ANTIPATHY.

VOL. II.
LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO. 13, POLAND STREET.
ANTIPATHY,

OR

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CAT-HATER.

EDITED BY

JOHN AINSLIE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "AURUNGZEBE," "ERNEST CAMPBELL," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"Pray, Sir, do you know what are some men's antipathies?"
"Yes, cats, rats, old maids, double tripe, spiders,
Cheshire cheese, and cork-cutters."  

The Poor Gentleman.

LONDON:
JOHN MACRONE, SAINT JAMES'S SQUARE.
MDCCXXXVI.
ANTIPATHY.

CHAPTER I.

"Take this at least, this last advice, my son,
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on."

Addison.

Hospitality is the most shining virtue in India; and if one arrives there with only a note of introduction, he will be treated with all the kindness of relationship. This at least was formerly the case, and I trust it may still be so.

I had a number of introductory letters to consequential residents in Calcutta, and the very day after my arrival in Fort William, I
accepted of a cavalry cadet's offer, to drive me round the town in a buggy, which he himself had hired for the same purpose.

"But are you a good whip?" said I, stepping somewhat gingerly into the vehicle, whilst my friend was busily engaged in adjusting the reins.

"Am I!—trust me for that," quoth he; and off we set, slap-dash at a pace which soon left the seis, (or groom) who spoke a little English, and was to direct our route, far behind.

"Take care, take care!" cried I, as we rattled through an outlet of the immense fortification, "look at that bullock cart near the draw-bridge!"

"Oh no fear, no fear," replied my companion, "trust me for that;" and so saying, he urged forward our spavined mare, who having her head in a homeward direction, willingly obeyed the summons. Now, whether the driver of the bullock cart was to blame, or my friend, or the mare, I will not presume to decide, but in an instant our wheel came in contact with the large horns of one of the bullocks, and as
quickly the whole turn out was prostrated. Luckily however, not ours.

"Good G—d!" said I, "what have you done?"

"Never mind—no harm," replied my friend, "the rascal's own fault—no business on the wrong side." And so bestowing another flagellation on the mare, we renewed our career as if nothing had happened.

I knew of course nothing of Calcutta, and my conductor, was quite as well informed; so we steered about in all directions, as fancy or chance directed. At last we found ourselves in a very long bazaar, (the name of which I have forgotten.) Here in spite of the narrowness of the road, the number of palkees, the piled-up goods, and numerous foot passengers, my Phaeton intent on exhibiting his skill, incited our jaded beast to a pace which she had not known for years.

Although aware of the jeopardy of my neck, I thought of little but the danger of the crowd before us. Like billows from before some bounding bark, so divided the numberless hoof padders at our approach; never did Diomede
or Boadicea in her iron car, cut more easily through the embattled war, than did our noisy equipage through the dense throng of baboos, shroffs and shopkeepers.

"Hollo you! hollo you!——"

"In heaven's name," cried I, "either drive slower, or let me out. There, you have run down that unfortunate little round man in the red turban!"—

"No, no, only upset him; safe as wax!"

"Bless me, that child is dead and gone! Alas! the wheel must have crushed its little skull. Fortune be praised,—it has just shaved him."

"Yes, yes, leave me alone for that—'an inch is as good as an ell,' all the world over."

Finding that my remonstrances against the folly and danger of such impetuous driving were thrown away, I gave up myself to positive despair. At this instant, an old kranchy appeared, moving slowly along by the united exertions of two small draggle-tailed ponies, or tatoos; its interior, being graced with the greasy faces, and fat paunches of four baboos all in snowy vestments. The one who seemed the
Gee, or most consequential character sat by himself, occupying the whole of one end of the machine, which resembles a coach with all its windows and panels broken; whilst the other three sat exactly fronting him, their visages being clad with due obsequiousness towards their weighty lord. Such was the party which was in the act of being dragged along the very middle and marrow of a thronged bazaar by the afore-mentioned draggle-tailed "tats," which were governed by a bare-boned, barely bellied, barely clad boy, when lo! our yellow meteor appeared, gathering gradually like an avalanche more velocity the nearer it approached.

I saw what was likely to be the upshot, and held my breath in unutterable anxiety; for there was certainly a chance, a mere chance, of our passing without anything more serious than a graze. Nor was this horrible state of uncertainty confined to myself, from its being too happy a desideratum to have much probability in its favour; for I perceived trouble and perturbation take possession of the baboos; and whilst the three obsequious ones trembled in their slip-shod shoes,
the fat opinionated Gee was terror-stricken at the approach of our furious phenomenon.

"Ministers of grace!" exclaimed I, partly out of pure terror, and partly as a pious ejaculation; "my dear friend, pull up, we can never possibly get past."

"O never fear, trust me for that," said he; "we flatter ourselves we can handle the ribbands; come up," continued he, addressing the mare, and accompanying the words by a fresh application of his scourge.—"I'll show you how to do the thing in style; trust me for that."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, before our wheel caught that of the venerable kranchy with such velocity, that our rickety conveyance shook as if it had been struck by lightning. To this day I wonder both were not smashed to fire-wood. Before the truth of this could be decided, I remember that the kranchy, with its livid contents, was agitated like some lofty elm by the breeze, and on which are seated some noisy crows. It was however, destined to a much severer calamity than a shake.
Being in this predicament, with the wheels jammed, my piqued companion immediately cried out,—"Hah! a lock by G—, a lock, a lock; but I'll soon open it; leave me alone for that!" So saying, and assuming his key, the butt end of his whip, he applied it so effectually to the rump and ribs of the astonished mare, that she strained every voluntary muscle into immediate action.

The consequence was, that half-maddened by this extraordinary discipline, she plunged off, dragging buggy, kranchy, baboos and tats for about twenty yards; and then deposited the ugly machine and its contents, in an adjoining tinker’s shop. The crash of the ill-begotten vehicle—the howling of the baboos—the vituperation of the bare-bellied driver—the horrible curses of the tinker and his mates, together with the trampling and skuffling of the draggletailed tats, amongst the brazen chillumchees* and lotas, composed such a dreadful discordancy, as never before was heard.

But the most wonderful part of the adven-

* Basins and Indian cooking vessels.
ture was, that our buggy was neither injured nor upset; and my friend after witnessing this finale of the affair, prudently rattled out of the dilemma at his old pace without subjecting us to the inconvenience of making any restitution.

"I beseech you, as a last favour," said I, when we were fairly out of the scrape, "as a last favour, I beseech you to drive a little slower."

"Well, well," replied he, "I will to please you; but we had best go back in search of that rascally groom, for without him we shall never find one of the houses we intend calling at."

Before I could observe that it was impossible for any winged Mercury to keep up with us, my companion turned a corner rapidly, and nearly murdered a facquier who was figuring in the middle of the road, pinning at the same time an unfortunate half-caste so closely to the wall, that he was forced to stand on extreme tiptoe to escape the otherwise infallible amputation of his feet.

We now bowled away back to the Fort with-
ANTIPATHY.

out doing further damage than upsetting a palkee, and breaking the ribs of an unfortunate pariar dog which lay sleeping in the sun.

But our retribution was near at hand. Not being able to see our groom, we returned direct to the Fort, and unluckily to a wrong gate, for we were refused entrance by the sentry. We had of course nothing left us but to proceed to another, and for this purpose my friend attempted to wheel round the exhausted mare. We were on the drawbridge, which is only protected by an iron chain from the fosse; and in turning, the mare backed as if from spite and vengeance; broke through the chain; and crash went the four of us, *videlicet*, cornet, mare, buggy, and myself, simultaneously into the abyss.

I never felt more aghast in my life than during that descent, and the shock was so suddenly dreadful, that it was some time before I was conscious of not being seriously injured. My companion broke the *olecranon* of his whip arm—the mare her neck, and I need scarcely add that the buggy was no more.

"Well, if ever I again attempt a turn upon
a drawbridge," groaned the cornet, "trust me for that!"

"And if ever I attempt a second ascent into a buggy with you, or any other such Jehu," whined I, gathering up my bruised carcass, "trust me for that!"

I felt the effects of this accident more afterwards, and was confined three days to my bed from stiffness and pains, "as excruciating as the rheumatism; and but for the shampooing of a dexterous manipulator I had been much longer bed-ridden.

I of course, had as yet paid no visits; and my first occupation, on being able to move, was to engage a palanqueen for that purpose. The kindness and pressing hospitality I received from each family struck me forcibly, and with surprise; this amiable quality is indeed carried to such an extent in the east as to resemble more its own vivid romance, than the selfish reality of the frigid north. To refuse lodging yourself, bag and baggage, with a friend, would be almost an insult; and towards one on whom you have a billet de voyage—an act savouring of a want of courtesy.
I had resolved upon being independent, and keeping possession of my rooms in the Fort; but being pressed by a very agreeable lawyer, to whom I had a letter, and understanding that it was mauvais ton for a young officer to tarry there longer than possible, I accepted of his invitation, and sent thither all my outfit.

My stay in Calcutta was nearly six weeks, and it was spent in one round of gaiety and dissipation; but as I shall transcribe a few of my observations on Indian manners and matters, I shall not scruple to do so in a separate chapter.
CHAPTER II.

"I would gladly have him see his company anatomized that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set his counterfeit."

All's Well

The mode of living in Bengal is elegant, and all the houses in Calcutta very grand; what I chiefly admire is their capaciousness.

After spending ten or twelve years in a first rate Chouringee dwelling, I should certainly never afterwards feel exactly as I would wish in a confined English tenement; and yet there is double comfort in the latter. The snug parlour, with its hermetically closed door, its windows impervious to a breath of the rudest blast; and eke its curtains to exclude the possibility of the presence of so unwelcome a
visiter; its neat marble mantle-piece, well polished grate, sofa wheeled round to enjoy the fullest benefit of a bask before a blazing fire, its carpet, its rug; all these, in my mind, constitute the essence of comfort. I would sooner have this than a palace as large or sumptuous as the Escorial.

In a large Indian abode, I experienced the same sensations as a dormouse must in the den of a wolf. "A fine hole," she would say, "but where's the garner for my corn?"

I was quite as much disappointed with regard to Eastern luxury, as Dr. Smollet was with the fare of Dover, and grumbled daily.—"Eastern luxury" is in England so common a text that I regarded it as too orthodox to bear being questioned; but whenever I now hear a person use that phrase, I cynically request him to explain his meaning; and I may say conscientiously, I never yet got a satisfactory explanation.

Luxury pre-supposes the means of great enjoyment, according to a man's idea of pleasure.

Now, a man may be luxurious in as many different respects as there are sources of gratifi-
cation. We may, in the first place, be dotingly fond of female society, and regard their chit-chat as the most agreeable of pleasures. We may, in the second place, be addicted to idleness and amusement. And thirdly, we may be perfect Sybarites, passionately devoted to the delights of the board, the bottle, and everything sensual. Of course a person, as the generality of the world does, may combine to a certain degree all these, and other peculiarities; but as we always see the epicurean biassed by one particular goit, it struck me, that by alternately paying attention to each of these three classes, I might be able to discover, in what constituted that Indian luxury which has been bruited so far and wide. Being, as all must admit me to be, an eccentric wretch; these three different tastes, and many more distastes, are centered in myself, though not precisely according to the table of affinities before mentioned. Because I, in primo enjoy above everything an excellent dinner, with an excellent flask of wine; and a good book, or friend along side of me, both which commodities are equally rare. In secundo, I have always been more or less given
to activity, and would pare my nails, cut a stick, or teaze my favourite dog, rather than be positively idle or unoccupied. In tertio, last and least, do I love the little tattl e and small talk of the fair sex, though otherwise fond of them; indeed, excepting their profound or political talk, it is what I most abhor in that divinest portion of humanity.

Having thus portioned out the votaries of pleasure under their respective heads, as does a presbyterian his discourse; I determined upon giving each one a fair trial, and accordingly commenced my inquiry with the guzzling department.

This did not at all meet my expectations. God forbid, I should say a good dinner is unprocurable in Calcutta; if an Englishman were bound Prometheus-like to the most arid rock of Caucasus, I warrant he would find ways and means of bribing some lucre-loving deity to furnish him with his quota of beef and pudding. No! but in my humble opinion (and I have gormandized at the Eastern city board), no
feast of which I have partaken, can come up to the trencher of a British farmer.

Whatever can be procured at all passable as English, is of course the rarest, dearest and most fashionable; and what British production can be expected to be here procured equal in perfection to what it is at home. I was therefore, forced to admit, in spite of very excellent ale, the passing excellent and various wines, the middling cheese, and fruits, (which though quite inferior to the worst of ours), are reckoned good; — that Eastern luxury consisted not in aught edible; and as I placed my head upon my pillow, I sighed to think that if it lay in either of the other two departments it would not be half so agreeable to me as if found floating in the flesh pots of Egypt. I, in the second place, gave particular attention to the pursuits, habits, and amusements of those around me, and entered into them.

Idleness, I observed, was the grand magician whose hand was exerted with all its potency over Asia. I observed that the generality of men in India, excepting the military, got well
paid for doing little or nothing; that the few who were best paid did least; and those who really did work a little, imagined their toil much greater than it was. I observed young civilians grumbling because they had no handle for doing so; young subalterns sulkily cursing the bother of once a week marching off the regimental guards; and big wigs in wrath, at being unable, from official duties, to absent themselves on some excursion of pleasure. Idleness and laziness, I therefore concluded, were in India the grand objects of research. The exterior show, numerous menials, with the paraphernalia of silver stick bearers, and such like trumpery are matters of consequence to weak minds; and all this affectation of importance, together with a life of easy sloth, constitute, I believe, the boasted luxury of India. How far the debilitating climate may predispose to this, I would refer to the learned doctors of our Eastern Sorbonne; but we may be assured that a British mind must be to a great degree unstrung by an enervating clime before it can be brought to consider sluggishness tinctured with sensuality, as the highest of worldly enjoyments.
It may be imagined, that the effects of this is very apparent in society; and that there is a langour and listlessness of the faculties, an averseness to turn them to subjects requiring depth of reflection, or even much animation of argument.

Behold an Indian dinner-party!—the dinner dispatched, and with them, the ladies; the hookur (that best of all companions for a sluggard or a fool) is introduced, and the monotonous "bubble bubble" of the stupifying machine is a succedaneum for all rational conversation. Should any interesting discussion be started, it is soon voted a bore, and if not coughed down, is gurgled down, by the solemn looking fumigators, and "bubble bubble" continues till the end of the chapter.

I had once the folly or curiosity to listen to a dialogue which took place at Calcutta, after a very sumptuous dinner, betwixt two old colonels, a captain, a merchant, and a wealthy indigo planter, each of which had his smoking apparatus behind him. It was something as follows.

*Planter.*—"There are no arrivals, I see."
Merchant.—"No; but the Jane has dropped down to Kedgeree, with the fifty maunds you sent us from Jessore."

First Colonel.—"Is it true, Mr. Lackmore, that our old friend Duff is going home in the Jane?"

Merchant.—"I understood so from one of Palmer's clerks, I suppose he intends retiring from the service. He must be worth money."

Second Colonel.—"I don't know that; I should doubt if he had made half what is supposed. His wife and family at home must have been a great encumbrance."

First Colonel.—"Yes, money at home flies away very fast, as I can testify."

Planter.—"Very fast, very fast." (bubble bubble.)

Captain.—"Yes, I should think so;" (bubble bubble.)

Omnes.—"Bubble bubble, bubble bubble."

First Colonel.—"Hookurburdar. Dusra chillum.*

Here the conversation stopped altogether for

* Another pipe.
a few seconds, when silence was again broken by the planter.

"Rum story that about Bibbee Smellfungus, Lackmore."

_Merchant._—"Ah! what is that?"

_Captain._—"Let us have it Inkle."

_Omnes._—"Aye, let us hear it." (bubble bubble.)

_Planter._—"Well, you shall have it just as I got it; for although my authority is pretty good, I will not vouch for its being true. But you are all aware how fond she is of copying old Isaac Walton."

_First Colonel._—"Whose he? I never heard of him."

_Planter._—"Why the great fishhook poet to be sure; what I mean is angling; angling in that large tank in her garden at Ballygunge."

_First Colonel._—"Oh, I understand, proceed."

_Planter._—"Well, what must Bibee Smellfungus do you see, but as usual be carried in her tonjohn to the tank; whilst one of her favourite bearers (bubble bubble) baits her hook. He at the same time fishes with another rod, which, however unlike hers, a fine slim fly
casting London one, was a long *pucka bamboo*, or Chinese bamboo—" (bubble bubble.) I won't be positive which."

*Captain.*—“Well, that's no matter, Inkle—go on” (bubble.)

*Planter.*—“Let me tell you Captain Grabbatta, it does matter, materially matter; for unless the bearer's bamboo was far from pliant, my story would savour of the marvellous. However thus it goes. This bearer, you must understand, gives a jerk with the fishing rod, his own (*pucka bamboo*, or otherwise fishing rod) not Bibbee Smellfungus's, and taking out the line finds he has had a bite, and the worm gone.”

*Merchant.*—“That's not wonderful.”

*Planter.*—“Well, the bearer, you must know, puts on another worm, and whisking the rod over his head with great violence, to replace his tackle in the most likely spot—you understand?”

*Colonel and Captain.*—“Yes, perfectly.”

*Planter.*—“Well” (bubble bubble bubble.)

*Omnes.*—“Bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble.”

*Planter,* with a look of extreme self-satisfaction—“The bearer's hook catches Bib-
bee Smellfungus by the petticoat tail, almost
drags it over her shoulders, and but for her
providentially losing her balance, and popping
her head foremost from her tonjohn into the
tank, a most terrible exposé must have neces-
sarily ensued—hem"—(bubble, bubble.)

Omnès.—“ Ha! ha! ha!—capital.”

Planter.—“ Ha! ha!—chillum.”

First Colonel.—“ Chillum.”

Merchant and Captain.—“ Chillum.”

Omnès.—“ Bubble, bubble, bubble.”

I am at a loss to guess whether my fire-side
friends at home, or those sun fired ones abroad
will exclaim loudest against all this as being
a foul libel. The one class from disbelief, that
a climate where a Jones, a Rennell, a Wilford,
and last not least, a Heber flourished, can pro-
duce such enervating mental effects; the other
from habit, and a very excuseable share of self-
esteeem, being rendered unconscious of a dis-
agreeable truth. — Sed magna est veritas et
prevalebit.

It would be I think a dangerous thing for
me to attempt just now saying much upon my
third division; I have ever been as careful in
writing, as of conversing with the sex; and will
candidly confess that a hurly burly six weeks, though it may be sufficient time to enable highly gifted modern females to write works on countries, or particular regions, does not seem to me a sufficient probation to capacitate me for deciding concerning our Indo-British damsels.

Fair exotic tribe! visit not my want of attention at your shrines with an unjust displeasure! Who can have a more exalted, though inexperienced opinion of your perfections than myself? Adieu! adieu! May the sun of Britain yet again shine on cheeks with beams less ruthless than those which now vainly strive to supplant the lilies, which have paled their former rosiness! May the bracing breezes of your native north, yet again recall the wonted bloom into those cheeks; and the blighted heart be again gladdened by smiles of friendship and of love, and of your father land!

Being informed that there was an establishment near the metropolis, purposely for furnishing shopkeepers, young officers, and other marrying people with partners, my curiosity was excited, and I took the opportunity of visiting so valuable and Spartan-like an institu-
It was a ball which I attended; and on entering the gate, I could not help thinking what a bitter pill this would prove to the calculating mothers.

"Hail, hail!" exclaimed I, addressing the lighted up building. "All hail, thou temple of the eastern Hymen! Diana's Ephesian shrine was but a bug-bear compared with thine, thou saffron vested deity! Here are thy votaries true! Here are thy champions meet to war against the odious bachelor."

I was entering into a strain of pleasurable imaginings concerning the lovely houris of paradise, when I found myself in a crowded room, with a number of dark brunettes.—"Humph," said I, forgetting the houris, "these I suppose must be the champions!" There belles were however in much request, and sedulously haunted by a knot of cadets, and kranees, superior to the rest in taste and gallantry.

"Is not that a lovely creature?" said a

* I question if this excellent institution was founded in Mr. Butler's time; and suspect by the comparative cleanliness of the paper on which this is written, that it was purely imaginative on the old Gentleman's part.—*Editor.

† Kranees, clerks.
person to me, who had the appearance of a cheesemonger, and whose face I had never before seen—"Is not she a very lovely creature?" pointing with his index finger to the chef-d'œuvre in the room.

"Very—very lovely," answered I, somewhat carelessly.

"But has she not a beautiful figure?" continued the talkative intruder.

"Beautiful," replied I, wishing to break away.

"Her features, too," resumed this cursed bore,—"are very regular—very regular features—and such grace!"

"What do you call that 'leathern bag,'" said I, (wishing to cut short this fellow's observations,) which the water-carriers use in this country?"

"O," replied the impertinent, somewhat superciliously, "you have just landed, I presume. Why a—we call the man an ooloo,* and the bag a gudda."†

"Thank you; and pray," resumed I, seizing

* Ooloo—an owl. † Gudda—an ass.

VOL. II.
his nose, and giving it such a twist as made it bleed, "how long have you been admitted into civilized society?"

"You shall hear presently," replied he in a towering fury, which was however checked by cowardice; and he quitted the room, with his handkerchief applied to his beak—but I never saw, or heard from him again.

I was forcibly introduced, by an officious bandy-legged master of the ceremonies, to a young lady; and common civility compelled me to work through a set of quadrilles. I confess myself foolish in implicitly believing great part of what has been written in favour of physiognomy; although, after all there is no reason why the face, (nature's own index of the mind,) should be an intentional forgery. But be this as it may, I judge of mankind, and more so of womankind, as much by their faces as conversation; and am generally on the alert to discover if a person's character tallies with the account storied on his features. In this instance, I remarked that there was a bright roguary in the eyes of all the champions; such as we may imagine Thisbe's to have exhibited,
when whispering her Pyramus through the chink in the wall.

There is however something captivating in the universal love glance of the place; and I wonder not so many soft ones are enthralled. Every pair of oglers, like the plates of a voltaic pile, are adding their galvanic efficacy to the grand product; and weak hearts must be shattered by so prodigious a battery. I could have sworn without a previous acquaintance with its charter, that this was a jesuitical convent, professing eternal hostility against singleness of life, and—— but I had better stop, before becoming liable to be taxed with libel; or giving any one a better chance than I have done, of calling me a fool.
CHAPTER III.

"By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder
The blows grew louder still and louder."

_Hudibras._

Although platonism cannot be with justice as yet, laid to my charge, I have nevertheless some apprehension lest from what little I have dropped concerning my fair countrywomen, I may be considered as a puritanical rogue, or else a hypocritical one; terms which I believe, mean one and the same thing.

As I abhor hypocrisy beyond every deadly sin, it behoves me to clear myself of that
charge. And, as if one should butter his bread before toasting it, he is likely to eat but little butter when it is brown; so is it but fair as I have hitherto bestowed a superfluous of that commodity on my own reputation, now to prove it before the fire. I do this, not as an act of expiation, or judgment; but in order to show that I have a weak side like all other people, however excellent—a fact which few of the present saints would relish being told of.

I had got well primed with ale, and claret, (a singular conjunction) but the two greatest blessings of the east; and returned from a party which was not many coss from Calcutta, with two others, in a lofty and capacious curricle. Of the trio, I might be considered as the Positive in degree of inebriety; and my meritorious companions the Comparative and Superlative. We bowled along at an astonishing pace, and (lucky as I invariably am in such cases of Jehu-ship) the Superlative, acted the important part of driver.

For upwards of half an hour, we miraculously escaped being capsized; but turning a difficult
corner not far from Tank Square, we some how or other got on the foot-path, and running foul of a post, or house, I know not which, we were all bundled in a trice into a wide sort of area.

Strange to say, none of us broke our necks; but a drunken man has I believe, more lives than a cat; give me drunkenness for my ægis: with that, I would lead a forlorn hope, or do with impunity a hundred other things which I would tremble to look in the face whilst tied to water gruel or soupe maigre. As it was, I got up pretty well sobered by the shock, as also did the Comparative; but the Superlative being quite done up, with shame be it told, we trudged off, leaving him there in his glory, and in the charge of the police; as eke the horses and chariot, which had both wheels broken.

Arm in arm away we trudged, from the wreck, after discovering that its owner was uninjured, and without either of us being able precisely to discriminate whether there was one or two moons above us. I however felt myself getting better by walking in the cool air; when my friend in seniority of degree, declaring he would not proceed an inch further, went up to a door
that was near, and commenced kicking furiously. A drowsy porter opened it just wide enough to shew his ebon face.

"Sabib sougia,"* said he.

"I know," replied the Comparative in wretched Hindustani, giving the door at the same time such a kick as made it fly open, after laying the porter on his back.

The road being thus clear, in he stalked, and I after him. He then blundered up a broad flight of stairs and I followed him; though God knows why, inasmuch as I had never before seen the house, nor could I again recognize the premises if they were shewn to me. However, when men are three sheets in the wind, their reasons are usually as recondite as rapidly executed; and accordingly without further rhyme or reason, I followed my leader.

Up stairs we went, when indistinct cacklings were heard below; and these were as quickly succeeded by cries of robbery and bobbery; lights too were moving towards the house, and I had no doubt that the porter taking us for thieves, had procured the assistance of the police. I had, accordingly sense enough to recommend a

"Master's gone to sleep."
retreat, perceiving that we had intruded into some respectable person's mansion; but this reasonable proposal met only with ridicule from my companion; he was sure he knew the owner, and he could have no objection to treat him with a manilla, and a glass of brandy-pawnee at so early an hour in the evening. Had he said morning, it had been quite correct.

Finding my expostulations were thrown away, and seeing a fair prospect of a birth for that night in the police office, I determined to leave him to his certain fate, and jumped out of a window into a small garden at the back of the premises. By great scrambling, I then managed to gain the top of a high wall by which it was surrounded; and there I sat, to see what might be the upstart of my friend's intrusion.

The house, it appeared, belonged to an Armenian merchant; the most miserable looking being perhaps that the sun had shone on for the last twenty years. Thinness and tenuity convey no adequate idea of his build; he was a miraculous proof by how precarious a thread, life is attached to the body; his legs in bend and proportion were, (if there be any
truth in analogy) counterparts of fiddlesticks when deprived of their horse hair, the ivory pieces of which well represented his *ossa inominata*; in short he was a walking and breathing demonstration of osteology and myology; from which these branches of science might have been as effectually learned as on the dead subject.

"Ah why! what do you want here in my house?" demanded the proprietor.

"Hickup, bah!" responded the Comparative, taking a look at the Armenian's shrivelled face, in order if possible to recognise it.

"Walk out, sot, walk out Sa'ar," continued the merchant, amongst some long unintelligible Indian curses: "Walk out, or you Mr. Policeman, take him up."

"You had better do no such thing," responded my companion, his eyes informing him that he was not in the habitation of any friend.

"What shall I be taken up for mistaking the house? D—n you and your policeman. I took the trouble of honouring you, for a glass of brandy pawnee and a cheroot; if you have a
fresh one; and I am surprised you are not more civil—hickup! hickup!"

Here I observed a half cast policeman, come forward, and remonstrate with the intruder; but the Comparative was either very thirsty, or very stubborn; for he declared, that he would not stir a peg for the whole bench of justices or judges in Calcutta.

The man of authority now began to use more forcible measures for removing him; when my friend being exasperated by their lugging him about, got up, shook his ears, and after bawling out to me for help, (which I prudently declined answering,) he exhibited desperate battle.

First of all knocking down the Armenian, (which made my blood run cold, thinking he must have gotten his final quietus;) he disabled the half cast guardian of the night, by giving him an awful kick on the abdomen; he then to make clean work, felled a chokedar,* and the porter who had previously felt the first fruits of his vigour at the gate way. He immediately after this feat, bolted up another flight of steps,

* A native watchman.
and staggered into a room the door of which was half open.

Unfortunately, this was the Armenian's wife's room; who being awakened by the shouts and groans, lay shuddering, with her head hidden beneath her pillow, expecting instant death from those robbers who she imagined were rummaging the house; and from whose clutches her only safety lay in being undiscovered.

Into this room, the Comparative rolled; and giving a lurch to larboard, he tripped against the fair one's pallet, and down he came upon her, tearing her mosquito curtains all to tatters.

The screams and supplications which she now sent forth for mercy, for life, were truly heartrending; and the prostrate husband imagining from all this, that his wife was in the act of being murdered or something worse, resumed his courage, and persuaded his whole household to make one desperate effort in order to rescue his unhappy partner. In an instant therefore, the half cast policeman, who vowed vengeance for the kick on his belly; the porter, who breathed no fewer threats for his double discomfiture; backed by a kid-mutgar and two
female servants, headed and led by the Armenian bole in person, all simultaneously rushed into the apartment. Such, however, was their great and general hurry to secure the delinquent, that the greater number tumbled over the bed; and had almost smothered both the spouse and the Comparative.

As ludicrous an affray now ensued as ever I beheld; for from the top of the wall, I was enabled to behold great part of all this in safety. The Armenian's rib, conceiving this second assault to be made by a reinforcement of the enemy (as it was very natural for her to suppose, from the way in which she was handled), doubted not but her last hour was come; and in the agonies of despair she kicked, scratched and bit the faces of those nearest; who again returned the compliment, by beating the heads of their friends with vigorous knocks, intended for that of my now nearly senseless friend.

It was precisely at this moment, that the light went out; and I heard the horrible uproar raging more furiously than ever. The whole party were evidently embroiled in civil-war; and I could no longer maintain my gravity, but
burst into a loud fit of laughter, which none were idle enough to hear.

I was now on the point of letting myself down from the wall, when I felt a large brick at the top which was loose; and the devil prompting me at the moment, I, before descending, cast it with all my force full drive against the venetians of the room in which the engagement was going on. This made such a dreadful smash, that terror and surprise seized the mob within; the tumult ceased—a dead silence ensued—and presently the whole bevy rushed down stairs, as if Satan, accompanied by his principalities and powers, had manifestly entered into a league against them.

This circumstance, it may be supposed, added doubly to my merriment. It was not prudent, however, to tarry longer; so dropping off the wall, I pursued my road briskly along a narrow dirty lane, though whither it led I knew about as much as where I was. I nevertheless proceeded forwards, in expectation of meeting sooner or later some light or passenger who might direct or pilot me out of my difficulties.
But in vain did I cast my hazy eyes around; sleep had established his universal reign; and nothing was to be seen, nothing heard, but the howling of jackals, the baying of pariahs, the distant shouts of choakedars, and the eternal chirping of grasshoppers.

Homer, I think, likens a conclave of venerable men debating in Ilium, to an assembly of cicadas from the sweetness of their discourse. It has often struck me from this and other similes, that the ancient’s ideas of eloquence (or rather delivery) must have been very different from ours; for of all horrible drones, not even excepting the bagpipes, that continual thrilling in the ears occasioned by these diminutive rasps, is to me the most nervously disagreeable.

But to resume my adventures. After a pretty long walk, I distinguished the scraping of fiddles, and thumping of tom toms not far ahead of me; and shortly afterwards espied several lights which proceeded from a large native house about a hundred yards off the lane. I now made very little scruple of getting over a
pretty high mud wall, or treading down portion of a petty shrubbery, and directed my steps towards the house.

As I guessed, it belonged to some native gentleman, who was indulging himself with a nautch in his harem. I, unnoticed, walked up stairs, without any hesitation and bestowing a kick upon the door, which I intended simply as a knock, it acted much more efficaciously; for the latch gave way,—wide open flew the door, and I beheld the Hindoo Sahib seated in the midst of his alarmed houris. A thunderbolt could not have electrified them more positively than did my appearance; scream succeeded scream; the master leaped up from the lounging position in which I found him, and the girls veiling themselves with as much dispatch as their wildness admitted, scampered out in different directions.

The fiddlers and tom tomwalas* now advanced in close column of company to oppose me, with many wrathful gesticulations of their bows; but the ladies having all vanished, an amicable conference took place. I thrice in

* Drum players.
execrable Hindustani endeavoured to explain to them how I had lost my way; told where I lodged, and apologised for tresspassing on his privacy; although, as I repeatedly declared, the breaking open of the door was an act purely unintentional. All this the black-visaged gentleman seemed to suck in with great credency, but I easily perceived from the gnawing of his nether lip, that his heart was inexpressibly incensed at my impertinent intrusion.

I had still tact enough left to see that I was in danger of a personal attack if I did not quickly take myself off; so I cut short the parley, by begging that he would be kind enough to permit his servant to see me home. This, he after a few minutes' hesitation assented to; and calling on his Chokeedar by the name of Bewaneedin, told him as I supposed from his jabber, to do so. He then whispered a few words in his ear, which I did not overhear, nor would most probably have understood, if I had; and Bewanee, assuming his badge of office—a *lathe,* and beckoning me to follow conducted me out of the garden.

* Heavy bamboo walking staff.
My guide, who was a muscular, active fellow, with a pair of terrific black whiskers, which were lost in an equally black and very bushy beard, slowly and without ever speaking, threaded a long labyrinth of huts and small enclosures, from which proceeded the most intolerable stenches, and emerging from this, he at length brought me into what had the appearance of a long irregular ditch. This, in such places as were widest, was crowded by pigs and black bemired buffaloes, sleeping promiscuously; and here my hitherto taciturn hurkaru first addressed me by the flattering titles of "Omrah" and "Excellency;" requesting me, as the path was dirty and narrow, to go first, and have the benefit of the blessed moonshine. I did so, and in this manner proceeded for about two hundred yards; till a small well with a puddle around it obtruded on the path, which was here exceedingly confined.

Just as I was opposite this well, selecting a clear footing; the accursed Bewanee, bestowed upon my occiput so severe a blow of his ponderous bamboo, as stupified, though it did not fell me. I immediately faced about, hardly
conscious of what I was doing, when the heartless miscreant darted at me, tripped up my heels, and down I went head foremost into the well.

The chilliness of this profound and unpleasing bath soon recalled my senses. It was very deep, and although narrow at the mouth, was much too capacious at the bottom to enable me to support myself by the sides, so imagining my course was all but run, I, in an agony of mind, howled horribly.

The villain Bewanee, in the meantime to silence me, let fall some half dozen brick-bats, which fortunately never hit me, otherwise had they effectually rendered me mum. I managed to hold on with my nails, by the interstices of the bricks; and thus keeping my head above water like a bull-frog, croaked awfully.

By a mere stroke of fortune my life was saved; for a beestee,* who lived in a cabin hard by, and drew his water from this well, being awakened by my cries, came forth, expecting to find some one murdered at his door.

* Water carrier.
Listening, and finding out what really was the matter, he fortunately for me, lowered instantly his rope; and after some trouble, I succeeded in fastening this around my waist, making all the time many promises of remuneration if he brought me safe out of danger.

This I doubt not had never been effected, but for my screams; which besides scaring away Bewaneedin aroused all the neighbourhood, which consisted of a dobee,* his wife, and a pariar cur. By the assistance of these tutelar angels, (the dobee, the beestee, and the dobee's wife) I was dragged out of the well half dead from fright, and the large quantities of muddy water which I had swallowed. Having stripped and dried my clothes in the hut of my chief preserver, I hastily re-dressed, and ordered the beestee to follow me. I was determined if possible, to retrace my steps to the perfidious Bengalee's house in order to avenge myself both on him and Bewanee; as I had not a doubt but my calamity was a preconcerted thing.

After much wandering about, I hit upon, and

* A washerwoman
spite of my semi-inebriety recognized the house; lights were still burning, and I approached as near as was compatible with prudence, in order that I might be quite certain I was not mistaken.

"Do you know that house, good beestee?" said I.

"Han Sahib."

"Are you sure you will be able again to shew it me?"

"Han Sahib," replied Teencouree. "I have for many years eaten my dinner every day near this place, and I pass this road just as regularly to it."

"Good," said I, "and now Teencouree, take me home by the nearest possible road;" and I mentioned where I lodged. This the honest hearted fellow readily performed, and I having given him fifty rupees, all I had in the house, told him I would engage him as my servant at high wages, and engaged him as such; the more especially as I particularly required his attendance on the morrow.

The beestee, who was a sharp lively little chap, was exceedingly pleased with this gene-
rosity; and joyfully entered my service. I then
took an especial dram, as was my custom, on or
after all emergencies; but not before repeatedly
ordering him not to say a syllable to my ser-
vants, or any other person, of his finding me in
the murderous well.

Next morning I went betimes, and visited
the Comparative and Superlative. The Super-
lative had as it happened, fared better than
either of us; he having awoke after a long
snooze, and found himself not in the area,
midst the wreck of his turn out, but on his
own splendidly gilt and painted charpoys,* in
the Writer's Buildings.

My other friend had fared much worse; for
besides being mauled, crushed and scratched,
partly by the Armenian lady, and more so by
her slender ochre-coloured husband and myrmi-
dons, he was eventually lodged in the police
office, where next morning a salutary fine and
lecture closed his account. I positively, and
perhaps for my shirking policy justly suffered
most; but my story nevertheless caused most
laughter.

* Native kind of bed.
I had not however, called for the purpose of affording them amusement at mine own expense; but on the contrary to obtain their co-operation in schemes of vengeance which I had previously planned. These being laid open, and my reasons explained, for adopting such measures, instead of prosecuting the parties for an act of atrocity, (which I had not a single witness to prove), my two companions entered heart and hand into the proposed joke. Whilst two others were after many injunctions of strict secrecy, entrusted with the plan, and a share in its execution; and we only waited for a favourable opportunity. This presented itself in a few days, just after every thing was prepared.

My confidential spy, (the beestee) acquainted me that there was to be a grand nautch in the same gentleman's zenana that very evening, and which was intended as a mark of affection for a brother, whom he had not seen for many years. This I told my staunch confederates, and the five of us being agreeably to our plan provided with native dresses, met together at my quarters, which were fixed on as the place of attiring.
At about half-past eleven at night, being Musselmanized; our feet without stockings, and browned, as also our hands, necks and faces, as dark as gun-barrels; our whiskers and mustachios touched up with cork, our heads properly turbaned, and our waists begirt with showy cumberbunds,* we sallied bravely forth, each one having taken the precaution of securing in his sleeve, a short but weighty bamboo.

Thus equipped, and conducted by the circumspect Teencourree, who was disguised, and acted the part of a link boy, we proceeded to the dusky Seignor's abode; and so well primed were we with London ale, that we had much ado in restraining our tongues from repeatedly discovering to passers by, that we were none of the circumcised.

Having wended through the numerous byways, and clusters of mud and cow-dung plastered tenements, by which the enemy's tower of strength was surrounded; we, by the judicious conduct of my most excellent beestee, at last

* Girdles.
came to that very garden wall which I had previously scaled.

The small unpretending looking mansion was far better lighted up than I had ever seen it; or my eyes perhaps were more susceptible of light: however the fiddles and tom toms were in the very glory of performance.

Teencouree now extinguished the torch, and being advised to await our return, we got over the mud enclosure and advanced to the attack without the slightest hesitation. I led the way, stealthily up the well known stairs; and the discordant voices, and grating accompaniments of the musicians (half drunk with bang*) prevented the enemy being apprised of our assault; till to their astonishment and horror, we burst into the apartment, as unlooked for as a new incarnation of the dreadful but whimsical Vishnu.

Every man had his part previously allotted him. One secured the lights; another (the Superlative) demolished the fiddles and jaws

* An intoxicating mastic, of which wild hemp is the chief ingredient.
of the performers, whilst my ever-staunche
co-operative crony, (the Comparative) plucked
every hair of the rascally master's beard from
off his chin; and then slit one of his ears, as
you would bleed a dog with a horse's fleam,
which quite unknown to me, he had brought
for that express purpose.

Whilst this was in operation, I made a pri-
soner of the infernal Bewaneedin, who had
ensconced himself behind the door; and having
first knocked half his upper teeth from out
their alveolar processes, ended his hash by
cudgelling him till he could not move. Nor
content with this, being terribly exasperated,
I turned to upon the master and his highly
entertained brother; and beat them so
unmercifully, that they exhaled a badger-like
aroma.

These, however were not the only indignities
they were doomed to undergo; for besides show-
ing not a shadow of respect to his houris, we for
want of something more vicious to do bestowed
upon all the chief characters a second service of
the same sweet sauce; and in which the Sieur
Bewanee, and close column of company of fiddlers were by no means forgotten.

We now, to wind up this recriminative fray with unquestionable éclat, destroyed every article of valuable furniture in the room; contaminated his splendid couches, and Persian carpets; shattered two mirrors; and finished by tying the whole party by the legs. For want of ropes or tackle, this was effected by stripping the dancing girls of their veils, scarfs, and other unnecessary articles of dress; and having thus secured the whole batch with many stubborn knots, we to ensure a safe retreat, locked all the doors; extinguished the lights; and departed with the keys, chuckling loudly at the success of our enterprise.

On passing the well which had so nearly been my tomb, I threw down the keys as a sort of peace offering; and never before felt so happy as when I did so. For many yards we heard the groans of the nautch party, and with inexpressible satisfaction, I thought I could distinguish amongst them the emphatic wailing of the mummied Bewanee, and his slit eared master.
Next day, liberal rewards were offered for a discovery of the offenders; but thanks to the weight of our purses, the prudence of my coadjutors, and the honesty of Teencouree, such a consummation never took place.
CHAPTER II.

"How from the finny subjects of the sea,
These fishes tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect."

Long before this mad cap scrape took place, I had been heartily sick of Calcutta; and when an order was issued for the departure of the cadets from Fort William to different up-country stations, I was the reverse from sorry. I had, however, another most powerful reason, (putting dissipation and amusement out of the question) and this was, that Mr. and Mrs. Curry were not in Calcutta, nor yet in India; for having provided myself with the newest direc-
tory, I in vain searched for that most oriental name in the pages allotted to each of the Presidencies.

"Ah well!" exclaimed I to myself; "it must have been Columbus's Indies—the Western Indies;" and a horrible spasm seized upon my liver or gizzard, and (for I am no anatomist) at the thought that one great motive for my accepting of my uncle's cadetship was fairly knocked on the head. "Yes," cried I with a spirit soddening sensation which my pen can never drop a sufficiency of χολη μελαίνα to convey; "it was the western church-yard, not the eastern she alluded to;—we are parted into different parterres of corruption, but to meet—I hope—I believe in a sinless immortality. Yes; though so widely parted," thought I, "how soon may we meet! Death, honest defamed death, is the sole conjoiner of congenial souls; if he does conjoin them. Would to God!" cried I as the useless tears trickled down my cheeks, "would to God, that our wavering spirits, were blessed with the prescient confidence of a reunion of love or friendship in futurity. I am a Christian; to the extent of my mite, charit-
able; to the uttermost stretch of my conscience, honest, and tolerant; and yet, O, unsearchable Providence! how often am I doubtful, miserably doubtful of ever again beholding those inestimable hearts which were to me earth's only loveliness and joy; till shuddering at my gloomy infidelity, I vainly strive to forget, that those I loved, have lived."

But to resume; an order was issued, as I have said, for our departure from Fort William to different up country stations.

We were a pretty large party, being upwards of six-and-twenty; and placed under the command of a captain, proceeding to join his corps. I had promised myself much pleasure from this excursion, and do not remember having ever been more disappointed.

For two or three days, the numerous little white pagodas and ghauts, which had a pretty appearance on the verdant and well-wooded banks of the river, were productive of some interest; but after passing Moorshedabad, it was one wide dreary swamp or level, as far as the eye could reach. I never made a more uninteresting journey. In Europe one cannot go
ten miles, (save perhaps in Germany) without meeting some amusing incident; but here was I a month without meeting one. Never was schoolboy when commencing the exordium of his theme more at a loss than I now am; never did he scratch more despairingly his head.

"I scratch my scalp and think that wit will come, Scratch as I like, there's nobody at home."

What shall I relate, or how slur over this most abominable journey? Were I an antiquary, I might murder a little of my reader's impatience, by drawing up some subtle hypothesis concerning Gower, the former capital of Bengal; and perhaps an antediluvian metropolis. If Orientalist enough, I might argue learnedly on the ancient Palibothra: whether it were situated near Patna, Rajhmal, or as Strabo seems to mean, at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges: and the venerable Kinouge, amidst the ruins of which I have wandered for hours, might be the ground work of a lengthy chapter. Or on the other hand, were I a Claudius Buchanan, I might amuse the Statist by enumerating crops, their kind and qualities,
and the population of each village; but alas! I at this time, scarcely knew how many annas there were in a rupee; could barely call for anything more than *connor,* brandy shraub, or cheroot; and was as green in antiques (not the verd antique) as in years.

The craft in which I performed this monotonous fresh water voyage, was termed a budgerow. It may be described, as the clumsy simile of an ancient galley, with only the half of one bank of oars; and had Jacob Bryant been in India, he might, perchance, have proved them to have been originally borrowed from those of Alexander which navigated the Hydaspes. But all such matters being out of my way, I must content myself with recounting the few incidents which did occur during our uneventful voyage.

One of our number, who had only been about a fortnight in India, getting tired of fowls roasted and boiled every day, sent on shore for some pork. This was brought all alive O! and being cut up, and proving fine and fat; he, to shew his respect for the captain com-

* Connor dinner.
manding, sent him a chine and spare rib accompanied by a polite note requesting his acceptance. The meat, however, was quickly returned, with many thanks for the kind offer; but the chit which conveyed these, concluded by informing him, that few Europeans indulged in such delicacies without being convinced of the illiberality of the animal's education. This not being then comprehended by the cadet, threw him into high dudgeon.

Shortly afterwards, one of the boatmen or dandies as they are termed, caught a large turtle; this, the same cadet instantly secured for a rupee; and having given extensive orders to his head butler, baker, and cook, he ordered a banquet to be prepared next day, to which of course a large party sat down, and amongst them the above mentioned captain. He had kept as a great secret the treat to be given us, and when dinner was on table and every one seated, he then with an air of much importance vociferated—

"Consummer! bring the turtle soup!"

"Bring what?" demanded the Captain, in some consternation.
"You shall see, presently," replied the cadet, with a knowing wink; and immediately two large tureens entered, filled with the savoury callipash and callipee.

"Shall I help you to some turtle soup, Captain?" asked the cadet, with a look of importance—"real turtle! none of your mock; saw the turtle caught myself yesterday afternoon."

"God forgive me!" ejaculated the Captain, bolting up from his chair, and turning pale; "What in the Lord's name will you hit upon next?"

After the general surprise occasioned by this was diminished, an éclaircissemont took place; and the turtle soup, to the no small mortification of a proportion of the party, was forthwith removed.

It was with especial pleasure, that I found myself within sight of the Dinapore flag staff, shortly after passing the large straggling city of

* From the numberless dead bodies, floating and fester in the Ganges, on its banks and on its sands, the turtles are amply provided with a food of which they are particularly fond.
Patna, which extends at least five miles along the right bank of the Ganges. Here, I joined the regiment I had been appointed to do duty with; but not being in a good state of health, I was obliged for some months to go upon the sick list. In the mean time, being posted to a corps at Dinapore, I was fortunately saved the trouble of another trip.

I now went through all that every one has done before me; being drilled by a sergeant in the manual and platoon; marched up and down, and exercised with a squad of black, bare legged recruits, till I was reported capable of taking regimental duty. After this, I went on for about a year and a half in the same routine of military and private life which is led by other subalterns.

The life of a dissipated young officer in India, is of all others the most disgracefully idle and ill-spent. I did nothing this whole year and a half, but eat, drink, smoke, join in all madcap pranks, and gambles. A book was rarely opened by me; and if I did unclasp a volume, it was quickly shut, because it struck me with remorse at the wretched manner in which my time was
wasted. Debt was necessarily contracted, and when fairly involved, it became, as regards the national one, folly ever to think of paying it off. The iniquitous baboons, moreover, lent me sums of money at an interest which out-Herods all the calumniated Jews, and my monthly allowances were in consequence generally anticipated by their banco. I shall never forget the first time I sat down and joined a party who were playing at hazard. They were staking considerable sums, and my maiden play being as is usually the case but piddling compared with theirs, I had thus abundant opportunity to remark the characters before me without being much distracted by the versatility of fortune. One venerable grey beard, I noticed, who sat silently and complacently puffing his manilla; he had been an immense winner, and his callous indifference to the plaints of those he had caused to suffer was truly stoical.

Another personage, also rather advanced in life, and who sat opposite him, was a chatterer, and damned his bad luck eternally; whilst one young chap who had won, was pretending to
condole with the chatterer, although from the
roguish leer of his eye, he evidently did not
care a penny about him or his misfortunes.

Besides these, there was another gentleman-
like but foppish youth on the wrong side of the
books, and his assumed air of indifference as to
the run of the game was exceedingly well sup-
ported. He was one of those who are witty in
their observations on bad luck—one who
"chides the dice in honourable terms."

"Now ’ant I very unlucky," cried the chatter-
er, "seven is the main—six to seven—six
to seven. Seven!—there—now ’ant I very un-
fortunate?"

"Exceedingly so," said the grey beard, "but
pass over the money."

This the hoary shark pulled across the table,
and added to his well piled heap with inward
satisfaction; whilst the sufferer went on with his
ode on the passions, to which no one paid the
slightest attention.

"Ha! what again John Thomas!" ex-
claimed the foppish one with a questionable
grin—"Three times thrown out, by God!
Iterum, iterum, iterumque! well, I do declare
that the old spinster Fortune is the most crabbed lady I am acquainted with."

"Not a bad remark," quoth the grey beard; "but pass over the siccas."

It is a trite subject of discussion, whether gambling be a vice. If a man, sayeth one, risk his money on the cast of a die against that of another, is he more blameable than the merchant who freights some argosy for the sake of doubling his capital. Many paradoxes may be placed so syllogistically as to render it difficult to controvert them; but where is the boasted utility of a system of logic, if instead of acting as the patient pioneer of truth, she endeavours, like the scuttle fish, to render turbid the waters of philosophy? I believe, that common sense when calmly applied, is the truest test of the utility or morality of measures; and she must condemn gambling, if arraigned at her tribunal. Jeremy Bentham justly observed, that when two persons game, both are losers. But in drawing a comparison with the merchant, I will admit that the spirit of commerce may have its foundation, like gaming, on an avaricious principle; yet in business, that principle is
more usually checked by prudence; and at all events it is palliated, by the beneficial effect which mankind derive from its operation. A mercantile nation, has ever been anything but a poor one; a community addicted to gaming will universally be found to be so.

It may be urged, is not the stock jobber, the man in trade, who speculates beyond his means, -are not these as bad as the gambler? Yes, because they are gamblers. But what has this to do with the matter? It is not the risking of a man's means which is censurable, because what is every action of life but a risk? Every Briton who exports himself to so insalubrious a climate as India, must at this rate be regarded as a desperate gambler, inasmuch as he stakes existence against the obtaining of his bread.

This is of course, the argumentum ad absurdum; risk does not constitute the culpability, it is the vices depending upon the practice.

The rattle-snake's flesh is nourishing and pleasant food; it is the fangs appertaining to that flesh which are replete with death. It is the idleness, profligacy, ruin of the best feelings
of humanity, and its inutility to the rest of mankind, which constitute the bane of this demoralising pursuit.

A gambler is always selfish, and generally a man of small moral or refined sentiment; he can seldom regard the miserable with an eye of compassion, or turn a listening ear to the tale of sorrow, and distress; his heart is hardened and unhallowed. Gaming, is the first temptation which besets a young man; and if not sturdily opposed, entwines itself in our nature, and becomes the directing passion of the mind.

I never yet saw an habitual gambler, who was ever in the long run a great winner; and I never saw one otherwise than thoroughly miserable, alike degraded in intellect and feeling.

Before I gave myself up in some measure to the lures of gaming, I had felt desirous of perfecting myself in eastern lore; and soon after my arrival at dull Dinapore, engaged an Hindoo teacher, or Moonshee, who attended upon me a couple of hours daily. Harree Chunder, for so he was y'clept, was really an original character; and I fancy that I now see his round oily person—
in an arm-chair, with his venerable features rendered more imposing by a pair of those round glasses which depend wholly on the edge of the nose for adherence; and are now but rarely seen.

Harree had an air of gravity and contemplation, in which however, an assumption of much more wisdom than he possessed, might easily be detected. His gait was slow, stately, dignified, pompous; and even on occasions domineering to equals and inferiors. He at the same time appeared independent before his superiors; but this was always chastened by a speedy obsequiousness, on his suspecting that he had in the slightest degree pushed his hauteur towards the verge of impertinence.

What amused me most in Harree Chunder was, an idea which he entertained, that all young men newly arrived in India knew absolutely little or nothing; nor could I ever convince him, that, although ignorant of the customs and languages of India, I was acquainted with several things of which he had not the most distant conception. On my expressing this sentiment, the old man would only stroke his grey
beard; saddle his nose with his spectacles; regard me for an instant with a look of compassion; and then smile faintly, as if inwardly satisfied of the folly and arrogance of my pretensions.

Harree by tutoring many young aspirants for military honours, had picked up a considerable stock of bad and broken English; an accomplishment, which rendered him the envy of all the baboos in the bazaar; and impressed every officer's servants in the station with proportionate wonder and respect.

By some means or other, he had also possessed himself of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; and had taken it into his head, that all the words arranged under one head, bore the same primary signification, and were in fact synonymous. This led him into many absurd errors, of which I never could convince him, he having so long used them with impunity. For instance, Harree never said, perhaps, but always peradventure—to march, he called to move in military form—to halt, to limp—to fire, to kindle—and a finger, he styled the flexible member of the hand, by which men catch and
hold. Despite of all this, the Moonshee was not a little vain in exhibiting his conversational powers; and I frequently involved him in disputes for the sake of hearing the strange way in which he expressed himself.

One morning I had purchased some silk pocket handkerchiefs, and shewing them to Harree, asked if they were good?

"Wa, wa!"* cried he, "Sahib say, he every matter know, kalee loge† not 'perceive with certainty whether intuitive or discursive,' and good silk texture not know—wa, wa!"

This the old gentleman considered as a decisive argument of my being an ass; and smiling at having given birth to such a clencher, he adjusted his glasses, and glared upon me with the grim exultation of a complete victory.

Another time he could not, or would not, comprehend the economy of a steam engine, of which he had heard much; and having requested me to give him some account of it, I did so to the best of my power. I explained

* An expression of surprise.  † Coloured people.
to him how the discovery might be said to have originated with the Marquis of Worcester, and was applied by him to his "water-commanding engine;" how Savary improved, and Watt had ultimately perfected the principle; and although no mechanic, I endeavoured to give him an idea of its application to several purposes, describing generally the machinery with its mutual dependencies. But in spite of all my pains and elucidation, Harree's own opinion, namely, that the whole machine was propelled by magical means, was too fixed to be shaken.

"Yes, yes, Sahib!" he would say, shaking his head, "I comprehend all dat—but what in the buckas, (meaning the cylinder) what in the buckas?"

"Why—steam of course," replied I.

"Yes, yes," he would rejoin. "Steam! you no make public what in dat buckas; but I understand very well there be one great vigorous devil in the buckas." And here of course, all further discussion ended.

Discoursing one day upon religion, the
Moonshee put to me the following question. "Why do you send padries here to make the poor Hindoos, Christians?"

"Because," answered I, "our blessed religion is the only true one;—your's but a despicable idolatry; it is to conduct you into the paths of truth, that we take so much trouble, and put ourselves to so much expence."

"Ah, said the Moonshee, in words bearing this import, though not so grammatically put together, "it is the worst cause which requireth most pleading. Truth Sahib, is not to be disseminated by the vociferations of persons to whom the doing so is a profession, and for which they are hired. We neither make, admit, or desire proselytes. Truth must knock at the door of the understanding, before she can enter the zenana of the heart; and when she appears, she uses no coaxing means to make herself heard; but like the sun diffuses universally her rays."

"Yes, Harree, but supposing some men are blind?"

"Then," replied the Moonshee, "to enable them to see, they will require an oculist."
"Exactly," cried I, interrupting him, "and we are the true oculists."

"You!" said he,—"you! Salaam Signor oculist." —

I could not refrain from laughing at the grotesqueness of his salutation.

"But why," rejoined the old infidel, his dark eyes shining like touchwood, and indulging at the same time in a violent eructation, which unfortunately is regarded in India as complimentary, especially after dinner. "Why not put faith in our theology? is it not much older, and certainly more sensible?"

"Your religious system," replied I, "may be of remoter antiquity; but it is inconsistent with common sense to suppose, there can be more than one God." —

"And is such your opinion of our sublime and philosophical divinity?" demanded he, "do you believe that we in reality worship every ill-shapen block and hideous idol, which you see amongst us?"

"Indeed," rejoined I, "it is the general opinion, that the Hindoo virtually worships the idol which he raises."
"Then," answered the Moonshee, "your oculists ought to know more about the scales of our eyes, before they come here to remove them."

"Why 'tis impossible to convert you whilst your crafty Brahmins throw every obstacle in the way; taking care, as they do, to cloak every thing with unnecessary mysticism, and to evade instead of courting controversy. Which one of them will venture to give us a correct copy of your far-famed four Vedas?"

"They were never intended Sahib for your use; we are contented with our own path to Heaven, believing it, as we do, to be like some gorgeous palace with many doors, into which every one may enter his own way. But why, therefore, endeavour to turn us from the path which has been so well trodden by our ancestors for thousands of years; more especially, when your teachers are confessedly ignorant of the true nature of our doctrines? Religion ought only to be a matter of self importance; one simply between man and his Maker; and little do those amiable enthusiasts know of our theology, who judge of it by the worship of the ignorant and vulgar. What they chuse to call our idols
are in the wise man's eyes, but so many types of the various attributes of an Almighty Being, whereby our minds are led to contemplate his perfections. But," continued he, "I am informed by Brahmins as well as European Pundits, that besides believing biscuits to be flesh and blood, your faith upholdeth 'three Gods; and that you brand those (alluding to the Unitarians) who profess belief in one—as heretics, and damnable ones.'"

Here I stopped him somewhat sternly, and endeavoured to explain the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity; admitting, as I did so, that it was an unsearchable mystery, as is all revealed religion. The old heathen was, however, too impatient to let me proceed.

"What!" exclaimed he, his eyes glittering behind their glassy orbits with delight at having got me as he thought under his thumb, "what, do ye, who pride yourselves as being the discoverers of knowledge, the cherishers of science, the oculists of the blind—do ye profess to believe what none of your choicest spirits can explain or understand? Is it not as easy to comprehend, and as easy to teach, that night is
day and day night;—Bramah the Gunga, or Gunga, Bramah—as that three are one, and one three—and that they are both proportionably equal and unequal!"

Here Harree burst into a short sardonic laugh, which almost rendered me ill-natured; and had I not felt the impropriety of shewing any in-temperance, when conversing on such serious and important subjects, I would have taken him roundly to task for daring to handle with such levity the divine mysteries of my faith. As it was, I merely asked him, whether he did not believe in every thing he saw?

"Yes:" said he, settling his glasses.

"And yet," continued I, "what is there around us that is not equally mysterious and incomprehensible? The mind, which so to speak is always within us, and almost always operating, do you know what or where it is? Or that venerable beard, to which you devote so much attention, dost thou know how or wherefore it graceth thy chin?" I then quoted the following text from St. Paul, in a manner which showed that I wished to end the argument: "'And if a man think that he knoweth any
thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.’”

“Wa! wa!” ejaculated the Moonshee, and taking off his spectacles he indulged in another disagreeable eructation.

* * * *

My progress in Orientalism was far from extensive; and the main cause of this, next to my own stupidity, was a deadly rupture which took place betwixt me and the Moonshee, not very long after holding the foregoing dialogue. Whence this originated, I shall as succinctly as possible detail. It must be known therefore, that I am fond of most kinds of birds, and, with one dreadful exception, of all animals; including even the monkey, of which mischievous species I possessed two specimens, whose pranks and quarrels afforded me an endless fund of amusement. Besides these, I had a tota or paroquet, who jabbered some indifferent Bengalee; and a poor nightingale, whose song seemed to bewail the barbarous imprisonment to which he had been condemned.

Harree, who was aware of all this, asked me
if I had any predilection for animals; and on my answering in the affirmative, volunteered to present me with a handsome *Billy*. What a Billy might be, I had not the most remote idea; and as Harree was often at a loss for an English word, (more especially one of common parlance,) he on the present occasion, was at fault; and took no further trouble in enlightening me than to say it was as white as a *bugla,* and exceedingly gureeb, which means quiet or amiable.

From his likening his intended present to a bugla, I naturally concluded it was a bird; and ordered one of my servants to repair to the bazaar, and bring several bamboo cages in order that I might select one.

Next day, Harree as usual made his appearance about eleven o’clock, and as he entered and took his customary seat in my apartment, there was something more consequential in his look and demeanour than I had ever before seen.

* Called by Europeans, a paddy bird, it is quite white, very numerous in Bengal, and I believe, a species of heron.*
“Mohun,” cried he, addressing my *sirdar bearer:* "bring in the Billy."

This mandate was immediately obeyed; and Mohun soon returned, bearing a pretty large bag of red cotton cloth, which he placed on the table, exactly betwixt myself and the delighted Moonshee. With some disappointment, I now proceeded to undo the cord with which the bag was fastened, doubting not from its size, weight, and the manner in which it was secured that it contained a fighting cock. My horror, however, must be left to the reader's imagination, when I tell him, that there then crawled out with a frightened, yet demure look, an immense Persian cat, as white as the driven snow, with a tail as feathered, and almost as long as an ordinary spaniel. The glare which I cast upon this demon, checked its exit from the bag; but only to ensure its making a more terribly expeditious one. For seizing instantly the abomination, the wretch, the incarnate curse by its tail, I with all my might threw it, or rather struck, the Moonshee (who sat complacently

* Chief valet.
awaiting some expression of my delight) such a tremendous bang across the face, that his glasses flew into shivers, his turban rolled to the other end of the room, and he himself lay extended on the floor as much stunned by the blow as stupified with terror and amazement. What became of the horrible present, I never ventured to inquire; but Harree Chunder never again came to tender his instructions, believing me possessed by a devil, or as he more mildly expressed it, that I was a *paglia admee*—a madman.
CHAPTER V.

"Let us go,
Come; our separation so abides and flies
That thou residing here, goest with me
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away."

Antony and Cleopatra.

Were I to go on as I have done, enumerating all my follies and vagaries, I believe I should sooner get sick of the task than my most scape grace readers. On the other hand, were I to recount all my splendid military achievements, my marchings and countersermarchings, I might rival Major Sturgeon in their estimation, but that would not place me quite so high in their opinions as my mad ambition towers to. I shall therefore condense
my Eastern wanderings as I have heard of those of Ulysses, and the Iliad to boot, being comprised in a nut shell.

From the dull station of Dinapore, our corps was removed several hundred miles further up the country to Cawnpore. This is a long and straggling cantonment, and before I had spent a month in the place, a letter found me, which perhaps imparted more pleasure than any one I ever received. It was dated Calcutta, and from my beloved friend, Alfred Wyndham, acquainting me of his having obtained a cornetcy in a dragoon regiment stationed at Cawnpore, and learning I was there, he would be induced to hasten his departure from the Presidency.

Tedious indeed seemed the hours to flag in their course till he arrived, and many a weary hour did I pass on the sweltering banks of the Ganges which flowed past my Bungalow, anxiously looking for his appearance. But at last the joyous day arrived, and through my little field telescope I observed a fleet of those clumsy vessels, I have already described as budgerows, stemming the tide by the assistance
of their half filled sails and the well timed energies of about eight rowers to each craft. It proved to be a batch of cadets, which Alfred for the sake of sociality had joined; and the foremost person I could discern, was Wyndham.

A meeting such as ours may be imagined by those who have been placed in similar circumstances, or even in such as slightly resemble them, and by those only. We were like bottles, which though uncorked, are too full to empty themselves; and though we had twenty thousand things to talk of, yet for a good quarter of an hour the unlooked for pleasure of our meeting seemed alike to rob us of breath and fancy; and we did little more than discourse in the same common place style, and on the same common place topics (saving the weather,) as if we had been two coffee-house acquaintance in the city, or civil book makers at Doncaster or Epsom. It appeared, as if the whirligig world, with all that it inherits, was utterly worthless and forgotten, saving as far as our own matters were concerned. Our hearts were as two heavenly fires licking up a holocaust sacrificed to pure friendship—
our spirits shivered (if I may be pardoned the expression) within us, from that mys-
terious nervousness (I was about to have said timidity) which accompanies every demon-
stration of the most fervent friendship or love; and more especially after separation.

When we were fairly alone, and more espe-
cially were a second time left so in the evening over our cigars and tunda loll shraub, we had fairly established ourselves on our old familiarity; and although our conversational themes were endless, yet had Alfred but little news. He had left England, only a few months after myself; and my uncle, old Jasper—and all at the Grange were, when he left, quite well. The Rev. Thomas Tomkins and his still unmarried sister, too, were well; but there had in that time been two melancholy casualties. The one was in the pursy doctor we had buffetted so unmercifully for consigning me to a straight jacket, and the next was Miss Rebecca Witherspoon's un-
lucky pet Ariadne, who, it seems, had never

* Claret cooled with saltpetre and water.
gotten the better of my murderous attack upon her carcass in the drawing-room.

When I enquired after the lovely Miss London, Alfred blushed much redder than I thought it possible for one to do in such a tallow glazing climate, and looking exceeding confused. He at last told me that Agnes was to leave England a month or two after him for Bombay, under charge of an uncle who was to consign her into the hands of her father, who held a lucrative appointment in that place. He moreover confessed, that it was his intention to apply for leave of absence as soon as he could venture with any face to do so: and which leave of absence I had scarcely need to ask was for the purpose of asking her father's consent to their union.

Before Alfred had done sufficient duty with his troop, to render it seemly in his commanding officer to forward his application for leave to the general commanding the division, I had fallen into a disease well known to pathologists as nostalgia. It is one to which the Swiss are very liable, as that fatal song proved which commences—
"Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour,
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos coteaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement de nos campagnes ?

I had been verging to this most heart-sickening of diseases almost ever since my arrival in the country; but Alfred's arrival brought on the crisis, and I became incurable. England or the grave was my alternative, and much against Alfred's advice I sent in my resignation.

"No, Alfred," said I, "I will leave this panorama of purgatory, were I to beg for crusts in Cornwall; or roast potatoes amongst the two and four legged swine of Cork. I am resolved to stand no longer this Bengal boiling and basting."

"Well, Butler," answered Alfred, "I must from feeling, if not prudence, oppose your intention; for when, my dear fellow, shall I again see you? and it will indeed cost me a struggle to part with you."
"You shall see me to Bombay," said I, "for I will accompany you there on your bridal journey; and as it matters little to me from what part of this horrible peninsula I sail, I must say it were as well to see as much as possible of hell when one is once within its precincts."

This determination, however strongly opposed by my friend, was softened by such a proposal; and my resignation was accepted at the same time Alfred's leave of absence was granted.

Although the speediest, cheapest, and safest way of reaching Bombay was by sea, yet as I wished to see something of the upper provinces I proposed marching across the peninsula, to which Alfred at once agreed. Accordingly, no time was lost; and in order to avail ourselves as much as possible of the temperate weather, which commences about October, our preparations were hurried on with extraordinary diligence.

The particulars of so long and arduous a journey do not come under the contemplated object of these Memoirs; and, indeed, were I to recount every thing strange and wonderful we encountered in this then perilous pilgrimage,
my book would altogether become one of Oriental travel. I must therefore refrain from entering fully on the subject; the more so as other travellers have taken nearly the same route as we did, whilst in Sir John Malcolm's interesting work on central India much more valuable information than I can dole out will be found fully and agreeably detailed.*

Like all others who have trod and described the same path, we admired the cities of Allahabad and Agra; the former famous for its sanctity—the latter for its gorgeous Taj Mahal and Fort. We then struck towards the westward, and the further we advanced, after passing the famous pass of Baiana, the more arid and desolate became the country.

About Allumpore, a large town which we were not permitted to enter, there is, however, some interesting scenery; and from thence to Indraghur the country becomes wild and hilly. After this we crossed the Chumbul, a large, rapid river, and remarkably well stocked with alligators.

Four days more, brought us to the picturesque

* Mr. Butler's route was nearly the same as the late lamented Bishop Heber's.
pass of Muckundra, which was equally well stocked with very civil and familiar monkeys. We next crossed the rocky bed of the Ahoo, and four days afterwards reached the pretty lake of Aggur. The neighbouring town is notorious for thieves, and it took all our vigilance to save our effects from being pillaged.

Three days more brought us to the ancient city of Ougien; and a couple more to Indore, the capital of Holkar the Maharaja, through whose territories we had passed without violence or molestation, although he was far from being on a friendly footing with the India Company.

At Mhow, a station now held by the Bombay troops,* and only fourteen miles from Indore, we were forced to stop for a change of cattle. Some of our bullocks were fairly knocked up, and the drivers of our hackeries unwilling to proceed further; but when these usual impediments to an Indian journey were removed, we again pushed forwards.

With the exception of Bopaul and some other

* Lately given up to the Bengal Presidency.
towns, our road now lay through one dense and continued jungle, from noxious miasma, which in summer are as impassable as the Maremma or Pontine marshes. It was with vast satisfaction that, after a long uninteresting march of twenty-three days we arrived at the desolate village of Tankiria Bunder, which lies along the low slimy beach of the Gulph of Cambay. Here we obtained a large open boat, and after being driven by a hurricane across the gulph to Gogo, we reached Bombay, after a voyage of six disagreeable days. Such is the rude sketch of a journey which I could with ease take up thrice three volumes with describing.

The Bay of Bombay, as is well known, is one of the most beautiful in the world, and we were much struck with its noble appearance, and not less so with the remarkable habits and manners of the Parsees who are the descendants of the ancient magi.

These are followers of Zoroaster, worship the sun and fire, pay great respect to dogs, of which many thousands infest the neighbourhood, and often feed them with loaves of bread; but of all their customs, their disposal of the
dead is perhaps the most singular and revolting to our feelings.

The Parsees are a fine, manly, intelligent race, approximating much nearer to the Europeans in their ideas and want of prejudices, than almost any Asiatic tribe; I shall therefore be excused inserting an account of them, from a somewhat scarce book of travels, which I believe may have fallen into the hands of few of my readers.

"After Omar, the second caliph after Mahomet, had subjected Persia, a number of Parsees emigrated in five juncks from Tasquez, for Surat, where after some treaty with the Rajah and influential persons in that place, they were permitted to take up their abode, and exercise freely their religion. This religion is deduced from the reign of Gustaph, king of Persia, Anno Mundi, 3500, years before our Saviour's incarnation, as is declared in their Zundavastaw (or law-book) as follows:

"Such time as Gustaph, the fourteenth monarch of Persia, from Kuyomarraz, swayed the sceptre, it chanced that Espintaman and Dodo,
a poor Chinese couple lived together in good report, but without fortune's blessings either in children or estate. However, at Dodoo's request, a son was given her, who in his conception promised (by some rare and fearful dreams which the mother hatched) great prodigies; not only to the amazement of his parents, but the confusion of his Celestial Majesty.

"So terrified was the Chinese king at the strange rumours which reached his ears concerning this child, that he sought every means of killing or poisoning him. But to show how a superior power sways us, and fails not to accomplish its designs, however much resisted by mankind, nothing could harm him; and eventually they succeeded in seeking a more secure abode in a remote region, where they might freely and safety meditate.

"This family travelled far, saw many rare things, past over many great rivers on foot, for Zertoost (or Zoroaster, so was the young prophet called) turned these impassable floods into solid ice, and afterwards thawed them at his pleasure. Performing many such necessary feats as these, the party stopped not until they
reached Persia, where they intended settling; and meanwhile Zoroaster (as all good men use to do) spent most part of his time in meditation. One time more especially, observing the disorders of mankind, sorrow overcame him, and he became totally possessed with a desire of reforming them. The place he was in, was not sufficiently solitary for revelation, and consequently away he went, not resting until he came into a dark valley, surrounded and obscured by two lofty mountains.

"Here with dejected eyes, elevated hands, and knees bended, he gives utterance to his musings; when lo! a glorious angel, whose face was more coruscant than the sun, salutes him thus,

"'Hail Zertoost, thou man of God! what wouldst thou?'

"He immediately answers—'The presence of God—to receive his will—to instruct my nation.'

"His prayer was granted, his body purged—his eyes sealed—till being past the element of fire and brighter orbs, he is presented before the Supreme Majesty, arrayed in such refulgent glory, that (till he had angel's eyes put into his
head) he could not gaze on such dazzling excellence. There he received his laws, (no place but heaven will serve to fetch philosophy as *Laertius* writes of *Socrates*) uttered by the Almighty, whose words were encompassed by flames of fire; such laws, such secrets as some of them may not be promulgated.

"Being upon his departure, he desires of God that he might live so long as the world endured, that he might thereby the easier make all the people on the earth embrace his doctrine. God pities his simplicity, and in a mirror shews him the alteration of times—the villany of Lucifer—the misery of man—and many other things such as quite altered his first intention. So much so, that having worshipped, he takes his *zundavastaw* in his left hand, and some celestial fire in his right, and by Brahaman Umshauspan (the above-mentioned angel) who cleft the air with his golden wings, he is set down in that very valley, where the spirit found him.

"Zertoost (by this time a man of great experience) arms himself against all disasters and temptations, and bidding his hermitage farewell,
travels homewards to publish his law, and rejoice his too long afflicted parents. But Satan, (who all this while looked asquint at Zertoot's determinations) intends to seduce him; and after a short excuse for his rude intrusion, protests himself to be his unfeigned friend; assuring him, that the angel had deluded him; that God disliked his schemes; that if he had loved him, he had not so soon nor so willingly parted with him; and that his denying him to live till the day of doom, argued God's neglect of him.

"He moreover assured him, that his toilsome travel to reclaim the world was in vain, since men's minds doated extremely on freedom and vanity; that his book was stuffed with lies, and in publishing it, great shame and peril should necessarily betide him; that his fire too was a cruel and merciless element, very ridiculous, and of small use in these hot regions. In conclusion, he promised that if he would reject these, and rely on him, he would furnish him with all possible honours and delights; and give him such extraordinary power whereby he should be worshipped for a God,
which, if he refused to do, he was a fool and unworthy of his charity.

"Zertoost soon perceived that the tempter was no better nor worse than Lucifer, and he bade him aroint, and call to mind how by his ambitious impiety he had lost heaven; and how mere malice made him desirous to draw all others into like damnation. He also as an addition to his terror, told him, how that book he so scoffed at should condemn him, and that fire torture him, and all such black-mouthed liars, and detractors as himself; whereby the fiend was horribly affrighted and left him.

"No sooner was the devil gone, than Zertoost took to his heels, and at length arrived where he found his parents who received him gladly, and to whom he imparted his motives and future intentions.

"His mother Dodoo, imagining it an unpardonable sin that so excellent a young prophet (as she thought her son) should be longer concealed from the world grew so transported, that she thought all men wicked blockheads, who could not find it out without her babbling
it. Seeing them thus dull she goes, and without longer circumstance, tells the whole story of her son's conception, her dreams, his piety, his enthusiasm, revelations, visions, the excellency of his book, and his authority to command all men to believe and obey his laws. The people admire and blazon it, so that in a short time Gustaph the Persian king had notice of it; who desiring to see the man, and know the truth, sends for him, and is so well satisfied and instructed, that he forthwith wavered in his own religion, judging Zertoost's better, and more plausible. So much was this the case, that his own priest became dejected, and invented all possible ways of reclaiming him.

"At length to perfect this, he bribes the prophet's servants to convey under his bed, the bones of men, and the carcasses of dead dogs, (things most abominable to the Persians.)

"Thus did he possess the king with the idea that this stranger was a banished man, and one of most impure conversation, as the stuffing of the bed he slept on fully testified.

"The king being brought to view this beastly deceit, most naturally abominates him, and for
his reward shuts him up in a loathsome dungeon; but this misery of his endured not long, for the king having a horse of great account deadly ill, proposed great rewards to any who could recover him. Many, it may be imagined, desired to compass this; yet none durst undertake it, fearing the penalty; till Zertoost hearing the circumstances, administered a potion which restored the animal to health. This delighted Gustaph so much, that he again received the poor prophet into grace, by which he was enabled to discover to the king the knavery of his priest, and establish his own integrity.

Now it happened that the King (being either incited by his churchmen, or supposing Zertoost able to do anything) calls for him and professes himself favourable to his religion; which he and his friends would promise to maintain, provided that Zertoost would grant him three things. The first was that he might never die—the second, that he might ascend to Heaven and come down again without hurt as often as he tried—the third, that he might know what God had done, did, and intended—
the fourth, that his body might be invulnerable. Zertoost was somewhat astonished at these demands; but perceiving it otherwise impossible to have his dogmas believed, he tells the king that for one man to have all these properties was to make him a God more than a man; but that the king might chuse any one for himself, and the other three things might be bestowed on any three persons he might be pleased to nominate.

This proposal was accepted, and Gustaph made the second his choice—that he might ascend to and descend from Heaven at pleasure;—to know its secrets was granted to the king's churchmen, the better thereby to govern; whilst to live for ever was conferred upon Pischiton, (the king's eldest son). He they say still lives upon Damaun's high mountain, guarded by thirty immortal men, to forbid all entrance, lest by footing that holy ground others should also live for ever.

The last boon, namely, to be free from hurt or torment in battle or otherwise, was granted to Espandiar, the king's youngest son; after
which the Zendavastaw is opened—the new-broached doctrines read, and generally accepted of.

"The Zendavastaw has a tripartite division—the first treats of judicial astrology, called Astooederger, and is committed to the care of such as they call Jesopps or sages. The second speaks of natural philosophy or physic, and is studied by the Hakeams or physicians. The last is a compound of religion named (from the inventor) Zertoost, and kept by the Daroos or Predicants; each of these three contain seven chapters.

"Their funerals are these; they put the body into a winding sheet, and the kindred beat themselves in silence all the way to the burial place, or within a hundred paces of it. Here they are met by the Herbard or priest attired in a yellow scarf and turban, who takes care to keep a distance of ten feet from the cavalcade.

"The bearers then carry the corpse upon an iron bier (wood is forbidden, because it is sacred to fire), to a little shed or furnace;
where as soon as some mystical antics are acted, they hoist it up to the top of a round stone building, twelve feet high and eighty in circuit.

"The entrance to this is only at the north-east side, where, through a small grate or hole, they convey the carcass into a common monument; the good men into one, the bad into another. This is flat above, wholly open, plaistered with smooth white lime, hard and smooth, like that of Paris, having in the centre a hole descending to the bottom for the purpose of draining off the putrefaction issuing from the melted bodies.

"These are laid naked in two rooms, exposed to the sun's flaming rage; and the merciless appetite of crows, vultures, and other carrion loving fowls: who, tearing the flesh asunder, deform it most shockingly.

"The stench of those unburied and festering corpses (in some places three hundred) is so loathsome, that, did not a desire to see strange sights allure a traveller, they would prove worse when seen than in description;
nor do the Parsees themselves like strangers to view them."*

* The reader will find many particulars concerning this strange people in "Lord's Discovery of two foreign sects in the East Indies," which little work is embodied both in Churchill's and Pinkerton's Collections of Travels. Should he wish to become acquainted with the Vendidad, Ravãets, and other religious books attributed to Zoroaster, let him (if he have patience) peruse the 4tos of M. Anquetil du Perron, who was the first to translate them from the original Zend and Pehlyvi. Hyde was ignorant of both these languages, and his version is therefore faulty.

It is lucky that Critic Kaimes is dead.—What would he, who, for their want of connexion, denounced Virgil's Description of the Five Zones—Æneas' Descent into Hell—Horace's First Satire—Sallust's Prefaces, etc., have said of the foregoing extract?
CHAPTER VI.

A discovery.

The first thing Alfred did, was to wait upon the father of his intended, whilst I called on a house of agency to see if there was any vessel to be despatched soon for England.

On meeting, our faces were both very blank, though from different causes; for he had found no arrival, and I could hear of no departures. Nothing, however, would satisfy Colonel Landon, but my accompanying Alfred, bag and baggage to his hospitable mansion; nor was I at all loathe to accept of this invitation, as I
should have been vastly dull without Wyndham, and, besides, I had no small desire to see Agnes.

Her father, as worthy and kind hearted a man as ever lived, though somewhat vain and supercilious, was very uneasy at the non-arrival of his daughter; and, indeed, he had good reason, for the vessel had been expected for above a month. Although this circumstance threw a slight gloom over the minds of our otherwise very happy and social circle, we by being guests of a man so highly respected and of such influence as Colonel Landon, obtained immediate access to the best society. On this point by the way, he was very particular, and it being a gay season of the year, we, to drown black-visaged thoughts, dived deeply into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. I had not however, made three plunges, or to speak less figuratively, I had only attended three parties, when a circumstance happened which must be mentioned, though to me memory has made it one a thousand times told.

Amongst other invitations we received one to a rout at a wealthy civilian's, and repaired in
full military twig to the numerousely attended abode.

Being utter strangers, we had of course small observance shewn us; and thus left master of our time and actions, we amused ourselves indifferently well by sauntering up and down, chatting with a few young officers with whom I had got acquainted, and criticising a party who had got up a quadrille.

While thus engaged, one of my new acquaintances (a great puppy) asked me what I thought of the daisies; meaning thereby our fair countrywomen.

"Ay, what think you of the daisies?" demanded he, pulling up the collar of his heavy laced jacket with much foppishness.

After returning his salute, I parried the question concerning the merits of the daisies, by remarking that his jacket was exceedingly well cut.

"So every one tells me, Butler," said he, throwing back his shoulders as if he had been preparing for a sparring bout; "and I believe there is some truth in it, for I am somewhat particular about my apparel. But," continued
he, looking affectedly surprised: "where is Mrs. Goldie, I do not perceive her here."

"Who is Mrs. Goldie?" demanded I.

"What, not know Mrs. Goldie!" responded he, "the most lovely woman in Bombay. Nay you must at least have heard of her. Her fame extends over all India, and is talked of both at Calcutta and Madras."

"Oh, I think I have heard of her," said I, which was an unintentional lie: "but you forget I am a stranger, and not likely to have as yet had many opportunities of seeing all your beauties."

"Come then," replied he, "putting his arm in mine; "I suppose she is presiding at that harp which I hear thrilling so ravishingly in the next room, we will go and see."

"Very well," rejoined I, "let us have a regular reconnoitre of the whole bevy."

"Good;" continued my conceited companion, "and before proceeding a step further, I wonder who that young lady with her hair so curiously put up, can be!"

Here he applied to his very clear and correct eye, the bit of common glass which affected
short sightedness made indispensable to his accuracy of vision; and after a few turnings up and down of his head, he thus broke out.

"That's a new importation—a good figure, yes, a very good figure—features so so—but somewhat *bute* brunette—ay, ay, somewhat *bute* brunette—too much of the daffodil, to be one of my daisies."

In this manner did I and my companion with his glass promenade the chief apartment, he making an egregious ass of himself, and I unquestionably obtaining my share of the same enviable reputation.

After meandering about and quizzing the small sprinkling of beauty, he conducted me into a smaller adjoining room which was crowded, whilst from it melted the tones of an excellent harp accompanying a very sweet voice.

"Ah!" quoth my companion, "I thought so; here we are snug, and now, pray pay attention to Mrs. Goldie, (whispering in my ear,) observe if she is not as fine a woman as I described her. That is her singing."

* Too much.
I stretched forwards to get a glimpse, but as her back was turned towards us, I could only see a very white beautifully turned neck and arms with a profusion of black glossy ringlets.

Mrs. Goldie now stopped; a murmur of applause succeeded, and rising from the harp in a majestic and graceful manner, she turned round with a smile to say something to a staff officer who had certainly been flattering her performance. I opened my mouth—gazed—rubbed my eyes—and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by the whole room, "Impossible!" A dizziness then came over me, such as I never before experienced, and I sunk for a moment senseless on the floor.

During this swoon, or whatever it may have been, caused by great and sudden excitement, I in my fall, lugged with me the poor dandy officer, who straddling his legs, to prevent his jacket being soiled, upset a sturdy dowager, chair and all. The dowager weighing upwards of thirteen stone, being apprehensive of serious consequences, uttered a piercing shriek, and grasping inadvertently a young Miss by those
tail ribands which were then the fashion, de-
ranged her whole dress, pulling her likewise to
the ground.

The confusion which all this occasioned is
inexpressible; several ran to assist the dowager,
and although unhurt and far from fainting,
many pints of rose, lavender, orange, and other
waters must have been expended on her face
before she recovered her legs. I regained mine
before any one, and regardless of my companion,
whose white cassimere pantaloons were sadly
covered with dust, stood staring at Mrs. Goldie.

She had drawn near the lusty old lady, to
minister to her, without observing me, and in
her advance, actually rubbed against me. I
could contain myself no longer, but faultered
forth—"Eliza! have I at last found you?"

Had one of the tribe of Ephraim on crossing
the Jordan, said "Sibboleth," instead of "Shib-
boleth," he could not have sooner drawn the
attention of a follower of Jepthah, than did my
exclamation—that of Eliza.

Eliza, hearing herself thus addressed by a
voice she well remembered, gave an involun-
ta\r\ntary start; but with the usual tact of woman she instantly recollected herself, and turning her eyes gradually around the throng, let them fall at length on me. I need not say that she recognized me, and pierced me with a glance which no eye but her's could have shot forth; and yet, was this murder committed without her making the slightest symptom of recognition.

Although not a syllable escaped her lips, she took advantage of the bustle and disturbance, to give me one expressive look, expressive alike of sadness and surprise. This was quite intelligible to my apprehension that she knew me, and I instantly left the room, lest any explanation being demanded, it might involve me in some difficulty. What rendered this particularly necessary, was, that the dowager being also y'cleped Eliza, looked tenderly up in my face on hearing herself as she supposed so endearingly and emphatically addressed.

"What in God's name ails you?" demanded my companion, brushing the dust off his pantaloons, "you are surely either mad or drunk."
“Neither;” responded I, as coolly as I could, and drawing a heavy sigh—"alas! my sister is dead."

"And did this," demanded he, "cause you to faint so suddenly, and nearly tear my new dress jacket. And did you till this very inauspicious moment forget all about it. I fear you are neither drunk nor ill, but in love. Ay! am I right? Ay, who is the daisy?"

To be forced to blunder through a series of evasive falsehoods, is I think a sufficient punishment for the crime, even when one is cool and collected; but under such excitement as I then laboured, it was an intolerable torment. Gladly would I have left my companion to come to any conclusions he pleased, regarding my strange behaviour; but the very dread of his attributing my love to its true object forced me to answer him.

"No;" said I, "Fortescue, I am too unlucky a wight to be in love. I have no daisy to adore. But the truth, is my sister's likeness, or rather the striking likeness of a lady in the room to my late lamented sister caused all my emotion."
"Indeed! and was your sister's name Eliza?"

"A—yes—Eliza—certainly."

"And who did she resemble; foregad if it be Mrs. Goldie, she must indeed have been a lovely girl, for you must know her name is Eliza. But lately her husband was called Curry, which suited him in all respects well, for he is as peppery in temper, and as yellow in complexion.

"Ha! that is Mr. Curry!" replied I abstractedly.

"Certainly; he however took the very fitting name of Goldie, for an equally pertinent and agreeable reason, becoming still more yellow in purse by a fortune of twelve hundred a year."

"Oh indeed! fortunate."

"Very, as some of the ugliest men on earth are; but as for me, I would sooner have his wife than half his wealth. O, Apollo, and O, ye gods, and O, ye daemons, and O, Jupiter! as we read in Aristophanes. How say you? So your poor sister then did resemble her?"

Nettled to the quick, I was equally puzzled how to rid myself of this abominable bore.
"No," replied I, snappishly, "it was the stout dowager you overturned, who bore so great a resemblance to my deceased relative."

Having thus foiled Fortescue's curiosity, the disagreeable cross-examination ended; and pleading indisposition, I returned home to meditate on what had happened.

No sooner did I reach my own apartments, than I sat me down to moralise on the mutability of worldly matters, and to assist my brown study, opened a bottle of cooled claret, and lighted a cigar.

To meet Eliza could scarcely be regarded as an unexpected event, for the prospect of doing so had been the very cynosure by which I had steered my course; and although I had lately given up all hopes of finding her, the first belief that she was in the east, took away much of the surprise which would otherwise have attended such a meeting. But it was how I was to act now I had found her, that produced such a confliction of thought, as I shall never fail to remember. It was clear she had made a struggle, and consigned me to
oblivion, with that letter which had only withered my heart with a more fierce and deceptive flame, and which was likely to light me to destruction. This was corroborated by her disdaining to recognise me publicly the previous evening, although her proud eye had plainly and too truly, told that I was well known.

"Alas!" thought I, "and is it likely that one so peerless in beauty and accomplishments; one, who reigns with undisputed empire over the hearts of a hundred votaries, should not have long ago forgotten the boyish presumption of her first humble worshipper?"

This conclusion, which was founded most justly upon the versatility of human nature, and enforced by the high moral purity of Eliza, would have been sufficient to deter the attempts of the most deliberate villain, although they had no weight in influencing one hopelessly in love. But indeed, the ears of most lovers are as deaf to reason, as the adder's to harmony.

Accordingly, before I had finished my St. Julien, or third Menilla, it was clearly understood and determined on my part, that I should get introduction on the morrow to the Goldies,
who were as universally known in Bombay, as the Curries were forgotten. Nor was I at a loss how to manage this, for my friend the barrister in Calcutta, had just sent me an introduction to a relation of his in the same craft, and he I was well aware knew every one in the place. So indeed was my worthy host, but the barrister being the younger, and an unmarried man, I preferred asking him the favour.

Next morning I took my friend's letter in my hand, and ordered my palanquin to proceed to the house of Mr. Murray.

Though nearly twelve o'clock, I found this limb of law just finished breakfast, and smoking his first pipe. He was a clever, jovial, little man, amusing in conversation, and as I knew his friend well, we soon found ourselves on pretty intimate terms. After a long general confabulation, during which, I was thinking how to broach the subject on which I was bent, the lawyer himself unexpectedly introduced it.

"I fear," said I, "Mr. Murray, I am trespassing on your busy hours."

"Not a bit," replied he, smiling, "nor does
it much look so; (pointing to his tea-things) "the fact is, this is an idle day—no court—I have no pressing memorials to look over; and besides taking advantage of this, to dissipate a little last night with some harum scarum young fellows, I am about to take the opportunity of returning some long deferred visits, one of which by the way is to Colonel Landon."

"O if that be the case," said I, "you see I am on the same errand, and if you do not intend taking your palanquin, a seat along side of you, would give me much honour."

"Ha ha," replied Mr. Murray, ordering at the same time his carriage, "it would take a long argument to convince me, that you will derive either honour or pleasure by a seat in my machine. Sooth to say, it is a sorry one—though as good as the times will well afford. The party honoured will be the conveyance. Well—let me see—I have to call on the Harris's; the Recorder; my best client Mr. Mc'fee, whose wife died four days ago of cholera; the Colonel, and the Brigade Major who has a new arrival of a niece and daughter. Enough for one day, and if you know any one
of them all well, if not, I'll shew you up; all the same thing."

I liked Mr. Murray's good humour and civility, and endeavoured to make some return by complimenting the form of his machine, albeit it was in reality the most inauspicious looking turn-out I had ever beheld, and the most uneasy withal. It was large enough for a quadrille party, and as rickety as a worn out hamper; but I was well repaid for the jolts and jerks, by its owner's facetious anecdotes and his sallies of genuine humour. To these I perhaps paid less attention than they deserved, from my mere desire to introduce that subject which engrossed the whole of my thoughts.

We visited—and I was introduced to several people I had never before seen; and as no favorable opportunity had yet presented itself of mentioning Mrs. Goldie (or I perhaps was too fastidious and frightened) I at last began to despair of bringing the thing to bear for that day. Just at this time the coachman turned his horses head down a stately entry.

"Whose house is this?" asked I.
“My friend Goldie’s, the collector.”

“Ah!” exclaimed I, checking the joyous expression, “Ah!” by an immediate eulogy on the size and appearance of the abode.—

“Ah! it is a very fine house.”

“Yes,” replied Murray, “and much more finely furnished; for it contains, I believe, the best hearted man on earth though a little passionate, and the loveliest woman in all India.”

I groaned—

“Nay, you may express your incredulity in whatever grunts, or noises you please, but it is true; and as we are here at the door, you shall shortly judge for yourself.”

We alighted, and passing through files of liveried and handsomely turbanned menials, bearing silver sticks and badges, and all uniformly idle, we were ushered into a drawing-room magnificently furnished, and adorned with some tolerable paintings. This was empty, but in a small room adjoining that to which we were shewn, sat Mr. Goldie, surrounded by well dressed natives, and up to his arms in business.

On perceiving us he immediately quitted his
den, shook Murray with great cordiality by the hand, and received me with equal politeness. I must indeed say, that the merry barrister appeared a universal favourite, and his society evidently courted; though whether this was afforded him as one likely to become a consignee of some new importation, I will not venture to say.

Mr. Goldie was a stout middling sized man, about fifty, and with a complexion that might have passed for copper sheathing. It was a bilious temperament undoubtedly, which caused this, as also had in process of time tinged with tartness his temper; for on many trifling occasions its exacerbations were sufficiently perceptible.

Scarcely had I finished this scrutiny of Mr. Goldie, before his wife entered the drawing room, into which we had just retired. As I recognised her, the pulses of my heart ascended with the irregular gusts of intense feeling which agitated me. He introduced me to her.

Eliza did not appear the least agitated, nor even much surprised at seeing me; but ad-
vanced in a kind yet cold manner, and taking my hand said—

"Mr. Butler is an old friend, and I am happy to see him."

Then turning to her husband, whilst I stood tongue-tied and quaking, she continued—

"This, Sir, is that Mr. Butler who was so frequent a visiter at my father's, and of whom you have heard so much."

Mr. Goldie, on hearing this, looked a little confused, and then turned grave; but in a moment his former frankness returned—he again shook me by the hand, and to my immense relief, gave a turn or rather beginning to some conversation by asking me when I had arrived in the East, my prospects, and several other particulars. All these I answered as well as my wool gathering wits permitted; and I fancied that his saffron-tinted eyes twice sparkled at my replies; first when I told him that I belonged to the Bengal Presidency—and secondly, that I was then on my way back to Europe.

Although Eliza's behaviour during this meeting destroyed for ever all hopes of maintaining
my guilty ascendant in her heart, it got me through the dreaded interview without any exhibition of weakness.

Much as I wished to have some conversation with her, I felt too dogged in spirit to venture it, and I wished myself a hundred times at the bottom of the sea. Nor was it with the slightest pleasure on my part we were pressed to stay tiffin; till which was served, Murray proposed to me a game at billiards.

Accordingly the barrister and I repaired to the table, which was in an adjoining anti-room, Mr. Goldie returned to his business, whilst Eliza sat looking at our game, sewing some lace, and sometimes joining in the conversation.

I am certainly no adept in that scientific and most alluring game; but the mistakes I this day made were so numerous and glaring as to elicit some of Murray's keenest satire. I was more intent on Eliza's eyes, and talking to her, than upon the game; till at last, after playing repeatedly at the red ball, my antagonist's, or, in short, any one which was nearest, I in turning
round, popped my cue in the barrister's face, and but for his nose must have infallibly perforated his eye.

"That's enough," exclaimed he, with much good humour, clapping his hand upon his nasal organ; "that is the worst stroke I ever saw in my life, and after it you see nothing more of the game."

So saying, with a hearty laugh, he threw away his cue, and, in truth, I was mightily pleased to see him do so.

We shortly afterwards sat down to tiffin, and after much pleasant but general conversation returned home, though not without accepting an invitation to dinner the day following. This dinner passed off in much the same manner as the tiffin; every thing was kind, hospitable, and cheerful—yet not without constraint.

It was clear to me that Eliza was surrounded by a bulwark of chilly formality, from which she would not be repulsed; and it was perhaps the mildest manner of convincing me my hopeless passion must have an end, by pretending that she suspected not its existence. To me however it was a smothering agony. For one who could
have poured forth with fervid eloquence his love, to be forced to sit and demean himself as an indifferent acquaintance was truly insupportable. I perceived that I was an outcast from the hearts of both, and I longed to be alone to devour the bitter grief which beset me. It was in vain that I endeavoured to get Eliza so much apart from the rest of the company as to sound the true state of her affections, every thing was so managed, and evidently by collusion on her part, as to throw insuperable obstacles in the way.

This heartless ceremony was at length ended, and I repaired to Colonel Landon's with an overburdened spirit. It was the very reverse with Alfred, for he was all ecstasy, and he had good reason.

"She is safe, she is arrived," said he, "and as lively and beautiful as ever; but come and judge for yourself."

Anxious though I had been to see the sprightly Agnes, I now found that all society was insupportable. A hundred times did I curse the day that I had again met Eliza; although by so doing my eyes were first opened to
a fact which I should otherwise scarcely have believed; namely, that there are very few sorrows or disappointments o'er which Time soars not with a soothing pinion.

After some struggle I accompanied Alfred and found our boyish playmate more lovely than I had ever seen her. Her girlish shape had become more majestic and rounded with womanhood—the purest health glowed in her cheeks and eyes, and her almost boisterous spirits had given place to an enchanting gaiety and unvarying sweetness of temper. It was indeed a pleasure to see her father sit gazing on her cherub countenance, contrasting, doubtlessly, in his mind, the change that had taken place in that little puny child whom he had dismissed without hope of again seeing. Though, as I traced such reflections in his face, I perceived they ended in a tear that gradually dimmed his smile of pride and joy—a stolen and silent tribute, to the memory of that beloved one who had departed with her infant never to return.

Alfred Wyndham must then have been as happy a man as any under the sun. Beloved to his heart's content by an inestima-
ble woman, he had the satisfaction of finding none of those bars to a happy union which so rarely permit true love ever to run smooth. He had no flinty hearted, incorrigible father to deal with—no inimical match making mother—no rich growling uncle or guardian, with mind intent on cutting off with shillings—not even a rival. And had not grim and jealous destiny itself been his opponent, it were impossible for fancy to conjecture any probable retardment to his wishes.

But before I attempt relating how this befel, I must e'en replace my pen in the standish, and strive to muster resolution to break up a tract of reminiscence which has long lain fallow; not from its barrenness, but a dread of its fearful fertility.
CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, destined head; and oh, severe decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend shalt see,
Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come,
Impending death is thine and instant doom."

Prior.

He only who has wandered into tropical climes knows the exquisite enjoyment of a stilly evening—the beauty of the stars, and the placid sweetness of the moon.

'Tis true that sober night is stole everywhere in the same sublime vestments, but how changed do they appear to an eye which has been dazzled during the scorching day with glare, (as if a veil of universal flame had encompassed the earth) or been irritated by im-palpable dust borne on the wings of the burn-
ing monsoon. For such an eye, how replete with beauty and soft repose is the deep blue of interminable space,—how delightfully does it gaze on that glittering of the boundless tide of worlds to which our humble moat of matter pertains,—how light feels the breast as the gentle zephyr cools the throbbing brow,—how pure is the devotion of an uplifted soul!

There are I believe, none so thoughtless or depraved, but who have moments of moral awe and exalted meditation, however circumscribed may be its range; there are none be their root in crime however firm—their thoughts however grovelling, but have found themselves unawares reading a homely homily to the heart. The most towering and inaccessible glacier has at times been partially thawed.

I was led into these common place reflections, during a pleasing ride with my friend Wyndham, around the beautiful winding shore, as we were on our way to spend an evening, or rather night, with a party of young officers.

It was the most lovely evening I ever saw, and sufficient to fix any one with a fear of death, from the thought of leaving a world
which could at times appear so enchanting. Every thing was harmonious and quiet. For some distance the road wound through a wood of lofty *toddy* trees, their dark branchless stems forming a labyrinth of towering pillars, which fancy might have supposed to be of the blackest ebony; whilst those on which the moon beams streamed, glittered like burnished brass. Each tree was topped with its branchy tuft, the mass producing numerous lights and shades; yet not a single stem was agitated, unless here and there, by the scarcely discernable owner, who with some earthen pots tied round his waist, and his feet tied together, might perhaps be seen scaling leisurely and easily the smooth trunk, to obtain the juices deposited during the day.

Whenever any opening occurred, some little clay or matted hut was sure to present itself; with a gourd in all probability clustering around it, and before its door a happy knot of tree tappers, quaffing quietly their own beverage, and singing to the accompaniment of a little drum.

Others were more gravely occupied, being
gathered in a close circle smoking their hooker pipe, of which a cocoa-nut formed the receptacle for its water, and listening to some spirit-stirring tale which might not have disgraced the fund of Scheezerade.

Close beside us was the sea, and suddenly we would find ourselves emerge upon its very margin, where a few still smoking heaps of ashes showed where had been but lately finished the funeral obsequies of the dead.

The noble bay stretched itself before us like a flawless mirror resting on the finest gauze, whilst here and there several islands, (one of which was Elephanta,) studded its bosom breaking pleasantly the extensive sweep of the eye, which was finally bounded by a semi-circle of picturesque and distant hills.

It was during such an evening that our ride terminated at the spacious bungalow, to which we had been invited; and it was with regret I quitted the cool balmy air, to enter the well-lighted, hot and noisome apartment. The party was composed of about a dozen officers, young and old, all busy smoking and drinking, and all excessively noisy and uproarious.
"There is some fun stirring here," observed Alfred, "and I am glad of it, for 'twill keep up your spirits, Frank."

I only shrugged my shoulders, and followed him.

We were joyfully hailed by those who knew us, and disregarded by those who did not, and took our seats forthwith amongst the revellers.

Alfred was, as may be supposed, in very high spirits from Agnes' arrival, and the glass which briskly circulated was not passed by. Shortly, all was noise, hilarity and Babel-like confusion, such as always is the case on such occasions, and which requires no mention.

I drank freely too, but from moodiness of mind which the foregoing circumstances had produced, was able to maintain more command of myself than Alfred. The glass, the song, the boisterous laugh still went madly round; when despairing of getting Wyndham home till at length to do so was impracticable, I accepted the offer of a couch from one of our jovial hosts, and retired to sleep, leaving the party set in as I believed, for a determined debauch.
Had I felt the slightest elevation of spirits, I would have entered without hesitation into the excesses which I foresaw must ensue; were it only to have acted as a maudlin Mentor to my friend. But solicitude was my only solace, and although I had been persuaded to accompany him there, nothing could induce me to enter into the full swing of the orgies of the night. As it was, I had drunk much more than I ought, and was not sorry to be permitted to shirk away to bed, though at the expense of being for ever damned as a shy cock, and patroniser of heel taps.

The charpoy on which I cast myself for the few hours rest till day-break, was in a room adjoining that of the bacchanalians, and had a window that opened into a garden, through which passed a most refreshing breeze; whilst the door which was only defended by a sort of screen of thin pieces of bamboo, afforded me a view of my friends.

They had sat down to hazard, and the rattling of the dice on the board, and the now subdued hum of the players, lulled me sleep, despite the fumes of the wine I had swallowed, and the
reflections of a mind most indifferently at ease.

How long I remained so I know not, but I with difficulty unglued my heavy eyes, and turned myself round from being disturbed by something rustling at my feet. This I immediately attributed to some frolic, or obstreperous behaviour of my jovial friends, nor was I annoyed inasmuch as it assured me that they had relinquished their gaming much sooner than I had contemplated.

But on looking about me, I could discover nobody, and the room that had so lately re-echoed with wit and laughter, was silent and deserted; whilst a solitary unsnuffed and almost expended taper displayed the relics of the previous debauch. I know nothing more disgusting to the eye than such a scene, especially when the first burst of morning seems scoffing at the unnatural proofs of dissipation. Overturned chairs, broken glasses, and empty bottles were dimly seen by my eyes, in their first circuitous search, whilst through the veranda gleamed softly the tints of a well matured morn.

Another rustling succeeded by a distinct tug
at my feet, now called my attention to a pair of fiery eyes, which glared upon me from amidst the folds of my jacket which I had thrown at the foot of the bed. Such glistening greenish collapsing and dilating goggles, I never before had seen, for they looked like phosphorescent meteors. I was startled.

On sitting up to satisfy myself respecting this strange phenomenon, my horror may be imagined when, as it became suddenly eclipsed, the mournful mewing of a cat died away in a querulous kind of quaver, leaving not a shadow of doubt as to the near conjunction of my most accursed enemy.

The moment I heard this horrible noise, I bolted straight up in bed upon my quivering knees, and drew myself as far as possible unto the extreme end of the bolster, to assure myself against nearer proximity to the demon; as also to re-assure myself of the revolting truth of its presence.

Another gruffer and angry wail which went through my very heart, dissipated every doubt, and called for immediate offensive or defensive measures. My determination was soon taken.
Before making my attack, however, upon the demon, it was necessary to cogitate a little, in order to proceed as circumspectly as my agitation would permit, and make sure of his position. To authenticate this was no easy task, but one requiring skilful conduct. Accordingly, raising myself warily on my legs with this intent, I was in an instant fixed, Lot like, to the floor; a freezing phrenzy shook every filament of my flesh, on discovering that the four footed abomination was actually fastened to my feet by means of a neckcloth and a piece of cord.

Indignation and fury against the perpetrators of this cruel joke, banished for a moment even all intentions of animal murder; but it was only for a moment. Unfastening the handkerchief which was but carelessly secured, I caught the unfortunate creature by the cord, and whirling it three or four times round my head with madness and every ungovernable emotion stamped on my face, I dashed it repeatedly on the floor, till I had broken every bone in its skin. Then, with loud execrations and curses, rushed through the rooms into the garden; dragging the body after me, and causing
a terrible uproar by the crash of chairs, tables, and glasses, which were overturned in my passage. I did not stop till I had got into the very middle of the garden, when I cast the carcass from me with greater satisfaction than ever Achilles felt on fastening that of Hector's to his blood-stained car.

By this time, the sun had fairly risen above the horizon, yet none of his beams felt sultry; they were indeed busy, quaffing their morning draft of dew from the surrounding flowers and trees, of which latter, not a few were orange and pomgranate, laden with fragrant blossoms.

The tranquilising effects of a fine morning, were never felt so powerfully by me as on this occasion; and I can compare them to nothing but a heated iron suddenly plunged into cold water. I felt bathed in something which with irresistible mildness, absorbed from me each tumultuous passion—each unhallowed intention—an influence inexpressible, yet so powerful. Hail lovely meek-eyed morn, have I so lately and so long raved of thy sister night and slighted thee? Thou who like some virgin mediciner comest in winning placidity and
loving kindness to minister to the miserable. How balmy, refreshing and invigorating, falls thy fresh breath upon the brow fevered by ailment, more especially of the mind. How joyous is thy smiling cheek to him who has been pillowed on distempered dreams, or lain tossed upon the rack of heart crushing thoughts—thoughts which magnetise the mind, making it point undeviatingly to sorrow and regret—thoughts which will haunt, and cannot be put away, save by thee, thou bright dispeller of the gloom!

But thou, blessed assuager, pourest thy healing oil on the troubled billows of the breast with a happy benignity; raising our contemplation and our gratitude, like thine own misty mantle, from earth to heaven—from mortality to its Maker! Again hail! thou lovely, meek-eyed morn!

My indignation against the heartless and unknown tyrant, who had amused himself thus savagely at my expense, might perhaps have been altogether dissipated by the quieting influence of so beautiful a morning; had I not heard some suppressed laughter which I soon found proceeded from two heads that were partially protruded from a window.
One of these, I to my grief, recognised as Alfred's, and being now conscious of the real cause of their mirth, I could not help bitterly execrating them.

"Alfred Wyndham;" exclaimed I loudly, "I could scarcely have believed, that one I deemed my friend, could have trifled thus wantonly with my weakness; you are a cruel coward and a scoundrel!"

Scarcely could I reflect on the possible consequence of these harsh epithets, before Alfred was along side of me; his brow darkened with anger.

"Butler," said he, "your passion has hurried you too far; you should be careful in applying such terms to any person, without being assured that they are merited; and I must demand their immediate and unconditional retraction."

"They are well merited;" replied I violently, "nor will I retract anything which your treachery and want of feeling has elicited. Can you deny your cruelty? can you say that you have had no part in inflicting my torments. If so, I will make every apology you can demand. But 'tis impossible, for who
but yourself knew my miserable antipathy—or could have devised so infernal a manner of distressing me."

"Well, Sir," replied Wyndham, with equal intemperance, "I must decline saying anything either in explanation or otherwise, until you recant your abusive epithets. Nor let me tell you, do I conceive that a friendship can be very valuable or sincere, when so foolish a freak can place it thus easily in jeopardy. As to your opprobrious language I retort it back to you with scorn and contempt."

"Away!" cried I, "and do not strain too far a temper, which you have already irritated."

"And what might be the consequence?" demanded he disdainfully.

"That had I not known and esteemed you so long, I would wring your neck upon the very spot where you now stand."

"You durst not lay a finger upon me rascal!" were the last words he uttered; for boiling with rage at being bullied and confronted in such a manner by one from whom I had every right to expect very different treat-
ment, I rushed towards him unconscious of the extent to which my passion might urge me, and struck him—yes struck him brutally to the earth, so that the blood gushed from his lips. In a moment I found myself firmly seized; and so was Alfred, for we were in the hands of four or five half dressed officers who had rushed from their beds on hearing our altercation. We were led off in different directions, and I need scarcely say that the consequences of all this violence will in some degree be surmised; for in half an hour afterwards, each of us attended by a friend (such friends!) proceeded towards a sequestered spot some distance from the scene of our unseemly broil.

By the time we had reached this, I had become perfectly calm; and my mind contemplated with sadness and horror, the unfortunate situation in which folly and the transports of passion had placed two bosom friends.

Regret was, however, unavailing; and I soothed myself with the determination of giving Alfred an opportunity of revenge without returning his fire, or at least aiming at his person.
The ground was now quickly pitched upon, and measured; the signal given, and we both fired. It was my intention to have fired so wide of Alfred, that it might have been considered firing in the air; but my pistol which had a very easy trigger, unfortunately went off the instant that I elevated its muzzle, and the fatal ball penetrated the heart of my beloved—ever beloved friend.

I stood for a moment transfixed to the spot, unable to believe that I was the author of Wyndham's destruction; I then rushed forward and caught him in my arms; yet with all this expedition I was scarcely in time to hear his dying words. They were these—

"Dearest Butler, I forgive you—forget not—Agnes Landon." The accursed ball had cut in twain the very vessels of his noble heart; and already were the greedy sands in which he lay writhing, saturated with his young blood. Praise be to God, the giver and demander of all life, his agonies were soon ended! What were they in comparison to mine! I appeared in my own soul as a wretch singled out from my race by the blight and ban of Heaven. The miserable
Adrastus after his second hapless homicide, felt not the pangs I then did. All our days of boyish boyhood, all our numberless acts of love, rushed in a moment through my soul, like a flock of famished vultures. No mental powers had ever sufficient strength, no heart was ever so obdurate as to bear up under so harrowing a trial. I wept, without finding the slightest solace; I became frantic, and pointed at my breast the discharged weapon of my friend. I then entreated my second to load it, calling down Heaven's heaviest curses on my head. There was indeed no extravagance the consequence of self-condemnation, of which I was not then guilty.

It was with some difficulty that I was forced from the stiffening corpse of one who had hitherto formed a moiety of my heart; nor can I say how I was managed or disposed of, for a delirium soon seized on my burning brain which ended in an inflammatory fever.

The re-establishment of reason resembles much the steadying of a violently agitated compass, the needle of which vibrates to and fro, passing and repassing that line on which it
ultimately must repose. With regard to myself, I was recalled to a consciousness of the former eclipsed state of my mind, by a reiteration of the most bitter reflections and associations; whilst every thing that had taken place emerged slowly, as from a mist, embodying itself in all its horrors.

My first firm perception was, that over me hung a face that might have been an angel’s, and which regarded me with an impenetrable expression, it might have been a look either of tender solicitude, or repressed hatred.

"Ah, Agnes Landon!" muttered I, "you are come to claim a just revenge; to witness the dying moments of the most wretched of men; of him who murdered thy lover, thy husband!"

The only answer I received to these the first words which I had uttered, was a tear; and a minute’s further recollection convinced me it was not Agnes Landon, but Mrs. Goldie, who hung over my couch. I have, however, lingered much longer than I ever thought I could have done
on the sad circumstances which closed my Indian career; and in conclusion, I need only say, that the kindness of Eliza, at whose solicitation I was removed to her husband's house, went very far in restoring my health and equanimity of mind.

At length the day came, when I was for ever to bid farewell to so unfortunate a clime; and as I passed to the boat which was to bear me to my vessel, I durst not look upon the house of Colonel Landon.

My parting with the angelic minded Eliza, I shall never by lip or pen attempt describing. My silly passion had become chastened into reverence and fervid admiration; I worshipped her as a pure spirit of heaven, and my most ecstatic hope was, that the meeting of friends in futurity was not a fallacious dream. The little gem she then gave me, and which encloses a lock of her raven hair, is still near my heart, and about to be pressed fervently to my lips; whilst hers, alas! have long since perished in the mouldering tomb.
"'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,  
With yea and nay, and pro and con."  

Prior.

It has been my fate or fortune, to have met many men of the most different minds; and I have thereby been gradually convinced that we know but little of the capabilities of our race by what it has as yet performed.

How many poets have I seen who never polished a line, and orators who never pointed a period! Men of transcendant genius, who have either disdained or deferred immortalising themselves; whilst hundreds of asses like myself fly to paper, imprint their little bray, and are then forgotten and for ever. I, however,
at the same time believe, from the little I know of the literature of the day, that little has been printed of late years which will stick to the perpetual screw of Time. Most that has lately fallen on its never ebbing tide, is like that straggling timber which forms the gigantic raft of the mighty "father of waters," congregating in that limbo to which its waters consign them, only to rot and afford nourishment to fungi and brushwood.

I was led into this mortifying reflection, by a strange creature, who accompanied me on my voyage home. He had acquired considerable property in a house of agency at Bombay, and was retiring to his native country to live upon his wealth and lay his bones in his paternal grave.

He was a man far from being well read, or even well informed on general topics; but he was gifted with the shrewdest perception and most comprehensive understanding of any man I ever met.

Hume has justly observed that mankind may be divided into shallow thinkers and abstrusive ones—that the latter reason in general,
whilst the former seldom reach beyond some partial view of things. This is true; but how often do we see men of inferior mental capacity who can discourse of things in a general and apparently, comprehensive manner, but the moment that you lead them into an analysis their head pieces are as unfit for the task as a feather for sinking to the bed of Ocean.—They are lost, confused; and all is ignorance and perplexity. He will be found the most truly wise man, who, having enlarged views, has also mastered each petty principle on which they are based. As he only can be called a geometrician, who can account for the truth of a theorem, by taking it piecemeal *secundum artem*.

My fellow-traveller was a really wise man, for with the exception of metaphysics, and one or two speculative subjects, he never spoke of a thing he did not fully understand; nor go one fathom beyond his depth on any one matter. Nevertheless, his bold inquisitive mind would venture to probe anything however mysterious, nor was he ever to be satisfied by empty terms, or blinded by fine phrases. He had an utter
abhorrence to all cant and sophistry, nay even to eloquence; declaring that both had inflicted upon the world more ignorance than they had ever done it good; in which opinion by the way he is not singular.

But it is his metaphysics which I have at present to mention. In these he was the very counterpart of my friend the cadet, who attributed every thing to chance; he stood exactly at the Antipodes, believing every thing to have been foreknown, and foredoomed, even to the blowing of one's nose. He was in short an ultra fatalist.

"We must either admit," said he to me, "that we exist with or without the support of an omnipotent Being. With him who asserts the latter, I will not argue, for it is so gross and impious a folly, that my mind revolts at the thought. The other proposition if followed to its full and legitimate extent, leads infallibly to fatality; a doctrine let me tell you, alike agreeable to reason and religion; and which we vainly endeavour to disavow from the excessive pride wherewith we are gifted. We cannot humble ourselves to believe that
man, the self-styled lord of the creation, is but a puppet, or machine, and accordingly (being never at a loss for expedients to gloss over our own ignorance, or sooth our egregious vanity) we set up the fallacy of free will which are words that signify nothing else than independence of all superior power."

"Divines," replied I, "have declared that both free-will and destiny may exist at the same time."

"It is as impossible for human reason to understand that"—continued Mr. Sephton, "as that two bodies can at the same time occupy the same space; and I have a higher opinion of common sense even from the mouth of a clown, than the most subtle folly from the pen of a pedant, or sage. You grant that we are born, and die like the very grass of the field, without having any control in the matter. Now as life and death are but a succession of changes, and each breath we draw is ordained and performed by laws over which we can have no control—even so, and by the self-same cause is produced each thought and action, for other
wise, if it be possible for any being to operate independent of God, it is itself a Deity."

"What then becomes of good and evil?"

asked I.

"There is nothing but what is good," replied he; "although from our imperfection and contracted views, we call that evil which interferes with them. But in the universal scheme of Providence, you may rely upon it every thing is requisite, and every thing therefore fitting and good."

"I might grant you this," responded I, "did there not exist such a thing as pain; surely that cannot be regarded as a good or a blessing?"

"I must confess," said Sephton, "you have now pressed me farther than I am able to answer you. The evidence of pain is an anomaly to the widely extended and wonderful beneficence of the Creator; but as I believe it only exists by the decree of an otherwise pleasure-producing power, I am thereby led to trust, that a recompence will henceforth be awarded to the sufferer by that all-wise, gracious and compensating God, for whose purposes such an anomaly is now necessary."
Such is a specimen of Sephton's opinions, on a question which never can be final; and which I have inflicted on those who have thought fit to peruse it, in order to shew how different may be the remedies to which sorrow looks for relief. Because I must confess, that in becoming a convert to his strange speculations, I was not a little influenced by the solace it afforded me, for the unhappy part I had so lately played towards a dearly esteemed friend.

To unhinge the mind from grief, we must either think or trifle. And yet as halfourthoughts are vain and idle dreams, it is of little importance which we do; nor does it matter much if the end desired be obtained.

By the time that we entered the British Channel, I had become sufficiently schooled in the spirit deadening dogmas of fatalism, as to regard every calamity which had befallen me, as nothing but natural events which I could not foresee, and with respect to which I was no way culpable. I then, as was the next natural step grew listless and lazy, from a conviction of the folly of all human exertions; and thereby proved, as all others have done, the folly of my
creed, from its being maintained by the most useless and unproductive of mankind.

We were enabled to land at Portsmouth, and I immediately wrote a long letter to my uncle, apprising him of my arrival, and my reasons for leaving India, which I mainly attributed to bad health. Judging also that this step would excite his displeasure, I resolved to give him a little time to cool, and acquainted him that it was my intention to stay in Portsmouth, a few days before I set out north.

Mr. Butler's answer to this was more harsh and unfeeling than I had expected; it was indeed barbarous.

After a long and unconnected tirade of brimstone vituperation, it most pithily forbade me for ever his house, and to renounce the slightest expectation of ever inheriting one shilling of his fortune; whilst the conclusion was as formal a recommendation to the care of heaven, as if it had been a ticket to the overseers of a soup kitchen.

On finishing this most precious and pious paragraph, I felt such a whirl in my head, and stunning in my ears, that I was induced o
exclaim against the justice of that very Providence to which I was besought to apply, and say like Strepsiades in "The Clouds," there is no Jupiter.—"He's gone; I say, what's true; he's out of heaven, and Vortex reigns instead."

I must have been as awkwardly situated as it is possible for man to be, who is penniless; for my uncle appeared to have been so intent on the pious peroration of his epistle, as to forget noticing my postscript, which was the request of a remittance,—had not another letter which accompanied his, contained an order for thirty pounds. This was from the honest old butler; but as he said not a syllable, whether the money was sent by my uncle, or an advance from his own savings, I had great delicacy in making use of it.

Such feelings are soon put to flight by necessity; and after writing Jasper a letter of gratitude, stating that the payment of so generous a loan, would be the first proof of my ability to do so; I settled my bill, and left a hotel which was far too expensive for my precarious means.
As I now had nothing but my own exertions to look to, I determined upon visiting Chichester, where dwelt the only relation I was aware of having in the world, besides my unnatural guardian; and who was no nearer a connexion than grand uncle.

I had the satisfaction of finding without the slightest difficulty, that this connexion had been dead for upwards of a year. After this new rebuff, I, without one plan or one determination determined on setting out for London, that widest and most fitting theatre for a perfect adventurer, as I now was forced to consider myself.

Being in no hurry, and very careful of my slender finances, I trudged off on foot, having previously sent my trunk by a carrier. The weather was mild for spring, and I was much delighted with my pedestrianism.

The first day only brought me to the retired village of Midhurst, which strange to say, has escaped the limbo of schedule A, and here, having taken a frugal meal at the Angel, I retired to enjoy a very sound repose. Unlike many who set their hearts vehemently on any
matter, I was gratified to my heart's content; and next morning refreshed in body and mind, much more than I had for long felt, I made a hearty breakfast and resumed my journey.

As I was about leaving the town, I perceived through a large iron gate the front of a very striking ruin mantled with ivy; and being ever a lover of antiquities, I could not resist the inclination of walking down the straight path which led towards it.

About half way, I came up with a shabby genteel looking young man who was going the same way, but did not however overtake him till he had reached a small bridge which crossed a river within a hundred yards or so of the ruins. As is natural in such circumstances, I turned round as soon as civility permitted, to look at the stranger, and was much astonished to see features which I thought I remembered, although I could not recognise them.

He himself was evidently in the same situation, and on my again looking round and staring, he made up to me with some little diffidence in his manner, and inquired if my name was
not Mr. Butler. I answered in the affirmative.

"I was almost certain of it," replied he, "from the short look I got at your face, though I could not altogether satisfy myself."

"Matters," continued he, looking on his thread bare sleeve, are not so well with us as when we parted; but I could not bring myself to believe that Frank Butler of Brazennose, would cut even poor Dick Foster of Oriel."

"Cut you Foster," exclaimed I, advancing towards him and stretching out my hand, "you do me great injustice; and my memory would indeed be a treacherous one, not to remind me of the gratitude I owe you. But what makes you rusticate here, I thought you had been entered of Lincoln's Inn?"

"Alack a day!" replied Foster, "there has many a change taken place in my fortunes and prospects since we parted. First, my worthy mother died, and then my father failed."

"Failed!" said I, "why I thought he had been in the church."

"Had he been as often in his church as he
was in the hunting field," continued Foster, "he had never got his affairs into the confused state he did. But he too died soon after my mother, and I found myself successor to a rich inheritance of debt with funds very inadequate to pay three shillings in the pound. I will, however, give you more of my history, by and by; but first tell me what you are doing in this part of the wide world, for I cannot forget the circumstances under which we last parted."

I gave him a hasty outline of my adventures, not even concealing my present situation and intentions which seemed to interest him very considerably.

"Our meeting," said he, "is singular; but it is more so from the similarity of the misfortune which has turned us forth to graze on the great common of life. My object in coming down here, was not to look for relatives, they are difficult to be found by one in poverty, but to see the owner of this wealthy estate who was in want of a steward. I had the satisfaction yesterday of learning from him that he was supplied; and I am now returning there by appointment, to receive a letter to some London
aristocrat, who may perchance, befriend me, from a regard for my reverend father. He having drunk as I understand many dozens of his best wine, and palmed upon him many a foundered Pegasus."

"Then you will be able to accompany me to town."

"Très volontiers, mon ami," said Foster, and believe me 'tis the only place where a man is sure of finding something to do. If you have a wish to inspect these ruins you can do so, and afterwards pursue that beautiful walk which will conduct you to the house I am about to visit. I shall however, in all probability, have finished my business as soon as you have satisfied your curiosity, and will rejoin you here, or at least meet you in that walk."

Accordingly Foster set off, and I betook myself to examine those picturesque ruins, which form so great an ornament to Cowdry Park, once the princely residence of the noble Montacutes. I had examined every portion of them before Foster made his appearance, and as he had nothing to detain him further than his wardrobe, which was so cunningly con-
densed as to be contained in one little port-
manteau, we returned to the village to give
directions as to where and how it was to be
forwarded.

This was soon settled, and we set out for
London at a smart pace. On the road, I ac-
quainted Foster of my late vicissitudes, which
interested him very deeply; and he, in return,
recounted his own, which were also not a little
various.

Foster was one of those highly good tem-
pered, good hearted creatures, who go through
this gloomy world like rockets through the
profound of night, all brilliancy and life. He
was gifted with a perfect *sang froid* of soul to
all sorrow, yet easily excited by mirth or plea-
sure; and one sterling reason for his being
blessed with so invaluable a portion of equa-
nimity, was his being altogether uninfluenced
by avaricious passions. Foster was never
grave except when his last shilling was gone;
as that lasted, he was as happy as if it had been
a guinea, that a hundred or even a thousand;
he acted up to the extreme letter of the text—
“Take therefore no thought for the morrow:
for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

As I have already shewn, his father was in such a situation of life as entitled him to have been placed in some respectable business or profession, but having chosen the bar, he had been placed at Lincoln's Inn. Before however, his terms were completed, the afore-mentioned family misfortunes rendered it impossible for him to prosecute this intention; and with little more in the world than a suit or two of clothes, he was thrown upon its patronage or charity for support.

Fortunately for Foster, his liberal education had not been misapplied; he had been a regular if not a laborious student, and it now stood him in good service.

A London publisher, from whom his father had purchased many sermons, and he an equal number of romances, was generous enough not to desert him in the time of need; but employed him as a reader of the abundant trash offered him for purchase or gratuitous publication. By this, and writing puffs for
blacking makers, patent medicine vendors, *et hoc genus omne* who thrust themselves so per-tinaciously on the public eye, he managed to keep body and soul together under very decent toggery. But having in a fit of inebriety abused his patron, the bibliopolist, he was discharged as the saying is, "with a flea in his ear."

Far from dropping his jaw at this disaster, Foster faced the world with his usual fortitude; and he was about to have accepted some situation in a newspaper establishment, when he was al-lured to Sussex, and put to considerable ex-pense by an advertisement for a steward.

The success of his application is known, yet had it no effect whatever on his spirits. And so sanguine was he of the formal letter of in-troduction, aforesaid, doing him service in town, that he never begrudged the expense of time or money which had attended his wild goose errand.

Such was George Foster, and as for any other particulars about him which can prove at all interesting, they may be comprised in the same space as auctioneers detail the qualities of live stock. He stood seventeen hands and
a half high, or five feet ten; was stout, well-proportioned and very good looking—that is to say, he had a good head of dark hair, which many a barber had cut closer than he should have done, for the sake of filching some of the curly ringlets—a bright roguish eye—a well formed nose, and teeth which were never intended for an animal not highly carniverous. With the invariable good temper and honourable principles of my old college friend, I had often seen proof; of which not the least one was his former well-timed loan, but of the goodness of his heart I had not seen a direct demonstration, till this very day of our departure from Midhurst.

The London road, after leaving the small but pretty village of Easbourn, stretches over an extensive heath; and we were crossing this when we observed a crowd at the bottom of a gibbet, which appeared to have been erected for some time.

The idle will ever go out of their way to satisfy curiosity, which usually predominates in a ratio equal to idleness; and we accordingly repaired to the gibbet, which stood a few
hundred yards from the high road. Of the group, two females were most conspicuous. One was seated sobbing convulsively, her head being covered with her apron; whilst the other supported her friend's head. The face of this individual was sweet, extremely sweet, although sorrow for her companion, sullied in some degree its beauty.

The rest of the party, who were chiefly rustics that had been occupied in cutting heath for brooms, pitied, evidently from their hearts, the plight of these maidens; and after casting upon us an unmeaning glance, they again fixed their eyes upon the pair and muttered their concern.

I was about to have begged some information as to the cause of this from an aged and respectable looking man, when the figure on the ground dashed suddenly away her apron and exhibited a face which must have been once the mirror of all loveliness. Once, for it was on the decline—care, not deflowering Time, had been the mower in that meadow; and his ravages were as obvious to the eye, as is the
harmonious modelling of a wrecked and stranded vessel.

The first impression on the mind of the observer of this face was, that it was beautiful. The second and almost instantaneous one, as the eye coursed over its lineaments, was that it had been doubly so;—and then a churchyard like chill would succeed, composed of moral glimpses, rapid as lightning in their career,—ending in seriousness and compassion. The veriest fool might have perceived that the waxy paleness of her cheek had irretrievably supplanted its former bloom, and that the dark eye which was now the seat of frenzy flashing, unsettled, gazing like an infant on every object with a desultory unscrutinizing motion, had once been lambently eloquent. I immediately conjectured that the maid was mad, when, starting as if a convulsion had shaken her frame, she exclaimed—

"O cruelty, cruelty! was he so wicked as to deserve his fate? no—it was I who brought him to his untimely end. Wretches!" continued she, in a louder strain, as the dark fit
came strongly across her soul,—"You have murdered him, but I am the guilty one, not thee, my innocent William."

The poor thing was soon silenced by her tears and weakness, when becoming calm and smiling (yet so clearly did that smile betray her feelings, that we all felt our throats choking with pity) she thus resumed—

"Ah," said she, nodding significantly, "I know it—yes, I know it—you have hidden him, else would he not have been so long away. Let me see how long," counting her fingers, and then passing them across her brow—"Alas! it is so long, I forget now—but I shall see him again soon. Again! Oh no, no—never shall I again see thee, my William; fond and faithful wert thou, but I never shall again see thee! No,—for I sat here and saw thy form swing in the mournful night breeze (pointing to the gibbet which creaked over her head)—yes, and whilst I sung your funeral dirge, my groans and the clanking of your chains scared off, meanwhile, the carrion birds which fluttered around your corpse! Did I not, sister?" addressing the other female, who made no answer, but
pressed her closer to her bosom. "But you know I did," continued she, without waiting for a reply, "and as his bones dropped away, I washed them with my tears, and then buried them deep, deep in the grave which these nails dug when all was dark and the moon unseen. But where I will not tell you. Monsters! would you again profane them, when I tell you they were blanched as white as his shroud. His shroud! woe's me, he had none but the mist and the rain."

Here the unhappy maniac wept and raved in a manner too wild for description. During this rhapsody, not a word was spoken on our parts; but the rugged features of the beholders were moulded strongly with sympathy, and her companion, who vainly strove to pacify her was exceedingly distressed.

"I never," said she, sobbing and looking innocently around the little circle for advice, "I never saw Rose half so bad before. God help my poor sister, I sadly dread what I shudder to think of."

Foster now grasped Rose's hand, and gently endeavoured to compose the violence of her
agitation, but the hand of death was slowly descending, and we perceived that nature could not long withstand so severe a conflict.

"Carry me, carry me to him," cried she, "'tis yonder. O, William! upbraid me not—why point you to that scaffolding—why point to that grave!—and now it frowns steadfastly from the fresh piled mould—now it sinks within its jaws!—Gone!—no, his head is still there. O, William; upbraid me not—I follow—I come—Almighty Father! mercy for your child!"

"Weep not," said I to the young damsels who hung over the body of Rose, wringing her hands, "it is the inscrutable will of a kind Providence, which has withdrawn your unfortunate sister from wretchedness to bliss—from woe and wandering to peace. Weep not, for even now, perhaps, her spirit beholds our grief, and smiles at our ignorance of her happiness."

The disconsolate girl paid no attention to this, nor indeed, did any one else; and as for Foster, he was a perfect child in the eyes, as he assisted to cover the body in a smock frock belonging to one of the labourers. The rustics,
meanwhile, formed a bier, and carried the corpse to an adjoining hovel; the others followed, Foster and myself supporting Emma, the affectionate friend of Rose.

It was to a small party of us, seated on the bank of an adjoining pond that the above-mentioned old gentleman, who proved to be the school-master of Easbourn, and had been very much affected by the late scene, related the following particulars concerning the deceased.

**History of the Rose of Easbourn.**

"Rose Esdale," said the schoolmaster, "was the only daughter of a poor man; but her father though in an humble station (a gardener) was universally respected for his honesty, temperance and industry. She was the very pride and idol of the old man's soul, her beauty was not to be equalled in our part of the country, and she was known far and near, by the title of "The Rose of Easbourn."—

"Nor unjustly was she called so, (smile not at an old man's raptures) for I who have lived here many years, and seen more than one
generation of village damsels dance in all the pride of their beauty amongst yon noble woods, have never yet seen one who could have rivalled her in loveliness and sweetness of disposition.

"Such being the case, it may be supposed that many swains were smitten by her charms; and on a summer's evening it was delightful to see her walking with old Esdale (her mother died when an infant) through the hazeled lanes, or in that lovely park with three or four gay gallants flaunting around, and assiduously endeavouring by their jokes and laughter to afford amusement, and gain her good opinion.

"In all the village games, Rose was invariably chosen queen, yet was there not one maiden who felt envious of her beauty and influence. So unassuming, sprightly, and conciliating was she, that no one had a heart bad enough to be her enemy.

"The heart of many a Sussex youth yearned hopelessly for her, but there was one whom she had singled out by her affections. That favourite was William Cresswell, a tall handsome lad,
who danced, sung and wrestled better than any of his acquaintances, and few for strength and agility could rival him in a cricket match. No wonder that so many qualifications, seconded by a brave generous spirit, captivated the heart of Rose.

"After a long courtship, during which envy procured him the usual number of enemies, William's suit succeeded. They were married; nor did ever love enchain together before a more lovely or loving pair. Scarcely however, had they been man and wife a month, before a recruiting party came to desolate the budding of their bliss.

"In the quiet hamlets of the country, few can regard the gorgeous appearance of a detachment of troops, without feeling high thoughts of glory and emulation struggling within them; and still fewer can do so without pride and emulation. So it was with the fair village of Easbourn, as this enlisting party paraded gaudily and noisily its quiet street. Every one gazed delighted, and felt his heart glow with honest patriotism; but as little thought William whilst viewing the gay troop, that it was fated
to be the cause of his future misery, as does a trout suppose the angler’s tawdry fly to be the lure destined to wile him to torment and destruction.

"I shall never forget the night William enlisted, which was during the time of a fair, that is held annually beneath yonder row of majestic chestnut trees. He, with some other young friends, after spending the day in various pastimes, remained during the evening for the purpose of dancing in a large booth which had been prepared for that purpose, and where the pastime was kept up till a late hour.

"As is too frequently the case, intemperance succeeded innocent amusement, and then it was that the military minions took advantage of his unguardedness. The sergeant, who was a heartless villain, talked much of glorious achievements, and perilous performances, and spun out circumstantial details, (false as may be supposed as long) of individuals, who without riches or interest had risen to the highest commands.

"Having thus inflamed the passions of Wil-
liam, he put him a few questions, which he was not sober enough to understand, slipped the Judas guinea into one hand, his drawn sword into another, and declared him solemnly to be one of his majesty's soldiers.

"Shortly after this, I saw him reel out of the booth, supported between two drummers; his hat covered with different coloured ribands, and he singing vehemently a verse of "God save the King."

"Everyone that met him loudly lamented his lot, which could not then be altered; and I heard one of his friends say, 'Alas! how different will be his sentiments to-morrow; how different the heart of Rose, the forsaken flower of Easbourn.'

"Next morning, I repaired at an early hour to the house of old Esdale, for the purpose of acquainting him with his son-in-law's destiny. Having knocked for some time, without the door being opened briskly as usual, I lifted the latch and entered. No one was within, but hearing voices in the garden, which extended from the back part of the house, I proceeded
there, and was much relieved by seeing William supporting Rose, who, half fainting from fear and sorrow, leant partly on her abstracted husband, and partly on her aged father. She was for the first time in her life reproaching him, and that was for leaving her to be perhaps widow.

"At this moment, the recruiting sergeant entered the garden. His look was that of a miscreant, but his demeanour proved him to be so; for he advanced whistling, quite unconcernedly and regardless of the heart-breaking scene before him.

"William seeing his ensnarer, started as if a snake had stung him, and from his red and haughty eye, glared a glance of indignant fury; whilst Rose, apprehensive of some violence rushed betwixt them, and clasping her husband to her breast, petitioned the stern-looking soldier to spare for pity's sake her William.

"The unfeeling wretch made no reply, but turning to his recruit, and slapping him on the shoulder, said—'Come my young friend, I am sorry you can have no further leave of absence
for this billing and cooing duty; come, we can spare you no longer.'

"I thought my heart would have burst at what ensued. Cresswell stood evidently burning with anger, yet motionless, from the confusion necessarily attending a medley of complicating thoughts; and in the meantime Rose fell at the tyrant's feet, imploring his compassion with all the eloquence of her tears; nor was old Esdale, or myself less supplicant.

"'True it is,' said the distracted Esdale, 'that I am a poor man, yet may I be able to scrape together sufficient for his ransom. Stay for one hour—but one hour—I am known by my neighbours as honest, if not affluent, and sure I am that they will lend me wherewith to satisfy the extortion of cruelty; to save my daughter's heart from breaking, and perhaps my son-in-law's life.—Stay but for half an hour.'

"To this petition, and my offer of lending whatever sum might obtain his ransom, the barbarian responded at first by a grin, which cut deeper to my heart than a direct refusal.

"'No;' said he at length, 'I would not give
up this lad if all the gold in Easbourn was before me. And yet, if any thing could tempt me to take the bait, it would be a kiss from this little fair-faced fairy. No wonder that my recruit makes such a fuss at parting with her; by St. George 'twill be a great while before he meets her match.

"Yes, you little rogue (addressing Rose) we have few in English or Irish barracks, but who would give you the 'pas, as the French say.'—Here the ruffian, who had been drinking, threw his arm round Rose's neck, for the purpose certainly of ravishing a kiss; when William seized him in a twinkling by the throat, and after an hearty shake, hurled him with such violence that he fell on his back in a very inglorious manner, in the midst of a bed of cabbages.

"'Villain!' said Cresswell, 'know, that although you may produce misfortune, and afterwards insult it, you shall never violate innocence with impunity.'

"The sergeant got up in a prodigious fury, and drew his sword; but seeing that William
only regarded him with a contemptuous smile, he again abruptly sheathed it.

"'Well," said he, 'I shall doubtless find a fit opportunity of repaying this violence, you mutinous scoundrel; in the meanwhile, I order you in the king's name instantly to follow me.' Having said this he walked away, trying to conceal his rage by humming a martial tune.

"William, after a long trance burst from the arms of Rose, and darted towards a small wicket which opened into the park. Here his steps faultered, and he again turned to take one last look on his wife who remained motionless where he had left her. Again he rushed back and clasped her in his arms, in spite of the tyrant's blasphemous denunciations—again he pressed her to his heaving breast, as his lips kissed away her tears; and then with a determination which required all his resolution to summon, and every nerve to execute, he tore himself franticly away.

"You will blame me," said the old man, "for relating so many little incidents, which
(though connected with the history of Esdale's daughter,) is not what you perhaps wish, a general sketch of her misfortunes."——

But here, we all interrupted him by declaring, that were he to tell the tale in which we were interested, in any other way than what he had done, it would not have half its charm.

"Well, well," resumed he, "if I grow not tiresome I am satisfied. But the fact is, I have told the same sad story so often, and was so intimate with both William and Rose, that were I to omit mentioning any circumstance however trifling, I should feel forgetful as it were of their hard fates, and commit a sacrilege on their memory.

"To proceed then, you remember a declaration of the sergeant's, that he would not ransom William if all the gold in Easbourn were laid before him. This will appear strange, as men of his description are in general notorious for shameful rapacity in such affairs; but there was a cause for his saying so, with which you must now be acquainted——

"Not many miles from Easbourn, lives the
ancient and opulent family. The squire, for so that extensive landed proprietor is usually styled, and who is a good man, and beloved by all his tenants, had an only son Robert. Upon him he doated, and to such an extent was this blameable indulgence carried, that it was ultimately the means, (as it often is) of greatly deteriorating his moral character.

"Robert’s evil dispositions might easily, in the tenderness of youth, have been eradicated; but these, like noxious weeds in a garden, being unheeded, speedily spread themselves with an exuberance which superseded the flowers of virtue, and defied correction.

"This melancholy fact was indeed exhibited when Robert was but a stripling. Strong in feeling, but violent and stubborn in resolution, he was feared by every one who had any charge concerning him. Even his father had but small authority over him, and was often obliged to coax him into a compliance with those injunctions, which should have been enforced by well-timed compulsion.

"When sixteen, a tutor was provided for this wayward young man, but his father perceiving
that the reverend instructor was heaped with every kind of insult by Robert, without his deriving any benefit from his instructions; he at length determined on parting for a time with his son.

"The young 'squire was accordingly sent to Oxford, accompanied by his disregarded tutor, where he remained for some terms, and during the vacations again repaired to an over fond parent.

"But he always returned a much greater profligate than before, for his heart which from the ascendant of his passions, had formerly been only pre-disposed to vice, was now confirmed in every kind of dissipation. He had also gained more cunning and intrigue during his stay at college, and could artfully conceal from the knowledge of his father the disgraceful practises in which he was constantly engaged."

"I perfectly believe that," muttered Foster.

"Such was the man," resumed the narrator, "who was doomed to desolate the happiness of William and his bride. One evening, as the young 'squire was returning from the chase, he met Rose. He was struck with her uncommon
beauty, and instantly set about devising schemes for her destruction.

"She was then unmarried, and as Esdale was the tenant of a very intimate friend of his father's, he had more hopes of succeeding in his designs. With this cursed intent, he soon ingratiated himself with the poor man, and no art was left untried by him for subduing the obdurate virtue of Rose. His shameful schemes were however foiled, for she preserved that innocence which was her only birthright, and her lover not ignorant of the young squire's intentions, brought his courtship to a speedier close than from prudential reasons he had at first intended.

"Robert, on being informed of the marriage was terribly enraged; and he swore solemnly never to desist until he had wreaked his vengeance upon Rose, but more especially on William whom he detested for baffling his desires. Too well, alas! were his menaces fulfilled. William had ever baffled this young libertine's intrigues, and steadily refused each dazzling kindness by which he thought to blind his inexperienced mind. First he de
scribed to him the wondrous pleasures of a city life, promising at the same time to obtain for him a lucrative office. He then offered him the stewardship of a small property which lay in the north; but not these nor many other golden lures could affect the unambitious mind of William. Not all the world’s wealth could have seduced him from his beloved Rose. Her sudden marriage overthrew almost every hope of Robert’s unwarrantable designs succeeding; but his pride, his passions, and his hate, determined him not to desist from the undertaking.

"Matters were in this situation, when the above mentioned recruiting party passed through the village of Easbourn; and the diabolical thought of this being a good opportunity of trepanning his humble rival, suggested itself to the young squire. He, by bribery and profuse promises of future favour, easily bought over the sergeant to his views; and a scheme for enlisting him was soon projected. How that succeeded I have already informed you; and it is this which accounts for the sergeant’s refusing to accept of any ransom for William Cresswell."
"William had not been long from his native village before Robert, elated with having so skilfully got rid of him, began to prosecute the train of his villanies; and under pretence of con-doling with Rose on her unexpected misfortune, he was never absent from Esdale's cottage, till at length he gained confidence to open his own cause.

"I will not mention Rose's indignation on first hearing his proposals; I will not mention her redoubled regret for the absence of a pro-tecting husband. For upwards of three years did she hold at defiance the devilish designs of her destroyer; but what! O, what Sir, can a poor frail child of nature do, when beset thus resolutely by that determined tempter—man.

"Woman is weak; Rose was weak: and when woman is helpless, she is doubly weak. Pity therefore, but blame not the straying of Rose. For I will not believe there is a female upon earth who can withstand the resolute attacks of a villain who sits down, determined on undermining the foundations of her inno-cence. No: for if a woman could, she would. She was as artless and innocent as that bleating lamb—spotless as Heaven's
blue arch above us. Though poverty had been her nurse, and loveliness her stepdame, Rose was gifted with every virtue which nature could dispense; and if, flowret like, she fell before a wintry blast of lust and cruelty, she only fell beneath one too powerful for created purity to withstand.

"Curses light upon that wretch's head, who stealeth to the abode of peaceful contentment and turneth it into a house of mourning!

"Curses light on him, who can thus go ingloriously forth to sow tares amongst wheat, where tare never before grew. And oh! let every parent who indolently watcheth the vicious tendencies of his children's hearts gradually expanding themselves, arouse himself betimes from a fond and fatal lethargy, which must eventually entail upon itself a fearful retribution!

"But! but!" continued the old man, lowering his voice, which had been much raised during the delivery of his last words, "all this is foreign to my tale.

"Robert, as I have before shewn, triumphed
over the fallen 'Rose of Easbourn,' and although she could never think of William and her own dishonour, without fearfully contrasting her miserable situation with former happy days; she nevertheless endeavoured to forget him because she had forgotten her solemn vows of constancy, and felt a shuddering conviction that she was unworthy of his love.

"But who can combat with the heart! I was sitting one fine summer evening with Esdale in his garden, and we had been conversing about his daughter, and poor William, till the good man's heart was too heavy to allow him to say more. For sometime we had remained silent, when the little garden wicket suddenly opened, and a man having the appearance of a soldier entered, and after casting his eyes around, advanced irresolutely towards us.

"A musket was slung over his shoulder; and a knapsack on his back, appeared to contain the sum total of his property; whilst the extreme dustiness of his clothes told that he had carried them some distance.

"I might have recognised in the stranger
my humble but once dear friend Creswell, had not time and hardships so wofully mastered him, that the thought never struck me it was him. But when he accosted Old Esdale with his usual 'How are you Gaffer Esdale?' we both knew; and embraced him heartily.

"His next question was, 'How is Rose?'

"Esdale shuddered, as with a suppressed groan he stammered—'She is well—she is well, I thank God.'

"'Then be God indeed thanked,' said William, who did not observe the poor man's agitation, and his nature seemed revived as by a cordial. His manly open countenance assumed at the same time, that beneficent smile which ever used to play upon his features, and throwing off his knapsack he sat down near us.

"William was cheerful and sprightly; he related many anecdotes and adventures, and gave a short history of his wanderings; but every joke and every tale ended with long inquiries after Rose. Alas! soon was the hilarity of his soul to be eclipsed—soon was that smile upon his lips to be supplanted by despair!
"Rose had been out all the afternoon, but was every moment expected, and in the meantime, William's impatience was as painful as his questions concerning her were incessant. "These, it may be supposed, Esdale and myself answered hesitatingly and with faltering tongues, for we durst not communicate to him his wife's dishonour.

"I have often since blamed myself for thus allowing the bosom of my friend to be flushed with hopes, the crushing of which he felt with ten-fold anguish. Our confusion, however, could no longer escape his observation.

"'My friends,' said he, 'what means this strange uneasiness and agitation? Why do I find coldness and want of welcome where I least looked for them? Has calumny, from which wealth—worth—nor poverty is exempt, misrepresented me during my absence? Oh! my father, for so have I often called you with a son's affection, have you forgotten the love you used of old to bear me? Break not my heart by this unlooked for displeasure!'"
"Here he seized old Esdale's hand, and wetting it with tears, pressed it fervently to his lips.

"This was too much for the tender hearted father-in-law, he burst into tears, and exclaiming 'My daughter—My daughter!' covered his face with his trembling hands.

"'In the name of all in Heaven!' ejaculated William, 'tell me what has befallen her—tell me that—tell me, is she dead—dead!'

"'Would she had died!' resumed the old man, 'would my only and once prized child had died, rather than have lived dishonoured!'

"Creswell turned as pale as if he had been upon his bier; and it was some time before his tongue could utter the agony of his shattered mind.

"'Rose, Rose dishonoured and alive!' cried he, 'can it be that she survives her guilt—her shame! O, all just and preserving Father,' continued he, casting his eyes to Heaven; 'have I merited this trial? If thou hast deemed it good, hear the prayer of an humble creature who is unworthy of the test. I am of dust, of miserable dust, be merciful to my weak-
ness and return me again to clay. Oh! Rose, Rose, was it for this I plunged deeper in the throng of war, venturously greedy for honour? and yet that honour was for Rose—for Rose dishonoured.'

"At this moment Rose herself entered the garden, and seeing one in a soldier's dress, approached eagerly to make inquiries concerning her husband. She did not recognise him though William knew her; and as she drew near, he fixed his eyes for a few moments steadily upon her, and then hastily covering his face with a ragged handkerchief (the only valuable left amidst his hardships; for Rose had given it him) he wept without moving.

"There was something inexpressibly touching in this outpouring of the poor fellow's grief, which pierced my heart, and recalled the poet's lines—

"Ah! handkerchief, sad present of my dear. Gift miserable, which doth now remain, The only guerdon of my hapless pain When I thee got, thou shew'dst my state too clear."

"Rose drew nearer. The almost hectic blush
of health which had formerly pencilled her cheek was gone; care and remorse had firmly fixed themselves in a sallow wan-ness; and her face was in short the picture of shame, sickness, sorrow and lingering death.

"Truly is it written, that 'virtue alone is happiness'; whence, otherwise, the dearth of joy which gilds with its feeble ray this sublunary theatre?—wherefore has every most fortunate actor in that theatre quitted its scenes, and, with a sigh, confessed 'that all on earth is vanity'?—wherefore, but that virtue alone is happiness! Seek ye not, then, my friends—for happiness, unless ye seek it in her unspotted fane; for be assured, that those pleasures which the world so designates, experience has shown to be but false beacons, which mislead the really virtuous inclined, and direct them to destruction. I am however again rambling.

"William's face was averted from Rose, who looked like a bruised and broken down lily, before it has bent its head finally to the earth; and little was she aware of the trial awaiting her, when she began questioning her unknown husband.
"'Were you ever in India,' demanded she, with a faultering voice.

"'I was,' returned William, who had mustered nerve for the interview.

"'Did you ever meet with a young man there—a young man of the name of Cresswell—William Cresswell?'

"'I did—it was at Seringapatam. I saw him amongst the first who dashed for the breach of death, and whilst hundreds were blown from its jaws, he stood dauntless and unhurt. And when the strife was o'er, maiden, I saw him kneel before the God of battles, who had spared him, and in his prayers yourself were not forgotten.'

"Here Rose interrupted him by asking—'Why do you weep?'

"'At my misfortunes.'

"'I pity you,' replied Rose, 'the more so, because you are a soldier, and have been the comrade of my husband; whom I—' she durst not proceed further concerning him.—'But we have all our misfortunes, and no one can say his are the most intolerable.'

"'Yes!' exclaimed William, indignantly,
whilst his eyes shot fire, 'yes, woman, and we have all of us likewise our injuries which are more difficult to bear, as they are least deserved. Few, few, Rose, can lay hand on heart, and say they have suffered more than me. Few have less deserved them! When a soldier has been torn from his native land, and friends, and the one he has ever loved; when he has undergone toils, which must have subdued him, had not the hopes of at last re-meeting the bright eyes of a faithful wife—of finding one true heart beat gladly on his return; when such is the case, and instead of all this, he finds his love forgotten, the sacred vows solemnized between them broken—and—oh, God! let me perish, for this cup of bitterness is more than I can bear! Rose, you have proved false and foresworn to the man who has adored you! You have broken the heart of your husband—you have perjured yourself in the eyes of heaven. Thou once innocent, faithless, and alas! still too beautiful syren farewell for ever.'

"Rose had recognized William long before
he concluded, and she would have cast herself into his arms, had not conscious depravity rooted her to the spot and tied her tongue. She would have fainted, but nature was herself upheld by so sudden a vacillation of her powers; and she remained a motionless statue of horror and surprise.

"Cresswell looked upon her for an instant, as one contemplates for the last time the features of a deceased friend; and then striking his forehead, whilst tears of mature grief gushed down his bronzed cheeks, he dashed away over the fence from her whom he had but lately been so anxious to embrace.

"No sooner had William gone than Rose, who had followed him with her eyes in speechless confusion, fainted in my arms. She was taken very ill, and confined so long to her bed by fever and delirium, that but little hope was entertained of her recovery. She, however did recover, and her former love, which had till then lain partially dormant, now burst forth with renewed strength. She talked of nothing but her returned husband; loathed the young
squire who, it appears, had forged some account of William's certain death; and refused, in spite of his entreaties, ever again to see him.

On the reinstatement of her health, her only occupation was wandering about, in hopes of meeting and appeasing her husband. But in vain—William had vowed never more to approach her, yet did he seem to feel a gloomy pleasure in frequenting the haunts of earlier and happier days. A deep sorrow had settled for ever on his spirit, and his usual amusement was to stroll along the lovely Avon with his fishing rod. He carefully shunned the approach of every human being; and although Rose would sometimes obtrude upon his loneliness, he never failed instantly to dart away, and leave her to tears and fruitless supplications.

"I believe I already told you that William had always been fond of my acquaintance, and I was now perhaps the only one who could converse with the once most social of all companions. I took advantage of this, and frequently expressed my regret at what had oc-
curred between himself and wife, advising him at the same time, to consent to the bringing about a reconciliation. But, in vain did I depict the guile and villany of the squire; the love which Rose bore him; her penitence, her sufferings, and the despair which his aversion had produced. He would listen patiently to what I had said, and then withdraw without answering a syllable.

"One evening, after the toil of a sultry day's teaching was finished, I was strolling by the river side, enjoying the breeze which scarcely ruffled its waters, when I espied William seated near an old wooden bridge which is thrown across the Avon. His fishing rod, was as usual, with him, but it was tied up, and he appeared watching a cloud of rooks which were flitting noisily over an adjacent wood before betaking themselves to rest.

"So intent was he on the objects before him, or entranced in his own reveries, that he returned no answer to my address, but gazed on me as if I had been a perfect stranger. He then started up suddenly, and exclaimed—


"'Yes, wretch! you have succeeded in rifling of happiness, the little spot in which my every hope was anchored! every expected summer of joy have you overcast with an interminable winter! but not without retribution—no! that shall yet overtake you.'

"Having delivered this wild speech, he rushed away, leaving me in the highest surprise; and as he did so, I observed that his belt and bayonet were girded on. This I attributed to madness, yet could I not help fearing from his words that it portended something terrible, and which I must confess passed at the same moment darkly through my mind.

"A few minutes' walk confirmed this surmise, for of a sudden I heard loud cries of murder and screams for assistance. I ran towards the spot whence they proceeded, and found the young squire upon the ground weltering in his blood; whilst over him stood William with a bloody bayonet in his hand, and his face, which was swollen with rage and red with his victim's blood, appeared the horrid reality of fallen man in his most abandoned state.
"I have done it," said he sternly, whilst his expanded eyes surveyed horridly the body; 'I have done it, and no one else, and now are revenged the wrongs of Cresswell and his Rose. I have done it; but though revenge is gratified, what have I gained? Can I ever restore peace or purity to her whose frailty urged me to commit this deed? Can a ray of joy ever again beam within my breast? Eternal Providence! who can be happy when thy face is averted from him! an exile, a forgotten exile did I leave my native land, and now must I for ever leave it as a shedder of human blood.'

"No longer," continued the schoolmaster, "will I dwell upon a subject which rends my heart; and indeed the rest of my tale is soon told. The young squire was mortally wounded, although some weeks elapsed before he died; the assizes were held and William was indicted for murder. The dreadful deed was too circumstantially established by my testimony and other evidence to admit of any doubt to his guilt; and although several witnesses were called to prove that Cresswell
was deranged, that objection was over-ruled and he was sentenced to undergo all that the severity of the law can inflict.

"It is in such cases as this that the love of woman shines pre-eminently bright: and now it was that the affection of the miserable Rose overcame every obstacle. Night nor day quitted she the gloomy prison without supplicating with tears one last interview with her ever beloved husband. William dreaded more such a meeting than his doom; and though for some time averse to it, Rose's patience and distress at length accomplished her desire. They met.—The gaoler saw them rush into each other's arms; and whilst Cresswell once more pressed to his bosom the long absent, and though guilty, now forgiven partner of his afflictions, tears and sighs revealed their mutual forgiveness and their love.

"If there be a time when the feelings of the heart approximate in purity to those of Heaven, it must be when a broken love is thus renewed, and all the injuries of a life are for ever cancelled. Such a meeting, despite the tears which attended it, and the hapless situation of the parties,
could only have been one of genuine joy. Truly says the bard of Morven—' Pleasant is the joy of grief; it is like the shower of spring when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf rears its green head.'

"Cresswell suffered on that crazy gibbet, and scarcely had he been launched into another world, when a shriek wild and clear rose from amongst the crowd. It came from Rose, who had determined on witnessing the last moments of her husband.

"Months rolled away before she arose from the bed of illness and derangement; and when she did so, it was like the winter sun shorn of its noblest beams, for her reason had for ever fled. Till her death, which you have seen, she has continued to frequent this heath; mourning at the foot of the tree on which her husband suffered, and for some time nothing could entice her from the spot.

"The little damsel, Emma, was one of poor Rose's most intimate companions during her brighter days; she sympathised in her misfortunes, and when deserted by every former friend, she still remained attached to her, and
latterly seldom quitted her. At last the kind-hearted Emma acquired so much influence over the unfortunate girl, as to make her agree to many things respecting her own comfort to which she would otherwise have paid no attention; and but for that attentive friend, Rose would have continued, as she was wont, to wander across the wild heath, faint and hungry, and discoursing with the supposed ghost of her William. As it was, she invariably spent the better part of every day at the foot of his gibbet, upbraiding herself with her infidelity, and watering the ground with unavailing tears.

"Such is the true story of William and of Rose, the fairest flower that Easbourn shall ever see; and thus was that flower blighted by the baneful breath of unbridled profligacy."
CHAPTER IX.

"Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully; I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you." Lear.

My companion was so affected with this adventure, that I have thereby been induced to insert the story (and perchance to my own prejudice with some readers) and as soon as the old schoolmaster had ended, he slipped some money into his hand, charging him to see that the last sad rites were afforded Rose in as decent a manner as possible.

Now as I very well knew that poor Foster could ill afford this trifle, it gave me a high
opinion of his character, which I never afterwards found reason to change.

We now resumed our journey, somewhat more thoughtfully than we had commenced it, and many miles did we cast behind us before Foster regained the natural elasticity and carelessness of his disposition. He was naturally as merry as volatile, and after any unpleasant circumstance was passed or forgotten, his spirits usually rose in proportion to the depression which they had undergone. There was little or nothing on earth to give Foster concern; he had no mistress he cared a straw for—no estates to mortgage or improve, no patrons to court, no enemies to deceive. He literally was one born to go through the world with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches, and it had long been a matter of admiration to all who knew him, that he should generally be able to sport so tolerable a specimen of that indispensable habiliment, and find the wherewithal to keep his restless spirit in such good humour.

In the course of three or four hours one might have supposed from Foster's demeanour that he had just returned from a wedding or a
fair, rather than a scene more serious than a burial. He seemed to have forgotten everything tristful, for he laughed, joked, leapt over hedges and ditches, after a manner that would have done credit to a professed mountebank; made prodigious hops, steps, and jumps, and tossed about large jagged flints, to which feat sundry geese and donkeys were more than once nearly falling martyrs.

These capers were eventually curtailed by a sprain in his left ankle, which again partially shook up the muddy sediment of his mercurial disposition causing him alike to curse and hobble; besides which, our anxiety was aroused by symptoms and almost infallible ones, of a tremendous storm. He who has taken the trouble to look into Luke Howard's lucubrations respecting the myrmidons of the air will, I pledge myself, find them to be very different from what Aristophanes represents those of the sagacious Socrates to have been. The honest pug-nose saw in them only the puerile imaginings of wolves, Goddesses, or Centaurs, being profoundly ignorant of the glorious cloud classification of simple, intermediate, and compound
modifications. How sublime! (to use Jove’s own title) how cloud-compressing a generalisation is St. Luke’s! how paltry and insignificant appear the classes and orders of Linnaeus to his Cirrus, Cumulus, Stratus—the Cirro-cumulus; cirro-stratus; cumulo-stratus, and cumulo-cirro-stratus vel nimbus.

Of this discovery, the Reasoner was as ignorant as an ass (though, if report speaks true, he had experience in sundry sorts of showers) nor could he therefore have understood what follows, had I not appended for him an explanation, as I shall do for the happy uninitiated.

To resume, then; on Foster’s spraining his ankle, a halt in every sense of the term took place, and there, after a few heavy drops, assaulting our faces more after the manner of hail than rain induced us to upturn them and remark that the wind was, as we guessed, N.N.W., and that the horizon was perfectly begirt with cumulo-cirro-stratus, that is to say—the sky was completely overcast by clouds; the lightest and most fleecy looking of which were flitting along undisturbed in their own high sphere, whilst their more ponderous brethren lay long level and ex-
tended, like lubberly schoolboys who have been well bolstered or buffeted till their noses have fallen a bleeding.

Besides this, there was at times just such a sufficiency of wind, as to render one who wore his own hair a much more independent man than he who vegetated beneath a wig.

We naturally enough looked round for some shelter, and as usual on all such emergencies, there was not even a hovel in sight; so making up our coats and minds to the absolute certainty of a sound ducking, we jammed our hats closer to our heads, and gnashing our teeth, pushed forwards in strong defiance of the now strengthening storm.

We had not done so long, when a sudden turn of the road showed us at some distance a head, a prodigious wane or waggon drawn by I think, eight horses. On seeing this, my companion expressed great delight, declaring it was the London luggage waggon, and that for a shilling or two, we might not only get protection from the tempest, but a lift on our way in the bargain.

I am foolish enough to confess, that my pride
was at first a little startled by this proposal but the state of Foster's ankle, the now pouring down rain, and last not least, the wish to see an interior which Smollett has so graphically drawn, banished all my objections, and I agreed to take a ride if we could come to terms with the driver.

Accordingly we took a short cut by a path which formed the string to the bow of this turn of the road, and soon overtook the ponderous machine, which was of an amazing height, and covered with a strong sort of woollen cloth, in doing which we were not a little assisted by the driver, having stopped his team to permit a tall starved-looking traveller to obtain an entrance.

The waggoner a stupendous bacon-devouring booby, had just enveloped his dirty brown frock in a thick grey coat, preparatory for the expected storm, and answered our request to get in with an assumed air of coolness, and—

"Vy Sirs, you zees I bees allowed by my masters to take up pessengers; 'tis best part of my vages you zee; but I muss charge pas-

k 5
sengers, or shan't make much profit by gole. How far going?"

"To the first town," replied I hastily, for it was raining heavily.

"Vy, that's Guilford—ay—well," said he slowly, and with deliberation, thus taking advantage of the weather to secure a good bargain. "Why then, if so he's the case, I vont ax you over much. You may ride the whole way for a shilling, or to Lunnnon if ye be going so far, for half-n-crown.—Gee captain!"

We did not haggle about the hire.

"Well gemmen," said the driver, assuming a more prepossessing pitch of voice, as he pocketed the money. "You must get in behind whilst I stop the team, and take care how you get over the first row of packages, and don't hurt t'other gentleman."

Having delivered this caution, to which neither of us paid much attention, he trudged forward to attend his horses.

On reaching the bottom of a small declivity, the waggon stopped, and as the rain now came down in torrents, Foster began first eagerly to
force an entrance, (a task by the by not half so easy as it looked) and I followed him closely.

The end of the waggon to the height of about five feet, was quite blocked up with boxes, and packages, which were to be dropt on the route, and it was necessary to surmount this little barrier before an entrance could be effected to the recess kept for travellers.

When Foster had gained the top of this wooden wall, he found himself in profound darkness, and was of course uncertain how to direct his course; but being urged by my impatience in the rear, he began with consummate caution to steer in a line of greater longitude.

Scarcely had he begun doing so, when a voice hollow as the blast, blowing through a sepulchre spoke as follows:—

"Vat more visitor! ha more de diable! Mon Dieu shall this be tolerate—shall we choke for de no air!"

My friend who had not heard or heeded the waggoner's admonition respecting the "gem-men inside," was somewhat surprised at this address, and stopping short, he peered fruitlessly around to discover the speaker; for the
dusk would have been too in pervious even for an owl.

Foster was not however long of finding the object he so much desired, for a sudden jerk of the vehicle seconded by a reciprocal shove from me behind, sent him headlong down a yawning pit of three or four feet perpendicular depth, plump upon a Frenchman the author of which had just accosted him.

"Ah ah! Oh oh! Morbleu. Sacre——" was all he could for some seconds give vent to; when recovering himself, and swearing that his "ribs and collar bone were no more," he caught Foster by the throat, and bit him severely. Often and sagely has it been remarked, that disasters rarely befall us without bringing with them concomitants equally vexatious.

I remained for a moment motionless and astonished at Foster's sudden crash and disappearance, little imagining that all this hubbub was the prologue of my own misfortunes. For as Butler describes Sir Hudibras when falling from his horse, to have grasped his blade just

"——— as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,"
so did my companion on finding himself descending into the unknown abyss, lay hold of a corded trunk on which I was kneeling, which yielded and rolled with me simultaneously into the vortex below, as we may suppose Curtius to have plumped into the gulph in the Roman Forum.

The box which was large, though fortunately not proportionably weighty, lighted with a fell crash partly on the breast of a quaker, and partly on the shins of a schoolmaster, both of which persons had been fast asleep till Foster's descent; whilst I found myself unwillingly embracing the overwhelmed teacher's spouse, after knocking all the breath out of her body.

The quaker, albeit, much bruised, shewed no symptoms of rage or pain; but awakening with a grumble, civilly requested the box to depart, accosting it by the appellation of "friend."

Discovering however, his mistake, and the true nature of the enemy, he without saying another word pushed it off himself, transferring the whole onus to the Dominie.

"O me!" ejaculated Mrs. Muckshadée, the teacher Mr. Timotheus Muckshadée his
spouse, "Tim get up you savage that you are, get up."

"Hah!" cried Tim, pressed almost speechless with the luggage, "no help! I shall be suffocated. Oi, oi, oi," continued he in a gentle whine, panting at the same time, and struggling to free himself, "oi, oi, here—here! O ille et nefasto te posuit die. Oh! help."

At length Timothy managed to enfranchise himself; but the scene which succeeded, was still more ludicrous. The Frenchman having found himself unequal to the task of throwing off Foster, had viciously bitten his ear and scratched his cheek; which treatment rousing all the energies of the latter, he scrupled not to grasp forcibly his unknown opponent's beak, which he was within an ace of wrenching from its roots.

This putting the son of Gaul to the most exquisite suffering, he gave loose to his fury in a thousand antics and horrible denunciations.

"Sang et tonnerre, sacre dieu! Ah moy blaud! ah mon livair! if you is von shentilhomme, come out to de combat. O lor! lor!"
Notwithstanding this and much more gibberish which was sputtered out by Monsieur Sears in a very indistinct manner, Foster never quitted his influential hold, but ever and anon gave his nose another and severer screw. Whilst these two were thus engaged, Mrs. Muckshadee who was dignified by the name of Cleopatra, finding that I was a substitute for Tim, began to scream and fill the waggon with her lamentations.

"O, did she ever expect to be insulted in a public conveyance; and her brute of a husband too not to take her part. But she did not care, for she would have her revenge."

When Mr. Muckshadee, who was a very jealous man and doated much on Cleopatra, heard himself thus apostrophised in the peroration of his lady’s speech; he soon discarded all thoughts of his own sufferings and addressed me.

"Sir," said he, fixing his green eyes upon me, for my own had now become so far habituated to the Cerberean gloom, as to enable me to discern that Muckshadee had a pair of villainous green ones.
“Sir, let me tell you this behaviour is not urbanitate consistans—I mean to say Sir, that it is devoid of politeness, or what the vulgar call, breeding. Withdraw then, I conjure you, from my spouse; for know that this lady, Sir, pertains to me. Yes—Maturate fugam regi que hæc dicite vestro non tibi imperium Cleopatris, sed mihi sorte datum est.”

I instantly apologised to the offended parties, for my very unintentional rudeness; and whilst explaining the cause, the quaker who was a gigantic man, felt moved by the spirit to bestir himself in order to quell the tumult. "Friends, friends!" cried he, "I prithee let there be amity here among us, one towards another! Do thou brother (addressing me) remove further from this woman; and thou friend Muckshadee appease thy wrath. This tribulation hath I verily opine arisen from some unfortunate mistake. Nay,"

* Thus paraphrased by Pitt.

"Not Sir to thee but unto me
Was granted by the sisters three
The empire of this beauteous she!
Yes me Timotheus Muckshadee."
tinued he addressing the Frenchman "be at peace; nor do thou," said he to Foster, "per-
sist in persecuting his nose."

"Be at de peash!" ejaculated Monsieur Sears, "verfore shall I be at de peash! vay
am I like to make peash!"

At length by the exertions of Mahershalal hashbaz Groby (for so the Herculean quaker
was named) a general amnesty was agreed on, a
universal explanation took place, and this was
succeeded by something like good acquaintance.
For some time however, little was uttered on
either side; for the schoolmaster had pushed
the box quite out of his way, and was puzzling
his brains to recollect Servius' opinion on that
dubious passage in the eighth Æneid, "Nec-
dum etiam geminos a tergo respicit angues," and
which possibly had been suggested by our vio-

tent assault upon the rear of the party.

Meanwhile the quaker was snoring loudly,
and Foster and Cleopatra had entered into an
agreeable tête à tête, one half of which never
met the jealous ears of the abstracted Mr. Muck-
shadee. As for myself, I had retreated into
a dark corner of the vehicle, fearful of being
pestered by the Babylonian jargon of the pedagogue, to hear whom speak, a person might indeed fancy that he heard Cerberus himself pronounce, "a leash of languages at once."

For some time I had suspected we were in a town, by the piteous rumbling of the waggon when suddenly and gratefully enough to me, it stopped at a small inn, and the driver told us we had better alight and get some refreshment, as he put up there for a couple of hours.

At this summons the quaker awoke, and Tim, who had been for some time asleep also awoke; but fortunately for my amorous friend Foster, not before he had uttered in an audible whisper the word "love." This he certainly never intended should be overheard by any other person than the one to whom it was addressed; and truly, saving himself and Cleopatra, there was no one then awake but me. This dangerous monosyllable he pronounced very softly, but fervently, just before Mr. Muckshadee yawned forth "my dear," and if my ears deceived me not, I heard distinctly enough at the same time several
smacks, as if two friendly mouths had met; and which smacks O pudor! O Diana! O Cleopatra! were repeated no fewer than three successive times.

The lusty Groby was the first to disem bogue, which he did with much precaution, escaping free from all accident, save bruising twice the pent house of his hat, and once his shins against some prostrate packages. Muckshadee was less fortunate, coming off with a couple of severe contusions on his legs.

"Mehercule!" exclaimed he "quamprimum;" I scape the awful, Scyllam et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa, lo! am I foul of this, "imp lacata Charybdis."

"O," continued Tim pulling his right foot from betwixt two bales, and immediately afterwards grazing his fibula against a trunk. "O tu ante alios immanior omnes." But now am I free, and in verity we were in peril, Quam pæne furvae regna Proserpinae et Judicantem videmus Æacum? Hah Cleopatra dear; make haste—and take especial care,—lay hold of my hand my dear;
you will require assistance, for as widow Dido said—but come Cleopatra, come love."

It must be confessed, that Mrs. Muckshadee was far from forthcoming so expeditiously as his impatience required; she being pretty far gone in conquering a second Antony. However, after making a fair allowance of time for the length and danger of the passage, she alighted, without incurring further mischief than running her head twice against Foster's, and which misfortune probably originated in his officiously piloting her through the difficulties presented by Scylla and Charybdis.

Foster and I followed, and escaped getting any bruises of consequence; but Monsieur Sears who awoke after our breaking up, and was accordingly untutored by our calamities suffered most severely. This unlucky wight after giving one of his capacious yawns, and ejaculating his customary, "Mon Dieu," leapt up with great agility and advanced boldly forward, humming the words "C'est l'amour l'amour qui fait le monde à la ronde."

Both this song and his own mirth were, how-
ever ill timed; for upon gaining the table land
of the barrier, he was precipitated by the cru-
elty of Charybdis a couple of yards upon an
empty barrel from which he partly rolled,
partly slid head foremost into the mud, amidst
the horse laughs and jeers of numerous spec-
tators. This accident greatly irritated the tall
Frenchman; he stamped, swore, and uttered
a profusion of abuse and bravado, loading
therewith by far most thickly the innocent and
astonished waggoner.

“Sacre crapeaud!” exclaimed he, “Mons-
vieur damn cartare! vas dis on purpose pour
moi faire tomber dans de podell. I vill
vous chatierai par Gar!” This threat how-
ever impossibly spoken, corresponded but
ill with appearances; for “Monsieur Car-
tare,” was a tall square set villain, en-
dowed with unusual strength of muscle, as
well as with a long whip garnished at its
taper end with Gordian knots which barely
exceeded in number the brass studs which
glittered on its handle. Whereas the “An-
trustion,” was a man of no physical formida-
bility; being tall, lank as a leek, supported
by legs in shape and dimensions resembling quills, whilst his nose long and peaked, was the faithful barometer of his passions, designating by its alternate redness, blueness, or paleness, the anger, amativeness, or fear of the spirit by which it was actuated.

But this criterion was for the present useless, it having received from the hand of Foster a perpetual redness, something like an erysipelas.

The waggoner, however, was not a person to be vanquished by a threat; and scratching his comb in his peculiar fearless manner, he thus answered the Frenchman—

"Zur, vy zur, as to your tumbling, I bean't answerable; you bees old enough to stand on's own legs, although does (with a grin) look summat werry childish. Bean't I right now bean't he old enoagh? (appealing to his auditors.) But;" continued he, getting more John Bullish, from the applause of the mob, "I'ze recommend you hoard up your jaw, Mr. Mounser, and not try shattering me; cause I will see if my whip vont make you take your hands off. Bean't that fair?" turn-
ing to the quaker, who had turned back fearing there would be a quarrel.

"Verily, verily but justice," responded Groby; "but my friends, I prithee part in amity and refrain from strife, which leadeth to murder, the worst of crimes. No one, friend (addressing Monsieur Sears,) is blamable for thy misfortune."

"Satis, satis superque!" exclaimed Muckshadee, interfering with an air of pompous authority; "Gentlemen let there be a cessation of this broil; at least should your rancour be deadly and irreconcilable, refrain from war but apply to yourselves the council given to her son by the ἀργυραπέρα Θετίς which by the by (or "en passant," as Monsieur would say) signifieth the silver footed, i. e. white footed Thetis, and not as Milton did suppose the silver-slippered, when he wrote,

"By Thetis' tinsel slippered feet,
And the songs of syrens sweet."

She the fair footed goddess thus prudently advised her son: 'Chide in words, but re-
frain from blows; and if it so please you, retain your fury for another occasion—but

Μην Ἀχοίσειν πολέμου δάπεπανε παμπαν

Monsieur Sears,” continued he, “I perceive that you are much exasperated; yet so was the identical son of Peleus, μεν ευς ἐν μέγα Φρενες and yet even that redoubted hero was able to conceal his passion and dissimulate. As for you bully waggoner, saw not the air so furiously with that ox-scourge. Siste, siste, refrain thy brawny hand; for besides having advantages as numerous as the nails in its handle, you do not brandish it in an honourable cause. Never will you be entitled to have it wreathed in myrtle, like the weapons of Harmodius and Aristogiton.”

In such a vein did the self-opinionated pedagogue proceed, when he eventually entered upon a long winded lecture on liberty and self-defence. How long he might have continued haranguing and expounding portions of the Corpus Juris Civilis I know not;—had he not discovered that he was only addressing a couple of sweeps, an intelligent
apple woman, and the unyoked waggoner—the principle personages having for some time retired as friends.

The faithful Cleopatra too had left him in the lurch, and was flirting and laughing with Foster at the inn door. This excited unpleasing connubial sensations, so Mr. Muckshadee broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence and posted after his spouse, who received him in a much cooler manner than a husband generally admires.

Being all met together in the parlour of the little inn, which was the ________ in Guildford; it was proposed that the time allotted should be spent in despatching some supper. This Foster and I agreed joining, for although we intended proceeding no further, yet was there something so droll and distinct in each of the characters, that I promised myself some amusement in their company. Such was the motive which influenced me: but I can't help thinking that Foster, who suggested the thing was in some degree actuated by a sudden passion for Cléopatra,
from whom he had perhaps received encouragement.

She was rather a fine looking woman, though perhaps a little too stout; with very well formed features, dark expressive eyes, and might have been about six and twenty. Her husband was a short punchy and paunchy man, with a pale studious face, cat's eyes, and a snub nose eternally brown with snuff. Exactly of the same colour as the snuff-drop which usually hung at its extremity, was his wig. This had about as much curl in its composition as a cat's back, and fitted him so well, that it might with equal effect have been put on frontways, sideways, or backside-ways; and indeed it strongly resembled the upper portion of a cocoa nut-shell which has been neatly sawn off or broken. Mahershalalhashbaz, or as he was usually called for brevity's sake, Mere Groby was a perfect specimen of the sons of Anak. He must have stood six feet three in his shoes; and his weight, when last a balance had been found capacious enough to hold him, was fifteen stone. This vast obesity was however gifted with robust health, as the
floridness of his complexion, and the clearness of his eyes fully testified, and but for habitual gravity there was something in his eye which told that had he not been born a follower of Foxe, he might have been much more humourous and entertaining.

I have already described all that was remarkable in the Frenchman, whose tongue seemed completely tied ever since his explosion of wrath against the waggoner. He too, joined our supper party but was rather behind hand, great part of it being discussed before his arrival. No sooner was the meal finished than the reeking contents of a capacious bellied punch-bowl elicited in a short time the eccentricities of each individual.

With the exception of Sears, who seemed completely wrapped in his own silent reflections, all was hilarity and talk. The learned Tim vented his sociability in pithy apothegms and pat quotations; the quaker no longer restricted himself to "yea and nay," but warming under the sympathetic glow of cheerfulness launched forth into diction alike copious and profoundly moral; whilst Foster whose
gallantry to Cleopatra was now more plainly developed, filled her glass with the generous beverage, and toasted her with a sly leer in defiance of the "hems" and hippocratic frowns of the uxorious husband. The jealous pated teacher finding all inuendo unavailing, attempted to convey to Cleopatra by his foot, his disapprobation of her proceedings, and in doing so he kicked Foster on the shins. Foster, who knew well whence the salute came and its import, waggishly gave no indication of the mistake; but stamping violently with the thick heel of his boot on the Dominie's toes, and looking the other way with great _sang froid_, enjoyed secretly the pangs which he knew Timothy was enduring.

After the ample bowl had been again replenished, the waggoner came in with a doleful face and giving his head the customary scratch where it did not itch, he informed us that we would be obliged to remain there all night. It appeared that the main beam of the waggon was cracked or broken clean through; and to get it repaired before morning was impracticable. This news appeared to occasion more satis-
faction than otherwise, for besides the night being one of the coarsest I ever experienced, none felt inclined to leave a smiling fire, and what was gradually becoming a very pleasant party. Accordingly the waggoner was rewarded for his intelligence by an invitation to take a share of our next bowl; and the host himself promised to join us after attending to some orders.

In a few minutes the jolly landlord returned bearing a couple of bottles of Jamaica rum, and followed by the waggoner who bore a huge steaming copper kettle with abundance of limes and sugar. These extensive preparations for a renewal of festivity, alarmed the Queen of Nile, who bidding us good night, retired with her husband; the latter however declaring that he would return to taste the new brew of that most genial of all chologogues, rum punch. They had not long been gone before Mrs. Muckshadee again entered leaning on her husband’s arm and looking very much perplexed.

“What is the matter madam, what has
happened?” asked Foster with some concern.

“O nothing, nothing,” replied Tim, taking special care to thrust himself betwixt Foster and his spouse, “I will inform you, or rather the jovial landlord here.”

“Well Sir,” said the host, lifting his countenance from the bowl in which it had been almost altogether immersed, “pray what is the matter?”

“Have you no more than two bed-rooms unoccupied, Mr. Host?” demanded Mucksadee.

“No Sir,” responded he of the bowl.

“I am vastly sorry to say, I have not three separate apartments unoccupied. That gentleman,” pointing to Sears, “has engaged a single-bedded room; and unless you can persuade him to give it up to the lady, you must manage with the room and light closet, otherwise I cannot accommodate you.”

“What!” exclaimed Groby, “swallowing a trial of the new chologogue, “only two beds, friend, for five of us?—why, I will require one for myself, and no spare one neither;—’tis im-
possible we can manage, and then what is sister Mucksadee to do?"

"Ay, ay," responded the pedagogue, "vere vere Mrs. Muckshadée Sir—my wife Sir, what is she to do?—to sleep in a room with three persons besides myself? Preposterous! impossible!"

I now proposed (what certainly appeared but reasonable) that Sears should evacuate his single-bedded chamber in favour of the married couple, and that the rest of us would manage to put up for the night with or without the two other beds. But the Frenchman, contrary to the usual gallantry of his country, obstinately refused compliance with this plan, alleging that he had secured the room on account of an extreme nervous debility, which prevented him sleeping unless alone. Nothing now remained but for Mr. and Mrs. Muckshadée to set out in quest of other lodgings, or else put up, for once, with sleeping in a closet off another room, and which, indeed, differed little from the en suite bed-chamber-disposition universal on the continent. Now, as the night was getting on, the rain falling in torrents, the wind
howling, and a chance existed that he might after all, be disappointed in getting other accommodation, it was finally agreed, that Mr. and Mrs. Muckshadee should occupy the afore-mentioned closet; Groby and Foster the double bed; the nervous, selfish, surly scoundrel, Sears, his own apartment; and I take my chance of a shake down on the sofa.

This arrangement having been settled, and Timotheus seen his spouse deposited in the closet, he rejoined us, and added much to the conviviality of the party.
CHAPTER X.

"I understand the business—I hear it;—to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand is necessary for a cut purse;—a good nose is requisite also to smell out work for the other senses."

_The Winter's Tale._

I observed that Monsieur Sears was the only person who appeared not to feel, at heart, the jocundity which prevailed. His smiles were forced, and he evidently eyed us with suspicion or dislike, which was cordially returned on our part, from the illiberal behaviour he had shewn Mrs. Muckshadee. It must, however, be confessed that his spleen no ways interfered with
his punch duties, for his glass returned regularly to the bowl for its due allowance.

The landlord, who had usurped dominion of the jorum, was a round, jolly man, with a carbuncled nose, and a face as open and of much the same colour as a warming-pan. He had for forty years proved himself a doughty champion in the fuddling field, consuming thereby from the calculation of the exciseman, about seventy-five per cent annually of all his profits. So habitual, indeed, had his libations become, that albeit not often absolutely drunk, he was never absolutely sober. It was his favourite maxim and rule of life never to allow an opportunity of drinking, at another person's expense, to escape him; and it was not, therefore, likely that the present one should be permitted to go by dishonoured.

In satiating his strong thirst, gratis, he experienced the same satisfaction which a miser does when he has saved a shilling; and he was never dilatory in doing so. Accordingly, on the present occasion, he first swallowed a couple of bonâ fide bumpers of the ardent Jamaica, and which he baptized "phlegm-cut-
ters," in order to ascertain if the spirit had, in any degree, departed from his XX.; and then another, being doubtful whether it might not be produce of bin X.W. Having, however, concluded that it was veritably the spawn of XX., he drank what he termed a "toothful" to the health of his hospitable guests, and then set about compounding the punch with amazing diligence. He had just finished this as Muckshadee re-entered; so he was just in time for the fair.

A song was now called for by the landlord from Mr. Muckshadee, and seconded loudly by Foster.

"A song from me!" exclaimed the school-master, assuming a look of intellectual superiority to all present, "why, my friends, I am unused to chant canticles, and more especially a chanson à boire; but, however,—ahem. I will attempt any thing to keep up cheerfulness. A good song is truly valuable, and like a good story, cannot be too often told; much more ahem!—one that has stood the touchstone of time. Wherefore, if so pleasing to you, I know nothing better than an Ode of Horace, Ana-
creon, or even Catullus, taking care, at the same
time, to give each word its proper accentation,
and to distinguish, nicely, the dactyls, iambics,
choriambuses, &c. ahem!"

So here, without waiting for any symptom
of applause or disapprobation, he, with a knife-
grinder's voice, partly croaked and partly grunt-
ed that Ode of Horace which thus begins:

" Festo quid potius die,
Neptuni faciam? prone reconditum
Lyde strenua coeubum,
Munitæque adhíbe vim sapientiæ, &c"

Finding, at the conclusion of this exhibition,
no clapping of hands, no ruffling, he justly con-
cluded that his audience had not been much edi-
fied, and accordingly he struck off with a new,
Louder, and more detestable squeak—the Burning
song of Sappho. Just, however, as he was mouthing the words " κ'οττι κελευνης" (the last
of that beautiful stanza, the last, save one, ex-
tant), and was dying away in a rapture of har-
mony, entirely his own, with nought of his eyes
visible save their muddy conjunctive tunics,—
then it was that the bluff host uncouthly interrupted him—

"Thanks Mr. Muckshaggy," said he, "here's to you—we are all vastly delighted with your vocal powers; but as none of us here understand the German lingo, I believe I speak the sentiments of the company in saying, we would enjoy much more a sterling British ballad."

Timothy, who had been getting very far on to intoxication, was too indignant at this compliment to attempt any further display. He even took the huff so far, or pretended to do so, in order to beat a retreat whilst his legs were fit for the service; that he pushed his glass abruptly into the middle of the table; and, mumbling an indistinct "good night," retired in otherwise a very unceremonious manner.

After finishing the bowl we followed his example; Foster and Groby to take possession of their bed, and I to stick myself on one which had been made up in a corner on the floor. The door of the closet in which Mr. and Mrs. Muckshadee were ensconced appeared, as it may be supposed, carefully closed and secured, and into the latch-hole was stuck the portion of a
silk handkerchief to prevent any possible impertinence on our parts.

I have little doubt that the reader will have, long ago, been prepossessed against Sears for his ungracious conduct towards Mr. and Mrs. Muckshadee; and justly, for he was nothing better than a villain and professional cutpurse.

His reason for securing the single-bedded room was simply this. The windows of the other room were a story higher, and overlooked a small horse-pond, profound in mud, and as black as the Styx; whereas the other room had its window but a few feet above a soft dunghill most friendly to descending feet.

"Why friendly to the feet Sir?"

"Because Sir, Monsieur Sears being as I just said an arch thief, had resolved to plunder every soul of us that night, and make his exit by the window."

Being thus acquainted with his intentions, we must allow that it was subtle in him to monopolize the single bedded apartment. It was about two in the morning when the Frenchman supposing all would be asleep, stole out of bed and having dressed him-
self opened gently his casement. There was a fine broad moon smiling on all her minions, and although she was at intervals concealed by those flitting fleeces which formed as it were the camp followers to the mighty host of tempestuous clouds which had passed on the previous day, yet was she upon the whole very favourable for his designs. He now packed up his bundle ready for immediate departure, and intent on booty proceeded with outstretched hands and listening ears to the chamber which we occupied. To his great joy the door of this yielded easily to his gripe without either creak or harsh recoil. Within all was still, though not silent, for the nose of Muckshadee from the closet answered with the exactness of a minute gun or funeral bell the sonorous snorts of Groby. But these sounds were more welcome to the ears of Sears than the love-sick warblings of responsive nightingales; and more beautiful sounded the testimonials of slumber which proceeded from the noses of Tim and Groby than would have done the finest swell from
Timotheus' lyre, or a solo by the leader of the Italian opera.

The Frenchman was delighted at finding every circumstance so propitious for his interests; and like an expert warrior, he set briskly to work, commencing with that part of the field from which he could effect a secure retreat.

This happened to be the territories of the schoolmaster, whose door of defence he opened in a twinkling, and with such facility, as proved that he had previously made himself acquainted with all its capabilities for security. The first things he lighted on here were flannel petticoats, which he dashed disdainfully aside; but some one turning round in the double bed so as to cause it to creak, induced him to be a little more wary in his operations.

The unfortunate Timothy's trowsers, in which were deposited all his pecuniary matters next underwent the inquisition. These Sears soon disencumbered of all valuables, and after managing by great cunning and precaution to extract from beneath Cleopatra's pillow the
schoolmaster's watch (a pinch beck one) he hastened elated with victory and hope to our apartment. Unlucky apartment! or rather, unlucky son of fiddling France! the insatiable thirst of plunder hath destroyed thee!—Hadst thou but been contented with the rifling of Muckshadee's indescribables, and securing his pinch beck watch, then hadst thou departed a richer and more accomplished filcher than heretofore; then hadst thou escaped the numerous calamities which the three adverse sisters were now cogitating against thee! But when did one of our species ever know the fitting time to stop in the curriculum of cupidity or ambition? The higher we soar, the clearer becomes our atmosphere, the further do we see, and the more difficult do we find it to stoop to inferior things; nor stoop we till like that too adventurous aeronaut Icarus we are destroyed by the very altitude we have attained.

Contentment is assuredly the happiest of virtues; but Monsieur Sears' share of this valuable commodity, if any share he had, was too contemptible to control his present actions. Accordingly he next advanced boldly and
precipitately against my clothing, in a nameless portion of which, was deposited all I had in the world, about twenty-six guineas, and which I had tied in a chamois leafer bag. These Sears emptied, and as it was mixed up with some silver he mistook the gold for halfpence, and gave a curse as he pocketed it.

Now it so happened, that during the latter part of his operations, Foster had not been asleep, but dozing. When he heard the Frenchman rustling so near his bed, his half dormant senses were roused, and gently lifting up his head, he was on the point of asking me what I was searching for, when he heard the robber exclaim in a low tone of voice, "Bah! tous sous par St. Antoine!"

Amazed at finding Sears so busy in examining my trowsers, Foster felt assured that he could be nothing better than a thief, and was prompted to leap out instantly and secure him. On consideration however, he resolved not to do this till he had obtained the most damning proofs of his villany, when he would then cut off his designed retreat.

Foster therefore again laid his head upon the
pillow, and whilst counterfeiting sleep by snoring and sniffing, he watched well this adept in the manoeuvres of Mercury.

Monsieur next laid siege to the huge linsy woolsey breeches of Mere Groby, from the cavities of which he after some diving succeeded in fishing out money and other valuables. But the audacity of the varlet was most conspicuous in the fatal afterpiece of his performance; for remembering that the quaker had at sundry times exhibited in the waggon a large silver watch and seals, his evil genius prompted him to attempt capturing so desirable a trinket. This it must be confessed was a difficult task, for the bed was stowed into a shallow recess and the sturdy quaker had taken possession of the further side. Fearful of awakening one of the parties, Sears had made many attempts to reach the prize, but all in vain; and he still heard its provoking ticking betwixt the pauses of Groby's nasal symphony. Wherever there is a will there is a way, or as Sears continued it, "wherever there is a watch there is a way of getting it," and his cupidity being aggravated by the tantalising ticking of the time piece, he
resolved to leave no stratagem of his art untried. With this purpose, he crept gently on his knees up the ricketty bed, betwixt the dangerous strait formed by Mere Groby on one side and Foster on the other. Having thus stealthily cruised within reach of the pillow, he commenced groping sedulously for the watch; when Foster who had for some time with difficulty restrained his rage, aimed a furious blow with his clenched fist at the outstretched head of the incontrovertible scoundrel. So true was his aim, that it took decisive effect; not however on the lantern jawed thief, but upon the uplifted snout of the innocent quaker who lay slumbering on his wide expanse of back with his prodigious mouth wide open.

Groby immediately awoke with a start, and ejaculating, "Nay" three times, bolted straight up in his bed, whilst the petrified Frenchman durst not move a peg. Now whether it was, that the bed received a sudden injury from this rapid movement of the massive quaker; or whether it was owing to the additional weight of Monsieur Sears, or both these circumstances combined, I will not take upon
myself to determine. Down however, it came in the twinkling of an eye, and the most dismal nocturnal scene occurred. Groby being the central point of attraction vanished first into the shades below, and as a

"Massy wheel
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are morticed and adjoined; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin,"

so followed in close concomitance to Groby's descent the demolition of every species of adjoining furniture, whilst the astonished robber pitched head foremost on Mahershalal-hashbaz.

Here again we are left to conjecture, whether Groby intended to gnash his teeth in rage and agony; or whether the feat was intentional. But be that as it may, certain it is that he did close his long tusks in a savage manner—reckless that the red, tapered and ever unfortunate proboscis of the Frenchman was undergoing terrific punishment be-
twixt them. I have often seen animals caught in gins by a single claw, and knaves as effectually boned by one leg in "the enchanted hole," but never do I remember before hearing, so novel and efficacious a mode of thief taking as the honest Groby's.

Sears' struggles to disengage his nose from the quaker's fangs were violent in the extreme, yet perfectly unavailing; and in the mean time we were all alarmed at the noise. Cleopatra screamed, whilst her husband's hollow voice was heard at intervals inquiring the cause of the "dreadful strepitus," like the dismal croaking of a raven amidst the whistling of a north wester.

"Ah morbleu! morbleu! Monsieur Mauderbuuzbuz!" exclaimed Sears in a humble drone, "make ope votre bouche!"

"Nay thou unfriendly man!" mumbled Mere Groby, taking especial care not to unclasp his teeth, "not until I have secured thee thou son of Belial!"

Having said this he grasped the Frenchman's throat with his powerful left paw, and with the other began seriously to extricate
himself from the surrounding chaos of furniture. Sears finding his case to be now exceedingly critical, strove manfully to free himself by battering Groby on the face with one of his own ponderous buckled shoes, and probably he might have got off after all, had not Foster, who was really weak with laughter, received the rascal's uplifted arm, from which he wrenched the bruise-inflicting sandal.

Whilst Foster was thus engaged, the schoolmaster sallied forth to acquire intelligence respecting the hubbub; but he had better have remained where he was, for the enraged and despairing Frenchman conscious all was now up with him, bestowed as a sort of dying revenge a savage kick on the abdomen of the amazed pedagogue.

"Oh, oh! murder, murder," cried Muckshadee throwing himself into grotesque attitudes; "Oi o! I am murdered. \(\pi\omega \xi\omega \pi\alpha!\) Cleopatra dear—\(\sigma\tau\sigma\tau\sigma\tau\alpha!\); \(\pi\omega \pi\alpha \mu\epsilon\lambda\pi\omega!\)"

Timothy had doubtless been lately lecturing to his wife on Horace, for she exclaimed as she rushed out of bed, "My Hirpinus! my husband!"
"Hirpinus stupid female," responded the schoolmaster, his veneration for prosody over-coming even the pains and terrors of death; "remember thou inepta—O my belly!—the line I last night recited, *quid bellicosus cantaber, et scythe*—O! O! second line—shame-ful assault—second line—same scanning—‘*Hirpine et cogit et adria*’—O I am dying.'

To this prosodical prediction which might be regarded as the dying notes of the swan, Mrs. Muckshadee turned a deaf ear, but bellowing "murder," and screaming "robbery," she rushed out so precipitately to the as-sistance of Timotheus that stumbling over the wreck of the vicinal bed, she fell with a crash at the feet of Foster. Fortunately she had enveloped herself in a counterpane and tumbled headlong on a bolster, otherwise the issue might have been as dangerous as disagreeable. Foster, as in duty bound, im mediately abandoned Sears to the charge of me and the now liberated quaker, and flew to Cleopatra's assistance, whose husband lay stretched like herself on the floor, reviling the author of so much confusion, and more espe-cially his own suffering.
The late noises had of course alarmed the whole family, and now a great posse entered unceremoniously the room. Some were nearly dressed, others little more so than the mermaid, and the majority in a state bordering on nudity. Of this motley throng the most conspicuous were the bluff landlord, an hostler without shirt or jacket, boots, sine breeches, but in drawers, armed with his jack; and a heroic scullery maid caparisoned in a rug, and brandishing as her Aegis a bright pewter pot, which she beat unmercifully with a rolling-pin. The rear was brought up by one or two half dressed, and frightened damsels of high and low degree. Cleopatra on beholding this "invasion d'étrangers," and more especially the formidable apparition of the scullery maid, rushed back to her bed with consternation; leaving her beloved Timotheus Hirpinus Muckshadee to his fate and piteous lamentations. With great difficulty silence was restored.

"Peace, ye brimstone!" said the landlord addressing the scullery maid, "peace with that curst rattling and flourishing. Good
folks," continued he assuming a milder tone, "what means all this terrible noise and racket? and Heaven help me!" ejaculated he perceiving the remains of his pallet; "the best bed in my house destroyed! broken into fire-wood and dishclouts! by my troth this must go before the Justices—bring forward the lantern ye cowardly trollop!"

This was spoken to another slipshod sibyl. When Groby, who had during this time been wiping away the coagulated gore from his mouth and eyes, now answered the landlord—

"My honest friend," said he, "hear meekly and patiently what I shall say."

"Patiently!" cried the landlord casting a melancholy glance at the bed which had but lately stood there in all its pride; "how came my bed destroyed! answer me that, and then pay for it amongst you, that's all I have to say."

"Friend," resumed Groby, "in the lonely hour of midnight when deep sleep hung on all our eyes, I was suddenly aroused by a severe blow, (the bloodiness of his chops
proved this to be true) and immediately afterwards I found the bed vanish away from below me like wax before the fire. In a moment more all was strife and confusion. But Providence had decreed that the author of these calamities should not go unrewarded; for verily, he was delivered so to speak, into the very jaws of the lion of Tophet. Yea per-adventure he might have escaped us, but shutting my mouth I prevented him from so doing." The deep blue indentions on Sears' nose verified also this part of his narration. And now, friend, I have told thee all I know about this affair, and here," pointing to the Frenchman, "is the man of sin, by whom I have been thus sorely smitten, after well nigh suffering suffocation."

Monsieur Sears strenuously denied his having struck Groby, and was beginning a long lie to prove his presence there a mistake, when Foster came forward and gave a full and particular account of all that had passed. How he had watched Monsieur rob the quaker and myself, and described his subsequent bold at-
tempt to obtain the watch, with the consequent mistake and scuffle, all which he declared would be proved by searching his person.

At this news Mr. Muckshadee, who had lain to all appearance, dead; regained his legs, and forgetting, for a time, his woes, began to examine, carefully, his pantaloons.

"O truly he is a villain," cried he, "Cleopatra, we are plundered, spoiled—every thing is gone. Thou worthless laverino," continued he, accosting Sears, "two guineas hast thou taken from me, besides a steel purse containing silver, and," searching beneath his pillow, "my watch.—O res indigna!—my watch—the horologium which has counted the lives of my father and grandfather, has disappeared. Cleopatra, my dear, keep up thy spirits in this sad calamity. Ne doleas plus nimio—but I—yes, I myself, will search this fur—this Brennus—this Vandal."

"Yea—and I too am verily stripped," rejoined Groby, "spoiled by the heathenish son of Baal. Yea, as surely as the moon shineth, am I rifled. Yea, friend," prying closely into the
recesses of his mighty breeches, "money to the amount of nine golden guineas has been abstracted."

"O the vagabond direptor!" cried Muckshake-dee, "secure him, lest, by any means, he escape."

And so saying, although Monsieur Sears was already tightly collared by myself and the boots, he nevertheless laid hold on one of his taper legs.

In the mean time I had examined my clothes and found that my chamois leather bag, with its contents, twenty-six guineas, or thereabouts, had taken wing."

"Twenty-six guineas!" exclaimed Timothy.

"Impossible," rejoined the landlord, stretching out his short neck.

"Dear me, impossible!" re-echoed boots, and all the posse comitatus, not excepting Joan d'Arc of the pot, all of whom cast up the whites of their eyes in astonishment.

"Search him, search him!" exclaimed one and all as simultaneously as ever the Croisés shouted, ",tis the will of God !"

This was very soon accomplished, and every valuable that was missing came, once more,
gradually into light from where they were secreted about the prisoner’s person. Never was any companion of Sir John Paunch’s caught more positively in the manner; and as Monsieur’s guilt did not admit of a shadow of a doubt, a council was instantly held as to how the culprit ought to be disposed of.

“To jail with the rascal,” cried the host, whose indignation at the thief almost banished the remembrance of the damage shewn to his bed. “What! shall we, for one moment, hesitate what to do with such a character? Why, gentlemen, ’tis enough to ruin the reputation of my house for ever.”

“Stop, friends,” said Muckshadee, who, having just counted over his recovered coin, was condoling with one palm the afflicted part of his abdomen, “festina lente;—since we have got back the spolia, do you think it wise or worth our while to put ourselves to the trouble of remaining here to prosecute this ragamuffin, or being perhaps bound over to return or give evidence against him?”

“I is no ragamuffin, Sare,” cried the Frenchman.
"Yes thou art a ragamuffin, scum!" responded the Dominie, waxing hot at this interruption, "be silent thou vinegar-faced fraudator!—thou empty-bellied, scare-crow-looking ragamuffin! what, shall a knave, whose soul and body are at our disposal, have brass enough to raise a voice? Yet know,—thou night-prowling and dolosus fur, that although I give my vote for withholding thee from the stern arm of legal justice, I will, nevertheless, in the ostracism of thy destiny, cast my tile against thine iniquities! Nor will I, in any way, assent to your leaving this without receiving due and exemplary supplicium. I would, therefore, gentlemen, propose, that instead of sending so miserable a wretch to jail, and entailing upon us thereby any future inconvenience, we punish him ourselves on the spot polluted by his crimes. 'Cum flagello;' ferrule stout apple twig, or birchen rod—all equally good and impressive in proper hands." This speech of Muckshadee's made a much greater impression than the one half of those delivered in St. Stephen's; and his proposal being carried by acclamation, three long, new birch besoms were
soon procured, and broken up for carrying it into execution.

Groby and myself undertook to hold Sears during the operation, whilst the landlord, boots and Foster stood around invested with the implements of punishment. The schoolmaster, however, in deference to his scientific acquirements, was requested to act as leader of the band, and so after selecting a few long twigs, and binding them together with Cleopatra's garters, he stepped forward with much solemnity and commenced the flagellation.

Before doing so, the females withdrew; and Muckshadee delivered a long and appropriate preface, which must have had a marvellous effect on the unfortunate Frenchman, if he understood it. I can only afford space for the peroration which he wound up with a dexterous shake of the birch, accompanied by a vengeful scourge.

"You may, suppose, Sir," said Timothy, "we are now acting inhumanely in taking it upon ourselves to inflict punishment for those misdemeanours in which you have been most providentially overtaken, and are found unde-
niably guilty. But if any such feelings predominate at the present moment, I prithee discard them, and let them be replaced by those of gratitude for our lenity, and sincere sorrow for your own guilt. This, Sir, will, I firmly hope, be productive, to you, of real and lasting good, as it is for that purpose we apply it, and not, I assure you, from any emotions of anger or revenge. You ought, Sir, to regard me with a particularly favourable eye; remember, that had the general wish been complied with, you had probably expiated your crimes on the scaffold.

"Yes," continued Muckshadee, settling his musty wig, and becoming eager for his employment, "we should have witnessed that wicked and weasel-like carcass of yours dangling from some gibbet—a scanty banquet for the fowls of the air. I—I—ahem! am now called upon by the general voice of those of my fellow-sufferers, of mine own injuries—

"I say nothing," clapping tenderly his stomach, "to fulfil a duty which I need scarcely add, is an unpleasing one; but I will not (grasping, nervously, his birch)—shrink from doing
what I consider a good office to yourself and a piece of justice to us all—ahem!—take him up."

"Amen!" responded Mere Groby, for whom, in conjunction with myself, the latter words were intended.

The pedagogue now administered three dozen lashes, pausing betwixt every two in order to give due effect, and repeating, at the same time, some wholesome moral observation. To give a more luminous idea of this I shall just show how he administered a few cuts:—first, a severe twitch.

"These Sir," said Muckshadee, "are the bitter fruits of dishonesty."

Another equally nervous.

"If a foreigner comes to this country Sir, he must abide by the laws of the country."

Another very harsh cut which made Sears howl like a starving jackal.

"Raro Sir antecedentem scelestam deseruit pede pæna Claudio."

And thus he jogged on, preaching, and thrashing, until he had given three baker's dozens, when according to a previously agreed
upon sign, he flung away his rod, and gently touched the Frenchman with the end of a small stick. Immediately after this preconcerted signal (which Timothy afterwards told us he had borrowed from the ceremony of the Centurion touching with his cane any culprit who was doomed to be beaten to death) the roundwaisted host, Foster, and boots, all rushed birch in hand upon the wretched Sears and in a twinkling scarified his back and shoulders.

The Frenchman was no stoic, and had all along threatened, bellowed, supplicated and struggled; but now he grew doubly ungovernable and noisy, and feeble as he was, I found some difficulty in keeping my hold of him, though Groby sat as composed and unmoved as if he had been a kitten.

"Thou hast now had enough," said the quaker, letting him loose. "Go, and let this be a lesson to thee hereafter, not to attempt appropriating to thyself the chattels of strangers."

Here a conspicuous personage throughout
the drama, namely Joan d'Arc, re-entered and remarked that "Mounseer had ta'en hold of a hot iron."

This led to another very natural observation by ideal association, to wit "that he had gotten such a warming as ought to keep his hands from falling on hot irons for some time to come."

"Let the d—d frog frier then," said boots writhing his japanned face into an appropriate grin, "cool himself in the pond—be's plenty of eating as well as cooling for un there I'se warrant."

No sooner had boots delivered himself of this observation than the idea flew like electricity through the assembly. "Pond, pond! to the pond, to the horse pond!" was unanimously shouted amidst the clapping of hands, and the infernal tinklings of la pucelleis pot, and in less time than vocables can express the act, the window was thrown open and Monsieur Sears without ever being permitted fully to arrange his dress was lifted on its ledge.

"Nay friends," said Groby earnestly, "I
consent not to this; consider, should he perish, his blood will be upon our heads yea, and required of us."

But this interposition, however praiseworthy or prudential, came too late; for whilst Mere Groby was expostulating, Monsieur Sears was in the air, and a heavy splash in the muddy hole below, immediately announced his safe arrival.

"O le diable!" was all that the horse laughs and shouts of the company crowded round the window permitted to be heard, as he was seen black as a log of ebony to wind his stinky way straight for some fields which lay at the back of the inn.
CHAPTER XI.

"Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. He is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be; whilome, taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

Love's Labour lost.

After settling satisfactorily with the landlord for his bed and board, our party were by times next morning again in the same conveyance on the London road. As we had nothing better to do we accompanied them;
whilst the preceding night’s adventures afforded us a fund of uncommon mirth, as matter for abundant quotation and observation on the part of Timothy.

The bulky waggon though drawn by eight horses did not proceed faster than three miles an hour, and the incessant and monotonous tinkling of the bells with which they were caparisoned, was as usual productive of drowsiness. Tired of this, and the jolting of the boxes which over a bad piece of road were like moving quick sands continually in motion, but above every other annoyance being heartily sick of the great Groby, who in his long sleeps threw out his hoofs in all directions, I proposed to Foster to get out and walk.

This he agreed to somewhat reluctantly, alleging that the roads were in a deplorable state; but the fact of the matter was, he had just taken advantage of the schoolmaster’s falling asleep to hold a colloquy with Cleopatra.

When we had proceeded four or five miles, we arrived at a bend in the road which was
pleasantly wooded and commanded a wide view of a rich champaigne country.

"Let us rest here a bit," said Foster, "it is a pretty spot, and the waggon will soon overtake us."

"I care not," replied I, "if I never see the waggon again. But the spot is pleasant enough, and the view fine though to me somewhat tame and uncaptivating, in comparison with scenes which I fear I shall never again behold."

"I hope otherwise," said my companion; "but forgetting such sad intrusive thoughts, do you not Butler admire this prospect? How freshely green look the fields after the rain, and how beautifully studded are they with noble trees: whilst that river meanders so gracefully to lose itself amongst yonder distant hills."

I made no reply, for fancy was battening on a more northern landscape to which the present bore a strong resemblance.

"I see," continued Foster, looking kindly in my face, for though thoughtless he was affectionate; "I see that the cruelty of your uncle
has taken deep hold of your heart; yet very unreasonably in my opinion, for why should the young world on that account appear so gloomy and forbidding, and every avenue to wealth and distinction closed? How many like yourself, have come friendless and penniless to London, and acquired both fame and independence, ay and immortality? — Come, endeavour to keep up your spirits, which were wont to be like my own, so naturally lively."

"My friend," replied I, "how can you expect me to be cheerful, when you consider that I have not one bright prospect before me, nor even a profession to look to for employment. When the few pounds in my pocket are spent, I shall be perfectly at a loss what to do."

"Do you call so large a sum as twenty-six pounds—a few?" returned Foster with affected surprise, "why believe me I never was possessed of so large a hoard in my life; save when my father as you remember employed me to purchase for him a nag. If I had, I should
have looked out for some house or estate agent at least; and yet you see I have hung on to this topsy turvy world, with as much breath and spirit as the richest muckworm it contains. *Vixi* as Muckshadee would say, and I can boast that I owe no man a farthing."

"Our dispositions Foster," said I, "differ as much as mercury when fixed, does from the metal in its native state; you slip through the world as the other does through the fingers, nothing making an impression upon you; whereas my mind is morbidly susceptible."

"The fact is," rejoined my companion, "it is very much your own fault; you always look on the dark side of the picture and indulge too much in the contemplation of its shadowy horrors,—you leave the lovely landscape of hills and vales gay and glad in Nature's choicest gifts to fix your steadfast eyes upon some crag, gloomy, barren and cheerless. And what the deuce is the use of this? But come, I cannot allow your spirit to be thus darkened without occasion; we will soon be in town,
and it will be a hard thing if we do not find something to do where there is every thing to be done."

We sat here for some time forming many plans for the future, or rather Foster forming them, and I listening to them, when we were recalled to the remembrance of where we were, and how we had been dallying away the hours, by a slight shower of rain.

Accordingly we got up, regained the road which we had left a few paces, and found to our surprise that the sluggish waggon had long given us the go-by, proving thereby that the steady slowness of the tortoise may oustrip the fleetness of the hare.

It was much against my inclination that we again ensconced ourselves in the lumbering vehicle, a mode of travelling suited to neither of our temperaments; but which the unsettled state of the weather, as well as our having entered into a subsequent agreement with the driver rendered it prudent to take advantage of.

Nothing worth mentioning happened during the remainder of this eventful journey, save
a hot dispute betwixt Mr. Muckshadee and Groby which occupied the last ten miles of the road;—and as the subject is one on which a difference of opinion still exists I cannot refrain giving a smack of the manner in which it was handled by two disputants in a baggage waggon.

"Nay," said Mere Groby, "I perceive friend by thy manner of arguing—by thy manner of arguing I say, and style of language and fondness for applying the scraps of other men's brains that thou art (no disparagement friend) a pedantic frothy man. One of the tinselled flies which in those days of vanity feed upon the seductive treacle of the drones of society, such as your crack brained poets, romancers, and other fabricators of falsities and absurdities, not verily excepting play men."

"Facturers," he would have said, had not the astonished Muckshadee cut short his jog trot eloquence with such sudden vehemence that he well nigh deluged the faces of Foster and Cleopatra with his classical spittle.

"Crack brained poets! drones of society!"
exclaimed the incensed teacher disregarding the personal compliments paid him, and enforcing each sentence by an emphatic indentation on the ribs of a band-box. "Crack brained fiddles! drones of bagpipes!—O, have I lived till now to have my ears shocked with such profanity! profanity in the superlative, and that from a being not altogether heathenish. Crack brained poets forsooth! what Sir, shall we assert cum gravitate that the manna-lipped Mantuan—the lofty soaring Homerus or the tenth haunter of Hippocrene our own immortal Milton, or many more, Mr. Mere Fuz fuz, of deathless fame—shall we, I say, venture to assert that these mighty names are to be held but as synonymes for lunacy and folly? name it not in Gath! It behoves thee Sir Opinionem tam ineptam mutare, an opinion so heterodox, so vastly heretical.

"But I am angry for having wasted so much breath on a point concerning which I never before imagined there was a civilised being possessed of such monstrous obtusity—of such a dismal deprivation of every perceptive faculty. Crack brained poets! but pauca verba, pauca
verba, I will not condescend to add any thing controversial, further than that same answer which the immortal play manufacturer (as you irreverently would call him) Sophocles did of yore when accused by his unfilial family of having his brains cracked. His only answer Sir was a new work, the 'Œdipus Coloneus.' The same argument do I apply to you—go read their works, the best proof which they have left behind them of their sanity; read them, and if you then remain inflexible, I will only say the precise contrary of you what one of the celebrated Roman play manufacturer's said of himself, 'You are not a man, and cannot feel as one.'

Luckily for the ears of Groby as well as the rest of us, and thrice luckily for the maltreated band-box, a severe fit of coughing here silenced for a time the indignant Dominie. This cough so inimical to eloquence was partly occasioned by the excitement which his spleen had undergone from the quaker's virulent attack upon his harmless hobby, a pad which he had bestridden unannoyed and even at times with some éclat, (vide songs at the inn) and
partly by his having in the tornado of his eloquence, unintentionally thrust into his gullet two thirds of a large pinch of powerful rappee. For three moments he was speechless, but the indignation which burned his \( \sigma \pi \lambda \alpha \gamma \nu \alpha \) and moulded his very unprepossessing face into numerous new twists of ugliness was by no means allayed.

The phlegmatic Groby, who had been somewhat roused on hearing himself denounced as a heretic and almost a heathen, began to reconsider what he had advanced. After two minutes' mature deliberation, having remembered that in condemning all poetry he had anathematized the Psalms of David, together with parts of the book of Job, Isaiah, and many other portions of Holy Writ, he was struck with compunction at his impiety and hastened to recant what now appeared to him dangerous doctrine. This he began to effect precisely three seconds before the expiration of the three minutes devoted by Muckshadee to coughing and expectoration, and just at that crisis when he had finished,
two or three hawks and hems, signals ominous of a speedy renewal of the disputation—

"Verily friend," commenced Groby without permitting a muscle of his physiognomy to be discomposed, "I will retract my assertion, which I confess I brought forward rashly and without consideration; inasmuch as that the Holy King David, father of Solomon did indite much metre, and other parts of Scripture are certainly purely poetical. Besides I do remember that many righteous men, members of other churches truly, yet nevertheless devout men, have employed themselves in doing parts of the Bible into rhyme or metre. Zacharias Boyd for instance a good man and a just (though a calvinist) did I understand paraphrase the whole sacred writings. But thou must allow, however great an advocate thou mayest be for poetry, that I was guilty of no error when I asserted that all novel and romance writers are pests of society; dispensing like dealers of opium in the East, a slow poison, noxious to the minds of their votaries, frittering away time, and produc-
tive friend Muckshaddee of lamentable consequences.

"Nor would I say this without being convinced that it is true, for, alas! dearly purchased experience has left no doubt in my mind upon the subject. I once was blessed with a wife, the apple of mine eye, the sunbeam of my soul; we loved each other fondly, and it seemed the redoubling of happiness when, after short separation, occasioned only by business, we again met. How swiftly, how fleetly flew those moments of endearment! too swiftly ever to be again renewed.

"Never shall I forget the meek glow of pleasure which used to mantle Martha's features when I read to her from the scriptures, expounding perplexities—elucidating types and mysteries, or dilating on the greatness and goodness of an omnipotent Deity. But I must leave this unprofitable digression. In a word my wife was virtuous, and her tongue was verily the 'law of kindness;' mark, however, what follows.

"She took, friend, to reading romances,—
those lying vanities which represent everything in lights different from nature; and from the commencement of that idle practice I found her attachment for me gradually diminish. She then began to listen reluctantly to the prayer, (by inspiration) the chapter, and sermon which I made a rule of reading night and morning. She then discarded that plain simplicity and neatness of apparel which distinguishes our caste, and clad herself in fine linen and in feathers, laces, velvets, and such other worldly vanities. She moreover assumed airs of pride, and seated herself in high places. It was in vain that I expostulated; when I did so she laughed—when I lectured she mocked, and derided me for being utterly devoid of poetry and imagination.

"All this I bore with patience, and never did I allow a morning or an evening to pass by without presenting my petitions at the throne of grace for her reformation; it however pleased the Lord to permit it to be otherwise. Martha became worse; she hated me, my prayers, and my bible, shunned my com-
pany, and spent her time in the public pro-
menades and amusements with gay society. My heart was broken; but, nevertheless, I per-
sisted in my determination of no longer up-
braiding her.

At length she completed the race of her sins, and drew down the merited reward of her backsliding; in three words, friend Muck-
shadee, she left me—eloped with a young offi-
cer who I believe first, unknown to me, enticed her as I have shewn from the paths of religion. Her heartless seducer left her a few months afterwards, to shame, poverty, and distraction, and after tracing with difficulty her steps I arrived at the miserable hovel, where she had I trusted repented of her transgressions. A few minutes after she was a corpse.”

This story, which the honest Groby re-
counted thus shortly and directly, was how-
ever told by no means lightly, and I who sat in a retired corner of the waggon a patient listener and observer of this scene, saw the quaker wipe away unseen, as he thought, a few straggling tears, and gently shake his head
as if more in pity at the raked-up foibles and misfortunes of the remembered frail one, than for the purpose of disencumbering his cheeks of some tenacious drops which seemed lingering there from sympathetic reluctance. However touching this episode of reality was in itself, and however skilfully it might have been introduced by Groby to give effect to his oratory, its beauties were alas! lost on Muckshadee—it was like a pearl of price thrown before a sow.

True it is that a slight sense of propriety backed by a slighter dash of feeling, dictated to the Dominie a pause of two minutes after the quaker had ceased, but this cessation of dialogue was not spent by the learned Muckshadee in pitying the distresses of Groby—in lamenting the frailty of his spouse—in censuring the wicked officer's debauchery—or in devising means to soothe the rancorous hurt which he had sustained; no, very far different were the thoughts rampant in the Dominie's mind during the armistice of two minutes granted by decency to sorrow; he chuckled inwardly
at the wide prospect which opened to his view of lusty argument and speedy exhibition.

Whilst these two tedious minutes were gliding away, Mr. Muckshadee rubbed together his fingers, screwed round his mouth and uplifted his rusty eye brows till they almost became identified with his brown wig; he moreover smote his knees together as if he had been in a paroxysm of the colic. These and several other extraordinary motions expressive of impatience and self-satisfaction murdered the greater part of this pause of sluggardly in action; and such was Timothy's ardour to renew the verbal war, that I must say it does his memory immortal honour that he did not burst forth before the last of the very last seconds had expired.

"Certainly," said the schoolmaster, beginning slowly as if from caution, and assuming a look of greater gravity than he usually clothed his face withal; "certainly Mr. Groby, the melancholy incident which you have just now adduced as an argument favourable to your thesis may have sufficient weight to convince
yourself of the justness of your views; but however deeply, Sir, we may be impressed with the authenticity of catastrophe, and however much we may sympathise in it, we are nevertheless not on that account implicitly to believe that your deductions therefrom are correct, and that the contrary which I now take upon my unworthy self to espouse is untenable and absurd. And although I rejoice, Sir, that by withdrawing your sweeping anathema against poetry, you have thereby proved yourself not a very Visigoth or Vandal, as I first supposed you, yet cannot I sit here and see you remain so confident of the impassibility of the position you have assumed—to wit—that novels are injurious and should accordingly be discouraged and discarded. No Mr. Groby I can by no means remain silent; I feel it my duty to attempt illumining the dusk of ignorance by which you are encompassed on this subject and by the grace of the silver-bowed Phœbus, I will enlighten thy darkness!"—(thump on the band-box.)

Here the thread of Muckshadee's discourse
was temporarily broken by certain ungrateful accents which stole gently on his pricked-up ears, and proceeded from Cleopatra, who was conversing with Foster on an entirely different subject. The Dominie having chid the conquering queen at some length for teasing my friend, though his interference arose from another cause, resumed, as follows, his curious disquisition:

"This question is a hackneyed one, so much so that I will defy any one to poke his nose even into any debating society (those most shallow tribunals of critical authority) without finding it has been canvassed and toughly snarled for over and over again. Yet think not that on this account the subject is difficult of decision. No Sir, put your proposition in whatever mode you choose, syllogistically or not syllogistically, I say negatur to your major, minor and conclusion, in toto I will deny it; yes, Mr. Groby, in toto. Many decisive arguments could I bring forward, every one of which is a clencher; but as this, Sir, would necessarily tresspass upon your time, I shall for the
present content myself by founding my defence on an analogy to a point which you have, after due deliberation, conceded. Yes, I am glad to say conceded, when you rescinded your unhallowed bull against all poetry.

"You have allowed, Sir, that poetry should not be condemned as having any tendency to demoralize human nature; but that there are many exceptions to be found of its instilling vice and folly into the mind. Poetry, therefore, can no more be condemned for such exceptions than the great gifts of speech and reason in man, for their several abuses. If, therefore, I can establish that novels have precisely the same effect on human nature as poetry, I shall look upon my point as incontrovertibly established; nor do I think, (severe thump on the band-box) this is at all

"More difficile
Than for a black bird 'tis to whistle."

"For all good poetry, the first consideration is to enforce some moral. I do not mean to say as some do, of Homer, that he first fixed upon a moral which was to be exemplified and enforc-
ed by his epic, and was, in fact its groundwork; no, such an opinion is absurd, but if any subject which engages the attention of the great poet be not positively immoral, the greater his powers the more splendid are the lessons of morality which may be deduced from his pages. And this is the certain effect of genuine genius. It is this moral, whatever it may be which it is the poet's aim to exemplify in lights the most striking and pleasing.

"Precisely the same view, Mr. Groby, has, or ought to have, a good novel; but this analogy is more clearly seen betwixt a novel and a dramatic production. What are the main ends of a play? Are they not to unmask crime, and hold it forth to execration, injured innocence to compassion; heroism and patriotism to admiration; folly and eccentricity to ridicule; and to effect this at the same time in a manner the most natural and interesting? Precisely such, I contend, are the ends of a genuine novel; in them we are introduced to characters, vicious, virtuous, giddy, or otherwise remarkable; we follow them through the scenes described;
our passions and feelings in the perusal of these scenes are alternately awakened, and at the end we may surely, if it pleases us, gain some moral precepts; some hints to our advantage in life; some information of the heart, which in future circumstances may prove conducive to our welfare.

"And now since I have said this much, in order to draw, more distinctly, the similitude which really exists betwixt the ends proposed by novels and dramatic pieces, I will now go even a step further, and enquire into what is the difference between the means employed. (thump on the band-box.)

"Yes, Sir, the difference between plays and novels, especially the best modern ones, is, truly, not great, and chiefly this: in a play, the writer leaves almost nothing to the imagination; by introducing his actors, scenery and mummery; and the more strictly this is done, the better the performance; whereas, the novelist, on the contrary, trusts everything to his reader's imagination; he is obliged to describe what he cannot delineate: a play is, in short, a
short history or story represented—a novel one narrated. It must, therefore, be evident, that the same ends are in view; pleasure and instruction, with a difference of means, which difference is the only essential distinction between them as branches of literature; so that condemn the one you must also annihilate the other; for I hold the novel and the drama, Mr. Groby, are literary twins,—both equally useful, both equally pleasing, and both equally difficult to excel in producing.

"And so, Sir, I might here close the defence, which I pride myself is complete; but before doing so will just draw your attention to how strongly my argument is born out in respect to Sir Walter Scott's novels. How much do they resemble the productions of the Bard of Avon? And it will be found, on examination, that it is those points of resemblance which constitute many of their excellencies, and have obtained for them so well merited a popularity.*

* As the schoolmaster pronounced this before Sir Walter wrote Waverley, the anachronism must be attri-
"If we hold Dr. Johnson's opinion on Shakspeare to be correct, it will corroborate what I have to say. That profound critic, in his preface, defends the bard from many attacks which previous writers had made upon his plays, condemning them for being, rightly, neither tragedies or comedies. They are, to a certain extent, right in what they allege; and the Doctor himself declares that Shakspeare could never have intended his performances for perfect productions; that is to say, they were not modelled by rules of which he was either ignorant or despised. To judge, therefore, of their merits by putting them to the test of such touchstones as ancient critics have prescribed is altogether unjust. Shakspeare's plays are pieces \textit{sui generis}, and cannot be judged of by any analogy or any test, save that grandest and sweetest of all ones—nature.

"Hence Sir, do I agree with the erudite Doc-

buted to the editor, who wilfully substituted the imperishable name of Scott for that of a much less celebrated personage.
tor in not censuring Hamlet for its witticisms, nor Lear for its buffoonery; and in spite of all that Aristotle and other rule mongers have advanced, it is in my opinion more natural to see even the deepest tragedy interspersed with some slight passages of cheerfulness than to have it one dismal continuance of wailing and gloom, like a protracted Irish howl. Can we suppose that during the time many of our best tragedies embrace the faces of its personages were never gilded with one solitary grin; that nothing could occur but what is lachrymal?

"No, so long and unbroken a regimen of dumps is in itself more unnatural than a chequered drama like the immortal Shakspeare's.

"And now, Mr. Groby, to conclude; analyze one of Scott's novels, and then you will be surprised how closely its component parts resemble a good drama; in one scene we are introduced into all that is tragic, the rest hurries us into merrier moods of life; in one scene you are head and ears in love, in another you are, perhaps, fighting and tearing like a very devil. (thump on the band-box.)
"The facility, too, with which his admirable romances are adapted to the stage is another confirmation of my arguments, although, by the way, they have gained very little by such a transformation. If, therefore, Mr. Groby you condemn all novels, it is clear you must bring poetry, and particularly the drama, under the same bane, the ends sought are the same; instruction combined with amusement, and depend upon it, posterity will view the matter so differently from you, that novel-writing will take the lead and precedence of all other.

"No one will make a point of frequenting a hot and crowded theatre to see what he can read in his own closet; at least, if he does so it will in all probability proceed from some other inducement than merely witnessing the performance; but pauca verba.

"Jam satis est ne me Crispini scrinia rippi
Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam."

After this quotation Mr. Muckshadee stopped to refresh himself with another pinch of rappee, after which, in spite of his professions
of silence, his quotation, and above all of the suspected Groby being asleep, he again went on, nor stopped he till the rumbling and jolting of the London pavement gave him a fit of coughing, and so effected what otherwise had not been brought about for a couple of hours.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO., 13, POLAND STREET.