged in many an unholy night’s work ; but never have I experienced the shocks, and pangs, that agitated me upon that awful excursion. I trembled when we scaled the wall with our spade and sack ; but when my companion began to dig ; when the spade resounded on the coffin ; when



he forced the lid, and disclosed to me the dead man in his last dress, I almost reeled again with terror and with guilt. I dared not to look behind nor before, lest the shapeless air should "body forth" some ghastly witnesses of our unhallowed toil. But when we begun to strip the corse,—when I touched it,—and the moon flashed a stream of light upon its pallid face,—oh ! then what overwhelming fears shot through my labouring heart ! I dropt on one knee.—The callousness of my comrade kept me from entirely sinking, and we reached London ; and got, at St. Thomas's Hospital, ten guineas for our burthen ! A life of this kind I have dragged on for seven years ; but as gross deformity cannot please the eye to dwell upon, so neither can a picture of monotonous criminality. I therefore drop the pen."

This my readers must allow is a melancholy picture of human recklessness and depravity : a man who has been taught, through sheer idleness, refusing to work at a respectable calling, and making an occupation he is sick of, and at which the best feelings of our nature revolt, subservient to the obtainment of daily bread. It shews us too, in an interesting light, the progressive stages of vice: we see him in boyhood, unsullied with the thoughts of crime, sporting on the flowery lap of nature, and basking in the gladdening sunshine, all innocence and gaiety ; and

at a later period of life, wallowing in the mire of baseness and infamy, a prey to remorseful recollections. How necessary to guard against the first deviations in error, and to cultivate those tempers and dispositions in manhood which reflect so great a lustre upon childhood as to excite a holy envy of their possessors in the upgrown and worldly experienced. A child, Bishop Earle somewhat quaintly observes, is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve, or the apple ; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture, newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means, by sin, to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on its bearer. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood—he plays yet, like a young apprentice, the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his

necessity : his hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ ; and he is best company with it, when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest, and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mockings of men's business ; his fate hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember ; and sighs to see what innocence he had outlived. The older he grows he is a stair lower from God : and, like his first father, much worse in his clothes. He is the Christian's example and the old man's relapse ; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, exchanged but one heaven for another.

I am here insensibly led into a dissertation on Happiness in general, for which I hope I shall be pardoned by the reader, as his instruction and entertainment are alike the objects of my solicitude ; and my remarks, accompanied with the sincerest wishes for *his* happiness, seriously weighed, may tend to the promotion of it both here and hereafter.

The gloomy and discontented dispositions of some men would have us to believe, that everything around us is only capable of producing unhappiness and misery. They dwell with a sort of



melancholy pleasure on the dreary prospect that lies before them, on the fearful destiny of all, in having to submit to the all-powerful hand of the King of Terrors ; and though with some degree of truth, on the perishable nature of all terrestrial bliss.

But such a temper can only spring from a mind accustomed always to look at the dark and unfortunate, instead of the bright, side of human affairs. For if we impartially view the lives of most men, we shall find that though all have contained a mixture of pleasure and pain there are few who have not experienced that the former greatly overbalances the latter.

Ever since the introduction of evil into the world, misery has been the companion of man. The first act of disobedience “brought Death into the world, and all our woe ;” but even the sentence of laborious action which was then pronounced upon the human race, has been ameliorated to a blessing—since those whose lot it is to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, are generally possessed of more happiness and comfort, than the men who are born to affluence and riches—who seek for no pleasure but in the gratification of appetite, and know not how to kill their time, except by mixing in scenes of dissipation and folly. From the dawn of reason in the mind till the period of dissolution, man professes to be in search of happiness ; no art

is left untried that is expected to produce it ; no pleasure is left untouched if it is said that it may be found there ; the infinite round of fashion and amusements is pursued for no other purpose but to attain it : and yet it is never found in such scenes as those ; the votaries of such delusions may smile, and laugh, and attempt to look happy, whilst their minds are full of disappointment and sorrow—for in their moments of reflection they are completely miserable, and are compelled to hasten again to the scene of splendid fascination, that they may be no longer troubled with the dictates of conscience, or a sense of error. And how should it be otherwise, since the eternal laws of Nature are opposed to the happiness of man, if he attempt to seek it in any other way than in the practice of virtue : for no one ever yet trod the paths of vice and iniquity, but who has found it to be strictly true, that the way of transgressors is hard.

Without endeavouring to solve the different questions of the origin of evil, I will only remark that the unhappiness and misery men suffer in this life, are so apparently brought on by their own imprudent or sinful conduct, that it is manifestly unjust to take the blame of all the evil which exists in the world, from the head of the guilty race of man, and endeavour to throw it on the Creator. Because all crimes are not punished in this life, is no proof that they will not

be so hereafter ; we live in a world governed by fixed and general laws, but which presents us every where with indications that a future state of retribution is appointed ; we have all a secret dread of the future, we all fear to die—but it is not the pangs we shall suffer in the hour of departure which make us tremble, it is the dread of something after death, which conscience too truly forestalls ; for

“ In all, deputed conscience scales  
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;  
And by forestalling proves it true

Again, if we examine more closely the causes of unhappiness in the world, we shall find that it is a law of Nature, that virtue should produce happiness, and that misery and ruin should be the constant attendants on a career of vice ; they may both vary in degree, but still the principle remains the same ; and if this was not in some degree the case, we might be inclined to think that there is not a God who presides over the affairs of men ; but the secret voice of conscience, together with the occurrences of the moral world, inform us, that there is not only a Supreme Ruler of the universe, but that a future state is appointed, where virtue shall receive its due reward, and vice shall reap the fruits of disobedience. That there is such a Being, and that his character is one of perfect virtue and holiness, must be the cause why misery so constantly fol-



lows the footsteps of vice, and consequently why unhappiness exists, and which proclaims, at the same time that our real happiness must consist in an imitation of his perfect attributes : and that we need not wonder at the daily scenes which are every way presenting themselves to us. The drunkard fancies that there is happiness in intoxication ; and should we be surprised to hear him confess, at the close of his career, that he has been an unhappy man, and that he is suffering intensely from an emaciated constitution which his intemperance has produced ; and such ever is the operation of those vices, intemperance and licentiousness, the votaries of which we so often behold objects of disgust and aversion to every virtuous mind, and from disease and suffering, spectacles of horror to themselves. They that sow the wind, must expect to reap the whirlwind.

Of all the evils from which men are daily endeavouring to fly, none is so great an object of aversion as that of poverty : but poverty, when supported by integrity and uprightness, is not an evil. To a mind which looks within itself for solid satisfaction, its rigours cannot lessen the sum of its enjoyments. But in too many, it is a self-inflicted evil—the fruit of extravagance and dissipation ; who, conscious of their own misconduct, bear its privations with uneasiness and dissatisfaction. In the school of adversity, men

have learnt what philosophy can never teach—they have there been taught to moderate their expectations as to what this world can afford ; it has opened their eyes to the delusion under which they were acting, in placing their dependence upon riches and grandeur, which confer no real happiness, except as they supply us with the necessaries of life, and put it in our power to relieve the wants and alleviate the misfortunes of others. Yet, alas ! how few there are who regard them in this useful light.

Lastly : sometimes the consequences of misfortune and misconduct are the same, but he who suffers from the latter has to bear the reproaches of his own mind, and of all the conflicting pangs which rend the hearts of guilty, fallen men, none are so intensely severe as remorse ; like an arrow dipt in poison, it rankles the heart of the offending victim, and allows him no moments of alleviation or repose. But the mind of a virtuous man rises superior to those disastrous events which so often mortify the pride and foresight of human wisdom ; and if all around should still look dreary and wretched, he will turn his view to a world where the sorrows of misfortune and the wounds of disappointment are never felt. “ Make me,” said Henry Kirk White, “ an outcast, a beggar—place me a bare-footed pilgrim on the top of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and I shall have

wherewithal to sustain the spirit within me, in the reflection, that all this was but as for a moment, and that a period would come, when wrong and injury and trouble should be no more."

And such is the constitution of the human mind, so sublime and comprehensible are its faculties, that not even nature in its most beautiful and captivating scenes, not all the splendid and important movements of the mighty of the earth, or the most instructive and imposing narratives of authentic or fictitious history, are capable of occupying solely its attention: it still dwells upon the future, which it paints with its brightest colouring; and though calamity should here be heaped upon calamity, it will not sink under the dreadful trial, but free as the morning emerging from the gloom of night, will soar in imagination to that final period "When change shall cease, and time shall be no more."

"Ah! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?

Hers what no wealth can win, nor power create?

A little world of clear and cloudless day,

Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay;

A world, with Memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,

That home of Happiness—an honest breast."



## THE ECCENTRIC CORRESPONDENT.

It was not in Grosvenor Square, Hanover Square, Cavendish Square, or Portland Place, but in St. James's Park where I saw the MENDICANT.—One of those light refreshing showers which enliven the face of nature in the month of May, had for some time confined me to my gloomy apartment ; through the patched lattice of which, (it being an attic or poet's parlour), I could only behold a rainbow, which formed a broad arch over the proud metropolis, and seemed to laugh at the puny pignies, men call artists.—Well thou knowest, Eliza, my bad state of health demands both air and exercise : but I fear thy absence will add to my weakness.—Return, sweet bud of innocence ! lest soon the withered leaves may rustle over my last and narrow dwelling.—The clouds having for a few hours been spitting at the diminutive cits of London, now began to threaten vengeance on the strong men of Kent ; when I ventured along Pall Mall, and seated myself near that ancient fabric, whose owner the most wretched of her subjects need not envy.—For me, Eliza, thy company in the meanest cot-

tage on the most barren plot of earth, would make me happier than any mortal born to wear a crown, at the expense of millions kept in slavery.—The clock at the Horse Guards struck seven : the hour, thought I, resting one elbow on the arm of the seat, and looking steadfastly to the ground ; the hour when Eliza bade me adieu, as the coach left.—I had been reading thy last letter, and was looking round, afraid some might perceive me kiss it ; (call me not childish Eliza, for fancying I kissed the rose on thy cheek) when I was accosted by one whose look and address told me he had seen better days.—An observer of mankind may always perceive, whether meek virtue, or riot-drunk vice prompts the wretched to solicit charity ; and as I immediately set him down one of the first order of beings, my heart sympathised with him, and I could have wiped away the tears stealing down his furrowed face, as he approached within three paces of my seat.—“ Sir,” he said, in one of those musical and melancholy tones of supplication, which ought ever to rivet the attention of those who struggle against misfortune, “ pardon one who is forced to beg the relief he lately gave to others. In vain do I knock at the doors of the rich ; those who know not distress, too seldom pity the wretched : and I venture to solicit charity, where the heart seems to join the hand of the giver. I have seen much of the busy world : and

lived in affluence, cherishing the summer flies, by whom I am now neglected—even despised. Pardon me, sir, my story would be long and tedious.”—He ceased, and turned from me, to hide the workings of his painful bosom.—I am no physiognomist, Eliza, but without having studied the essays of Lavater, I could read in his look that he stood little indebted to mankind.—Who knows, thought I, somewhat enraged on finding one pocket sans cash ; who knows but the Father of the universe, and himself, the sufferings of that virtuous Being ? May not his distress be owing to those who bask in the sunshine of plenty, living on their country’s ruin ? Perhaps war, and its numberless train of evils, may have driven him from the commercial world, without a friend, or a shelter from the storm.—“ Be upon thy guard !” muttered Jealousy, at that moment —“ There are many impostors !” cried Meanness—“ Thou art poor,” whispered Pride, “ and what thou wouldst give him might ornament thy dress”—“ If thou wilt thus relieve beggars,” said Ambition, “ it can never be thy lot to figure away upon the grand stage of life.”—No matter, thought I, on seeing a tear of gratitude steal down his pale cheek ; no matter ! There is a pleasure in softening the wretchedness of a brother, unknown to you all : and in this short pilgrimage of life, shall man, when he beholds an aged and infirm mortal bowed down by po-



verty, and faint, and weary, and helpless, and heart-broken, thrown amidst thorns by the way-side ; shall he jog on at his proud pace, without trying to help the suffering traveller ?—Forbid it heaven !—Thou, unto whom all hearts are open, hear my prayer, I beseech thee. Let me enjoy life's happiness, by having wherewith to comfort a virtuous and distressed brother ; while those who thirst after such, but wallow in the false pleasures of granduer.—I gazed, and at that moment his eyes met mine, with a look seeming to say, “youth, may sorrow to thee be unknown, and plenty be thy portion.”—I turned, and a something within me whispered, I had done my duty.—Just then I thought of what had fallen from thy lips, Eliza—“ ’Tis a hard heart that chides the hand for relieving age in want !” —He was now hastening towards Spring Garden, doubtless to attend the cravings of nature.—I had time to contemplate his figure, which can only be forgotten when death seizes this weak body of mine.—BIGGE, thou royal academician and celebrated artist, whose natural fancy gave life to the canvass, and made Eliza weep for “The shipwrecked sea boy :” thou couldst have done justice to the countenance and frame of this poor Mendicant.—His figure had once been tall, and bespoke him one who had counted upwards of seventy summers : though now bending towards the home of all, a stranger

might read in it the feeble remains of gentility. On his body hung a coat, that perhaps had been black, in his days of prosperity ; but whether brown or sable, was now a matter of uncertainty, and like the owner, seemed falling to nought. The few grey hairs Time had left him, were partly hid by a hat, that in colour seemed near a kin to the coat ; yet it shaded a face, in whose features beamed sensibility and virtue, almost indescribable.—Shame on mankind ! said I to myself, on taking the last look, just as he had with difficulty picked up the stick that supported him, but had fallen to the ground ; shame on such as pass thee by unheeded, poor aged implorer of mercy ! Thou art now wandering on the brink of the last and narrow bed of rest, where only the virtuous may hope for eternal happiness ; and where all the gaudy trappings of this world avail their possessors—nothing !

Ye proud brethren, who can drive through life in a gilded chariot, along the rosy course of pleasure, without deigning to cast a look on the lowly hovel, or a thought to the heart-rending pangs of the wretched ; think, ye favourites of the fickle goddess, for what purpose your riches were lent. Remember you may ere long be summoned before him who shall judge the world ; who hath commanded by his servants, that you do unto all, as you would they should do unto you.

Impressed, Eliza, with these feelings on my re-

turn home, I sent, as thou desired'st, the favourite SNUFF BOX to our mutual friend GAELUS, accompanied with the following letter, with the sentiments of which thy charming companionship has inspired me.

"I promised ; now I send you, dearsir, a BOX, on which is given a correct portrait of the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX ; that illustrious Senator and true friend to the human race ; particularly the poor oppressed Africans, thrown into *slavery*. GAELUS, on reading what follows, take my advice ; for

Whate'er advice I give to men like you,  
Thro' life, with pleasure, I'd the same pursue.

O, never may the man snuff out of this Box, whose bosom glows not with the love of his fellow-creatures !—If you are accosted by one of those grave-looking, shoulder-shrugging, petulant, pedantic bodies, yclepp'd *critics* ; those who nibble at, carp, besmear, and clip with rusty shears the fair-earned fame of genius ; pull out your box : dash its contents in the jaundiced eyes of the spleen eaten *reptiles*, and turn away from them with scorn.—As to the seducer of female innocence, may he be doomed to bear the bitterest aggravating *snuffs* this world can insult him with ! May all the ills of Pandora's box be poured at once on his guilty head ! May his filthy carcase remain *unboxed* after death ; scattered by the wild winds of offended HEAVEN !—



Let not the shrivelled finger of any envious old tabby, the calumniator of her sex, ever pollute your box : and be very cautious how you let *old maids* touch it.—Give the coquette and the coxcomb, at all times, the *snuffs* most offensive to such worthless beings ; but never one snuff out of this box.—Keep it surely pocketed from the *lank, half-famished miser*, whose only idol is his own *ill-stored box*.—Let not the lawyer, who for a bribe would prevent justice from pursuing her true course ; the doctor, who has now thrown his wig, cane, and looks of gravity aside, yet too oft makes *killing* instead of curing his trade ; or the parson begowned, who ought to prove himself a watchful shepherd over his flock, but too frequently becomes the *hated wolf* of his parish : let not one of these, I beseech you, ever have a pinch from your box : they will get a *pinch* in another world ! Yet, hand with delight to the worthy and industrious lawyer, doctor, or parson : let it also be held during existence, to virtuous mortals, even all classes.—Never may any of the *proud overbearing fops*, who ought to be scorned by all their fellow-creatures, touch your box ; your wish must be that such may be *boxed* in the narrow dwelling at an early period of life.—Be it your wish, that he who glories in swearing, lying, or injuring mankind, may be reduced by poverty to that state which seldom allows him a pinch out of any box.—Never let any who

make *boxing with brethren* their pride touch your box.—Let all religious sects, (except the *vile impostors*, and *base pretenders*,) share what your box contains.—Welcome to your box for ever the friends of fair freedom ; also the *sad suffering slaves*, who are daily *pinch'd* by tyrants : may all such wicked mortals be justly boxed by Satan !—Hold it not out to any hypocrites, or students of vice ; but give such a severe box on the scone !—Lastly, I request you, GAELUS, to let this Box ever be opened to the distressed, of either sex ; for even a pinch of snuff may alleviate sorrow ; and should you meet with one possessing genius and philanthropic feelings, equal to your own, bid him thrice welcome to what the box contains ; and state that it was a trifling token of esteem from a philanthropic brother.—May you long live happy ; and with your amiable partner enjoy the pleasures of using this box, twenty years after I am laid into that narrow black box, and by the public perhaps be forgotten.”

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Dearest Eliza,—a long interval has elapsed, (how drearily without thy society !) and I and my friend have been perigrinating the Highlands, and are so far on our road to England ; where I hope soon to join thee, my Eliza, and that with improved health, the occasion of our separation will not return. My spirits are jaded,

and my pen is a reluctant correspondent, and a dull describer of the incidents of our journey—a single one shall suffice for the entertainment,—but though my words be cold, my heart beats warm to thee, Eliza, in this bleak sterile region of the North.

Nineteen miles from Dumfries, and six from the Newtown of Galloway, on a hill a little to the left of the road, stands a wretched half-roofed hovel ; without either door or chimney. The entrance leads to a small room, (if such it may be called,) where Sawney Kay, his rib, and four fine healthy children exist ; also to an apartment just the same size, where the cow, pig, ducks, and hens are kept. To this place I was forced with my companion, by a heavy fall of snow, and the frowning blasts of Boreas. On entering, and requesting to rest, after a long journey, we were politely welcomed by Mrs. Kay, with a curtsy which might have been given by any proud townbred lady. The first sight proved pleasing to us, a turf ingle, on a stone in the centre of the apartment ; over which a large pot hung suspended by a strong cord, from the rigging beam. Mrs. Kay sat at her wheel ; and the dog, Tweed, alternately kept licking the faces of two sweet looking female children. This may probably be a saving method, substituted in lieu of water and soap, in many parts of this wretched, bleak, and barren country.—



Sawney Kay is a shepherd, and must needs tend his charge at a great distance from home ; for a goose can scarcely find grass to exist on within miles of this hovel. "He has no' been at hame, sin' yestreen," we were told, just as his two sons, Sawney and Wull entered ; boys whose dark red cheeks bespoke the glow of health : the eldest seemed about ten years of age. Each discovered signs of a strong appetite, and the large pot of potatoes, with some milk, were next rumbled by the mother, with a long-handled pitch-fork. She remarked, gin I had been yen like hersel, I should have eat wi' them : I expressed a wish to taste ; she then set down a wooden dish, consisting of more than a gallon of *kail*, made of greens and water, without any other ingredient. This we tasted with wry faces ; however, on my praising it, the blithe dame seemed highly gratified. It was now given to Sawney, the son and heir, who placed it between his knees ; a smart contest arose between him and Wull, Jean, and Tweed, who should get most, and the whole quickly disappeared. We were next to taste the pitchfork potatoes, with horn spoons, more than half a yard in length, and being hungry it seemed good, sweet, and wholesome. Jean, the *pet*, two years of age, had an amazing quantity given in a piggen, mixed with milk ; and the whole she quickly hid.—I had purchased half a mutchkin of whiskey, on account of the weather being intense cold, the roads covered deep with snow, and no

house, public, or private, to be seen for many miles ; this, (without two entreaties,) the good woman drank, wishing we might long be weel and hearty : her offspring also shared with us. My companion next smoked out of a black family pipe, which from its appearance may have belonged to Sawney Kay's great grandfather, or probably have been one of the first in use, when Sir Walter Raleigh introduced that pernicious stupifying weed to these islands. I now played a Scotch strathspey on my favourite flute, to the surprise of the happy group ; but whether the instrument was a *bagpipe* or *fiddle*, was a matter of long dispute : it was agreed that *it could not be a flut*, as *a flut had but twa hols !* To recompence the innocent family, I gave a shilling to the children : though God knows my purse was but light at the time. I return him thanks for enabling me to call forth smiles from so many. Sawney (Scotchman-like) observed to them, "Troth we canna get this white thing *haffet* ; sae I mun e'en keep it." Wull, somewhat sulky, archly replied, "Sawney, I'll hae moy pairt, come what wull !" — Mrs. Kay now began to display her Scotch vanity, by telling us what a number of *respectable gentlemen drovesmen*, caw'd, in comin' frae Ireland : this being somewhat disgusting, we gave her thanks and parted ; while the whole kept bowing and curtsying till we got round the corner leading to the road.

Farewell, Sawney and Wull, thought I ; a few

years may see you inveigled into the army or navy ; and far from your dwelling, perhaps prove the brave defenders of many who shew themselves base oppressors of mankind ; causing misery to those whom they might serve !—Moll and Jean, may you flourish on in the paths of virtue ; and make the neighbouring shepherds happy who seek to gain your hands ! Farewell, thou affectionate parent ! Never may the deeds of thy children cause a blush to crimson thy cheek ; but health, peace, and content ever be with you !

And thou, Eliza—loveliest of thy sex—dearest, adieu !—I am all impatience till I rejoin thee.                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*

I am tempted to resume my correspondence—I was much pleased with GAELUS's descriptions, and that my simple picture of Sawney Kay's cottage and its inmates should be the means of eliciting such choice effusions from his pen. His KEEP AT ST JAMES'S PARK AND THE STRAND is quite *recherche* : particularly where he says :—  
 “ From a rendezvous ice shop, or coffee-house, suppose the inquiring promenader to take a turn in the Mall of St. James's Park. How many different parts are acted there ! Here he will see the gay Life Guardsman casting his net for female game on every side, and sighing for some belle to whom this ‘ soldier tired of war's alarms,’ may recount the action of Quatres Bras, and in whose bewitching society he may make up for the rigours



of past campaigns. There he may behold a foreign demirep, who, by the agency of a poodle dog, has a happy talent of forming acquaintance with those whom she has never seen before. On one hand is a *chevalier d'Industrie* hunting simultaneously for a wife and for a dinner. On the other hand, the lovely wife of many husbands, affecting the sentimental, and reading 'Zimmerman on Solitude,' or More's Poems, without turning over a single leaf for a whole hour together, but throwing her line for an admiring novice who may seat himself beside her on the same bench.

"Too often may we see the weather-beaten and scarred veteran, whose laurels are as faded in his country's remembrance as the verdure of the sapless elm under which he sits : see him occupy the whole bench with his legs stretched on it ; mark the disappointment of his brow—the diminished fire of his eye, and regret that his fate has been so hard. Now my lady, too late for her distracted swain, leaps out of her carriage, and runs down the alley of trees :—*vous etes trop tard, ma belle* ; a letter must explain the delay. At last the idle, over-fed footman makes his appearance ; he is sent on a message of urgency, but he takes his time—a few lies will account for his loitering and amusing himself, and in order to do his duty as a confidential messenger, he thrusts his fingers into the billet and reads its contents.

“ Quitting the Park, and proceeding down the Strand, what crowds are led there by business or by pleasure ! The major part are drawn by the former : but ‘ *fronti nulla fides* :’ there are masks, blinds, and decoys amongst them. That pretty brunette who trips so nimbly, as if in haste with a bandbox in her hand, has been up and down the Strand half a dozen times. The band-box is a lure :—see the alderman taken by it. Will he be in the wrong box ?—*nous n’en savous rien*. Had she been dressed like a west end of the town cyprian, the sugar-baker had not been caught. That fellow disguised as a quaker, too, is no quaker at all. He has an oil-skin bundle of samples—this is a blind. Follow him close. He is sticking to the skirts of a countryman, who is gaping and staring into every window. He will follow him to St. Dunstan’s church. The clock and the false quaker strike their blow at the same time. Giles Jolter’s pocket-book and watch are no longer in their master’s pocket.”

Shall I tell thee the remark my friend made on reading the above to him ?—“ It is a true picture,” said he, “ but not sufficiently chaste for the eye of your Eliza to rest upon, or for female delicacy openly to admire. But,” he continued, “ it is one way, or rather it shows us there are many ways of *doing business* in the Metropolis.” —His excursions for pleasure, thou knowest, Eliza, are made to conduce to his worldly profit,

and his business leads him into scenes and company I do not affect. Business, therefore, is generally uppermost in his thoughts. "It is one way of doing business ; and I will tell you," he added, "the mode of doing business in *my* line in Scotland. It is not as in England, where when an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear, but here there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with a man, will serve to show the general mode of doing business.—He bids me call again, which I do several times without doing any thing. He wishes to be the *LAST* I do with, but *ALL* cannot be *last*, and *all* have wished to be so. After a few days I got him to proceed to business ; he objects to the price of the article I offer—he will not buy—I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, 'You are over dear, sir ; I can buy the same gudes ten per cent lower : if ye lik to tak off ten per cent I'll tak some of these : I tell him that a reduction in price is quite out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside ; but the Scotchman wants it—' Weel, sir, it's a terrible price, but as I am oot o' it at present, I'll just tak a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye maun tak off five per cent.' 'But, sir,' says I, 'would you not think me an unconscionable knave to ask ten or even five per cent more than



I intended to take?' He laughs at me—'Hoot, hoot, man, do ye expec to get what ye ask? Gude Lord, an was I able to get half what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll gie ye within twa an a half o' your ain price, and gude faith, man, ye'll be weel paid.' I tell him that I never make any reduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties. 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'since ye maun hae it a' your ain way, I maun e'en take the article; but really I think ye are over keen.' So much for buying and selling: then comes the settlement. 'Hoo muckle discount do you tak off, sir?' 'Discount! you cannot expect it; the account has been standing a twelvemonth.' 'Indeed, but I do expec discount—pay siller without discount; na, na, sir, that's not the way here, ye maun deduct five per cent.' I tell him that I make no discount at all: 'Weel, sir, I'll gie ye nae money at a'! Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take off two and a half per cent from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. 'I hae ten shillings doon against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages.' 'Indeed, these are heavy deductions; but, if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose that I must allow it.' 'Oh, aye, its a' right then, sir, eight shillings and four-pence for pack sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage.' These last items

astonished me : ‘What, sir,’ says I, ‘are we to pay all the charges in your business?’ But if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account ; so I acquiesce, resolving within myself, that since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion. I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed. ‘Hae ye a stawmpe,’ asks he ; ‘A stamp, for what?’ ‘Just to draw ye a bill,’ replies he. ‘A bill, my good sir ; I took off two and a half per cent on the faith of being paid in cash.’ But he tells me it is the custom of the place, to pay in bills, and sits down and draws me a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop. ‘And what can I do with this?’ ‘Oh, ye may tak it to Sir William’s, and he’ll discount it for ye, on paying him three months interest : ‘And what am I to do with his notes?’ ‘He’ll gie ye a bill in London at forty-five days.’ ‘So, sir, after allowing you twelve-months’ credit, and two and a half discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill which we are not to cash for four months and a half. ‘Weel, weel, and now, sir,’ says he, ‘if you are going to your inn, I’ll gang wi’ ye, and tak a glass of wine.’”

Is not this, dearest Eliza, a most amusing picture ? quite equal to Gaelus’s sketch, and more

*outré*. How happy are we in such friends—both promise to become fine writers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours of the latest date is before me. I promise not again to offend, should accident or the weather continue to thwart my purpose of speedily returning. I plead guilty to the charge of neglect in omitting to inclose the extract from my new friend's Journal of a former Tour in Scotland, which by anticipation has so much interested you. I now subjoin it :—

“ My next perigrination was along the banks of the Almond, to visit the sepulchre of BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY, rendered famous in Scottish song. These two celebrated beauties sleep in a romantic and picturesque cemetery, among woods, and groves, and sounding streams. I could admire the beautiful scenery of Lyndock, independently of any circumstance being connected with it ; but when a sweet situation is connected with the fortunes of remarkable characters, we are induced to survey it with increased pleasure and satisfaction. At Lyndock, the river Almond takes an ample sweep, and the valley which was before narrow and confined, now widens and becomes greatly expanded ; the banks are abrupt and woody ; the bottom an extensive and green meadow. To this secluded spot the two young ladies retired, and built a bower for the purpose of avoiding the infection of the plague, which then ravaged the adjacent country.



They had the singular destiny to be both ardently beloved by a youth, whose visits conveyed the infection of which the three became ultimately a sacrifice. The circumstance of divided love is the subject of the well known song ; but the whole of this singular story with their lamentable end, aided by a description of the surrounding scenery, might furnish materials for a poet of no common abilities. The information that I could procure at this distant period, was very scanty. The name of the lover is lost in oblivion. Tradition says, that Mary Gray was a branch of the House of Kinfauns, whose possessor is now Lord Gray, of Kinfauns ; but the family of the other heroine is now extinct, and the name of Bell, so common in all parts, is scarcely known in the neighbourhood of Perth.

This favoured spot is a little beholden to the embellishment of art :—walks are made to wind among the woods that embosom the valley, and the whole wears an appearance of neatness. It is seldom that we see the trim hand of the gardener employed amid the wild scenes of nature but to spoil and deform. Here, on the contrary, what has been done has been achieved with effect and simplicity.

Dupplin, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, I visited also. It is situated in Strathearn, in a dell surrounded by an extensive park, adorned with large trees, avenues, and clumps ; the house is a massy and formal pile of architecture, but

has an air of grandeur about it, which impresses the spectator with an idea of the opulence of the possessor. The river Earn washes the grounds of Dupplin, and winds round the policies.\* From a little temple on a hill, I commanded a beautiful view down Strathearn, ornamented with the seats of Lord Ruthven, Sir Thomas Moncrieff, and others. The view was closed by the hill of Moncrieff on one side, and Ochil-hills on the other : in the centre were discernable “the Birks of Invermay.”

Once more, dearest Eliza, adieu ! I fly on the wings of happiness, and love, to meet you !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Again am I detained by the avocations of my friend. I know so little of the pleasures, having never participated in the profits accruing from business, that repeated delays make me fretful. Thou too, Eliza, I can perceive—for love is quick-sighted—art not in thy wonted spirits : and my aspirations are ever for thy happiness. But banish *atra cura* ! how soon shall thy smiles gladden me : and what ecstasy to know my presence can reciprocate the pleasure felt in the anticipation of our re-union !—To amuse a leisure interval, I have extracted a leaf from my friend’s Diary, which records the substance of Mr. Timothy Toolate’s confessions on an interesting subject. I now subjoin it :—

\* Policies is a term applied to pleasure grounds in Scotland.

“ There has not been wanting enow of writers who have taken pleasure in, and being at considerable pains to ridicule that class of females, known by the appellation of OLD MAIDS. Why they have taken such delight in holding out the finger of scorn at these inoffensive, ill-used victims of the settled laws and customs by which society, and the intercourse between the sexes have been regulated, I have yet to learn. Perhaps it proceeds from levity, and that is the most favourable construction I can put upon it. If their situation had been the result of their own unsociable temper, disposition, or acquired habits of thinking and acting, then indeed there might be some room for those writers and talkers against female celibacy, to indulge in their propensity. Against the settled modes and customs by which these things are regulated I shall say nothing ; but I cannot help considering a vast majority of these derided beings as victims of a system or state of things, that might be better, and more justly regulated. Very many of this traduced class of unoffending beings, who by many seem to be placed outside the pale of society, it must be acknowledged, even by their traducers, are possessed of truly amiable characters, and all those qualities and virtues that are calculated to render the married state one of supreme blessedness.

There is another class of beings, against whom less has been levelled, and more might



have been said with a great deal of justice ; you will easily perceive that I allude to BACHELORS. They have not the same excuse to plead, they are not operated upon by the same laws and customs, that females may be said to be “ subject to.” But although their situation may be more from choice, I do not believe that it is always a more happy one ; there may be, and certainly are, many old bachelors, as well as old maids, unhappy and dissatisfied with their situation ; and when this is the case, and I by no means consider it an uncommon one, their unhappiness is much greater. An old maid may generally trace the causes that led her to that situation, and she will, for the most part, be able to acquit herself of blame. Not so the old bachelor ; he was free from these restraints under which the other sex labour ; and he himself, if he takes a just view of it, has been the sole instrument in placing him in that situation ; and if he at last arrives at a proper sense of his situation, and that not till the die is cast, when he begins to struggle with, and feel the weight of declining years, how bitter then his reflection, as he takes a retrospective view of his past life—the real happiness he has thrown away—what he might have been—what he is, his present forlorn helpless state, with all the happiness and pleasure he might have enjoyed, but which he has denied himself. When he looks upon himself in this state of singleness, living indeed in the

world, but, in a great measure, detached from it ; unconnected to a certain degree, with the rest of its inhabitants—unbound by, and entirely devoid of, those sweet endearing ties that bind husband to wife, parent to child, and which form a chain, as it were, of happy feelings and affections that unite together the domestic circle : never feeling nor partaking of those domestic endearments, kind offices and attentions, which those in a state of conjugal bliss only know, and which make us

“Sink to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way.”

This unhappy state of singleness, I am persuaded, is, in very many instances, the result of a vitiated taste produced by early and improper associations, and habits of thinking produced thereby. I might, perhaps, more clearly illustrate it by stating a case ; but which I cannot do without recalling to my mind circumstances calculated to produce to myself acute pain. But as it cannot increase what I already feel, and may be a useful lesson to others, I will commit to paper the cause that misled me, and made me know, from fatal experience, the unhappy feelings arising from the state I have attempted to describe. “I was born to as fair prospects of happiness as this world can give—of a sanguine temper, of a romantic turn of thought in my youth, which led me to look forward to a kind of happiness not to be met with in this sublunary

state ; of naturally a diffident bashful disposition, which I often felt in a painful manner, when in any way brought in contact with the other sex ; this, added to my romantic turn of mind, made me at my outset in the world, look upon women almost as they were another order of beings. But mixing with companions of a different cast—deeper read in men and things, and altogether of more experience in the world, and they being in the habit of associating with the worst part of the other sex, and by this criterion forming their opinion of women in general. Infusing these opinions into my head, with a little of their kind of experience on my part, soon made my idea of the sex the very antipodes of what they were. Consequently I was led to look upon a stricter and more intimate union with the sex as likely to produce nothing but misery : I therefore avoided it. The consequence was, I saw my error at 63 ; brooded over my folly for two years more, and then in a state almost bordering on despair, I married my own cook, a girl of 25. I need not inform you why a girl, blooming in youth and beauty, married an old foolish fellow ; nor need I tell you that our union was productive of anything but happiness. It cannot be supposed that she was actuated by any thing in the nature of love for me, nor was it possible, in the nature of things, that our hearts could be linked together by those tender ties, and sweet endearing associations, by which young



persons of congenial tempers and dispositions are sometimes united. Thus, here I stand upon the brink of the grave, having passed through busy scenes of life without partaking of those thrilling joys which otherwise I might have shared but which I have denied myself. How bitter the reflection !

“ Moreover, you must know, I have been blessed, as the phrase is, with an increase of family ; in short, my wife has brought me a chopping boy—a circumstance productive of happiness to most men, but I cannot say that it has been the source of exquisite happiness to me. It often happens that circumstances the most trifling in themselves, yet which, by their peculiarity, attract the attention in such a way as to make an impression on the mind that will be the means of laying the foundation of love, or dislike. The complexion—the contour of the face—the expression of the countenance, or peculiar features, will not unfrequently strike one so forcibly, as, in the end, to produce in us the strongest feelings of affection, or on the other hand, to create dislike, and raise a formidable bar to our ever loving them with the same degree of affection as, under other circumstances, we might have done. —It is thus with my boy who (unlike myself who am very dark) is a fair complexioned child with flaxen hair, to which (there is no counting for such things) I have a kind of antipathy.

Besides, my aunt Gertrude, a maiden lady, and an excellent genealogist, who can trace the family back to the conquest, says that to her certain knowledge, there has not been one in our family who had flaxen hair, for seven generations back ; but my wife tells me that she had a great aunt by the mother's side, of fair complexion with flaxen hair, and like my boy as one chestnut is to another : however curious it may appear, my boy, to a certainty, *strains* (as the saying is) back to this great great aunt.

“ Now trifling as this circumstance may be, it has nevertheless struck me in such a way that I am afraid I will never be able to love him with so much affection, as it strikes me I would have done if his complexion had been of a more sable cast. With respect to my wife, she behaves in such a way that, with all the patience I can muster, I can hardly bear it ; were I not convinced that she faithfully performs, to the very letter, an important part of her marriage vow, my cup of misery would indeed be full. Her contemptuous leer—her haughty, arrogant carriage, and her ill-natured rejoinders, are in themselves sufficient for a mind, of any—even the least sensibility, to bear ; but she does not stop there : only the other day she called me an old dotard, and said she married me with the view of living like a lady, and could not submit to be the slave

of my whimsical fancies ; and if I venture to remonstrate with her on account of her behaviour, she will instantly reply, in the most snappish way imaginable, that she had better married a chimney-sweep, or travelling tinker, than such an old tetchy fool as me for the sake of a living, and could not after all, for an old curmudgeon, live in the way she had a right to expect. This is the reward I reap for my but too indulgent conduct towards her ; she has not a wish but I endeavour to gratify it, but all in vain. It is thus we live from day to day, without any hopes of mending the matter, each day increases rather than diminishes our domestic broils ; and when they will reach their climax I know not ; but should they go on increasing, as there is every probability that they will, they must sooner or later, without I can devise some plan whereby to escape this load of domestic *comfort*, bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I have, for some time back, been thinking of a separate maintenance ; but I no sooner resolve to put this plan into practice, than I begin to feel the force of a weak, foolish hankering, that, in spite of all I suffer from her behaviour, I still have towards her ; a pleasing look, or accidental smile, is sufficient to dissipate my firmest resolves.

“ I am, though too late, convinced that I had better rode at anchor, and weathered out the



gale of life in the port of celibacy, than unmoored with the vain hope that a constant and gentle breeze of love and duty would fill the canvass, and waft me smoothly over what I, from the impulse of the moment, foolishly considered the *Pacific* ocean of matrimony.

“Thus I live in a state of matrimonial misery, when I might have enjoyed a full share of happiness, had it not been for the causes I have pointed out.”

What a picture !—And poor Timothy Toolate, how awkward he must have felt, Eliza, when his situation somehow got wind, and Miss Lucy Rosebud, who is a perfect *tease*, retorted upon him to his acquaintance in the following letter:—

“I am a young lady, exactly twenty, and I have long thought of wedlock as the only happy state in life, and I have often wondered at the ignorance or ill-nature of those who can inveigh against it. I would not, now, have forced the subject upon your attention, had not some of your acquaintance ventured lately to throw out hints derogatory to the state I advocate (and languish for) ; it is a state which reason and nature unite in sanctioning, and which the greatest ornaments of the world have approved of, and added example to precept. The matter, however, is one which has been discussed in every corner of Europe ; and decided according to the prejudices, zeal, or talents of the various

disputants. But though the question is one upon which so much has been said, yet it has long been set at rest in the minds of the sensible part of both sexes.

“Against those who have levelled the shafts of malice against the married state, I now stand forward ; and I trust in so doing, I only discharge a duty to my sex. Mr. Timothy Toolate, among others, has been doling forth his pitiful spite against it, merely because it did not come up to his expectations. The silly man ! What did he look for ? He should have married sooner. For my part I wish all such dotards to be plagued exactly as he is ; let them marry sooner, I say again, and then they run less risk of bringing up other people’s ‘pretty little curly-headed boys.’—Take that, Mr. Timothy.

“Ah ! how unfortunate it is, that the Deity who presides over the affairs of love should be blind—the mischievous urchin ! were it otherwise, perhaps, he would look upon some of *us* with more compassion, and rule better over our destinies. But too often he buckles a pair together with breathless precipitation, and the consequence is, they do nothing else than revile matrimony, and abuse one another, all the days of their future years. They sigh over the golden era of courtship,—which I myself am free to confess, is a very pleasant era. There are three classes of lovers—the sincere, the simple, and

the designing. Of the sincere lover I shall say but little, because he is rarely found ; but I assure you, when I meet with him, I shall use him according to his deserts.—The simple wooer is an honest creature, who, on the first sight of his mistress, falls over head and ears in love with her. He instantly resolves upon entering into wedlock, and, nine times out of ten, plunges into the midst of difficulties. I do not wish to insinuate that affluence is indispensable in the union of heart and hand, ‘for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer ;’ I think, on the contrary, I durst wed my fortunes to the man of my liking, even with the certainty of a few occasional struggles. But, oh preserve me from a state of continual wrangling ; then the wealth of India could not procure me comfort. The bulk of lovers, however, take not example from the errors of those who have leaped before them ; they continue to run headlong into the net that has destroyed thousands before them. So much for the simpleton.—The next in order, the designing lover, is a fine fellow ; and the half of the ladies who see him, *of course*, admire him. But he cannot marry without he is assured of a fortune—the mercenary wretch ! Well, he gets a fortune ; but it always grows less and less, lighter and lighter, just in proportion to the marriage chain growing heavier and heavier. Then, to soft words and affected sighs,



succeed grumblings and imprecations ; the magazine of comforts are transformed into combustibles, and a *blow up* is the consequence. Many, and many, alack-a-day ! could bear evidence to the truth of my picture.

“ It is what I have pointed out, that renders that state which is calculated to pour forth a store of joys, too frequently a state of unhappiness and despair. My country-women, therefore, be upon your guard ; think well what you do : for for once before the altar, only death can emancipate you. That we may all get good husbands, and soon, is the sincere wish of Lucy Rosebud.”

“ Amen !” sayst thou in thy heart, Eliza ?—blush not to own it, love : why glows the carnation on thy cheek when angels sanction what reason, nature, and—thy heart approves.—The marriage state is a happy one, when a pair, of congenial tempers and dispositions, of a suitable age—in short, when their chain of circumstances, habits, and feelings of the parties, is complete without a single broken link, and they are bound together by the gordian-knot of matrimony : under these favourable circumstances they bid fair for a considerable share of connubial bliss. But how many, like Timothy Too-late, madly launch into this but too often turbulent ocean of matrimony without ever so much as previously considering the consequence of entering upon a hazardous and uncertain voy-

age, perhaps at an improper season, and possibly without either pilot, rudder, or compass; or, if they should be fortunate enough to be provided with these necessities for rendering the conjugal voyage (if I may so express it) a happy and prosperous one, they are for the most part, more indebted to fortuitous circumstances than any foresight of their own.

That thou mayest call *me* by the name of husband *soon*, Eliza, is my most fervent wish: that our union will be productive of peace, contentment, and happiness, the perfect congeniality of our years, tempers, and dispositions, unite to convince me: and that short space will intervene between the expression, and the consummation of our mutual wishes. I now assure thee that I and my friend set out by the stage an hour hence; and that ere thou hast traced these characters, I hope to throw myself into thine arms.—Adieu! dearest, for the last time, till we meet to consummate our bliss at the altar.—Doubt not hymen will be propitious!—Adieu!—Farewell!—

## THE TRIPPIST.

A TRIP by land—a *trip* by water are spoken indiscriminately, without regard to the origin of the phrase, or the propriety of its application. But I shall not quarrel with terms : my business is to amuse and instruct the reader ; and the relation of a few land or sea voyages—or rather pleasant excursions on water and terra firma, will give me the opportunity to unfold a few agreeable traits of character and beauties of natural scenery, in which I so much delight, and which I desire to participate with the reader.

“ Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art,  
But Nature’s works far lovelier.”

Persons whose travels have been confined within local limits, are perhaps often led to give exaggerated descriptions. This may be the case with many, who have not had an opportunity of beholding the scenery of the Alps, or of visiting Mount St. Bernard. It is to none of these far-sought-for places that I intend to direct the attention of my readers, but to the romantic scenes in Cumberland, and elsewhere, as inclination shall suggest.

It was during last summer that, in company with a friend, I made a short tour to the banks of the river Gelt. No place within the bounds of



my perambulations contains more native grandeur ; and few places will recompense the rural traveller more for his pains, or, in other words, afford him more real pleasure. Here you may feast with delight on the wildness of nature—here call back from ages past to the “mind’s eye,” those antiquarian and historical associations which have interested and been the study of so many.

We came to the river at Gelt-bridge, a small but neat public-house ; and pursued our way up by the side of the water about half a mile ; where the beauties of nature gradually unfolded themselves to our view as we proceeded. The Gelt roared o’er its rocky bed in a great variety of sounds ; some of concord, some of dissonance ; large massive rocks of freestone presented themselves before us ; whilst at intervals we caught a glimpse of the eastern fells, decked in their beautiful azure drapery. My companion exclaimed, “this is a scene worthy of the pen of Scott !” it is supposed that large quantities of stone were got here for the purpose of building that stupendous work, the wall of Severus, or Picts’ Wall. We examined that singular piece of antiquity, generally called the Written Crag. This curiosity is so much overgrown with moss, and so much defaced by the hand of Time, that to correctly decipher it is almost impossible. It is said to have been written by a lieutenant of the second legion, Augusta, under Agricola.

At a short distance from this, is the tributary stream of Helbeck, on the banks of which an obstinate battle was fought between the troops of Queen Elizabeth and those of Leonard Dacre. When the royal army was victorious.

Speaking of antiquities reminds me of LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, to which we likewise paid a visit.

In the neighbourhood of Kirkoswald, stands the Druid's Monument, commonly called *Long Meg and her Daughters* : said by some to be the largest of the kind remaining. It forms an exact circle of stones ; and is doubtless more than a quarter of a mile in circumference. The number I counted twice over to sixty-nine ; but this cannot be ascertained with any exactness, as many of the stones are very long, and partly covered with earth. Hutchinson says, there are sixty-seven in number, Burn and Nicholson that it consists of seventy-two ; and Camden reckons seventy-seven in number. As to the height of Meg, which stands seventeen paces from the circle, Hutchinson calls it eighteen feet high ; and considers it the greatest, and most extraordinary piece of antiquity in the world, of its kind. He believes it to have been solely adapted to offices of law ; a court of judicature, and place of public assembly, for the dispensing of justice ; and the column called Meg, from its vicinity to the altar, was used for binding the

victims ; or it might be the most holy member of this structure.

Nicholson and Burn have placed Meg at the distance of forty yards from the circle ; and call it four yards in height. They are of opinion, that this place was dedicated to religious rites ; and that as the Druids perform their adorations in the open air, the hollow, or basin, on the top of the large stone, was intended as a place of sacrifice. But, says Hutchinson, " We examined the top of the column, and there is not now any hollow, nor is it probable there ever was any." Dr. Todd remarks, " We are told, that the election of a King of Denmark, in ancient times, was held in this solemn manner. As many of the nobles as were senators, and had power to give their votes, agreed upon some convenient place in the fields ; where seating themselves in a *circle*, upon so many great stones, they gave their votes. This done, they placed their new-elected monarch upon a stone, higher than the rest, either in the middle, or at some small distance at one side ; and saluted him King." From this he concludes, that some Danish or Saxon King was elected here, for Cumberland. Camden calls Meg fifteen feet high ; and believes the whole to have been erected in memory of some victory.

Thus do the greatest antiquaries differ materially, in opinion of that which is now lost for ever in the mist of obscurity ; and also in parti-



culars that might be ascertained by any unlettered individual, namely, the height of Meg ; the distance from the circle ; and the number of the whole. Inquiries, respecting this mystic remnant of antiquity, are altogether fruitless. From what quarter stones of such enormous size could be brought, never will be discovered ; although we find that the greatest men who have flourished for centuries have visited this marvellous circle, which will evidently remain for centuries the same as it is at present.

My readers must next visit with me that justly celebrated watering resort—Gilsland. Having been induced to visit the Blandusian fort of Gilsland, I made several excursions into the surrounding country, and I now purpose to lay my perambulations before the reader ; and to those who are fond of antiquity, and to the intelligent reader who looks not upon the beauties of creation “with brute unconscious gaze,” I trust the following brief notices will not be altogether unacceptable.

The first thing then, in the immediate vicinity of Gilsland worthy the attention of the scholar and antiquarian, is the celebrated structure erected by the conquering Romans, (before alluded to,) improperly termed the “Picts’ Wall,” and which, as is well known, intersected the kingdom from Bowness upon the Solway, in Cumberland, to Wall’s End, near the mouth of the Tyne, in Northumberland. The illustrious

Roman Emperor Hadrian, (about eighteen years after Christ,) in order to repel the invasions of the northern barbarians, drew an eastern rampart or barrier extending from the Irish Sea to the German Ocean, about eighty thousand paces in length, (that is, forty miles,) the remains of which are yet discernible in many places; the Romans, however, at length discovered, that the Picts and Scots were not to be kept back by any such feeble barrier, and found themselves necessitated in the reign of the Emperor Severus, Anno Domini 208, to build a more effective wall of stone, from sea to sea, and which they strongly fortified with towers and trenches. This still remains a lasting monument of the military and architectural power and consequence of the ancient Romans: yet it appears strange and anomalous, that this all-subduing nation should have contented themselves with a mere corner of an island, and erected this famous wall to secure the Roman province from the incursions of the northern barbarians who inhabited the other parts of the kingdom, and this too after their eagles had been displayed from Euphrates to the Atlantic Ocean, from the Rhine to the centre of Numidia. But I suppose they found they had something more to do than merely exclaim "Veni, vidi, vici," when they attempted the conquest of the ancient Britons, whom the Roman historians usually designate "barbari;" but I should think that their mer-

chandise, their form of government, and their skill in military affairs, were wholly inconsistent with a state of barbarism :—but the Romans frequently described those nations who were not under their own dominion, as uncultivated barbarians.

About two miles to the west of this place, and upon the very site of the Roman wall, stands Burdoswald (the Roman Ambogland), which is by far the most eminent Roman station upon the wall in Cumberland, and where the Cohors-prina *Ælid Dacorum* lay in garrison. There is the strongest confirmation of this, in the many inscriptions discovered here. Mr. Horsley says, “several of these stones have been brought across the water to Willeford,” which led several eminent antiquarians to suppose the station was there ; but it is certainly strange, that any person who has been upon the spot, and viewed the two places, should fall into such a mistake. The situation of this station is excellent, in a spacious plain, which terminates with a very deep descent towards the river. Severus’s wall formed the north rampart of this station, and it seems as if Hadrian’s ballum had been cut through to open it on the other hand. Such of my readers as would wish for a more minute description of this station may find some very interesting information in Hutchinson’s History of Cumberland.

Nearly a mile west of Burdoswald, are the



ruins of the ancient Castle of Triermain ; the devouring hand of Time is very visible upon its naked walls, and those which are yet standing “ nod from high and totter to their fall.”

About six miles from the Shaws, towards Brampton, in a fertile and extensive vale, stands the venerable priory of Lanercost. The picturesque valley in which the abbey and remains of the monastery are situated, is called St. Mary’s Holm, and takes its name, no doubt, from Mary Magdalene, to whom the church was dedicated by Bernard, Bishop of Carlisle. It is impossible to contemplate the remains of this august ecclesiastical pile, without feeling a melancholy horror thrill through the inmost soul, accompanied with a most convincing proof of the mutability of all sublunary things.—In the churchyard are two of the largest yew trees I ever saw ; they forcibly remind me of Blair’s address to —

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“ The trusty yew,  
Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell  
’Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms,  
Where light heel’d ghosts and visionary shades  
Beneath the wan, cold moon (as fame reports),  
Embody’d thick, perform their mystic rounds :  
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.”

We next (for I had a fellow traveller,) proceeded to Naworth Castle, on the south side of the Irthing, nearly opposite the priory ; we had the utmost civility paid us by the inmates of this vast and solid mansion—yet we were greatly at a loss for an intelligent and attentive conduc-

tor. This is above all the rest the most interesting place for contemplating the venerable rust of antiquity. Here is the same furniture carefully preserved in the same state, as when Lord William Howard, warden of the western marches, better known amongst the people of the border by the appellation of "Belted Will Howard," made it his residence. Here too is the massive coat of mail, with which this very severe but most useful man, was wont to arm himself *cap-a-pie* when he went to encounter his lawless neighbours, who might rise up in rebellion against him. There are several of the rooms hung with old tapestry, and the head of the unfortunate Ann of Cleves, together with several family portraits may be seen—all of which are highly interesting to a person who delights in the contemplation of the olden times.

We easily accomplished this in a day, and returned by the pleasant vale of King Water, where the luxuriance of nature, and the tranquil aspect of the place, conspire to render every object lovely. Travelling up this truly delightful and romantic country, and viewing the surrounding scenery towards the heathy wastes of Spade-adam, we are forcibly reminded of the following lines :—

"Here in full light the russet plains extend,  
Then wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend :  
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise ;

That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,  
Like verdant isles that sable waste adorn."

On our return to "mine inn," on entering the travellers' room, a smart-dressed intelligent cockney shorthand writer had taken possession of the chair next the fire ; and as each made it a point to relate what he had witnessed as strange or uncommon during the day, he in his turn being called upon to contribute his share of the entertainment, avoiding any personal allusions, amused us with the recital of the *Loves of Mr. Peter Twig and Mrs. Biddy Muggins*. "The other day," said he, "Mr. Peter Twig—a venerable, rosy-gilled Greenwich pensioner—was brought up before G. R. Minshull, Esq., at Bow street, charged with having created a great riot and disturbance in and about the attic residence of Mrs. Biddy Muggins, and with having threatened to beat the said Bridget Muggins to a mummy, underpretence of being *in love* with her.

It appeared that Mrs. Biddy Muggins, having lost her husband, and being short of money and one leg, was some time an inmate of the parish workhouse ; and there she was first seen by Mr. Peter Twig, who no sooner saw her than he felt he was a lost old man, unless he could make her his own. He, therefore, determined to get himself admitted an inmate of the workhouse—for even the walls of a workhouse cannot hold love out ; and what love can do, that dare love attempt. He succeeded in getting into the house.



and he succeeded in getting into the good graces of Mrs. Muggins. He told of the battles in which he had fought, "*all on the roaring sea;*" he spoke to her of land perils, and water perils, of fire and smoke, and grapeshot, and the miseries of six water grog; and he expatiated on the splinter that knocked off a piece of his nose, and Mrs. Muggins was moved. "She loved *him* for the dangers he had passed," and he loved her, because, as he said, he couldn't help it! So they *eloped* together from the workhouse, and took shelter in a three pair-back, and there fostered their venerable loves with gin and jugg'd jemmies, for three entire weeks. But before the end of the fourth week, Peter's pension-money, and Mrs. Muggins's love, were all exhausted, and, in spite of his tears and entreaties, she left him, and went to reside with her married daughter. Poor Peter was inconsolable. He tried to drown his sorrows in *max* upon tick, but it would not do, for his credit was little, and his sorrows were large, and at length he resolved to move Mrs. Muggins to pity, by casting himself at her *foot*. But Mrs. Muggins had a heart as hard as any rock, and she would not see him, and he laid himself down at the threshold of her apartment, and wished the door at—(it is a naughty word, and I don't say it.) In fact, he

—"Built him a willow-cabin at her gate,  
And call'd upon his love within the house,  
Making the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out—My Muggins!"

All this gave offence, not only to Mrs. Muggins, and her daughter, but to all the gossips of the neighbourhood, and they insisted upon his bundling himself off, and he would not. Then they attempted to bundle him off themselves, and then he flew into a great rage, and swore he would beat Mrs. Muggins to a mummy, and molify her heart with fists, since he could not soften it with sighs, and then they gave him into the custody of a constable for fear he should do so.

These things having been detailed to the magistrate, his worship asked the forlorn old swain what he had got to say in reply. "Your Honour," replied Peter, "I have been desperately ill-used. She—she knows she has ill-used me ; and yet I can't forget she, for the life of me ! When a man's in love, your Honour, its of no use talking to him ! they may punch me, and knock me about, but they can't knock the love ont of me ; and your Honour may send me to quod, but quod won't cure me. What is it I would'nt do for *she*?—*My Biddy*, he would have said, but it stuck in his gizzard.—What is it I wouldn't do for *she*? And yet you see how she uses me. Your Honour, I've served my King and my country many a long year, and have seen hard service in all parts of the world, and have seen many places took by storm, and it's desperate hard to be used a *thisns* after all."

His worship admitted that it *was* very hard, but as it was evident the lady was deter-

mined not to yield, it behoved him to raise the siege and go into quiet quarters, for he certainly would not be allowed to take *her* by storm.

Peter declared he had no intention of taking her by storm ; and said if she would only write him an answer to the letter he had *shoved* under her door, he would be content.

His accusers undertook that the letter should be answered—if it could be found ; and eventually Peter was discharged, with an admonition to cease from pestering Mrs. Muggins upon pain of imprisonment.

The next excursion that we made, was to view the lead mines of Alston Moor. This journey would scarcely have been undertaken, had I not been accompanied by a gentleman, who was not only well acquainted with the situation of the country, but with the customs and manners of the people ; and I do assure my readers, that few places afford greater scope for contemplating novelty and peculiarity of character. On our way thither we visited the ancient cistle of Thirlwall, which stands upon the edge of a rock, above the little rivulet of Tipple. It appears to have sustained the iron grasp of time in an astonishing degree, for some of the walls are as firm as a rock, and upwards of nine feet in thickness. Pursuing our way towards Alston, we passed Blenkinsop Castle, about four miles east of Gilsland ; and when two miles farther, a little to the southward, we had a view of the tower



and castle of Featherston. After this we had to go nearly a dozen miles, directly south, before we reached the place of our destination; and finding ourselves a little fatigued, we resolved to stop over night. At the inn where we stopped, we found every accommodation, and a mirrier place than Alston town cannot be met with under the canopy of the heavens: it was a pay-day, and the jolly miners were enjoying themselves in very grand style—for they appeared to keep in mind the motto, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*"—and while the money is in their pockets, they do not fail to regale themselves with good stout porter; but I think they are not so fond of ale, particularly if it is fresh or new. The external appearance of the country is by no means favourable: there is nothing to delight the eye but a gloomy, barren, and mountainous place; but what nature has denied to the surface, is amply compensated by the rich and valuable mines within the bowels of the earth. Near Alston, in the river Nent, is a beautiful fall of water; and not a hundred yards from this, you enter that stupendous undertaking denominated "Nent Force." Some of my readers may, perhaps, be surprised when I inform them, that I had a subterranean sail for upwards of four miles, (two miles up and back); but at the same time I was not at the head of the level. I was accompanied with three stout fellows, well acquainted with the cut and a musi-

cian who played upon the clarionet—the effect produced by the music was grand beyond all description—but unfortunately our candles got extinguished, and then we were in a complete Tartarean abode for upwards of an hour ; and sure I am, that Orpheus, upon his ascent from the lower regions, felt not more glad than I did when we again beheld the light of day ! We next proceeded to examine several of the lead mines. We then visited the smelting mills at Nent-head, where the silver is extracted from the ore—but the workmen do not at all seem willing to make you acquainted with the process.—We then returned to Alston, where we determined upon spending another night. The inhabitants appear to be honest, open-hearted sort of people, and marry when extremely young : it is nothing strange to meet with a new wedded couple, whose united ages do not exceed thirty three or four years : a man is considerably impaired in constitutional strength when thirty years of age ; and few of them, who are continually employed in subterranean abodes, ever arrive at fifty.—On our way home to the Wells, we crossed the Roman road, called the Maiden way, and so to Haltwhistle. From thence we soon arrived at our inn, well satisfied with our pleasant journey, and again betook ourselves with greater avidity than ever, to the salutary beverage of the Spaw.

The last place we visited was Bewcastle. This is rather a mountainous district, but inhabited

by a most hospitable race of men,—simple in their manners, and peculiar in their habits. The parish church is rectorial, and stands upon elevated ground. In the church-yard is a curious and richly-sculptured pyramidical monument, which has baffled the skill of the most learned antiquaries, and of which a correct reading has never been given. It is one entire stone, and about twenty feet in height ; but it is said that Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, after having devastated many monasteries in Scotland, on his way towards London, fired a cannon ball at this obelisk, by which it was decapitated. Various have been the conjectures respecting its erection ; but it appears, from the characters and hieroglyphics, that it perpetuates the memory of a Danish prince. The west front of this square monument is the most ornamented : in the lowest compartment is the effigy of a person of dignity ; on a pedestal, against which the figure leans, is a raven, the insignia of the Danish standard ; above this figure is an inscription consisting of eight lines, but which cannot be deciphered ; above the inscription is the figure of a religious person, probably Saint Cuthbert, to whom the church (as Bishop Nicholson says) is dedicated ; the upper figures manifestly represent the holy Virgin with the babe. The south front is decorated, in the higher compartment, or division, with three knots ; the second from the top appears to be a kind of foliage ; the third a



curious interwoven knot ; the fourth branches of fruits and flowers ; and below this is another beautiful knot. The east front is greatly ornamented with grotesque, uncouth animals, after the old Gothic fashion. The north side, towards the top, has foliage and fruit ; then succeeds a knot ; the third division a sort of diamonds ; then a knot, beneath which is the fillet with the inscription ; of which Mr. Smith gave a particular account in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1742. That this ancient monument was erected after Christianity, admits not of any doubt. A little north of the church, stand the unroofed walls of Bueth's Castle. This castle has long sustained the "angry shaking of the winter's storm," but the all-subduing hand of time has now rendered it an almost "hideous and misshapen length of ruins." We returned through the Parks of Askerton, and at Park Gate cottage, where we sheltered during a heavy fall of rain, there lives a labouring man, of the name of James Potts, who is the father of *sixteen* children, *seven* sons, and *nine* daughters, all of whom he has reared, supported, and educated by his own industry, without any relief from the township. Their house consists of one small room ; his wife never had a single bottle of wine during her confinements ! Let those lazy, indolent fellows, who look upon the parish allowance as a kind of hereditary right, read this and be ashamed. Such an instance of honest industry

well deserves to be thus publicly noticed, and it were much to be wished, that it was more generally imitated.

The pleasing society of Gilsland Wells, and the superior accommodations for people of every rank, give it a claim to the attention, not only of the sickly, but of those in quest of pleasure and improvement. An accomplished visitant at this fashionable place, may, very likely, be introduced to some fair lady, with whom he may be destined to spend his days ! It was here, or memory misgives me, the late Sir Walter Scott first became acquainted with his lady, and a happier couple, on the whole, were no where to be found. In fact, during my stay at Gilsland, a match was proposed to be made between a gentleman and a lady staying at the inn where I boarded ; but the parents of the latter on being written to, objected to the bridegroom elect as a son-in-law, on account of the lowness of his circumstances. Our smart-dressed cockney shorthand writer, who abounded in anecdote, had a story pat for the occasion, by which he endeavoured to stimulate the desponding lover to prosecution of his suit. "Faint heart," said he, "never won fair lady ;" and there are ways and means of overcoming the obstacle, of which I shall relate *rather* a remarkable instance. Louis Brabant, who was valet-de-chambre to Francis the First, had fallen in love with a young, handsome, and rich heiress, but was re-

jected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter, on account of the lowness of his circumstances. The fellow was a ventriloquist, though the fact was not generally known. The young lady's father dying, he paid a visit to the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent. Suddenly, on his first appearance, in open day, in her own house, and in the presence of several persons who were with her, she heard herself accosted in a voice resembling that of her dead husband, and which seemed to proceed from above, exclaiming, "Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant; he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. I now endure the inexpressible torments of purgatory, for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition, I shall soon be delivered from this place of torment. You will at the same time provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose for the soul of your husband."

The widow could not for a moment resist this dread summons, which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant; whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips were close and motionless during the delivery of it. Accordingly she consented immediately to receive him for her son-in-law. Louis's finances, however, were in a very low situation, and the formalities attending the marriage contract rendered it necessary for him to



exhibit some show of riches, and not to give the ghost the lie direct. He accordingly went to work upon a fresh subject, one Corum, an old and rich banker at Lyons, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and who was known to be haunted by remorse of conscience on account of the manner in which he acquired it.

Having contracted an intimate acquaintance with this man, he one day, while they were sitting together in the usurer's little back parlour, artfully turned the conversation on religious subjects, on demons, and spectres, the pains of purgatory, and the pains of hell. During an interval of silence between them, a voice was heard, which to the astonished banker seemed to be that of his deceased father, complaining, as in the former case, of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling upon him to deliver him instantly thence, by putting into the hands of Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum for the redemption of Christians then in slavery with the Turks; threatened him at the same time with eternal punishment, if he did not take this method to expiate likewise his own sins. Louis Brabant affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion, and further promoted the deception, by acknowledging his having devoted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost. An old usurer is naturally suspicious. Accordingly the

wary banker made a second appointment with the ghost's delegate for the next day ; and to render any design upon him utterly abortive, took him into the open fields, where not a house, or a tree, or even a bush, or a pit was in sight, capable of screening any supposed confederate. This extraordinary caution excited the ventriloquist to exert all the powers of his art. Wherever the banker conducted him, at every step his ears were saluted on all sides with the complaints and groans not only of his father, but of his deceased relations, imploring him in the name of every saint in the kalender, to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse the intentions of his worthy companion. Corum could no longer resist what he conceived to be the voice of heaven, and accordingly carried his guest home with him, and paid him down ten thousand crowns ; with which the honest ventriloquist returned to Paris, and married his mistress. There," said the cockney reciter, as he concluded the relation, slapping the desponding swain upon the shoulder, for whose behalf he had taxed the powers of his memory ; "you are not a ventriloquist maybe, but love finds out many inventions, and you may hit upon a scheme as effectual for securing the object of your choice."

I afterwards, on leaving Gilsland, made several excursions in the vicinity of Carlisle. Independent of breathing an atmosphere pure and

uncontaminated by the city's smoke, traversing the country at the summer season of the year brings under your notice many very pleasing objects,—amongst which, the luxuriant appearance of the fields, and the prospect of a bountiful harvest, are not the least striking.

The day was fine, and the sun shining in meridian glory, when our small party arrived at the village of CORBY. We immediately repaired to the Castle, thinking to feast our eyes with viewing the relics of the “olden time”—moss-covered walls, grey with age, and all those associations which are dear to the antiquarian; but we were surprised to find a handsome modern mansion erected upon the old foundation. Corby Castle formerly belonged to De Vallibus, lord of the manor of Gilsland, and afterwards came into the possession of the Salkeld family: it is now the property of Henry Howard, Esq. a lineal descendant of the great Lord William Howard. The family of Howard is of extraordinary antiquity,—and our best authorities seem to trace it from Aubur, Earl of Passy, in Normandy, who by Adelina, daughter of Hubert, earl of Evereux, had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Valinne and Beauson, and Lord of Vernon in Normandy. He was an attendant of William the Conqueror, and was succeeded by Roger, his son, who signalised himself against the Welch, and possessed the Castle of Howard, and assumed the local name.



In looking over the history of our country, we are continually finding some of this princely family engaged in glorious achievements. Various members of this family obtained the marked approbation of their sovereign, for raising troops at their own expense, to defend their country from the invasions of foreign enemies, and to curb civil dissension.

The interior of Corby Castle is fitted up with great taste, and contains several good pictures. Charles the Fifth and his Empress, by Titian, is an admirable performance, and finished in the best manner of that great master. David's triumph over Goliah, by Poussin, is a good subject, and ably treated. There are many good portraits, particularly one of Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk, by Hoppner: this is truly a fine portrait—the open, manly, and dignified countenance of the Duke is expressed to the life. There are also several clever portraits of the Howard family worthy of notice.

The castle is situated upon a high rock, and commands a view of the surrounding scenery. From the lawn in front, you have a grand view of the noble river Eden rolling along its rocky bed; the banks are thickly studded with trees which rise to a great height, forming a grand and beautiful amphitheatre. The old grey turrets of Wetheral Priory are seen in the distance, and the blue smoke curling from its antique chimneys, gives an additional charm to this

lovely landscape. Wetheral is a place among all others in the north the best fitted for religious seclusion and contemplation. In the vale a little above the village, about two hundred yards, amidst rocks and hanging woods, the priory was reared; the lofty oaks that fringed the Eden's fertile sides formed many sylvan recesses which would undoubtedly be acceptable to the contemplative monk, while the agreeable noise of the foaming current, rushing over its rocky bed, would soothe and raise the mind above all worldly objects. Contiguous to the abbey, on the other side of the water, stands Corby Castle. The sun was slowly sinking away to illumine some other part of our sphere,—and never did I see it set with more resplendent glory. His golden beams mellowed the woods and waters, and gave a tint of beauty to all around.

The walks are laid out with great taste, and were formerly adorned with temples, images, and summer houses, of which there is little remaining, having been destroyed by time and mischievous people, who had access to these sweet retreats,—endeared to *me* by past recollections, which sometimes flow upon my imagination like the impulse of a dream, and call back into existence that angel form with whom I have wandered through these sylvan solitudes, when luna spread her full light over the earth.

I subsequently, along with a friend of mine,

left Carlisle with a view of visiting Greystoke Castle, formerly belonging to his Grace the late Duke of Norfolk. After passing through the village of Blackwell, the country began to appear more interesting, as the prospect became more extended, and embraced a greater variety of objects. We went through Itonfield-street, and passing Itonfield-house, the seat of the late H. Oliphant, Esquire, we joined a venerable looking old man upon the road, who informed us that he was in his 86th year. He had been at Carlisle market, a distance of six miles from his home, and was then returning at a pretty good pace, his once-brawny shoulders supporting a load, which many men, in these degenerate days, would have felt very cumbersome at the age of 26. After passing Scales Hall, a very ancient looking building, we soon arrived at Skelton, a beautiful and well-built village, standing partly upon an eminence. We here stopped a short while, and partook of some refreshment at the house of a friend. We also visited the church which is situated at an easy distance from the village; and wandering through among the solemn repositories of human nature, we found an epitaph of some length, on a stone which covers the remains of two sailors, with the following beautiful conclusion—

“ ‘Tho’ Boreas’ blasts and Neptune’s waves  
Have toss’d us to and fro;



In spite of both by God's decree,  
We anchor here below.  
Tho' here we safe in harbour lie,  
With many of our fleet,  
We shall one day set sail again  
Our Admiral Christ to meet."

In another part of the church yard, a plain flat stone covers the spot where a dutiful son deposited the remains of an aged mother. Being too poor to employ a stone-cutter, he cut the following epitaph in rude characters with the tooth of a harrow.

"Here lys the body of An Kay,  
Until ye res'rection day."

The evening being now far spent, we proceeded on our journey; and after passing through Allanby, were presently on Johnby Wise, an extensive grazing waste belonging to the Greystoke estate. About two miles from this place may be seen Park House, the residence of Mr. Sewell, supposed to stand upon the highest situation of any inhabited house in either Cumberland or Westmoreland. It happened on our arrival at the village of Johnby, that the blacksmith had his annual coal-leading, and after having regaled such of his friends as attended, a few happy youths and damsels had assembled on the green, and were tripping it merrily to the sound of the violin, without the appearance of those cold and heartless distinctions which the predominant and over-ruling influence of pride and fashion has, of late, intro-

duced among too many of our peasantry. A very pleasant road for nearly a mile led us into the village of Greystoke, which stands rather low, but is pleasantly situated on the river Petrill. This place has often been the scene of festivity, caused by the munificence of the late noble Duke, respecting whom the inhabitants take great delight in relating many characteristic anecdotes. The castle is placed on an eminence, on the south-west side of the village, from which the road leading to it has a gradual ascent; it stands on a rock above a small stream, which is here collected into reservoirs, and discharged down artificial falls, from whence it joins the river Petrill a little below the village, and being shaded by a lofty wood, it has altogether a very romantic aspect. The present building was erected about the middle of the seventeenth century, by Charles Howard, grandfather to the late noble owner, who made many additions to it, particularly the new tower, which rears its massy form from the midst of the building to a considerable height; it is a square structure, and has one angle placed towards the front of the building. It is leaded on the top, to which we ascended, and had a delightful view of the surrounding country, which presents a beautiful landscape; with the south and south-west fells rising in the back ground, altogether exhibiting as happy an arrangement of objects as any artist need wish for in the exercise of his

pencil. The castle has a very extensive front, which, we were told, would shortly undergo considerable improvement. The south wing of this mansion suffered severely from an attack made upon it by De Lambert, during the civil commotions in the time of Cromwell, and although it was soon after repaired, its effects are still visible. We had a fine walk in the Parks, which are said to contain about three thousand acres, some hundreds of which are planted with trees, with here and there an open lawn, from which the hares might be seen darting into the woods. The gardens and pleasure grounds seem somewhat out of repair, but a few improvements would make this a most delightful residence——

“ When wealth enthron’d in Nature’s pride,  
With art and beauty by her side,  
And holding Plenty’s horn ;  
Sends Labour to pursue the toil,  
Art to improve the happy soil,  
And Beauty to adorn.”

We were also shown through the interior of the castle ; in describing which, it is not my intention to take notice of every minute object which offered itself to our view, but to describe such as were most striking, without paying any particular regard to the order or situation in which they were placed. The inside of this building, generally speaking, is convenient, and indeed elegant, although the appearance of some of the furniture is very ancient. By the entry from the servants’ hall, a long straight passage



conducts you into the kitchen, which is very spacious, and the ceiling high. It has the appearance of having been built in the days of baronial festivity, possessing one large fire-place at each end, with several curious ovens, and every other convenience which extensive cookery would require. This part of the building has also a plentiful supply of soft water conveyed from the fish-pond by pipes, which you can let into large cisterns, and after use, discharge it into other pipes which convey it away again. The floors of the up-stair rooms are of English oak ; except those of the new Tower, which are laid with Spanish pine, and some of them in such a highly polished state that they are difficult to walk upon, being scarcely surpassed by the best polished furniture of the same material. There is a good suite of apartments on the first floor, and in one of the rooms are placed the full length portraits of the late Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Effingham, and other distinguished relatives of that ancient and honourable family, all clad in chain armour, bearing shields and battle-axes. When we first entered this room, these paintings had a very striking effect ; they are all as large as life, and well executed, particularly that of the late noble owner of the mansion, which seems almost to possess animation in the countenance. There is an excellent modern stair-case, on one side of which is placed a very large and elegant painting of the late Duke and Duchess at the celebration

of some festival, attended by several persons of distinction ; it measures eighteen feet two inches by thirteen feet, and which, I was told, cost 1300 guineas. In two niches on the same stair-case are placed the busts of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and the lady Alacthea Talbot, his wife. On the second landing there is a Picture Gallery, containing a great number of plates from Hogarth, and so forth, many of which are very whimsical and amusing ; the Seasons, by Vandyke ; and many other entertaining pieces—forming altogether a pleasing variety. There are also several fine paintings distributed through the rooms, the most magnificent of which is that of King John, in the act of signing Magna Charta. Although the subject of this picture does not combine those striking oppositions of passion which arrest the attention uninfluenced by any particular knowledge of the circumstance described, it records an event which can never cease to interest an Englishman whilst the love of his country has any influence on his heart. King John, habited in all the splendour of royalty, surrounded by his nobles and the dignitaries of the Church, signs Magna Charta. His looks are those of strong reluctance ; his eyes are directed towards Fitzwalter, whilst his hand performs the unwilling duty. On the left of the King, and just behind him, stands Cardinal Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, a mediator between the King and the Barons, but who had administered an oath

to the latter never to desist from their endeavours until they had obtained a full concession of their liberties. He is in the act of stretching out his hand, and addressing himself to Fitzwalter, as if to temper the sturdy doubts of the Baron into a persuasion of the voluntary acquiescence of the King in the act required of him. Behind the Archbishop stands Almeric, the Master of the Knight Templars, and still farther to the left, but more advanced, stands the Mayor of London, with many Barons and armed soldiers. At the right of King John, is seen Cardinal Pandolfo, the Pope's Legate, who examines with silent indignation the Great Charter of the English liberties. Near to Pandolfo, is the Archbishop of Dublin, who turns his head in conversation with other Prelates behind him. Right before the King stands the champion of his country, the sturdy Baron Fitzwalter, habited in chain armour, the warlike costume of the thirteenth century. His deportment is erect and noble, his head uncovered, and the expression of his countenance inflexible. His determined purpose and manly dignity form a striking contrast with the interesting countenance and graceful movement of the Page bearing his helmet ; without paying any attention to the address of the Archbishop of Canterbury, his looks and his mind seem wholly absorbed in the completion of the grand object of the assembly.—In the back ground is a view of Runnimede, where the



Great Charter was signed, covered with the tents of the opposing forces of the King and the Barons.

There is a fine large painting of St. Jerome in the Wilderness, in a contemplative posture, accompanied by the figure of a lion ; near to this is placed a likeness of the late Duke of Norfolk's sister, a Benedictine Nun in the habit of her order ; also a fine portrait of Sir Thomas More, marked T. M. and dated 1573. There is also an ancient-looking portrait of Erasmus (about twelve inches by nine). There is also a pale-looking picture of John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who fell in the battle of Bosworth Field. Though this distinguished nobleman was active in all public measures during the short reign of Richard the Third, and had always being a steadfast adherent to the House of York, yet it does not appear from history, that he ever aided or took any part in the dreadful crimes imputed to the King. On the eve of the memorable battle in which he fell, the following distich was put into his tent, with a view of warning him from going to the field :—

“ Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.”

This, however had no effect ; being firmly attached to the person and interests of Richard, he followed his fortunes through all their vicissitudes, and in the last decisive struggle, he gallantly perished with him. The subjoined eulogy

on the virtues and achievements of this heroic nobleman, is taken from Sir John Beaumont's beautiful poem of Bosworth field :—

“ Here valiant Oxford and fierce Norfolk meete,  
And with their spears each other rudely greete,  
About the ayre the shiver'd pieces play,  
Then on their swords their noble hands they lay.  
And Norfolk first a blow directly guides  
To Oxford's head, which from his helmet slides  
Upon his arme, and beting through the steele,  
Inflicts a wound which Vere disdains to feele;  
He lifts his falchion with a threatening grace,  
And hews the beaver off from Howard's face.  
This being done, he with compassion charm'd,  
Retires ashamed to strike a man disarm'd;  
But straight a deadly shaft sent from a bow  
(Whose master, though farre off, the Duke could know,)  
Untimely brought this combat to an end,  
And pierced the brain of Richard's constant friend.  
When Oxford saw him sinke, his noble soule  
Was full of grief, which made him thus condole :—  
Farewell, true Knight, to whom no costly grave  
Can give due honour. Would my fear might save  
Those streams of blood, deserving to be spilt  
In better service. Had not Richard's guilt  
Such heavy weight upon his fortune laid,  
Thy glorious virtues had his sins outweighed.”

In one of the bed-chambers there is a very ancient chest of drawers, with curiously wrought images for handles, containing such a number of secret drawers, that it would be almost impossible for a stranger to find them out. They have three little wooden images on the top, two of which are very much decayed ; but the third is in a good state of preservation, holding a large

knife in one hand and treading softly upon the floor : the slightest agitation in the room, causes its countenance to make menacing and frightful contortions. The south wing of the castle, on the ground floor, contains a Catholic chapel, originally designed, no doubt for the use of the family ; the windows are variegated with stained glass, and the altar, possessing the appearance of former splendour, is now entirely neglected, and in a state of decay. There is a great number of very valuable books, amongst which I noticed a curiously-printed Bible dated 1579, and many others without dates, which apparently were of great antiquity. In one of the upstairs rooms there is a large white hat, which was worn by Thomas a Becket, primate and Chancellor in the reign of Henry the Second ; it is curiously manufactured of straw, and lined with a kind of substance resembling yellow leather ; and, considering its being nearly seven hundred years old, is in an excellent state of preservation. It is also said that the Archbishop's grace-cup is in the possession of some of the Howard family. There was a time when these relics would have been almost objects of adoration, not only among the poor and ignorant classes, but among the most wealthy and enlightened of the land ; for the tomb of Becket was the resort of pilgrims from every part of the continent of Europe—at his tomb the reigning monarch of France came and offered up his devotions—and Henry the Se-



cond, we are told, walked barefoot to this holy shrine, and spent a whole day and night in fasting and prayer ; and what was still more humiliating, he disrobed himself before a chapter of monks, and submitted his bare back to the scourge.

In another room in a small picture in silk embroidery of the crucifixion of our Saviour, wrought by the hands of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and given by her mother, the Duchess of Guise, to a Countess of Arundel, of which there is an account in the hand-writing of Henry Charles Howard on the back of the picture. Though this relic is a little the worse of age, yet it is a neat and curious piece of workmanship, and its execution exhibits ingenuity of no common order. Looking at this picture reminded me of a story I have heard related of the celebrated Giotto, which equally for the honour of the arts and of human nature, I could wish I was at liberty to rank among the fables of elder times.—Giotto intending to make a painting of the crucifixion, induced a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to a cross, under the promise of being set at liberty in an hour, and handsomely rewarded for his pains. Instead of this, as soon as Giotto had made his victim secure, he seized a dagger, and, shocking to relate, stabbed him to the heart ! He then set about painting the dying agonies of the victim to his foul treachery. When he had finished his picture, he carried it to the Pope ; who was so

well pleased with it, that he resolved to place it above the altar of his own chapel. Giotto observed, that as his Holiness liked the copy so well, he might perhaps wish to see the original. The Pope, shocked at the impiety of the idea, uttered an exclamation of surprise. "I mean," added Giotto, "I will show you the person whom I employed as my model in this picture ; but it must be on condition that your Holiness will absolve me from all punishment for the use which I have made of him." The Pope promised Giotto the absolution for which he stipulated, and accompanied the artist to his workshop. On entering, Giotto drew aside a curtain which hung before the dead man, still stretched on the cross, and covered with blood. The barbarous exhibition struck the pontiff with horror; he told Giotto he could never give him absolution for so cruel a deed, and that he must expect to suffer the most exemplary punishment. Giotto, with seeming resignation said, that he had only one favour to ask, that his Holiness would give him leave to finish the piece before he died. The request had too important an object to be denied ; the pope readily granted it ; and in the meantime a guard was set over Giotto, to prevent his escape. On the painting being replaced in the artist's hands, the first thing he did was to take a brush, and dipping it into a thick varnish, he daubed it over with it, and then announced that he had finished his task. His holi-

ness was greatly incensed at this abuse of the indulgence he had given, and threatened Giotto that he should be put to the most cruel death, unless he painted another picture equal to the one he had destroyed. "Of what avail is your threat," replied Giotto, "to a man whom you have doomed to death at any rate?" "But," replied his holiness, "I can revoke that doom." "Yes," continued Giotto, "but you cannot prevail on me to trust your verbal promise a second time." "You shall have a pardon under my signet before you begin." "On that condition," said Giotto, "I shall make the trial." The conditional pardon was accordingly made out, and given to Giotto, who taking a wet sponge, in a few minutes wiped of the coating with which he had bedaubed the picture ; and instead of a copy, restored the original in all its beauty to his holiness.

I cannot dismiss the subject of Giotto's cruel murder of an innocent and unoffending man, without cautioning my readers against the dangerous influence of the passions when indulged to excess. Those feelings which are creditable to an individual, if allowed an undue predominance, become not only hurtful to their possessor, but mischievous to others, and shed their baleful influence upon society as far as their exercise is felt. A generous emulation for fame, is held in the highest admiration ; but an inordinate ambition, which sometimes springs out of it, stops not at the means by which it ob-



tains distinction, and will wade through scenes of blood and carnage to the object of its hopes. The passions, which were given us for the noblest purposes, like the creatures of the Heavenly bounty are liable to much abuse,—as what is designed for our sustentation and comfort, by too great indulgence is injurious to the animal frame, and destroys vitality where it was meant to impart health and vigour. Phrenologists tell us that the organ of destructiveness is in some persons more largely developed than in others : and without maintaining the veracity of this statement, it may be safely asserted that a propensity to cruelty is in certain individual instances manifest to a very great degree. That Giotto was naturally endowed with an undue proportion of this feeling, there can be no doubt ; and instead of checking its developement by the cultivation of an opposite tendency, by encouraging its growth, he strove to make it subservient to the nobler passion for excellence in his art, and thereby tarnished the reputation he had acquired. And let the subject of its influence be who he may, if his mind be not kept in a state of daily culture, it will shew itself in its favourite pursuits, whatever they may be, and its prejudicial effects to himself and others will be as sensibly felt. Like the snake that nestles unseen in a bed of the fairest flowers, that it may the more securely dart its fang at the object of its watch, so the cruel man whose passions are

not subjected to the controul of reason and humanity, possessed of showy qualities eclipsed by his grosser appetites, is in secret a foe to his fellow kind, and is only satiated with blood.—During the awful prevalence of the plague on the north-east of Spain, in the autumn of 1821, a foreigner, who was variously said to be a Jew, a Turk, an American, a renegado, but whose acknowledged vocation was that of a merchant, in which capacity he had amassed a large property, visited the devoted city of Barcelona. This atrocious man, who, from his long white beard, might have been taken for a patriarch, had been eye-witness of all the plagues that had desolated, of late years, the Turkish empire. As soon as he heard that a pestilence had broken out in any city, he immediately hastened to it. He used to account for these extraordinary journies, by the advantage which he found in such desolated countries in his purchasing his goods at a lower rate than usual, but it still seemed inexplicable how lust of gold could so far overcome the love of life, and how the old man, already so rich, should continually expose himself to almost inevitable death. Questions put to the strange traveller were never answered clearly.—When he arrived at such a theatre of death, he wrapped himself from head to foot in tarred linen, covered his hands with black leather gloves, his face with a glass mask, and thus guarded against infection, and provided

with a stick, which had an iron hook at the end, he entered the infected houses. There he possessed himself of whatever he found, seized on hidden treasures, and the most valuable utensils, and tore their jewels from the bodies of the dead. More than once he is said to have hastened the effects of the pestilence, and to have given the death-blow to the victim whose cries would have interrupted him perpetrating his robberies. If chance led him into a house which was still free from the contagion, he announced himself as a physician, and woe to those who confided in his skill. Loaded with treasures he always returned to Venice, where, admired by every one on account of the success of his enterprise, he waited for the signal for fresh booty, like the carrion vulture. The news of the distress of Barcelona became glad tidings for this wretch, and he had already carried on his horrid trade among them for a fortnight, when he was detected in the very act of stabbing a patient who was quite delirious. This was a young French merchant, who was greatly beloved at Barcelona on account of his integrity. He had just lost his wife and two sons, and was himself struggling against the distemper, which had hitherto spared this courageous young man, who most tenderly devoted himself to his family. He was murdered almost in the arms of his countryman, Captain R—, who was near his friend in an adjoining room. Hearing the door opened, he hastened back to the patient, sees the



villain stab his friend to the heart, rushes on him, throws him on the ground after a hard struggle, in which the old wretch showed more strength than could have been expected. "Sir!" cried the wretch, finding himself overpowered, "surely you will not kill me"—"Villain, what hast thou done?"—"But he was so ill!"—"And those things which you have already stolen!"—"I thought everybody was dead!—Give me my life: I will make you a rich man!"—"You dare to offer me your blood-stained gold!"—"Sir, be without fear; I possess several remedies against the plague: I will give you as many sequins as you can carry:"—"And were you to offer me two arrobas?"—"You shall have ten!" said the murderer, and received the Captain's sword through his heart..

Aaron Smith, a seaman who, in Dec., 1823, was tried at the Admiralty Sessions, Old Bailey, for piracy, and acquitted, on the ground of his being forced to do as he had done, once related to me the following account. "A quarrel took place between two of the crew, and a desperate fight with knives ensued, of which the rest were cool spectators. The battle was for a long time doubtful, as both fought with equal skill and an equal degree of caution, notwithstanding they were intoxicatied, until one fell with a severe stab in the left breast, bleeding profusely. I was instantly called to administer to the wounded

man ; and it was in vain for me to declare that I knew nothing of the healing art. The captain swore at me, and said he knew to the contrary ; for the master of the *Zephyr* had informed him that I had cured and saved the life of his sail-maker, who had fallen down the hold ; and, therefore, if I did not cure him, he would serve me in the same manner. I saw it would be useless to make any reply ; and, therefore, having procured bandages, I staunched the blood, and dressed his wounds in the best manner I was able. Having attended to one patient, I was then obliged to turn my attention to his antagonist, who had not escaped unhurt. When I had completed my task, I was carelessly complimented on my skill, and asked if the wound was mortal ; which question I evaded, by saying I hoped not.

The guests were scarcely gone, when the captain went below, and inquired of the least injured of the wounded men the cause of their quarrel. He hesitated at first to tell, and supplicated that he might be forgiven for his neglect in not having furnished him with the important intelligence before. This being granted, he told the pirate, that his antagonist was one of the party formed by the chief mate to assassinate him and the whole crew, and take possession of the ship and plunder. That officer, he informed him, had gone to the Havannah for the express purpose of bringing some more men, and that they were to put the plan into effect when him-

self and the crew were either asleep or inebriated. I saw that his brutal temper was excited by his information ; his eyes flashed fire, and his whole countenance was distorted. He vowed destruction against the whole party, and rushing upon deck, assembled the crew, and imparted what he had heard.—The air rang with the most dreadful imprecations ; they simultaneously rushed below, and, without taking into consideration that the accusation against him might be unfounded, proceeded to cut off his legs and arms with a blunt hatchet, then mangling his body with their knives, threw the yet warm corpse overboard. Not content with having destroyed their victim, they next sated their vengeance on his clothes, and every thing belonging to him, which they cut in pieces and threw into the sea.

While off Cape Buonavesta, a boat full of men of the chief mate's party, appeared, coming towards the schooner, when the captain ordered his men to fire, and five were killed ; another jumped overboard, but was taken, and most barbarously treated. Wounded and bleeding, he was exposed naked to the scorching heat of a July sun of a tropical climate, in order to make him confess.

The man persisted in his plea of innocence, declared that he had nothing to confess, and entreated them all to spare his life. They paid no attention to his assertions, but, by order of the



captain, the man was put into the boat, pinioned and lashed in the stern, and five of the crew were directed to arm themselves with pistols and muskets, and to go in her. The captain then ordered me to go with them, savagely remarking that I should now see how he punished such rascals, and giving direction to the boat's crew to row for three hours, backwards and forwards through a narrow creek formed by a short island and the island of Cuba. 'I will see,' cried he, 'whether the musquitoes and the sand flies will not make him confess.' Prior to our leaving the schooner, the thermometer was above ninety degrees in the shade, and the poor wretch was now exposed naked to the full heat of the sun. In this state we took him to the channel, one side of which was bordered by swamps full of mangrove trees, and swarming with the venomous insects before mentioned.

We had scarcely been half an hour in this place when the miserable victim was distracted with pain ; his body began to swell, and he appeared one complete blister from head to foot. Often in the agony of his torments, did he implore them to end his existence, and release him from his misery ; but the inhuman wretches only imitated his cries, and mocked and laughed at him. In a very short time, from the effects of the solar heat and the stings of the mu quitoes and sand flies, his face had become so swollen that not a feature was distinguishable ; his voice began to fail, and

his articulation was no longer distinct. I had long suspected that the whole story of the conspiracy was a wicked and artful fabrication ; and the constancy with which this unfortunate being underwent those tortures served to confirm my suspicions. I resolved, therefore, to hazard my interference, and, after much entreaty and persuasion, prevailed upon them to endeavour to mitigate his sufferings, and to let the poor wretch die in peace, as the injuries which he had already sustained were sufficient of themselves to occasion death. At first they hesitated ; but, after consulting for some time among themselves, they consented to go to the other side of the island, where they would be secured from observation, and untie him and put something over him. When we had reached that place, we lay upon our oars, and set him loose ; but the moment he felt the fresh sea breeze he fainted away. His appearance at this time was no longer human, and my heart bled at seeing a fellow creature thus tormented. When our time was expired, we again tied him as before, to prevent the fury of the captain for our lenity, and once more pulled for the passage on our way to the vessel. On our arrival, his appearance was the source of merriment to all on board ; and the captain asked if he had made any confession. An answer in the negative gave him evident disappointment, and he inquired of me whether I could cure him. I told him he was dying ! then he shall have some

more of it before he dies, cried the monster, and directed the boat to be moored within musket-shot in the bay. This having been done, he ordered six of the crew to fire at him. The man fell, and the boat was ordered along-side. The poor wretch had only fainted : and when they perceived that he breathed, a pig of iron was fastened round his neck, and he was thrown into the sea.—Thus ended a tragedy, which, for the miseries inflicted on the victim, and for the wanton and barbarous depravity of his fiend-like tormentors, never, perhaps, had its equal.

This tale of the sea, brings me naturally to speak of a trip to the ISLE OF MAN, which after sundry misgivings as to the prudence of trusting myself to the mercy of the watery element, I soon after undertook. Strange thoughts come into a man's head on going, for the first time, on ship-board. It was night, and one after a poet's fancy ; and much might be written upon it, and upon my ship-mates, but these things are so incorporated with *self*, that no man short of the egotism of a Cobbett, can set about describing them. I shall therefore land at Douglas immediately.

It was a very fine afternoon, when I arrived, and the Pier, (which is the fashionable promenade) was covered with the rank and beauty of Douglas, waiting the arrival of the steam-packets. The pier is by far the most splendid structure in the whole Island. It was comple-



ted about forty years ago, and cost upwards of £22,000. It is about five hundred and twenty feet long, and forty broad. The extremity is of a semi-circular form, and looks towards the sea, and is about a dozen feet broader than any other part of it. The streets of Douglas are narrow and dirty. Brick buildings are seldom met with. The houses appear to be built with a kind of slate-stone, and being plastered over and white-washed, present, upon the whole, a neat appearance. The Manx are, generally speaking, very poor, and shabbily dressed. They are attentive to religious duties. Methodism seems to be most prevalent: a quaker is rarely met with. There are several respectable inns in Douglas; an elegant assembly room at Dixon's hotel; a news-room long established; there are two newspapers; a well-built Custom-house; and an Ecclesiastical Court of judicature. The land in the neighbourhood is hilly, and to appearance barren.

Castletown is the principal seat of government, and the head-quarters of the military. The houses are in general good, and the streets regularly built. The Lieutenant Governor resides here, and it is considered a point of etiquette, as well as a token of respect shown to the highest authority in the Island, for strangers visiting Castletown, to call and leave their cards. The House of Keys, a self-elected body, though nominally styled the Manx Parliament,

holds its sittings in Castletown. The first object that attracts the attention of the traveller is the *Castle*, commonly called *Castle Kushen*. It was a place of some notoriety during the civil broils in England, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The countess of Derby, wife to James the seventh Earl of Derby (remarkable for his attachment to the royal cause) was, after her husband had been taken prisoner and beheaded by the republican forces, confined in this castle for the space of nine years. It is supposed, that, on her release from her imprisonment, after the restoration of Charles the Second, she took with her the records of the Island, thus leaving, by the loss of these documents, a blank in some of the most important occurrences connected with its earliest history. The Castle itself is built in an irregular shape, yet apparently of great strength, and is supposed to be upwards of eleven hundred years old. From the summit of the tower there is a fine prospect of the bay and surrounding country, interspersed with villas and rich scenery. The Courts of Chancery are held in this Castle, and the assize of the Island is also conducted here.

There is an apartment in Castle Kushen which has never been opened within the memory of man. The persons of the Castle are very cautious in giving you any reason for it ; but the natives, who are excessively superstitious, assign this, that there is something of enchant-

ment in it. They tell you that the Castle was at first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by giants, who continued in the possession of it till the days of Merlin, who, by the force of magic, dislodged the greatest part of them, and bound the rest in spells, indissoluble to the end of the world. In proof of this they tell you a very odd story. They say there are a great many fine apartments under ground, exceeding in magnificence any of the upper rooms. Several men, of more than ordinary courage, have in former times, ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterraneous dwelling-place, but none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw ; it was therefore judged that all the passages to it should be continually shut, that no more might suffer by their temerity. But about some seventy or seventy-nine years since, a person who had an uncommon boldness and resolution, never left soliciting permission of those who had power to grant it, to visit those dark abodes. In fine, he obtained his request, went down, and returned by the help of a clue of packthread which he took with him, which no man before himself had ever done, and brought this amazing discovery :—That after having passed through a great number of vaults, he came into a long narrow place, which, the further he penetrated, he perceived that he went more and more on a descent, till having travelled, as near as he could guess, for the space of a



mile, he began to see a little gleam of light, which, though it seemed to come from a vast distance, was the most delightful object ever beheld. Having at length arrived at the end of that lane of darkness, he perceived a very large and magnificent house, illuminated with many candles, whence proceeded the light just now mentioned. Having, before he commenced the expedition, well fortified himself with brandy, he had courage enough to knock at the door, which a servant, at the third knock, having opened, asked him what he wanted. 'I would go as far as I can,' replied our adventurer, 'be so kind, therefore, as to direct me how to accomplish my design, for I see no passage but the dark cavern through which I came.' The servant told him he must go through a long entry, and out at a back door. He then walked a considerable way, and beheld another house more magnificent than the first ; and all the windows being open, discovered innumerable lamps burning in every room. Here, also, he designed to knock, but had the curiosity to step upon a little bank, which commanded a low parlour ; and looking in, he beheld a vast table in the middle of the room, and on it, extended at full length, a man, or rather a monster, at least fourteen feet long, and ten or twelve round the body. This prodigious fabric lay, as if sleeping, with his head upon a book, with a sword by him, answerable to the hand, which, it is supposed, made use of

it. This sight was more terrifying to our traveller than all the dark and dreary mansions he passed through on his arrival to it. He resolved, therefore, not to attempt entrance into a place inhabited by persons of that unequal stature, and made the best of his way back to the other house, where the same servant reconducted and informed him, that if he had knocked at the second door, he would have seen company enough, but could never have returned. On which he desired to know what place it was, and by whom possessed; but the other replied that these things were not to be revealed. He then took his leave, and by the same dark passage got into the vaults, and soon afterwards once more ascended to the light of the sun.

I shall now take leave of the Isle of Man, but shall just mention a circumstance which had all but escaped my recollection. We had been much amused on board the packet with a female passenger, a Mrs. Rebecca Verble, and the reader, it strikes me, will be amused with the perusal of the following *very original* epistle which she addressed soon after our landing to Mrs. Frumbish, her particular acquaintance.

“ My dear Mrs. Frumbish, as I conjecturd you wud be anxious to here how me and my usband is sinse we left ome, I take this hoportunity of sending you a few scrauls consarning the perticklers thereof; tho Got nose when they may rache you. I was, you rekollect, very loth all alone to cum by this here water carridge, inso-much as it is neither so safe or so pleasant as the one-horse shandideredan: but as there is no other on the rode just now, folks is like to make the best of it they can.

Its a fearful helliment ; and as grene as your bumbasene pettycoat. The ship we were to ryde in, the Robert bruse, hanker'd at the sine of the Pere's Head. We were tould to be there by hate ; so we swallud our brekfast in a great urra ; and after much trubble found out the plase ; but it was hard work for 'em to get me to go, the bote being, as you see, the length of our cabbage garden from the rode side ; altho the water was marvillus lo, being what is called tyed out.

"Howsumever they fastened a hankerchif over my hize ; and too pure fellows, without shus and stockings, whipped me up in their harms, and carried me into the vehicle. Lord, Mrs. Frumbish, how my heart went bump, bump, as the salt sea splash, plash, undernethe o' my fete. And then the bote was as rickety as a craydle ; furst going to one side and then to the other ; so that I verily thout I shud never hescape with my life. The peple is as harden'd as Beelzebub ; for when I asked one of them if there was water enuf to drown abody ? he said there was twelve fete, which mayhap wud be sough-fishent, if I nelt down to it.

"But the most perillous thing of all was getting out of the bote on to the ship ; which was dubble the hate of our aystack, and nothin but a potterin rope lader to assend by. When, however, him at they call'd the Kap-tin, saw the prikdicament I was in, a harm chare was let down to iste me up ; and shure enuf I was goin very nisely, when hoing to a nasty bully to which the rope was fastened, I stuck fast in the middle hair, and altho I'm none o' the litest, I swung backwards and forwards like a cro's nest in a popular tree. And wud you bilheave it, whilst I was anging, for all extents and porpoises, between the heven and the hearth, the impident cubs were hinjoying my shituation, and crying out, "O ye, O !" "Heve a head !" "She's agoing ;" and such like barber us expressons ; and go I verily bilheave I shud ; but I shirk'd, and voud I'd invite 'em for murder, if I got down alive ; which in a manner broiled their impettinance.

"When I got on deck, a felli as black as Hold em cole, such as him that rydes behind Mrs. Noir's charrat, came up and ask'd me if I had a birth, and wud have me go bilhow and chuse a bed. But I fetch'd him a slap in the faise, and said I was'nt such a simpleton as that ; for I knew a ship from a lyin-in-hospital. The Kaptin, however, who is a very civil man, and does not ware a weppon, or large whiskers, like them in our town,



tould me he was call'd the stew hard ; and rightly enuf, for I saw him marvillus bissy pilling huinons and potatas, and making supe and biling vittels the rest o' the day. Oh ! Mrs. Frumbish, you cannot form the remmotest hidea of the hellegances and convinnances of this sedship. There is beds and clene shetes and kounter pains ; and hotter mans to decline upon ; and mighoginy tables ; and lukin lasses ; and chanticleus, and the Specktathor ; and the Holy Dutie of Man ; Pammilbah, and a store of other godli bukes for those hadicted to mediation.

" After seeing all bilhow, I went upon deck ; and it was a mirakle to see one man push such a big ship along quite easy. He stood at what they call the elm (tho it's nothing like that in yure gardin.) I watch'd how he stered the kumpass ; and he kept lukiug sumthin that he call'd north. I think I saw it onse, like a large white duck in the whater, but I won't be shure.

" There was a site of folks on the top ; and when I was tir'd of standin, I ask'd the stew hard for a seat that pull'd out ; as there was two or three score aboard. He laff'd and said, " Ver vell, ver vell : " and brought one, so I sat and watch'd the oashance over the sip shide. He always laff'd when I spoke to him : he said they were called guarding stools. In a few minnits, however, there was a general constipation ; sum crying out they were running on the banks before ; which I thout was all a joke ; as the folks were paying such hepes of money to the hagent, that here must have been a run on the banks before. Howsumever it was a deadly truth. There was such hurry skurry, and no more thouts of tickets and pay. Then they tyed a pure fello with a rope outside the ship ; and shure enuf I thout they were goin to serve him like Joe Nash, and make him swallow Wales for an hatonement. But they tould me it was only " Eve in the suds,"\* and the merryner afore named let down a fishing line, and called out, " By the wack there's five ; " upon which the Kaptin uttered a profane oath, and bid him count agen. Then he shouted, " By the wack there's seven ; " till at last he could not make up his mind how many there was ; and the Kaptin bid him let 'em go, and when he pulled his fishing line, it turned out there was none at all.

" Sum said we were short of whater, which is vastly hod, as nothin else cud be seen : but this ship was drawn by what they called a stemming gin ; and so many people being in it, acquir'd a pour of biling whater ; as the

\* It is presumed the writer refers to heaving the lead.

kettles themselves were as big as our kitgin ; and fizzed enuf to deffen one. I never will travail in one of those spiritous vessels agen : for you kno I'm but used to a little of a night ; and the foom of the likker quite super-fined me ; till I felt as squeamish as if I had been taking an hemetic. A little biskit kept me quiet ; nevertheless I had fearful misgivings and uprizings before dinner was denounced, as you may well suppose. About fore the dinner was laid ; but I had wated till I was past eating, and the furst pece of mutton chop settled my hash throughly. The Kaptin and stew hard carried me bilhow, where there was quite a hospital of sick travaillers. Sum wished they were ded ; one old gentleman begged the'yd fetch him a lawyer, to settle his of heirs ; and another asked to be thrown over, and then began to prey. I had cense enuf, however, to keep my mouth shut, since there was a huge swarm of she-buls hovring about the ship, as they said was wating for preyers.

"Tordes nite, many could see the Oily Man ; and mi usband kept blistering me to luke, as I have a good site ; but the very menshon of the oil completely revoked me ; so that I did not see it till we landed, and then it was pitch dark. To be shure sum had a tillerscup through which they spide it, before it was in site ; which is a zinglar pinonmyman.

"But I have now X heded the cut of my shete ; and the bucket is going to sale ; and therefore I must conclude

"With no more at present from your dere Frend,  
"RIBBEKKA VERBLE.

"P. S. The whater's boiling, and my good man just come to his t—."

My readers will please to suppose Mrs. Verble and her fellow passengers landed once more in England, myself among the number, ready to start on a new excursion. But, *imprimis*, does the reader remember the anecdote of the Persian emperor, who, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him, asked his age ? The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the

presence of the emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant, "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world: I, therefore, consider that to be my real age which has been passed in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society." The emperor struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection." True (answered the sage), but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others." "Excellent!" exclaimed the emperor: upon which, as was the custom when any one was honoured with the applause of the sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obedience, and added, "O King, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo!" said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day." "Delightful!" exclaimed the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "Reverend fa-



ther, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

Now, as I said, I am quite in earnest to begin a new perigrination : but I am afraid were I at this time to resume the thread of my wanderings, describing in my progress this scene and the other incident, the reader, sufficiently indulgent already, might be sated with the very variety of novelty, and be tempted to exclaim like the Persian monarch, "Delightful ! but I dare not stay longer, lest thy relations should exhaust the treasury of my *patience*." I shall be delighted to merit this encomium, which I trust will not be withheld for endeavouring to cater to his amusement and instruction ; and careful not to transgress in the latter article by trespassing too long upon his attention, I subscribe myself, his devoted servant,

THE EDITOR.

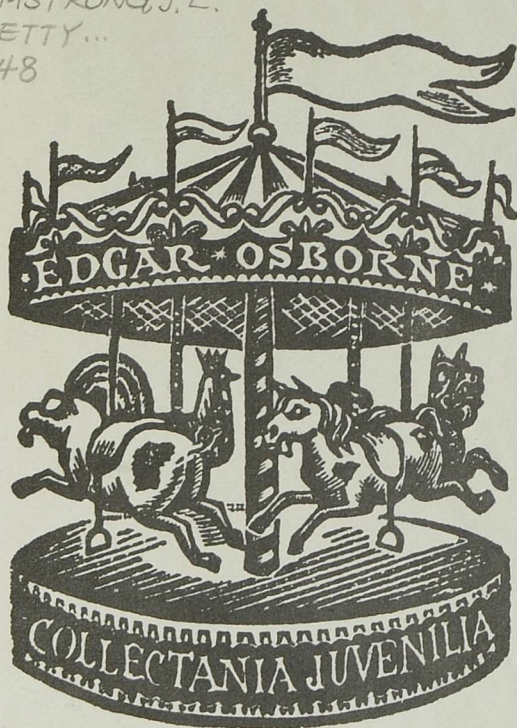
THE END.







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